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THE WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

With an Introduction

BY

GEORGE DARLEY.

St. Saviour's Church, Southwark.

LONDON.
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE PROPHETESS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARINUS, *Emperor of Rome.*
COSROE, *King of Persia.*
DIOCLES, *of a Private Soldier elected Co-Emperor, afterward called* DIOCLESIAN.
MAXIMINIAN, *Nephew to* DIOCLES, *and Emperor by his Donation.*
VOLUTIUS APER, *Murderer of* NUMERIANUS, *the late Emperor.*
NIGER, *a noble Soldier, Servant to the Emperor.*
CAMURIUS, *a Captain, and creature of* APER.
GETA, *a Jester, Servant to* DIOCLES, *a merry Knave.*
Persian Lords.
Senators.
Soldiers.
Guard.
Suitors.
Ambassadors.
Lictors.
Flamen.
Countrymen.
Shepherds.
Attendants.
Spirits.
Chorus.

AURELIA, *Sister to* CHARINUS.
CASSANA, *Sister to* COSROE, *a Captive, waiting on* AURELIA.
DELPHIA, *a Prophetess.*
DRUSILLA, *Niece to* DELPHIA, *in Love with* DIOCLES.
A She-Devil.

SCENE,—ROME, AND OTHER PARTS OF THE EMPIRE; IN PART OF THE FOURTH ACT, PERSIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ROME. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter CHARINUS, AURELIA, *and* NIGER.

Char. You buz into my head strange likelihoods,
And fill me full of doubts: But what proofs, Niger,
What certainties, that my most noble brother
Came to his end by murder? Tell me that;
Assure me by some circumstance.
Niger. I will, sir;
And as I tell you truth, so the gods prosper me!
I have often named this Aper.
Char. True, you have done;
And in mysterious senses I have heard you
Break out o' th' sudden, and abruptly.
Niger. True, sir;
Fear of your unbelief, and the time's giddiness,
Made me I durst not then go further. So your grace please,
Out of your wonted goodness, to give credit,
I shall unfold the wonder.
Aur. Do it boldly:
You shall have both our hearty loves and hearings.
Niger. This Aper then, this too-much-honour'd villain,
(For he deserves no mention of a good man)—
Great sir, give ear—this most ungrateful, spiteful,
Above the memory of mankind mischievous,
With his own bloody hands——
Char. Take heed!
Niger. I am in, sir;
And, if I make not good my story——
Aur. Forward!
I see a truth would break out: Be not fearful.
Niger. I say, this Aper, and his damn'd ambition,
Cut off your brother's hopes, his life, and fortunes
The honour'd Numerianus fell by him,
Fell basely, most untimely, and most treacherously.
For, in his litter, as he bore him company,
Most privately and cunningly he kill'd him.
Yet still he fills the faithful soldiers' ears
With stories of his weakness; of his life;
That he dare not venture to appear in open,
And shew his warlike face among the soldiers,
The tenderness and weakness of his eyes,
Being not able to endure the sun yet:
Slave that he is, he gives out this infirmity
(Because he would dispatch his honour too)
To arise from wantonness, and love of women;
And thus he juggles still.
Aur. Oh, most pernicious,
Most bloody, and most base! Alas, dear brother,
Art thou accused, and after death thy memory
Loaden with shames and lies? those pious tears
Thou daily shower'dst upon my father's monument,
(When in the Persian expedition
He fell unfortunately by a stroke of thunder)
Made thy defame and sins? those wept-out eyes,
The fair examples of a noble nature,
Those holy drops of love, turn'd by depravers
(Malicious poison'd tongues) to thy abuses?
We must not suffer this.
Char. It shews a truth now:

And sure this Aper is not right nor honest,
He will not now come near me.
Niger. No; he care not:
He has an inmate here, that's call'd a conscience,
Bids him keep off.
Char. My brother honour'd him,
Made him, first, captain of his guard, his next friend;
Then to my mother (to assure him nearer)
He made him husband.
Niger. And withal ambitious;
For when he trod so nigh, his false feet itch'd, sir,
To step into the state.
Aur. If you believe, brother,
Aper a bloody knave, as 'tis apparent,
Let's leave disputing, and do something noble.
Char. Sister, be ruled. I am not yet so powerful
To meet him in the field: He has under him
The flower of all the empire, and the strength,
The Britain and the German cohorts; pray you be patient.—
Niger, how stands the soldier to him?
Niger. In fear more, sir,
Than love or honour: He has lost their fair affections,
By his most covetous and greedy griping.
Are you desirous to do something on him,
That all the world may know you loved your brother
And do it safely too, without an army?
Char. Most willingly.
Niger. Then send out a proscription,
Send suddenly; and to that man that executes it,
(I mean that brings his head) add a fair payment,
No common sum: Then you shall see, I fear not,
Even from his own camp, from those men that follow him,
Follow and flatter him, we shall find one,
And, if he miss, one hundred, that will venture it.
Aur. For his reward, (it shall be so, dear brother
So far I'll honour him that kills the villain;
For so far runs my love to my dead brother)
Let him be what he will, base, old, or crooked,
He shall have me: Nay, which is more, I'll love him.
I will not be denied.
Char. You shall not, sister:
But you shall know, my love shall go along too.—
See a proscription drawn; and for his recompense,
My sister, and half partner in the empire;
And I will keep my word.
Aur. Now you do bravely.
Niger. And, though it cost my life, I'll see it publish'd.
Char. Away then, for the business.
Niger. I am gone, sir:
You shall have all dispatch'd to-night.
Char. Be prosperous.
Aur. And let the villain fall.
Niger. Fear nothing, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of the Prophetess.*

Enter DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA.

Drus. 'Tis true, that Diocles is courteous,
And of a pleasant nature, sweet and temperate;
His cousin Maximinian, proud and bloody.
Delp. Yes, and mistrustful too, my girl: Take heed:
Although he seem to 'ove thee, and affect,
Like the more courtier, curious compliment,
Yet have a care.
Drus. You know all my affection,
And all my heart-desires, are set on Diocles:
But, aunt, how coldly he requites this courtesy,
How dull and heavily he looks upon me!
Although I woo him sometimes beyond modesty,
Beyond a virgin's care, how still he slights me!
And puts me still off with your prophecy,
And the performance of your late prediction,
That when he is emperor, then he will marry me!
Alas, what hope of that?
Delp. Peace, and be patient;
For though he be now a man most miserable,
Of no rank, nor no badge of honour on him,
Bred low and poor, no eye of favour shining;
And though my sure prediction of his rising,
Which can no more fail than the day or night does,
Nay, let him be asleep, will overtake him,
Have found some rubs and stops, yet (hear me, niece,
And hear me with a faith,) it shall come to him.
I'll tell thee the occasion.
Drus. Do, good aunt;
For yet I am ignorant.
Delp. Chiding him one day,
For being too near and sparing for a soldier,
Too griping, and too greedy, he made answer,
"When I am Cæsar, then I will be liberal:"
I presently, inspired with holy fire,
And my prophetic spirit burning in me,
Gave answer from the gods; and this it was:
Imperator eris Romæ, cum Aprum grandem interfeceris:
"Thou shalt be emperor, oh Diocles,
When thou hast kill'd a mighty boar." From that time,
As giving credit to my words, he has employ'd
Much of his life in hunting: Many boars,
Hideous and fierce, with his own hands he has kill'd too,
But yet not lighted on the fatal one,
Should raise him to the empire. Be not sad, niece;
Ere long he shall. Come; let's go entertain him:
For by this time, I guess, he comes from hunting:
And, by my art, I find this very instant
Some great design's a-foot.
Drus. The gods give good, aunt! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street before the same.*

Enter DIOCLES, MAXIMINIAN, *and* GETA *carrying a Boar.*

Dio. Lay down the boar.
Geta. With all my heart; I am weary on't;
I shall turn Jew, if I carry many such burdens.
Do you think, master, to be emperor
With killing swine? You may be an honest butcher,
Or allied to a seemly family of souse-wives.
Can you be such an ass, my reverend master,
To think these springs of pork will shoot up Cæsars?
Maxi. The fool says true.
Dio. Come, leave your fooling, sirrah,
And think of what thou shalt be when I am emperor.
Geta. 'Would it would come with thinking! for then o' my conscience
I should be at least a senator.
Maxi. A sowter;
For that's a place more fitted to thy nature,
If there could be such an expectation.
Or, say the devil could perform this wonder.

Can such a rascal as thou art hope for honour?
Such a log-carrying lout?
Geta. Yes; and bear it too,
And bear it swimmingly. I am not the first ass, sir,
Has borne good office, and perform'd it reverendly.
Dio. Thou being the son of a tiler, canst thou hope
To be a senator?
Geta. Thou being the son of a tanner, canst thou
To be an emperor? [hope
Dio. Thou say'st true, Geta; there's a stop
But yet the bold and virtuous—— [indeed:
Geta. You are right, master,
Right as a gun! For we, the virtuous,
Though we be kennel-rakers, scabs, and scoundrels,
We, the discreet and bold—And yet, now I re-
We tilers may deserve to be senators, [member it,
(And there we step before you thick-skinn'd tanners)
For we are born three stories high; no base ones,
None of your groundlings, master.
Dio. I like thee well;
Thou hast a good mind, as I have, to this honour.
Geta. As good a mind, sir, of a simple plaisterer:
And, when I come to execute my office,
Then you shall see——
Maxi. What?
Geta. An officer in fury,
An officer as he ought to be. Do you laugh at it?
Is a senator, in hope, worth no more reverence?
By these hands, I'll clap you by the heels the first hour of it!
Maxi. O' my conscience, the fellow believes!
Dio. Ay, do, do, Geta;
For if I once be emperor——
Geta. Then will I
(For wise men must be had to prop the republic)
Not bate you a single ace of a sound senator.
Dio. But what shall we do the whilst?
Geta. Kill swine, and souse 'em,
And eat 'em when we have bread.
Maxi. Why didst thou run away
When the boar made toward thee? art thou not valiant?
Geta. No, indeed am I not; and 'tis for mine honour too:
I took a tree, 'tis true, gave way to the monster;
Hark what Discretion says: "Let fury pass;
From the tooth of a mad beast, and the tongue of
Preserve thine honour." [a slanderer,
Dio. He talks like a full senator.
Go, take it up, and carry it in. 'Tis a huge one;
We never kill'd so large a swine; so fierce too.
I never met with yet.
Maxi. Take heed! it stirs again.—
How nimbly the rogue runs up! he climbs like a squirrel.
Dio. Come down, you dunce! Is it not dead?
Geta. I know not.
Dio. His throat is cut, and his bowels out.
Geta. That's all one.
I am sure his teeth are in; and, for anything I know,
He may have pigs of his own nature in's belly.
Dio. Come, take him up, I say, and see him dress'd;
He is fat, and will be lusty meat; away with him,
And get some of him ready for our dinner.
Geta. Shall he be roasted whole.
And served up in a souse-tub? a portly service.
I'll run i' th' wheel myself.
Maxi. Sirrah, leave your prating,
And get some piece of him ready presently;
We are weary both, and hungry.
Geta. I'll about it.
What an inundation of brewis shall I swim in!
[*Exit into the house with the boar*
Dio. Thou art ever dull and melancholy, cousin
Distrustful of my hopes.
Maxi. Why, can you blame me?
Do men give credit to a juggler?
Dio. Thou know'st she is a prophetess.
Maxi. A small one,
And as small profit to be hoped for by her.
Dio. Thou art the strangest man!—How does
The boar came near you, sir. [thy hurt?
Maxi. A scratch, a scratch.
Dio. It aches and troubles thee, and that makes thee angry.
Maxi. Not at the pain, but at the practice, uncle,
The butcherly base custom of our lives now:
Had a brave enemy's sword drawn so much from
Or danger met me in the head o' th' army, [me,
To have blush'd thus in my blood had been mine honour;
But to live base, like swine-herds, and believe too!
To be fool'd out with tales, and old wives' dreams,
Dreams when they are drunk!
Dio. Certain, you much mistake her.
Maxi. Mistake her? hang her! To be made her purveyors,
To feed her old chaps, to provide her daily,
And bring in feasts, whilst she sits farting at us,
And blowing out her prophecies at both ends!
Dio. Pr'ythee be wise: Dost thou think, Maximinian,
So great a reverence, and so staid a knowledge—
Maxi. Sur-reverence, you would say! What truth? what knowledge?
What anything, but eating, is good in her?
'Twould make a fool prophesy, to be fed continually.
What do you get? Your labour and your danger,
Whilst she sits bathing in her larded fury.
Inspired with full deep cups, who cannot prophesy?
A tinker, out of ale, will give predictions;
But who believes?
Dio. She is a holy druid,
A woman noted for that faith, that piety,
Beloved of Heaven.
Maxi. Heaven knows, I do not believe it.
Indeed, I must confess, they are excellent jugglers;
Their age upon some fools too flings a confidence:
But what grounds have they, what elements to work on?
Shew me but that! the sieve and sheers? a learned
I have no patience to dispute this question, [one.
'Tis so ridiculous! I think the devil does help 'em;
Or rather, mark me well, abuse 'em, uncle:
For they are as fit to deal with him, these old women,
They are as jump and squared out to his nature—
Dio. Thou hast a perfect malice.
Maxi. So I would have
Against these purblind prophets; for, look ye, sir,
Old women will lie monstrously, so will the devil,
Or else he has had much wrong; upon my know-
Old women are malicious, so is he; [ledge
They are proud, and covetous, revengeful, lecherous,
All which are excellent attributes o' th' devil:
They would at least seem holy, so would he;
And, to veil o'er these villainies, they would pro-
phesy;

He gives them leave now and then to use their cunnings,
Which is to kill a cow, or blast a harvest,
Make young pigs pipe themselves to death, choke
And chafe a dairy-wench into a fever [poultry,
With pumping for her butter:
But when he makes these agents to raise emperors,
When he disposes fortune as his servant,
And ties her to old wives' tails——
Dio. Go thy ways;
Thou art a learned scholar, against credit,
You hear the prophecy.
Maxi. Yes; and I laugh at it,
And so will any man can tell but twenty,
That is not blind as you are, blind and ignorant.
Do you think she knows your fortune?
Dio. I do think it.
Maxi. I know she has the name of a rare soothsayer;
But do you in your conscience believe her holy?
Inspired with such prophetic fire?
Dio. Yes, in my conscience.
Maxi. And that you must, upon necessity,
From her words, be a Cæsar?
Dio. If I live——
Maxi. There's one stop yet.
Dio. And follow her directions.
Maxi. But do not juggle with me.
Dio. In faith, cousin,
So full a truth hangs ever on her prophecies,
That how I should think otherwise——
Maxi. Very well, sir;
You then believe (for methinks 'tis most necessary)
She knows her own fate?
Dio. I believe it certain.
Maxi. Dare you but be so wise to let me try it?
For I stand doubtful.
Dio. How.
Maxi. Come nearer to me,
Because her cunning devil shall not prevent me;
Close, close, and hear.—If she can turn this destiny,
I'll be of your faith too. [*Whispers* DIOCLES.
Dio. Forward, I fear not;
For if she knows not this, sure she knows nothing.

Enter DELPHIA.

I am so confident——
Maxi. 'Faith, so am I too,
That I shall make her devil's sides hum.
Dio. She comes here;
Go take your stand.
Maxi. Now holy, or you howl for't! [*Retires.*
Dio. 'Tis pity this young man should be so stubborn:
Valiant he is, and to his valour temperate,
Only distrustful of delays in fortune;
I love him dearly well.
Delp. Now, my son Diocles,
Are you not weary of your game to-day?
And are you well?
Dio. Yes, mother, well and lusty;
Only you make me hunt for empty shadows.
Delp. You must have patience: Rome was not built in one day;
And he that hopes, must give his hopes their cur-
You have kill'd a mighty boar. [rents.
Dio. But I'm no emperor.
Why do you fool me thus, and make me follow
Your flattering expectation hour by hour?
Rise early, and sleep late? to feed your appetites,
Forget my trade, my arms? forsake mine honour?
Labour and sweat to arrive at a base memory?
Oppose myself to hazards of all sorts,
Only to win the barbarous name of butcher?
Delp. Son, you are wise.
Dio. But you are cunning, mother;
And with that cunning, and the faith I give you,
You lead me blindly to no end, no honour.
You find you are daily fed, you take no labour,
Your family at ease, they know no market;
And therefore, to maintain this, you speak darkly,
As darkly still you nourish it; whilst I
(Being a credulous and obsequious coxcomb)
Hunt daily, and sweat hourly; to find out,
To clear your mystery, kill boar on boar,
And make your spits and pots bow with my bounties:
Yet I still poorer, further still——
Delp. Be provident,
And tempt not the gods' dooms; stop not the glory
They are ready to fix on you; you are a fool then:
Cheerful and grateful takers the gods love,
And such as wait their pleasures with full hopes;
The doubtful and distrustful man Heaven frowns at.
What I have told you by my inspiration,
I tell you once again, must and shall find you.
Dio. But when? or how?
Delp. *Cum Aprum interfeceris.*
Dio. I have kill'd many.
Delp. Not the boar they point you;
Nor must I reveal further, till you clear it:
The lots of glorious men are wrapt in mysteries,
And so deliver'd; common and slight creatures,
That have their ends as open as their actions,
Easy and open fortunes follow.
Maxi. [*Coming silently forward with his bow bent.*] I shall try
How deep your inspiration lies hid in you,
And whether your brave spirit have a buckler
To keep this arrow off; I'll make you smoke else.
Dio. Knowing my fortune so precisely, punctually,
And that it must fall without contradiction,
Being a stranger, of no tie unto you,
Methinks you should be studied in your own;
In your own destiny, methinks, most perfect:
And every hour, and every minute, mother,
(So great a care should Heaven have of her ministers)
Methinks your fortunes both ways should appear to you,
Both to avoid, and take. Can the stars now,
And all those influences you receive into you,
Or secret inspirations you make show of,
If an hard fortune hung, and were now ready
To pour itself upon your life, deliver you?
Can they now say, "Take heed?"
Delp. Ha? Pray you come hither.
Maxi. I would know that: I fear your devil will cozen you; [*Apart.*
And, stand as close as you can, I shall be with you.
Delp. I find a present ill.
Dio. How?
Delp. But I scorn it.
Maxi. Do you so? do you so? [*Apart.*
Delp. Yes, and laugh at it, Diocles.
Is it not strange, these wild and foolish men
Should dare to oppose the power of destiny?
That power the gods shake at? Look yonder, son
Maxi. Have you spied me? then have at you.

Delp. Do; shoot boldly;
Hit me, and spare not, if thou canst.
Dio. Shoot, cousin.
Maxi. I cannot; mine arm's dead; I have no feeling!
Or if I could shoot, so strong is her arm'd virtue,
She would catch the arrow flying.
Delp. Poor doubtful people!
I pity your weak faiths.
Dio. Your mercy, mother!
And, from this hour, a deity I crown you.
Delp. No more of that.
Maxi. Oh, let my prayers prevail too!
Here, like a tree I dwell else: Free me, mother,
And, greater than great Fortune, I'll adore thee!
Delp. Be free again, and have more pure thoughts in you.
Dio. Now I believe your words most constantly;
And when I have that power you have promised to me—
Delp. Remember then your vow: My niece Drusilla,
I mean to marry her, and then you prosper.
Dio. I shall forget my life else. [worship.
Delp. I am a poor weak woman; to me no

Enter NIGER, GETA, *and* Soldiers.

Geta. And shall he have as you say, that kills this
Delp. Now mark, and understand. [Aper—
Niger. The proscription's up,
I' th' market-place 'tis up; there you may read it:
He shall have half the empire.
Geta. A pretty farm, i'faith.
Niger. And the emperor's sister, bright Aurelia,
Her to his wife.
Geta. You say well, friend: But hark you;
Who shall do this?
Niger. You, if you dare.
Geta. I think so:
Yet I could poison him in a pot of perry;
He loves that vengeancely. But when I have done
May I lie with the gentlewoman? [this,
Niger. Lie with her?
What else, man?
Geta. Yes, man; I have known
A man married that never lay with his wife:
Those dancing days are done.
Niger. These are old soldiers,
And poor, it seems. I'll try their appetites.—
'Save ye, brave soldiers!
Maxi. Sir, you talk'd of proscriptions?
Niger. 'Tis true; there is one set up from the
Against Volutius Aper. [emperor,
Dio. Aper?
Delp. Now!
Now have you found the boar?
Dio. I have the meaning;
And, blessed mother——
Niger. He has scorned his master,
And bloodily cut off by treachery
The noble brother to him.
Dio. He lives here, sir,
Sickly and weak.
Niger. Did you see him?
Maxi. No.
Niger. He is murder'd;
So you shall find it mention'd from the emperor,
And, honest faithful soldiers, but believe it;
For, by the gods, you'll find it so; he's murder'd!
The manner how, read in the large proscription.
Delp. It is most true, son, and he cozens you;
Aper's a villain false.
Dio. I thank you, mother,
And dare believe you.—Hark you, sir! the recompense
As you related——
Niger. Is as firm as faith, sir,
Bring him alive or dead.
Maxi. You took a fit time,
The general being out o' the town; for though we love him not,
Yet, had he known this first, you had paid for't dearly.
Dio. 'Tis Niger; now I know him, honest Niger,
A true sound man: and I believe him constantly.
Your business may be done, make no great hurry
For your own safety.
Niger. No; I am gone, I thank you. [*Exit.*
Dio. Pray, Maximinian, pray.
Maxi. I'll pray and work too.
Dio. I'll to the market-place, and read the offer;
And, now I have found the boar——
Delp. Find your own faith too,
And remember what you have vow'd.
Dio. Oh, mother!——
Delp. Prosper.
Geta. If my master and I do do this, there's two emperors,
And what a show will that make! how we shall bounce it! [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of the Prophetess.*

Enter DRUSILLA *and* DELPHIA.

Drus. Leave us, and not vouchsafe a parting
To her, that in his hopes of greatness lives, [kiss
And goes along with him in all his dangers?
Delp. I grant 'twas most inhuman.
Drus. Oh, you give it
Too mild a name! 'twas more than barbarous!
And you a partner in it.
Delp. I, Drusilla? [that vastness,
Drus. Yes; you have blown his swoln pride to
As he believes the earth is in his fathom:
This makes him quite forget his humble being:
And can I hope that he, that only fed
With the imagined food of future empire,
Disdains even those that gave him means, and life,
To nourish such desires, when he's possess'd
Of his ambitious ends (which must fall on him,
Or your predictions are false) will ever
Descend to look on me?
Delp. Were his intents
Perfidious as the seas or winds; his heart
Composed of falsehood; yet the benefit,
The greatness of the good he has from you,
(For what I have conferr'd is thine, Drusilla)
Must make him firm and thankful: But if all
Remembrance of the debts he stands engaged

Find a quick grave in his ingratitude,
My powerful art, that guides him to this height,
Shall make him curse the hour he e'er was raised,
Or sink him to the centre.
Drus. I had rather
Your art could force him to return that ardour
To me, I bear to him; or give me power
To moderate my passions: Yet I know not;
I should repent your grant, though you had sign'd
(So well I find he's worthy of all service.) [it
But to believe that any check to him
In his main hopes, could yield content to me,
Were treason to true love, that knows no pleasure,
The object that it dotes on ill affected!
Delp. Pretty simplicity! I love thee for't,
And will not sit an idle looker-on,
And see it cozen'd. Dry thy innocent eyes,
And cast off jealous fears, (yet promises
Are but lip-comforts) and but fancy aught
That's possible in nature, or in art,
That may advance thy comfort, and be bold
To tell thy soul 'tis thine; therefore speak freely.
Drus. You new-create me! To conceal from you
My virgin fondness, were to hide my sickness
From my physician. Oh, dear aunt, I languish
For want of Diocles' sight. He is the sun
That keeps my blood in a perpetual spring;
But, in his absence, cold benumbing winter
Seizes on all my faculties. Would you bind me
(That am your slave already) in more fetters,
And, in the place of service, to adore you?
Oh, bear me then (but 'tis impossible,
I fear, to be effected) where I may
See how my Diocles breaks through his dangers,
And in what heaps his honours flow upon him,
That I may meet him in the height and pride
Of all his glories, and there (as your gift)
Challenge him as mine own.
Delp. Enjoy thy wishes:
This is an easy boon, which, at thy years,
I could have given to any; but now grown
Perfect in all the hidden mysteries
Of that inimitable art, which makes us
Equal even to the gods, and nature's wonders,
It shall be done as fits my skill and glory:
To break through bolts and locks, a scholar's prize
For thieves and pick-locks! to pass through an army
Cover'd with night, or some disguise, the practice
Of poor and needy spies! No, my Drusilla,
From Ceres I will force her winged dragons,
And in the air hang over the tribunal,
The music of the spheres attending on us.
There, as his good star, thou shalt shine upon him,
If he prove true, and as his angel guard him:
But if he dare be false, I, in a moment,
Will put that glorious light out, with such horror
As if the eternal night had seized the sun,
Or all things were return'd to the first chaos,
And then appear like furies.
Drus. I will do
Whate'er you shall command.
Delp. Rest then assured,
I am the mistress of my art, and fear not.
[*Soft Music. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Camp of* APER.

Enter APER, CAMURIUS, Guard, *with a Litter covered.*

Aper. Your care of your sick emperor, fellow-soldiers.
In colours to the life doth shew your love,
And zealous duty: Oh, continue in it!
And though I know you long to see and hear him,
Impute it not to pride or melancholy,
That keeps you from your wishes; such state-vices
(Too, too familiar with great princes) are
Strangers to all the actions of the life
Of good Numerianus. Let your patience
Be the physician to his wounded eyes,
(Wounded with pious sorrow for his father)
Which time and your strong patience will recover,
Provided it prove constant. [*Goes to the Litter.*
1 *Guard.* If he counterfeit,
[*Apart to the other* Guards.
I will hereafter trust a prodigal heir,
When he weeps at his father's funeral.
2 *Guard.* Or a young widow, following a bed-rid husband
(After a three years' groaning) to the fire.
3 *Guard.* Note his humility, and with what soft
He does inquire his pleasures. [murmurs
1 *Guard.* And how soon
He is instructed.
2 *Guard.* How he bows again too.
Aper. All your commands, dread Cæsar, I'll impart
To your most ready soldier, to obey them;
So take your rest in peace. [*Turning from the litter to the* Guards.]—It is the pleasure
Of mighty Cæsar (his thanks still remember'd
For your long patience, which a donative,
Fitting his state to give, shall quickly follow)
That you continue a strict guard upon
His sacred person, and admit no stranger
Of any other legion to come near him;
You being most trusted by him. I receive
Your answer in your silence.—Now, Camurius,
[*Apart to him*
Speak without flattery: Hath thy Aper acted
This passion to the life?
Cam. I would applaud him,
Were he saluted Cæsar: But I fear
These long-protracted counsels will undo us;
And 'tis beyond my reason, he being dead,
You should conceal yourself, or hope it can
Continue undiscovered.
Aper. That I have kill'd him,
Yet feed these ignorant fools with hopes he lives,
Has a main end in't. The Pannonian cohorts
(That are my own, and sure) are not come up;
The German legions waver; and Charinus,
Brother to this dead dog, (hell's plagues on Niger!)
Is jealous of the murder, and, I hear,
Is marching up against me. 'Tis not safe,
Till I have power to justify the act,
To shew myself the author: Be therefore careful
For an hour or two (till I have fully sounded
How the tribunes and centurions stand affected)
That none come near the litter. If I find them
Firm on my part, I dare profess myself;
And then, live Aper's equal!
Cam. Does not the body
Begin to putrify?
Aper. That exacts my haste:
When, but even now, I feign'd obedience to it,
As I had some great business to impart,
The scent had almost choak'd me; be therefore
All keep at distance. [curious,
Cam. I am taught my parts;
Haste you, to perfect yours. [*Enter* APER,

1 *Guard.* I had rather meet
An enemy i' th' field, than stand thus nodding
Like to a rug-gown'd watchman.

Enter DIOCLES, MAXIMINIAN, *and* GETA.

Maxi. The watch at noon?
This is a new device.
Cam. Stand!
Dio. I am arm'd
Against all danger.
Maxi. If I fear to follow,
A coward's name pursue me!
Dio. Now, my fate,
Guide and direct me!
Cam. You are rude and saucy,
With your forbidden feet to touch this ground,
Sacred to Cæsar only, and to these
That do attend his person! Speak, what are you?
Dio. What thou, nor any of thy faction are,
Nor ever were; soldiers, and honest men.
Cam. So blunt?
Geta. Nay, you shall find he's good at the sharp too.
Dio. No instruments of craft, engines of murder,
That serve the emperor only with oil'd tongues,
Sooth and applaud his vices, play the bawds
To all his appetites; and when you have wrought
So far upon his weakness, that he's grown
Odious to the subject and himself,
And can no further help your wicked ends,
You rid him out o' th' way.
Cam. Treason!
Dio. 'Tis truth,
And I will make it good.
Cam. Lay hands upon 'em;
Or kill them suddenly!
Geta. I am out at that;
I do not like the sport.
Dio. What's he that is
Owner of any virtue worth a Roman,
Or does retain the memory of the oath
He made to Cæsar, that dares lift his sword
Against the man that (careless of his life)
Comes to discover such a horrid treason,
As, when you hear't, and understand how long
You have been abused, will run you mad with fury?
I am no stranger, but (like you) a soldier,
Train'd up one from my youth; And there are some
With whom I have served, and (not to praise myself)
Must needs confess they have seen Diocles,
In the late Britain wars, both dare and do
Beyond a common man.
1 *Guard.* Diocles?
2 *Guard.* I know him;
The bravest soldier of the empire.
Cam. Stand!
If thou advance an inch, thou art dead.
Dio. Die thou, [*Kills* CAMURUS.
That durst oppose thyself against a truth
That will break out, though mountains cover it!
Geta. I fear this is a sucking pig, no boar,
He falls so easy.
Dio. Hear me, fellow-soldiers;
And if I make it not apparent to you
This is an act of justice, and no murder,
Cut me in pieces. I'll disperse the cloud
That hath so long obscured a bloody act
Ne'er equall'd yet. You all know with what favours
The good Numerianus ever graced
The provost Aper?
Guard. True.
Dio. And that those bounties
Should have contain'd him (if he e'er had learn'd
The elements of honesty and truth)
In loyal duty: But Ambition never
Looks backward on Desert, but with blind haste
Boldly runs on: But I lose time. You are here
Commanded by this Aper to attend
The emperor's person, to admit no stranger
To have access to him, or come near his litter,
Under pretence, forsooth, his eyes are sore,
And his mind troubled: No, my friends, you are
The good Numerianus now is past [cozen'd;
The sense of wrong or injury.
[*Opens the litter, and discovers the dead body of* NUMERIANUS.
Guard. How! dead?
Dio. Let your own eyes inform you.
Geta. An emperor's cabinet?
Fough! I have known a charnel-house smell sweeter.
If emperor's flesh have this savour, what will mine
When I am rotten? [do
1 *Guard.* Most unheard-of villainy!
2 *Guard.* And with all cruelty to be revenged.
3 *Guard.* Who is the murderer? Name him,
Punish it in his family. [that we may
Dio. Who but Aper?
The barbarous and most ingrateful Aper?
His desperate poniard printed on his breast
This deadly wound. Hate to vow'd enemies
Finds a full satisfaction in death,
And tyrants seek no further: He, a subject,
And bound by all the ties of love and duty,
Ended not so; but does deny his prince
(Whose ghost, forbade a passage to his rest,
Mourns by the Stygian shore) his funeral-rites.
Nay, weep not; let your loves speak in your anger:
And, to confirm you gave no suffrage to
The damned plot, lend me your helping hands,
To wreak the parricide; and if you find
That there is worth in Diocles to deserve it,
Make him your leader.
Guard. A Diocles, a Diocles!
Dio. We'll force him from his guards.—And now, my stars,
If you have any good for me in store,
Shew it, when I have slain this fatal Boar!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ROME. *Before the Capitol.*

Enter on a Cloud, DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA, *in a Throne, drawn by Dragons.*

Delp. Fix here, and rest awhile your sail-stretched wings,
That have out-stript the winds. The eye of Heaven
Durst not behold your speed, but hid itself
Behind the grossest clouds; and the pale moon
Pluck'd in her silver horns, trembling for fear
That my strong spells should force her from her
Such is the power of art. [sphere:
Drus. Good aunt, where are we?
Delp. Look down, Drusilla, on these lofty towers,
These spacious streets, where every private house
Appears a palace to receive a king:
The site, the wealth, the beauty of the place,

Will soon inform thee 'tis imperious Rome,
Rome, the great mistress of the conquer'd world.
Drus. But, without Diocles, it is to me
Like any wilderness we have pass'd o'er:
Shall I not see him?
Delp. Yes, and in full glory,
And glut thy greedy eyes with looking on
His prosperous success. Contain thyself;
For though all things beneath us are transparent,
The sharpest-sighted (were he eagle-eyed)
Cannot discover us. Nor will we hang
Idle spectators to behold his triumph;
But, when occasion shall present itself,
Do something to add to it.

Enter DIOCLES, MAXIMINIAN, GETA, APER *guarded*, Senators, Officers, *with the litter.*

See, he comes.
Drus. How god-like he appears! With such a grace,
The giants that attempted to scale Heaven,
When they lay dead on the Phlegrean plain,
Mars did appear to Jove.
Delp. Forbear.
Dio. Look on this,
And when with horror thou hast view'd thy deed.
Thy most accursed deed, be thine own judge,
And see (thy guilt consider'd) if thou canst
Persuade thyself, whom thou stand'st bound to hate,
To hope or plead for mercy.
Aper. I confess
My life's a burden to me.
Dio. Thou art like thy name,
A cruel Boar, whose snout hath rooted up
The fruitful vineyard of the commonwealth.
I long have hunted for thee; and since now
Thou art in the toil, it is in vain to hope
Thou ever shalt break out. Thou dost deserve
The hangman's hook, or to be punished
More majorum, whipt with rods to death,
Or any way that were more terrible:
Yet, since my future fate depends upon thee,
Thus to fulfil great Delphia's prophecy,
Aper (thou fatal Boar) receive the honour
To fall by Diocles' hand!—[*Kills* APER.] Shine clear, my stars,
That usher'd me to taste this common air,
In my entrance to the world, and give applause
To this great work!
Delp. Strike music from the spheres! [*Music.*
Drus. Oh, now you honour me!
Dio. Ha! in the air?
All. Miraculous!
Maxi. This shews the gods approve
The person and the act. Then if the senate
(For in their eyes I read the soldiers' love)
Think Diocles worthy to supply the place
Of dead Numerianus, as he stands
His heir in his revenge, with one consent
Salute him emperor.
Sen. Long live Diocles!
Augustus, *Pater Patriæ*, and all titles
That are peculiar only to the Cæsars,
We gladly throw upon him.
Guard. We confirm it,
And will defend his honour with our swords
Against the world. Raise him to the tribunal.
1 *Sen.* Fetch the imperial robes; and, as a sign
We give him absolute power of life and death,
Bind this sword to his side.
2 *Sen.* Omit no ceremony
That may be for his honour. [*Song*
Maxi. Still the gods
Express that they are pleased with this election.
Geta. My master is an emperor, and I feel
A senator's itch upon me: 'Would I could hire
These fine invisible fiddlers to play to me
At my instalment.
Dio. I embrace your loves,
And hope the honours that you heap upon me
Shall be with strength supported: It shall be
My study to appear another Atlas,
To stand firm underneath this heaven of empire,
And bear it boldly. I desire no titles,
But as I shall deserve 'em. I will keep
The name I had, being a private man,
Only with some small difference; I will add
To Diocles but two short syllables,
And be call'd Dioclesianus.
Geta. That is fine!
I'll follow the fashion; and, when I am a senator,
I will be no more plain Geta, but be call'd
Lord Getianus.
Drus. He ne'er thinks of me,
Nor of your favour.

Enter NIGER.

Delp. If he dares prove false,
These glories shall be to him as a dream,
Or an enchanted banquet.
Niger. From Charinus,
From great Charinus, who with joy hath heard
Of your proceedings, and confirms your honours:
He, with his beauteous sister, fair Aurelia,
Are come in person, like themselves attended,
To gratulate your fortune. [*Loud music.*
Dio. For thy news,
Be thou in France pro-consul.

Enter CHARINUS, AURELIA, *and* Attendants.

Let us meet
The emperor with all honour, and embrace him.
Drus. Oh, aunt, I fear this princess doth eclipse
The opinion of my beauty, though I were
Myself to be the judge!
Delp. Rely on me.
Char. 'Tis virtue, and not birth, that makes us noble:
Great actions speak great minds, and such should govern;
And you are graced with both. Thus, as a brother,
A fellow, and co-partner in the empire,
I do embrace you. May we live so far
From difference, or emulous competition,
That all the world may say, although two bodies,
We have one mind!
Aur. When I look on the trunk
Of dear Numerianus, I should wash
His wounds with tears, and pay a sister's sorrow
To his sad fate; but since he lives again
In your most brave revenge, I bow to you,
As to a power that gave him second life,
And will make good my promise. If you find
That there is worth in me that may deserve you,
And that in being your wife, I shall not bring
Disquiet and dishonour to your bed
(Although my youth and fortune should require
Both to be sued and sought to) here I yield
Myself at your devotion.
Dio. Oh, you gods,
Teach me how to be thankful! You have pour'd

All blessings on me, that ambitious man
Could ever fancy: Till this happy minute
I ne'er saw beauty, or believed there could be
Perfection in a woman! I shall live
To serve and honour you. Upon my knees
I thus receive you; and, so you vouchsafe it,
This day I am doubly married, to the empire,
And your best self.
Delp. False and perfidious villain!
Drus. Let me fall headlong on him! Oh, my
This I foresaw and fear'd. [stars!
Char. Call forth a flamen.
This knot shall now be tied.
Delp. But I will loose it,
If art or hell have any strength.
[*Thunder and lightning.*

Enter a Flamen.

Char. Prodigious!
Maxi. How soon the day's o'ercast!
Flamen. The signs are fatal;
Juno smiles not upon this match, and shews too
She has her thunder.
Dio. Can there be a stop
In my full fortune?
Char. We are too violent,
And I repent the haste: We first should pay
Our latest duty to the dead, and then
Proceed discreetly. Let's take up the body;
And when we have placed his ashes in his urn,
We'll try the gods again; for, wise men say,
Marriage and obsequies do not suit one day.
[*Exeunt all but* Delphia *and* Drusilla.
Delp. So; 'tis deferr'd yet, in despite of false-
Comfort, Drusilla; for he shall be thine, [hood.
Or wish, in vain, he were not. I will punish
His perjury to the height.—Mount up, my birds.
Some rites I am to perform to Hecatè,
To perfect my designs; which, once perform'd,
He shall be made obedient to thy call,
Or in his ruin I will bury all. [*Ascend in the throne.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter Maximinian.

Maxi. What powerful star shined at this man's nativity,
And bless'd his homely cradle with full glory?
What throngs of people press and buz about him,
And with their humming flatteries sing him Cæsar?
Sing him aloud, and grow hoarse with saluting him?
How the fierce-minded soldier steals in to him,
Adores and courts his honour? at his devotion
Their lives, their virtues, and their fortunes laying?
Charinus sues, the emperor entreats him,
And, as a brighter flame, takes his beams from him;
The bless'd and bright Aurelia, she dotes on him;
And, as the god of love, burns incense to him;
All eyes live on him: Yet I am still Maximinian,
Still the same poor and wretched thing, his servant.
What have I got by this? where lies my glory?
How am I raised and honour'd? I have gone as far
To woo this purblind honour, and have pass'd
As many dangerous expeditions,
As noble, and as high; nay, in his destiny,
Whilst 'twas unknown, have run as many hazards,
And done as much, sweat through as many perils;
Only the hangman of Volutius Aper,
Which I mistook, has made him emperor,
And me his slave.

Enter Delphia *and* Drusilla.

Delp. Stand still! he cannot see us,
Till I please. Mark him well; this discontentment
I have forced into him, for thy cause, Drusilla.
Maxi. Can the gods see this,
See it with justice, and confer their blessings
On him, that never flung one grain of incense
Upon their altars? never bow'd his knee yet?
And I that have march'd foot by foot, struck equally,
And, whilst he was a-gleaning, have been praying,
Contemning his base, covetous——
Delp. Now we'll be open. [*They come forward.*
Maxi. Bless me! and with all reverence——
[*Kneels*
Delp. Stand up, son,
And wonder not at thy ungrateful uncle:
I know thy thoughts, and I appear to ease 'em.
Maxi. Oh, mother, did I stand the tenth part to you
Engaged and fetter'd, as mine uncle does,
How would I serve, how would I fall before you!
The poorer powers we worship——
Delp. Peace, and flatter not;
Necessity and anger draw this from you,
Of both which I will quit you. For your uncle
I spoke this honour, and it fell upon him,
Fell to his full content: He has forgot me,
For all my care, forgot me, and his vow too;
As if a dream had vanish'd, so he has lost me,
And I him; let him now stand fast! Come hither
My care is now on you.
Maxi. Oh, blessed mother!
Delp. Stand still, and let me work.—So!—Now, Maximinian,
Go, and appear in court, and eye Aurelia;
Believe what I have done concerns you highly.
Stand in her view, make your addresses to her;
She is the stair of honour. I'll say no more,
But Fortune is your servant: Go.
Maxi. With reverence,
All this as holy truths—— [*Exit.*
Delp. Believe, and prosper.
Drus. Yet all this cures not me! But as much
As much belief from Dioclesian—— [credit,
Delp. Be not dejected; I have warn'd you often,
The proudest thoughts he has I'll humble.—Who's this?

Enter Geta, Lictors, *and* Suitors, *with petitions.*

Oh, 'tis the fool and knave grown a grave officer.
Here's hot and high preferment.
Geta. What's your bill?
For gravel for the Appian way, and pills?
Is the way rheumatic?
1 *Suit.* 'Tis piles, an't please you.
Geta. Remove me those piles to Port Esquiline,
Fitter the place, my friend: you shall be paid.
1 *Suit.* I thank your worship.

Geta. Thank me when you have it,
Thank me another way, you are an ass else:
I know my office. You are for the streets, sir.
Lord, how ye throng! That knave has eaten gar-
Whip him, and bring him back. [lick;
3 *Suit.* I beseech your worship;
Here's an old reckoning for the dung and dirt, sir.
Geta. It stinks like thee; away! Yet let him tarry;
His bill shall quit his breath. Give your petitions
In seemly sort, and keep your hats off, decently.
[*Reads.*
"For scouring the water-courses through the cities;"
A fine periphrasis of a kennel-raker!
Did you scour all, my friend? You had some business;
Who shall scour you? You are to be paid I take it,
When surgeons swear you have perform'd your office.
4 *Suit.* Your worship's merry.
Geta. We must be sometimes witty,
To knick a knave; 'tis as useful as our gravity.
I'll take no more petitions: I am pester'd!
Give me some rest.
4 *Suit.* I have brought the gold, an't please you,
About the place you promised.
Geta. See him enter'd.
How does your daughter?
4 *Suit.* Better your worship thinks of her.
Geta. This is with the least. But let me see your daughter:
'Tis a good forward maid; I'll join her with you.—
I do beseech ye leave me!
Lict. Ye see the edile's busy.
Geta. And look to your places, or I'll make ye smoke else!—
Sirrah, I drank a cup of wine at your house yesterday,
A good smart wine.
Lict. Send him the piece; he likes it.
Geta. And eat the best wild boar at that same farmer's.
2 *Suit.* I have half left yet; your worship shall command it.
Geta. A bit will serve. Give me some rest! Gods help me,
How shall I labour when I am a senator!
Delp. 'Tis a fit place indeed.—'Save your mastership!
Do you know us, sir?
Geta. These women are still troublesome.
There be houses providing for such wretched women,
And some small rents to set ye a-spinning.
Drus. Sir,
We are no spinsters; nor, if you look upon us,
So wretched as you take us.
Delp. Does your mightiness,
That is a great destroyer of your memory,
Yet understand our faces?
Geta Pr'ythee keep off, woman!
It is not fit I should know every creature.
Although I have been familiar with thee heretofore,
I must not know thee now; my place neglects thee.
Yet, because I deign a glimpse of your remembrances,
Give me your suits, and wait me a month hence.
Delp. Our suits are, sir, to see the emperor,
The emperor Dioclesian, to speak to him,
And not to wait on you. We have told you all, sir.
Geta. I laugh at your simplicity, poor women.
See the emperor? Why, you are deceived; now
The emperor appears but once in seven years,
And then he shines not on such weeds as you are.—
Forward, and keep your state: and keep beggars from me.
Drus. Here is a pretty youth.
[*Exeunt* GETA, Lictors, *and* Suitors.
Delp. He shall be pretty,
Or I will want my will. Since you are so nigh, sir,
I'll raise you higher, or my art shall fail me.—

Enter DIOCLESIAN.

Stand close; he comes.
Dio. How am I cross'd and tortured!
My most-wish'd happiness, my lovely mistress,
That must make good my hopes, and link my greatness,
Yet severed from mine arms! Tell me, high Heaven,
How have I sinn'd, that you should speak in thunder,
In horrid thunder, when my heart was ready
To leap into her breast? the priest was ready?
The joyful virgins and the young men ready?
When Hymen stood, with all his flames about him,
Blessing the bed? the house with full joy sweating?
And Expectation, like the Roman eagle,
Took stand, and call'd all eyes? It was your honour;
And, ere you give it full, do you destroy it?
Or was there some dire star, some devil, that did it?
Some sad malignant angel to mine honour?
With you I dare not rage.
Delp. With me thou canst not,
Though it was I. Nay, look not pale and frighted;
I'll fright thee more: With me thou canst not quarrel.
I raised the thunder to rebuke thy falsehood,
(Look here) to her thy falsehood. Now be angry,
And be as great in evil as in empire.
Dio. Bless me, ye powers!
Delp. Thou hast full need of blessing.
'Twas I that, at thy great inauguration,
Hung in the air unseen; 'twas I that honour'd thee
With various musics, and sweet-sounding airs;
'Twas I inspired the soldier's heart with wonder,
And made him throw himself with love and duty,
Low at thy feet; 'twas I that fix'd him to thee.
But why did I all this? To keep thy honesty,
Thy vow, and faith: That once forgot and slighted,
Aurelia in regard, the marriage ready,
The priest and all the ceremonies present,
'Twas I that thunder'd loud, 'twas I that threaten'd,
'Twas I that cast a dark face over Heaven,
And smote ye all with terror.
Drus. Yet consider,
As you are noble, as I have deserved you;
For yet you are free: If neither faith nor promise,
The deeds of elder times, may be remember'd,
Let these new-dropping tears, (for I still love you)
These hands held up to Heaven——
Dio. I must not pity you;
'Tis not wise in me.
Delp. How! not wise?
Dio. Nor honourable.
A princess is my love, and dotes upon me;
A fair and lovely princess is my mistress:
I am an emperor. Consider, Prophetess,
Now my embraces are for queens and princesses,
For ladies of high mark, for divine beauties:
To look so low as this cheap common sweetness
Would speak me base, my names and glories nothing.
I grant I made a vow; what was I then?

As she is now, of no sort, (hope made me promise)
But [as] now I am, to keep this vow were monstrous,
A madness, and a low inglorious fondness.
Delp. Take heed, proud man!
Drus. Princes may love with titles,
But I with truth.
Delp. Take heed! Here stands thy destiny;
Thy fate here follows.
Dio. Thou doting sorceress,
Wouldst have me love this thing, that is not worthy
To kneel unto my saint, to kiss her shadow?
Great princes are her slaves; selected beauties
Bow at her beck; the mighty Persian's daughter
(Bright as the breaking East, as mid-day glorious)
Waits her commands, and grows proud in her pleasures.
I'll see her honour'd; some match I shall think of,
That shall advance ye both; mean time, I'll favour ye. [*Exit.*
Delp. Meantime, I'll haunt thee!—Cry not, wench; be confident,
Ere long, thou shalt more pity him (observe me)
And pity him in truth, than now thou seek'st him:
My art and I are yet companions. Come, girl.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Court of the Edile.*

GETA *discovered in his chair;* Lictors *and* Suitors *about him.*

Geta. I am too merciful, I find it, friends,
Of too soft a nature, to be an officer;
I bear too much remorse.
1 *Lict.* 'Tis your own fault, sir;
For, look you, one so newly warm in office
Should lay about him blindfold, like true justice:
Hit where it will, the more you whip and hang, sir,
(Though without cause; let that declare itself afterward)
The more you are admired.
Geta. I think I shall be.
2 *Lict.* Your worship is a man of a spare body,
And prone to anger.
Geta. Nay, I will be angry;
And the best is, I need not shew my reason.
2 *Lict.* You need not, sir; your place is without reason;
And what you want in growth and full proportion,
Make up in rule and rigour.
Geta. A rare counsellor!
Instruct me further. Is it fit, my friends,
The emperor, my master Dioclesian,
Should now remember or the times or manners
That call'd him plain down Diocles?
1 *Lict.* He must not;
It stands not with his royalty.
Geta. I grant ye,
I being then the edile Getianus,
A man of place, and judge, is it held requisite
I should commit to my consideration
Those rascals of removed and ragged hours,
That with unreverend mouths call'd me slave Geta?
2 *Lict.* You must forget their names; your honour bids you.
Geta. I do forget; but I will hang their natures.
I will ascend my place, which is of justice;
And, Mercy, I forget thee.
Suit. A rare magistrate!
Another Solon sure.
Geta. Bring out the offenders.
1 *Lict.* There are none yet, sir; but no doubt there will be.
But if you please touch some things of those natures—
Geta. And am I ready, and mine anger too,
The melancholy of a magistrate upon me,
And no offenders to execute my fury?
Ha! no offenders, knaves?
1 *Lict.* There are knaves indeed, sir;
But we hope shortly to have 'em for your worship.
Geta. No men to hang or whip? Are ye good officers,
That provide no fuel for a judge's fury?
In this place something must be done; this chair, I tell ye,
When I sit down, must savour of severity:
Therefore, I warn ye all, bring me lewd people,
Or likely to be lewd, (twigs must be cropt too;)
Let me have evil persons in abundance,
Or make 'em evil; 'tis all one, do but say so,
That I may have fit matter for a magistrate,
And let me work. If I sit empty once more,
And lose my longing, as I am true Edile,
And as I hope to rectify my country,
You are those scabs I'll scratch off from the commonwealth,
You are those rascals of the state I treat of;
And you shall find and feel——
2 *Lict.* You shall have many,
Many notorious people.
Geta. Let 'em be people,
And take ye notorious to yourselves. Mark me,
And you the rest of my officials; [my Lictors,
If I be angry, (as my place will ask it)
And want fit matter to dispose my authority,
I'll hang a hundred of ye: I'll not stay longer,
Nor inquire no further into your offences;
It is sufficient that I find no criminals,
And therefore I must make some; if I cannot,
Suffer myself; for so runs my commission.
Suit. An admirable, zealous, and true justice!
1 *Lict.* I cannot hold! If there be any people,
Of what degree soever, or what quality,
That would behold the wonderful works of justice
In a new officer, a man conceal'd yet,
Let him repair, and see, and hear, and wonder
At the most wise and gracious Getianus!

Enter DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA.

Geta. This qualifies a little.—What are these?
Delp. You shall not mourn still: Times of recreation,
To allay this sadness, must be sought.—What's
A superstitious flock of senseless people [here?
Worshipping a sign in office?
Geta. Lay hold on her, [Guards *seize her.*
And hold her fast,
She will slip through your fingers like an eel else;
I know her tricks. Hold her, I say, and bind her;
Or, hang her first, and then I'll tell her wherefore.
Delp. What have I done?
Geta. Thou hast done enough to undo thee;
Thou hast pressed to the emperor's presence without my warrant,
I being his key and image.
Delp. You are an image indeed,
And of the coarsest stuff, and the worst making,
That e'er I look'd on yet:
I'll make as good an image of an ass.
Geta. Besides, thou art a woman of a lewd life

Delp. I am no whore, sir; nor no common fame
Has yet proclaim'd me to the people vicious.
Geta. Thou art to me a damnable lewd woman,
Which is as much as all the people swore it.
I know thou art a keeper of tame devils:
And whereas great and grave men of my place
Can by the laws be allow'd but one a-piece,
For their own services and recreations,
Thou, like a traitorous queen, keep'st twenty devils,
Twenty in ordinary!
Delp. Pray you, sir, be pacified:
If that be all, and if you want a servant,
You shall have one of mine shall serve for nothing,
Faithful, and diligent, and a wise devil too;
Think for what end.
Geta. Let her alone: 'Tis useful;
[Guards *release her.*
We men of business must use speedy servants.
Let me see your family.
Delp. Think but one, he is ready.
Geta. A devil for intelligence? No, no,
He'll lie beyond all travellers. A state-devil?
Neither; he will undo me at mine own weapon.
For execution? He will hang me too.
I would have a handsome, pleasant, and a fine she-
To entertain the ladies that come to me; [devil,
A travell'd devil too, that speaks the tongues,
And a neat carving devil.
[*Music.* DELPHIA *conjures.*

Enter a She-devil.

Delp. Be not fearful.
Geta. A pretty brown devil, i'faith. May I not kiss her?
Delp. Yes, and embrace her too; she is your
Fear not, her lips are cool enough. [servant.
Geta. She is marvellous well mounted. What's
Delp. Lucifera. [her name?
Geta. Come hither, Lucifera, and kiss me.
Delp. Let her sit on your knee.
Geta. The chair turns! Hey, boys!
Pleasant, i'faith! and a fine facetious devil. [*Dance.*
Delp. She would whisper in your ear, and tell you wonders.
Geta. Come!—What's her name?
Delp. Lucifera.
Geta. Come, Lucie;
Come, speak thy mind.—I am certain burnt to ashes! [*Exeunt all but* GETA.
I have a kind of glass-house in my cod-piece!
Are these the flames of state? I am roasted over,
Over, and over-roasted. Is this office?
The pleasure of authority? I'll no more on't;
Till I can punish devils too, I'll quit it.
Some other trade now, and some course less dangerous,
Or certainly I'll tile again for two-pence. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter CHARINUS, AURELIA, CASSANA, Ambassadors, *and* Attendants.

Aur. Never dispute with me; you cannot have her.
Nor name the greatness of your king; I scorn him.
Your knees to me are nothing; should he bow too,
It were his duty, and my power to slight him.
Char. She is her woman, (never sue to me)
And in her power to render her or keep her;
And she, my sister, not to be compell'd,
Nor have her own snatch'd from her.
Amb. We desire not,
But for what ransom she shall please to think of,
Jewels, or towns, or provinces.
Aur. No ransom;
No, not your king's own head, his crown upon it,
And all the low subjections of his people.
Amb. Fair princes should have tender thoughts.
Aur. Is she too good
To wait upon the mighty emperor's sister?
What princess of that sweetness, or that excellence,
Sprung from the proudest and the mightiest monarchs,
But may be highly blest to be my servant?
Cas. 'Tis most true, mighty lady.
Aur. Has my fair usage
Made you so much despise me and your fortune,
That you grow weary of my entertainments?
Henceforward, as you are, I will command you,
And as you were ordain'd, my prisoner,
My slave, and one I may dispose of any way;
No more my fair companion. Tell your king so;
And if he had more sisters, I would have 'em,
And use 'em as I please. You have your answer
Amb. We must take some other way: Force must compel it. [*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

Enter MAXIMILIAN

Maxi. [*Apart.*] Now, if thou be'st a prophetess, and canst do
Things of that wonder that thy tongue delivers,
Canst raise me too, I shall be bound to speak thee:
I half believe; confirm the other to me,
And monuments to all succeeding ages,
Of thee, and of thy piety——Now she eyes me.
Now work, great power of art! She moves unto me:
How sweet, how fair, and lovely her aspects are!
Her eyes, like bright Eoan flames, shoot through me.
Aur. Oh, my fair friend, where have you been?
Maxi. What am I?
What does she take me for? Work still, work strongly!
Aur. Where have you fled my loves and my em-
Maxi. I am beyond my wits! [braces?
Aur. Can one poor thunder,
Whose causes are as common as his noises,
Make you defer your lawful and free pleasures?
Strike terror to a soldier's heart, a monarch's?
Through all the fires of angry Heaven, through tempests
That sing of nothing but destruction,
Even underneath the bolt of Jove, then ready,
And aiming dreadfully, I would seek you,
And fly into your arms.
Maxi. I shall be mighty,
And (which I never knew yet) I am goodly;
For certain, a most handsome man.
Char. Fy, sister!
What a forgetful weakness is this in you!
What a light presence! These are words and offers
Due only to your husband, Dioclesian;
This free behaviour only his.
Aur. 'Tis strange,
That only empty names compel affections:
This man you see, give him what name or title,
Let it be ne'er so poor, ne'er so despised, brother,
This lovely man——

Maxi. Though I be hang'd, I'll forward!
For, certain, I am excellent, and knew not.
Aur. This rare and sweet young man—See how he looks, sir.
Maxi. I'll justle hard, dear uncle.
Aur. This thing, I say,
Let him be what he will, or bear what fortune,
This most unequall'd man, this spring of beauty,
Deserves the bed of Juno.
Char. You are not mad?
Maxi. I hope she be; I am sure I am little better.
Aur. Oh, fair, sweet man!
Char. For shame, refrain this impudence!
Maxi. Would I had her alone, that I might seal this blessing!
Sure, sure she should not beg. If this continue,
As I hope Heaven it will, uncle, I'll nick you,
I'll nick you, by this life! Some would fear killing
In the pursuit now of so rare a venture:
I am covetous to die for such a beauty.

Enter DIOCLESIAN.

Mine uncle comes; now, if she stand, I am happy.
Char. Be right again, for honour's sake!
Dio. Fair mistress——
Aur. What man is this? Away! what saucy fellow?
Dare any such base groom press to salute me?
Dio. Have you forgot me, fair? or do you jest with me?
I'll tell you what I am. Come, pray you look lovely.
Nothing but frowns and scorns?
Aur. Who is this fellow?
Dio. I'll tell you who I am; I am your husband.
Aur. Husband to me?
Dio. To you. I am Dioclesian.
Maxi. More of this sport, and I am made, old mother!
Effect but this thou hast begun——
Dio. I am he, lady,
Revenged your brother's death, slew cruel Aper;
I am he the soldier courts, the empire honours,
Your brother loves; am he, my lovely mistress,
Will make you empress of the world.
Maxi. Still excellent!
Now I see too, mine uncle may be cozen'd;
An emperor may suffer like another.
Well said, old mother! hold but up this miracle—
Aur. Thou liest! thou art not he; thou a brave fellow?
Char. Is there no shame, no modesty, in women?
Aur. Thou one of high and full mark?
Dio. Gods, what ails she?
Aur. Generous and noble? Fy! thou liest most basely.
Thy face, and all aspect upon thee, tells me
Thou art a poor Dalmatian slave, a low thing,
Not worth the name of Roman: Stand off further!
Dio. What may this mean?
Aur. Come hither, my Endymion;
Come, shew thyself, and all eyes be bless'd in thee!
Dio. Ha! what is this?
Aur. Thou, fair star that I live by,
Look lovely on me, break into full brightness!
Look; here's a face now of another making,
Another mould; here's a divine proportion;
Eyes fit for Phœbus' self, to gild the world with;
And there's a brow arch'd like the state of Heaven:
Look how it bends, and with what radiance,
As if the synod of the gods sat under:
Look there, and wonder! Now behold that fellow,
That admirable thing, cut with an axe out.
Maxi. Old woman, though I cannot give thee recompence, [*Aside.*
Yet, certainly, I'll make thy name as glorious——
Dio. Is this in truth?
Char. She is mad, and you must pardon her.
Dio. She hangs upon him; see!
Char. Her fit is strong now.
Be not you passionate.
Dio. She kisses!
Char. Let her;
'Tis but the fondness of her fit.
Dio. I am fool'd!
And if I suffer this——
Char. Pray you, friend, be pacified;
This will be off anon. She goes in. [*Exit* AURELIA.
Dio. Sirrah!
Maxi. What say you, sir?
Dio. How dare thy lips, thy base lips——
Maxi. I am your kinsman, sir, and no such base one.
I sought no kisses, nor I had no reason
To kick the princess from me; 'twas no manners:
I never yet compell'd her; of her courtesy
What she bestows, sir, I am thankful for.
Dio. Be gone, villain!
Maxi. I will, and I will go off with that glory,
And magnify my fate. [*Exit.*
Dio. Good brother, leave me:
I am to myself a trouble now.
Char. I am sorry for't.
You'll find it but a woman-fit to try you.
Dio. It may be so; I hope so.
Char. I am ashamed, and what I think I blush at. [*Exit.*
Dio. What misery hath my great fortune bred me!
And how far must I suffer! Poor and low states,
Though they know wants and hungers, know not these,
Know not these killing fates: Little contents them,
And with that little they live kings, commanding
And ordering both their ends and loves. Oh, Honour!
How greedily men seek thee, and, once purchased,
How many enemies to man's peace bring'st thou!
How many griefs and sorrows, that like sheers,
Like fatal sheers, are sheering off our lives still!
How many sad eclipses do we shine through!
When I presumed I was bless'd in this fair woman—

Enter DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA *veiled, and stand apart.*

Delp. Behold him now, and tell me how thou likest him.
Dio. When all my hopes were up, and Fortune dealt me
Even for the greatest and the happiest monarch,
Then to be cozen'd, to be cheated basely!
By mine own kinsman cross'd! Oh, villain kinsman!
Curse of my blood! because a little younger,
A little smoother-faced! Oh, false, false woman,
False and forgetful of thy faith! I'll kill him.
But can I kill her hate too? No. He wooes not,
Nor worthy is of death; because she follows him,
Because she courts him, shall I kill an innocent?
Oh, Diocles! 'Would thou hadst never known this,
Nor surfeited upon this sweet ambition,
That now lies bitter at thy heart! Oh, Fortune,
That thou hast none to fool and blow like bubbles,
But kings, and their contents!

Delp. What think you now, girl?
Drus. Upon my life, I pity his misfortune.
See how he weeps! I cannot hold.
Delp. Away, fool!
He must weep bloody tears before thou hast him.—
How fare you now, brave Dioclesian?
[*Comes forward.*
What! lazy in your loves? Has too much pleasure
Dull'd your most mighty faculties?
Dio. Art thou there,
More to torment me? Dost thou come to mock me?
Delp. I do! and I do laugh at all thy sufferings:
I, that have wrought 'em, come to scorn thy wailings.
I told thee once, "This is thy fate, this woman;
And as thou usest her, so thou shalt prosper."
It is not in thy power to turn this destiny,
Nor stop the torrent of those miseries
(If thou neglect'st her still) shall fall upon thee.
Sigh that thou art dishonest, false of faith,
Proud, and dost think no power can cross thy pleasures;
Thou wilt find a fate above thee.
Drus. Good aunt, speak mildly:
See how he looks and suffers.
Dio. I find and feel, woman,
That I am miserable.
Delp. Thou art most miserable.
Dio. That as I am the most, I am most miserable.
But didst thou work this?
Delp. Yes, and will pursue it.
Dio. Stay there, and have some pity. Fair Drusilla,
Let me persuade thy mercy, (thou hast loved me)
Although I know my suit will sound unjustly,
To make thy love the means to lose itself,
Have pity on me!
Drus. I will do.
Delp. Peace, niece!
Although this softness may become your love,
Your care must scorn it. Let him still contemn thee,
And still I'll work; the same affection
He ever shews to thee, be it sweet or bitter,
The same Aurelia shall shew him; no further:
Nor shall the wealth of all his empire free this.
Dio. I must speak fair.—Lovely young maid, forgive me,
Look gently on my sorrows! You that grieve too,
I see it in your eyes, and thus I meet it.
[*Kisses her.*
Drus. Oh, aunt, I am bless'd!
Dio. Be not both young and cruel;
Again I beg it, thus.

Enter AURELIA.

Drus. Thus, sir, I grant it.
He's mine own now, aunt.
Delp. Not yet, girl; thou art cozen'd.
Aur. Oh, my dear lord, how have I wrong'd your patience!
How wander'd from the truth of my affections!
How, like a wanton fool, shunn'd that I loved most!
But you are full of goodness to forgive, sir,
As I of grief to beg, and shame to take it:
Sure I was not myself! some strange illusion,
Or what you please to pardon——
Dio. All, my dearest;
All, my delight! and with more pleasure take thee,
Than if there had been no such dream; for, certain,
It was no more.
Aur. Now you have seal'd forgiveness,
I take my leave; and the gods keep your goodness!
[*Exit.*
Delp. You see how kindness prospers: Be but so kind
To marry her, and see then what new fortunes,
New joys and pleasures, far beyond this lady,
Beyond her greatness too——
Dio. I'll die a dog first!
Now I am reconciled, I will enjoy her
In spite of all thy spirits, and thy witchcrafts.
Delp. Thou shalt not, fool!
Dio. I will, old doting devil!
And wert thou any thing but air and spirit,
My sword should tell thee——
Delp. I contemn thy threatenings;
And thou shalt know I hold a power above thee.—
We must remove Aurelia. Come.—Farewell, fool!
When thou shalt see me next, thou shalt bow to me.
Dio. Look thou appear no more to cross my pleasures!
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

So full of matter is our history,
Yet mix'd, I hope, with sweet variety,
The accidents not vulgar too, but rare,
And fit to be presented, that there wants
Room in this narrow stage, and time, to express,
In action to the life, our Dioclesian
In his full lustre: Yet, as the statuary,
That by the large size of Alcides' foot,
Guess'd at his whole proportion; so we hope
Your apprehensive judgments will conceive
Out of the shadow we can only shew,
How fair the body was; and will be pleased,
Out of your wonted goodness, to behold,
As in a silent mirror, what we cannot,
With fit conveniency of time allow'd
For such presentments, clothe in vocal sounds.
Yet with such art the subject is convey'd,
That every scene and passage shall be clear,
Even to the grossest understander here.
[*Loud music.*

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, at one door, DELPHIA *and* Ambassadors; *they whisper together; they take an oath upon her hand; she circles them, kneeling, with her magic rod; they rise and draw their swords. Enter, at the other door,* DIOCLESIAN, CHARINUS, MAXIMINIAN, NIGER, AURELIA, CASSANA, *and* Guard; CHARINUS *and* NIGER *persuading* AURELIA; *she offers to embrace* MAXIMINIAN; DIOCLESIAN *draws his sword, keeps off* MAXIMINIAN, *turns to* AURELIA, *kneels to her, lays his sword at her feet; she scornfully turns away* DELPHIA *gives a sign; the* Ambassadors *and* Soldiers

rush upon them, seize on AURELIA, CASSANA, CHARINUS, *and* MAXIMINIAN; DIOCLESIAN *and others offer to rescue them;* DELPHIA *raises a mist. Exeunt* Ambassadors *and* Prisoners, *and the rest discontented.*

The skilful Delphia finding, by sure proof,
The presence of Aurelia dimm'd the beauty
Of her Drusilla; and, in spite of charms,
The emperor her brother, great Charinus,
Still urged her to the love of Dioclesian,
Deals with the Persian Legates that were bound
For the ransom of Cassana, to remove
Aurelia, Maximinian, and Charinus,
Out of the sight of Rome; but takes their oaths
(In lieu of her assistance) that they shall not,
On any terms, when they were in their power,
Presume to touch their lives: This yielded to,
They lie in ambush for 'em. Dioclesian,
Still mad for fair Aurelia, that doted
As much on Maximinian, twice had kill'd him,
But that her frown restrain'd him: He pursues her
With all humility, but she continues
Proud and disdainful. The sign given by Delphia,
The Persians break through, and seize upon
Charinus and his sister, with Maximinian,
And free Cassana. For their speedy rescue,
Enraged Dioclesian draws his sword,
And bids his guard assist him: Then too weak
Had been all opposition and resistance
The Persians could have made against their fury,
If Delphia by her cunning had not raised
A foggy mist, which as a cloud conceal'd them,
Deceiving their pursuers. Now be pleased,
That your imaginations may help you
To think them safe in Persia, and Dioclesian
For this disaster circled round with sorrow,
Yet mindful of the wrong. Their future fortunes
We will present in action; and are bold,
In that which follows, that the most shall say,
'Twas well begun, but the end crown'd the play.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Capitol.*

Enter DIOCLESIAN, NIGER, Senators, *and* Guard.

Dio. Talk not of comfort! I have broke my faith,
And the gods fight against me: And proud man,
However magnified, is but as dust
Before the raging whirlwind of their justice.
What is it to be great, adored on earth,
When the immortal powers that are above us
Turn all our blessings into horrid curses,
And laugh at our resistance, or prevention,
Of what they purpose! Oh, the furies that
I feel within me! whipp'd on, by their angers,
For my tormentors! Could it else have been
In nature, that a few poor fugitive Persians,
Unfriended, and unarm'd too, could have robb'd me
(In Rome, the world's metropolis, and her glory;
In Rome, where I command, environ'd round
With such invincible troops that know no fear,
But want of noble enemies) of those jewels
I prized above my life, and I want power
To free them, if those gods I have provoked
Had not given spirit to the undertakers,
And in their deed protected 'em?

Niger. Great Cæsar,
Your safety does confirm you are their care;
And that, howe'er their practices reach others,
You stand above their malice.

1 *Sen.* Rome in us
Offers (as means to further your revenge)
The lives of her best citizens, and all
They stand possess'd of.

1 *Guard.* Do but lead us on
With that invincible and undaunted courage
Which waited bravely on you, when you appear'd
The minion of Conquest, married rather
To glorious Victory, and we will drag
(Though all the enemies of life conspire
Against our undertakings) the proud Persian
Out of his strongest hold.

2 *Guard.* Be but yourself,
And do not talk, but do.

3 *Guard.* You have hands and swords,
Limbs to make up a well-proportion'd army,
That only want in you an head to lead us.

Dio. The gods reward your goodness! and believe,
Howe'er (for some great sin) I am mark'd out
The object of their hate, though Jove stood ready
To dart his three-fold thunder on this head,
It could not fright me from a fierce pursuit
Of my revenge. I will redeem my friends,
And, with my friends, mine honour; at least, fall
Like to myself, a soldier.

Niger. Now we hear
Great Dioclesian speak.

Dio. Draw up our legions:
And let it be your care, my much loved Niger,
To hasten the remove. And, fellow-soldiers,
Your love to me will teach you to endure
Both long and tedious marches.

1 *Guard.* Die he accursed,
That thinks of rest or sleep before he sets
His foot on Persian earth!

Niger. We know our glory,
The dignity of Rome, and, what's above
All can be urged, the quiet of your mind,
Depends upon our haste.

Dio. Remove to-night;
Five days shall bring me to you.

All. Happiness
To Cæsar, and glorious victory! [*Exeunt.*

Dio. The chearfulness of my soldiers gives assurance
Of good success abroad, if first I make
My peace at home here. There is something chides me,
And sharply tells me, that my breach of faith
To Delphia and Drusilla is the ground
Of my misfortunes: And I must remember
While I was loved, and in great Delphia's grace,
She was as my good angel, and bound Fortune
To prosper my designs: I must appease her.
Let others pay their knees, their vows, their prayers,
To weak imagined powers; she is my all,
And thus I do invoke her.—Knowing Delphia,
[*Kneels.*
Thou more than woman! and, though thou vouchsafest
To grace the earth with thy celestial steps,
And taste this grosser air, thy heavenly spirit
Hath free access to all the secret counsels
Which a full senate of the gods determine
When they consider man; the brass-leaved book
Of fate lies open to thee, where thou read'st,
And fashionest the destinies of men

At thy wish'd pleasure; look upon thy creature,
And, as thou twice hast pleased to appear
To reprehend my falsehood, now vouchsafe
To see my low submission!

DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA *appear.*

Delp. What's thy will?
False, and unthankful, (and in that deserving
All human sorrows) dar'st thou hope from me
Relief or comfort?
Dio. Penitence does appease
The incensed powers, and sacrifice takes off
Their heavy angers: Thus I tender both;
The master of great Rome, and, in that, lord
Of all the sun gives heat and being to,
Thus sues for mercy. Be but as thou wert,
The pilot to the bark of my good fortunes,
And once more steer my actions to the port
Of glorious Honour, and if I fall off
Hereafter from my faith to this sweet virgin,
Join with those powers that punish perjury
To make me an example, to deter
Others from being false!
Drus. Upon my soul,
You may believe him! Nor did he e'er purpose
To me but nobly; he made trial how
I could endure unkindness; I see truth
Triumphant in his sorrow. Dearest aunt,
Both credit him, and help him! and, on assurance
That what I plead for you cannot deny,
I raise him thus, and with this willing kiss
I seal his pardon.
Dio. Oh, that I e'er look'd
Beyond this abstract of all woman's goodness!
Delp. I am thine again; thus I confirm our league.
I know thy wishes, and how much thou suffer'st
In honour for thy friends; thou shalt repair all,
For to thy fleet I'll give a fore-right wind
To pass the Persian Gulf; remove all lets
That may molest thy soldiers in their march
That pass by land; and Destiny is false,
If thou prove not victorious. Yet remember,
When thou art raised up to the highest point
Of human happiness, such as move beyond it
Must of necessity descend. Think on't;
And use those blessings that the gods pour on you
With moderation!
Dio. As their oracle,
I hear you and obey you, and will follow
Your grave directions.
Delp. You will not repent it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Roman Camp.*

Enter NIGER, GETA, Guard, *and* Soldiers, *with ensigns.*

Niger. How do you like your entrance to the war?
When the whole body of the army moves,
Shews it not gloriously?
Geta. 'Tis a fine May-game;
But eating and drinking, I think, are forbade in't;
(I mean, with leisure) we walk on, and feed
Like hungry boys that haste to school; or, as
We carried fish to the city, dare stay no where,
For fear our ware should stink.
1 *Guard.* That's the necessity
Of our speedy march.
Geta. Sir, I do love my ease,
And though I hate all seats of judicature,
I mean in the city, for conveniency,
I still will be a justice in the war,
And ride upon my foot-cloth. I hope a captain
(And a gown'd captain too) may be dispensed with.
I tell you (and do not mock me), when I was poor,
I could endure, like others, cold and hunger;
But since I grew rich, let but my finger ache,
Or feel but the least pain in my great toe,
Unless I have a doctor, mine own doctor,
That may assure me, I am gone.
Niger. Come, fear not;
You shall want nothing.
1 *Guard.* We will make you fight
As you were mad.
Geta. Not too much of fighting, friend:
It is thy trade, that art a common soldier;
We officers, by our place, may share the spoil,
And never sweat for't.
2 *Guard.* You shall kill, for practice,
But your dozen or two a-day.
Geta. Thou talk'st as if
Thou wert lousing thyself; but yet I will make danger;
If I prove one o' th' worthies, so: However,
I'll have the fear of the gods before my eyes,
And do no hurt, I warrant you.
Niger. Come, march on,
And humour him for our mirth.
1 *Guard.* 'Tis a fine pea-goose.
Niger. But one that fools to the emperor, and, in that,
A wise man, and a soldier.
1 *Guard.* True morality! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—PERSIA. *The Royal Court.*

Enter COSROE, CASSANA, Persians; *and* CHARINUS, MAXIMINIAN, AURELIA, *bound, with* Soldiers *and* Attendants.

Cosroe. Now, by the Persian gods, most truly welcome!
Encompass'd thus with tributary kings,
I entertain you. Lend your helping hands
To seat her by me; and, thus raised, bow all,
To do her honour.—Oh, my best Cassana,
Sister, and partner of my life and empire,
We'll teach thee to forget, with present pleasures
Thy late captivity; and this proud Roman,
That used thee as a slave, and did disdain
A princely ransom, shall, if she repine,
Be forced by various tortures to adore
What she of late contemn'd.
Cas. All greatness ever
Attend Cosroe! Though Persia be styled
The nurse of pomp and pride, we'll leave to Rome
Her native cruelty.—For know, Aurelia,
(A Roman princess, and a Cæsar's sister)
Though late, like thee, captived, I can forget
Thy barbarous usage; and though thou to me,
When I was in thy power, didst shew thyself
A most insulting tyranness, I to thee
May prove a gentle mistress.
Aur. Oh, my stars!
A mistress? Can I live, and owe that name
To flesh and blood? I was born to command,
Train'd up in sovereignty; and I, in death,
Can quit the name of slave: She, that scorns life,
May mock captivity.
Char. Rome will be Rome

When we are nothing; and her power's the same,
Which you once quaked at.
Maxi. Dioclesian lives;
(Hear it, and tremble!) lives, thou king of Persia,
The master of his fortune, and his honour:
And though by devilish arts we were surprised,
And made the prey of magic and of theft,
And not won nobly, we shall be redeem'd,
And by a Roman war; and every wrong
We suffer here, with interest be return'd
On the insulting doer!
1 *Pers.* Sure these Romans
Are more than men.
2 *Pers.* Their great hearts will not yield;
They cannot bend to any adverse fate,
Such is their confidence.
Cosroe. They then shall break!—
Why, you rebellious wretches, dare you still
Contend, when the least breath or nod of mine
Marks you out for the fire, or to be made
The prey of wolves or vultures? The vain name
Of Roman legions I slight thus, and scorn;
And for that boasted bugbear, Dioclesian,
Which you presume on, would he were the master
But of the spirit to meet me in the field!
He soon should find, that our immortal squadrons,
That with full numbers ever are supplied,
(Could it be possible they should decay)
Dare front his boldest troops, and scatter 'em,
As an high-towering falcon on her stretches
Severs the fearful fowl. And, by the sun,
The moons, the winds, the nourishers of life,
And by this sword, the instrument of death,
Since that you fly not humbly to our mercy,
But yet dare hope your liberty by force,
If Dioclesian dare not attempt
To free you with his sword, all slavery
That cruelty can find out to make you wretched,
Falls heavy on you!
Maxi. If the sun keeps his course,
And the earth can bear his soldier's march, I fear
Aur. Or liberty, or revenge! [not.
Char. On that I build too. [*A trumpet.*
Aur. A Roman trumpet?
Maxi. 'Tis: Comes it not like
A pardon to a man condemn'd?

Enter NIGER.

Cosroe. Admit him.—
The purpose of thy coming?
Niger. My great master,
The lord of Rome, (in that all power is spoken)
Hoping that thou wilt prove a noble enemy,
And (in thy bold resistance) worth his conquest,
Defies thee, Cosroe.
Maxi. There is fire in this.
Niger. And to encourage thy laborious powers
To tug for empire, dares thee to the field,
With this assurance; if thy sword can win him,
Or force his legions with thy barbed horse
But to forsake their ground, that not alone
Wing'd Victory shall take stand on thy tent,
But all the provinces and kingdoms held
By the Roman garrisons in this eastern world,
Shall be deliver'd up, and he himself
Acknowledge thee his sovereign. In return
Of this large offer, he asks only this,
That till the doubtful die of war determine
Who has most power, and should command the other,
Thou wouldst entreat thy prisoners like their births,
And not their present fortune; and to bring 'em
Guarded into thy tent, with thy best strengths,
Thy ablest men of war, and thou thyself
Sworn to make good the place. And if he fail
(Maugre all opposition can be made)
In his own person to compel his way,
And fetch them safely off, the day is thine,
And he, like these, thy prisoner.
Cosroe. Though I receive this
But as a Roman brave, I do embrace it,
And love the sender. Tell him, I will bring
My prisoners to the field, and, without odds,
Against his single force, alone defend 'em;
Or else with equal numbers. [*Exit* NIGER.]—Courage, noble princes!
And let posterity record, that we
This memorable day restored to Persia
That empire of the world great Philip's son
Ravish'd from us, and Greece gave up to Rome.
This our strong comfort, that we cannot fall
Ingloriously, since we contend for all. [*Exeunt.*
[*Flourish, alarms.*

SCENE V.—*The Field of Battle on the Persian Frontiers.*

Enter GETA, Guard, *and* Soldiers.

Geta. I'll swear the peace against 'em! I am hurt:
Run for a surgeon, or I faint!
1 *Guard.* Bear up, man;
'Tis but a scratch.
Geta. Scoring a man o'er the coxcomb
Is but a scratch with you. Pox o' your occupation,
Your scurvy scuffling trade! I was told before,
My face was bad enough; but now I look
Like Bloody-Bone, and Raw-Head, to fright children:
I am for no use else.
2 *Guard.* Thou shalt fright men.
1 *Guard.* You look so terrible now! But see your face
I' th' pummel of my sword.
Geta. I die! I am gone!
Oh, my sweet physiognomy!

Enter three Persians.

2 *Guard.* They come;
Now fight, or die indeed.
Geta. I will 'scape this way.
I cannot hold my sword: What would you have
Of a maim'd man?
1 *Guard.* Nay, then I have a goad
To prick you forward, ox.
2 *Guard.* Fight like a man,
Or die like a dog.
Geta. Shall I, like Cæsar, fall
Among my friends? no mercy? *Et tu, Brute?*
You shall not have the honour of my death;
I'll fall by the enemy first. [*They fight.*
1 *Guard.* Oh, brave, brave Geta!
[Persians *driven off*
He plays the devil now.

Enter NIGER.

Niger. Make up for honour!
The Persians shrink; the passage is laid open;

Great Dioclesian, like a second Mars,
(His strong arm govern'd by the fierce Bellona)
Performs more than a man: His shield, struck full
Of Persian darts, which now are his defence
Against the enemies' swords, still leads the way.
Of all the Persian forces one strong squadron,
[*Alarms continued.*
In which Cosroe in his own person fights,
Stands firm, and yet unrouted: Break through that,
The day and all is ours. [*Retreat sounded.*
All. Victory, victory! [*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE VI.—*Before the Tent of* DIOCLESIAN.

Enter (in triumph, with Roman ensigns) Guard, DIOCLESIAN, CHARINUS, AURELIA, MAXIMINIAN, NIGER, GETA; COSROE, CASSANA, Persians, *as Prisoners;* DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA, *privately.*

Dio. I am rewarded in the act; your freedom
To me's ten thousand triumphs: You, sir, share
In all my glories. And, unkind Aurelia,
From being a captive, still command the victor.
Nephew, remember by whose gift you are free.
You I afford my pity; baser minds
Insult on the afflicted: You shall know,
Virtue and courage are admired and loved
In enemies; but more of that hereafter.—
Thanks to your valour; to your swords I owe
This wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot,
My first poor bondman! Geta, I am glad
Thou art turn'd a fighter.
Geta. 'Twas against my will;
But now I am content with't.
Char. But imagine
What honours can be done to you beyond these,
Transcending all example; 'tis in you
To will, in us to serve it.
Niger. We will have
His statue of pure gold set in the Capitol,
And he that bows not to it as a god,
Makes forfeit of his head.
Maxi. I burst with envy! [*Apart.*
And yet these honours, which, conferr'd on me,
Would make me pace on air, seem not to move him.
Dio. Suppose this done, or were it possible
I could rise higher still, I am a man;
And all these glories, empires heap'd upon me,
Confirm'd by constant friends, and faithful guards,
Cannot defend me from a shaking fever,
Or bribe the uncorrupted dart of Death
To spare me one short minute. Thus adorn'd
In these triumphant robes, my body yields not
A greater shadow than it did when I
Lived both poor and obscure; a sword's sharp point
Enters my flesh as far; dreams break my sleep,
As when I was a private man; my passions
Are stronger tyrants on me; nor is greatness
A saving antidote to keep me from
A traitor's poison. Shall I praise my fortune,
Or raise the building of my happiness
On her uncertain favour? or presume
She is my own, and sure, that yet was never
Constant to any? Should my reason fail me,
(As flattery oft corrupts it) here's an example
To speak, how far her smiles are to be trusted;
The rising sun, this morning, saw this man
The Persian monarch, and those subjects proud
That had the honour but to kiss his feet;
And yet, ere his diurnal progress ends,
He is the scorn of Fortune. But you'll say,
That she forsook him for his want of courage,
But never leaves the bold: Now, by my hopes
Of peace and quiet here, I never met
A braver enemy! And, to make it good,
Cosroe, Cassana, and the rest, be free,
And ransomless return!
Cos. To see this virtue
Is more to me than empire; and to be
O'ercome by you, a glorious victory.
Maxi. What a devil means he next! [*Apart*
Dio. I know that glory
Is like Alcides' shirt, if it stay on us
Till pride hath mix'd it with our blood; nor can we
Part with it at pleasure; when we would uncase,
It brings along with it both flesh and sinews,
And leaves us living monsters.
Maxi. 'Would 'twere come [*Apart*
To my turn to put it on! I'd run the hazard.
Dio. No; I will not be pluck'd out by the ears
Out of this glorious castle; uncompell'd,
I will surrender rather: Let it suffice,
I have touch'd the height of human happiness,
And here I fix *nil ultra.* Hitherto
I have lived a servant to ambitious thoughts,
And fading glories; what remains of life,
I dedicate to Virtue; and, to keep
My faith untainted, farewell, pride and pomp!
And circumstance of glorious majesty,
Farewell for ever!—Nephew, I have noted,
That you have long with sore eyes look'd upon
My flourishing fortune; you shall have possession
Of my felicity; I deliver up
My empire, and this gem I prized above it,
And all things else that made me worth your envy,
Freely unto you.—Gentle sir, your suffrage,
[*To* CHARINUS.
To strengthen this. The soldier's love I doubt not:
His valour, gentlemen, will deserve your favours,
Which let my prayers further. All is yours.—
But I have been too liberal, and given that
I must beg back again.
Maxi. What am I fallen from!
Dio. Nay, start not: It is only the poor grange,
The patrimony which my father left me,
I would be tenant to.
Maxi. Sir, I am yours:
I will attend you there.
Dio. No; keep the court;
Seek you in Rome for honour: I will labour
To find content elsewhere. Dissuade me not;
By Heaven, I am resolved!—And now, Drusilla,
Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
My wife, if thy love since hath felt no change
I am ready to perform it.
Drus. I still loved
Your person, not your fortunes; in a cottage,
Being yours, I am an empress.
Delp. And I'll make
The change most happy.
Dio. Do me then the honour,
To see my vow perform'd. You but attend
My glories to the urn; where be it ashes,
Welcome my mean estate! and, as a due,
Wish rest to me, I honour unto you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus The war with glory ended, and Cosroe,
Acknowledging his fealty to Charinus,
Dismiss'd in peace, returns to Persia:
The rest, arriving safely unto Rome,
Are entertain'd with triumphs: Maximinian,
By the grace and intercession of his uncle,
Saluted Cæsar: But good Dioclesian,
Weary of pomp and state, retires himself,
With a small train, to a most private grange
In Lombardy; where the glad country strives
With rural sports to give him entertainment:
With which delighted, he with ease forgets
All specious trifles, and securely tastes
The certain pleasures of a private life.
But oh, Ambition, that eats into,
With venom'd teeth, true thankfulness and honour,
And, to support her greatness, fashions fears,
Doubts, and preventions to decline all dangers,
Which, in the place of safety, prove her ruin!
All which be pleased to see in Maximinian,
To whom his conferr'd sovereignty was like
A large sail fill'd full with a fore-right wind,
That drowns a smaller bark: And he once fall'n
Into ingratitude, makes no stop in mischief,
But violently runs on. Allow Maximinian all,
Honour, and empire, absolute command;
Yet, being ill, long great he cannot stand. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—ROME. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMINIAN *and* AURELIA.

Aur. Why droops my lord, my love, my life, my Cæsar?
How ill this dulness doth comport with greatness!
Does not, with open arms, your fortune court you?
Rome know you for her master? I myself
Confess you for my husband? love and serve you?
If you contemn not these, and think them curses,
I know no blessings that ambitious flesh
Could wish to feel beyond 'em.
Maxi. Best Aurelia,
The parent and the nurse to all my glories,
'Tis not that, thus embracing you, I think
There is a heaven beyond it, that begets
These sad retirements; but the fear to lose
What it is hell to part with. Better to have lived
Poor and obscure, and never scaled the top
Of hilly empire, than to die with fear
To be thrown headlong down, almost as soon
As we have reach'd it!
Aur. These are panic terrors
You fashion to yourself. Is not my brother
(Your equal and co-partner in the empire)
Vow'd and confirm'd your friend? the soldier constant?
Hath not your uncle Dioclesian taken
His last farewell o' th' world? What then can shake you?
Maxi. The thought I may be shaken, and assurance
That what we do possess is not our own,
But has depending on another's favour:
For nothing's more uncertain, my Aurelia,
Than power that stands not on his proper basis,
But borrows his foundation. I'll make plain
My cause of doubts and fears; for what should I
Conceal from you, that are to be familiar
With my most private thoughts? Is not the empire
My uncle's gift? and may he not resume it
Upon the least distaste? Does not Charinus
Cross me in my designs? and what is majesty
When 'tis divided? Does not the insolent soldier
Call my command his donative? and what can take
More from our honour? No, my wise Aurelia,
If I to you am more than all the world,
As sure you are to me; as we desire
To be secure, we must be absolute,
And know no equal; when your brother borrows
The little splendour that he has from us,
And we are served for fear, not at entreaty,
We may live safe; but till then, we but walk
With heavy burthens on a sea of glass,
And our own weight will sink us.
Aur. Your mother brought you
Into the world an emperor; you persuade
But what I would have counsell'd. Nearness of blood,
Respect of piety, and thankfulness,
And all the holy dreams of virtuous fools,
Must vanish into nothing, when Ambition
(The maker of great minds, and nurse of honour)
Puts in for empire. On then, and forget
Your simple uncle; think he was the master
(In being once an emperor) of a jewel,
Whose worth and use he knew not. For Charinus,
(No more my brother) if he be a stop
To what you purpose, he to me's a stranger,
And so to be removed.
Maxi. Thou more than woman!
Thou masculine greatness, to whose soaring spirit
To touch the stars seems but an easy flight,
Oh, how I glory in thee! Those great women
Antiquity is proud of, thou but named,
Shall be no more remember'd. But persever,
And thou shalt shine among those lesser lights,
To all posterity, like another Phœbe,
And so adored as she is.

Enter CHARINUS, NIGER, *and* Guard.

Aur. Here's Charinus,
His brow furrow'd with anger.
Maxi. Let him storm!
And you shall hear me thunder.
Char. He dispose of
My provinces at his pleasure? and confer
Those honours, that are only mine to give,
Upon his creatures?
Niger. Mighty sir, ascribe it
To his assurance of your love and favour,
And not to pride or malice.
Char. No, good Niger,
Courtesy shall not fool me; he shall know
I lent a hand to raise him, and defend him.
While he continues good; but the same strength,
If pride make him usurp upon my right,
Shall strike him to the centre.—You are well met sir.
Maxi. As you make the encounter. Sir, I hear
That you repine, and hold yourself much grieved.

In that, without your good leave, I bestow'd
The Gallian proconsulship upon
A follower of mine.
Char. 'Tis true; and wonder
You durst attempt it.
Maxi. Durst, Charinus?
Char. Durst;
Again I speak it. Think you me so tame,
So leaden and unactive, to sit down
With such dishonour? But, recall your grant,
And speedily; or, by the Roman gods,
Thou tripp'st thine own heels up, and hast no part
In Rome, or in the empire.
Maxi. Thou hast none,
But by permission. Alas, poor Charinus,
Thou shadow of an emperor, I scorn thee,
Thee, and thy foolish threats! The gods appoint
The absolute disposer of the earth, [him
That has the sharpest sword: I am sure, Charinus,
Thou wear'st one without edge. When cruel Aper
Had kill'd Numerianus, thy brother,
(An act that would have made a trembling coward
More daring than Alcides) thy base fear
Made thee wink at it; then rose up my uncle,
For the honour of the empire, and of Rome,
Against the traitor, and, among his guards,
Punish'd the treason. This bold daring act
Got him the soldiers' suffrages to be Cæsar.
And howsoever his too-gentle nature
Allow'd thee the name only, as his gift,
I challenge the succession.
Char. Thou art cozen'd.
When the receiver of a courtesy
Cannot sustain the weight it carries with it,
'Tis but a trial, not a present act.
Thou hast in a few days of thy short reign,
In over-weening pride, riot, and lusts,
Shamed noble Dioclesian, and his gift;
Nor doubt I, when it shall arrive unto
His certain knowledge, how the empire groans
Under thy tyranny, but he will forsake
His private life, and once again resume
His laid-by majesty; or, at least, make choice
Of such an Atlas as may bear this burden,
Too heavy for thy shoulders.—To effect this, [not
Lend your assistance, gentlemen; and then doubt
But that this mushroom, sprung up in a night,
Shall as soon wither.—And for you, Aurelia,
If you esteem your honour more than tribute
Paid to your loathsome appetite, as a fury
Fly from his loose embraces. So, farewell!
Ere long you shall hear more. [*Exeunt.*
Aur. Are you struck dumb,
That you make no reply?
Maxi. Sweet, I will do,
And after talk: I will prevent their plots,
And turn them on their own accursed heads.
My uncle? good! I must not know the names
Of piety or pity. Steel my heart,
Desire of empire, and instruct me, that
The prince that over others would bear sway,
Checks at no let that stops him in his way!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—LOMBARDY. *Before the Farm of* DIOCLESIAN. *A Well in the back-ground.*

Enter three Shepherds *and two* Countrymen.

1 *Shep.* Do you think this great man will continue here?
2 *Shep.* Continue here? what else? he has bought the great farm;
A great man, with a great inheritance,
And all the ground about it, all the woods too,
And stock'd it like an emperor. Now, all our sports again,
And all our merry gambols, our May-ladies,
Our evening dances on the green, our songs,
Our holiday good cheer, our bagpipes now, boys,
Shall make the wanton lasses skip again,
Our sheep-shearings, and all our knacks.
3 *Shep.* But hark you,
We must not call him emperor.
1 *Countr.* That's all one;
He is the king of good fellows, that's no treason;
And so I'll call him still, though I be hang'd for't.
I grant you he has given his honour to another man,
He cannot give his humour; he's a brave fellow.
And will love us, and we'll love him. Come hither, Ladon;
What new songs, and what geers?
3 *Shep.* Enough. I'll tell ye;
He comes abroad anon to view his grounds,
And with the help of Thirsis, and old Egon,
(If his whorson cold be gone) and Amaryllis,
And some few more o' th' wenches, we will meet him,
And strike him such new springs, and such free welcomes,
Shall make him scorn an empire, forget majesty,
And make him bless the hour he lived here happy.
2 *Countr.* And we will second ye, we honest carters,
We lads o' th' lash, with some blunt entertainment;
Our teams to two-pence, we'll give him some con-
Or we'll bawl fearfully! [tent,
3 *Shep.* He cannot expect now
His courtly entertainments, and his rare musics,
And ladies to delight him with their voices;
Honest and cheerful toys from honest meanings,
And the best hearts they have. We must be neat
On goes my russet jerkin with blue buttons. [all;
1 *Shep.* And my green slops I was married in; my bonnet,
With my carnation point with silver tags, boys;
You know where I won it.
1 *Countr.* Thou wilt ne'er be old, Alexis.
1 *Shep.* And I shall find some toys that have been favours,
And nosegays, and such knacks; for there be wenches.
3 *Shep.* My mantle goes on too I play'd young Paris in,
And the new garters Amaryllis sent me.
1 *Countr.* Yes, yes; we'll all be handsome, and wash our faces.
Neighbour, I see a remnant of March dust
That's hatch'd into your chaps: I pray you be
And mundify your muzzle. [careful,

Enter GETA.

2 *Countr.* I'll to the barber's;
It shall cost me I know what.—Who's this?
3 *Shep.* Give room, neighbours!
A great man in our state. Gods bless your wor-
2 *Countr.* Increase your mastership! [ship!
Geta. Thanks, my good people.
Stand off, and know your duties!—As I take it,
You are the labouring people of this village,

Maxi. I'll about it.
Dio. My royal cousin, how I joy to see you,
You and your royal empress!
Maxi. You are too kind, sir.
I come not to eat with you, and to surfeit
In these poor clownish pleasures! but to tell you,
I look upon you like my winding-sheet,
The coffin of my greatness, nay, my grave:
For whilst you are alive——
Dio. Alive, my cousin?
Maxi. I say, alive—I am no emperor;
I am nothing but my own disquiet.
Dio. Stay, sir!
Maxi. I cannot stay. The soldiers dote upon you.
I would fain spare you; but mine own security
Compels me to forget you are my uncle,
Compels me to forget you made me Cæsar;
For, whilst you are remember'd, I am buried.
Dio. Did not I make you emperor, dear cousin?
The free gift from my special grace?
Delp. Fear nothing.
Dio. Did not I chuse this poverty, to raise you?
That royal woman gave into your arms too?
Bless'd you with her bright beauty? Gave the soldier,
The soldier that hung to me, fix'd him on you?
Gave you the world's command?
Maxi. This cannot help you.
Dio. Yet this shall ease me. Can you be so base, cousin,
So far from nobleness, so far from nature,
As to forget all this? to tread this tie out?
Raise to yourself so foul a monument
That every common foot shall kick asunder?
Must my blood glue you to your peace?
Maxi. It must, uncle;
I stand too loose else, and my foot too feeble:
You gone once, and their love retired, I am rooted.
Dio. And cannot this removed poor state obscure me?
I do not seek for yours, nor inquire ambitiously
After your growing fortunes. Take heed, my kinsman!
Ungratefulness and blood mingled together,
Will, like two furious tides——
Maxi. I must sail through 'em;
Let 'em be tides of death, sir, I must stem up.
Dio. Hear but this last, and wisely yet consider!
Place round about my grange a garrison,
That if I offer to exceed my limits,
Or ever in my common talk name emperor,
Ever converse with any greedy soldier,
Or look for adoration, nay, for courtesy,
Above the day's salute——Think who has fed you,
Think, cousin, who I am. Do you slight my misery?
Nay, then I charge thee! Nay, I meet thy cruelty.
[*Draws.*
Maxi. This cannot serve; prepare. Now fall on, soldiers,
And all the treasure that I have——
[*Thunder and lightning.*
1 *Sold.* The earth shakes;
We totter up and down; we cannot stand, sir;
Methinks the mountains tremble too.
2 *Sold.* The flashes,
How thick and hot they come! We shall be burnt all!
Delp. Fall on, soldiers!
You that sell innocent blood, fall on full bravely!
1 *Sold.* We cannot stir.
Delp. You have your liberty;
So have you, lady: One of you come do it.
[*A hand with a bolt appears above*
Do ye stand amazed? Look o'er thy head, Maximinian,
Look, to thy terror, what overhangs thee;
Nay, it will nail thee dead: Look how it threatens thee!
"The bolt for vengeance on ungrateful wretches;
The bolt of innocent blood:" Read those hot characters,
And spell the will of Heaven. Nay, lovely lady,
You must take part too, as spur to Ambition.
Are you humble? Now speak; my part is ended.
Does all your glory shake?
Maxi. Hear us, great uncle, [*They kneel.*
Good and great sir, be pitiful unto us!
Below your feet we lay our lives; be merciful!
Begin you, Heaven will follow.
Aur. Oh, it shakes still!
Maxi. And dreadfully it threatens. We acknowledge
Our base and foul intentions: Stand between us!
For faults confess'd, they say, are half forgiven:
We are sorry for our sins. Take from us, sir,
That glorious weight that made us swell, that poison'd us;
That mass of majesty I labour'd under,
(Too heavy and too mighty for my manage)
That my poor innocent days may turn again,
And my mind, pure, may purge me of these curses.
By your old love, the blood that runs between us—
[*The hand takes in.*
Aur. By that love once you bare to me! by that,
That blessed maid enjoys——
Dio. Rise up, dear cousin,
And be your words your judges! I forgive you.
Great as you are, enjoy that greatness ever,
Whilst I mine own content make mine own empire
Once more I give you all; learn to deserve it,
And live to love your good more than your greatness.—
Now shew your loves to entertain this emperor,
My honest neighbours! Geta, see all handsome.—
Your grace must pardon us; our house is little;
But such an ample welcome as a poor man
And his true love can make you and your empress—
Madam, we have no dainties.
Aur. 'Tis enough, sir;
We shall enjoy the riches of your goodness.
Sold. Long live the good and gracious Dioclesian
Dio. I thank you, soldiers; I forgive your rashness.
And, royal sir, long may they love and honour you! [*Drums beat a march afar off*
What drums are those?
Delp. Meet 'em, my honest son;
They are thy friends, Charinus and the old soldiers
That come to rescue thee from thy hot cousin.
But all is well; and turn all into welcomes!
Two emperors you must entertain now.
Dio. Oh, dear mother,
I have will enough, but I want room and glory.
Delp. That shall be my care. Sound your pipes now merrily,
And all your handsome sports: Sing 'em full welcomes!
Dio. And let 'em know, our true love breeds more stories,
And perfect joys, than kings do, and their glories.
[*Exeunt.*

THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGENOR, *Prince of Argos.*
THEANOR, *Son of the* Queen of Corinth, *a vicious Prince.*
LEONIDAS, *the Corinthian General, Brother to* MERIONE.
EUPHANES, *a noble young Gentleman, Favourite to the* Queen.
CRATES, *Elder Brother to* EUPHANES, *a malicious Beautefeau.*
CONON, EUPHANES's *Confidant and Fellow-Traveller.*
NEANTHES, SOSICLES, ERATON, } *Courtiers.*

ONOS, *or* LAMPRIAS, *a very foolish Traveller.*
Tutor, Uncle, } *to* ONOS, *two Foolish Knaves.*
Gentlemen, *Servants to* AGENOR.
A Page *to* Lord EUPHANES.
Marshal, Vintner, Drawers, Tavern Boys, *and Six* Ruffians.

QUEEN OF CORINTH, *a wise and virtuous Widow.*
MERIONE, *a virtuous Lady, honourably solicited by* Prince AGENOR.
BELIZA, *a noble Lady, Mistress to* EUPHANES.

SCENE,—CORINTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON.

Eraton. The general is return'd then?
Nean. With much honour.
Sos. And peace concluded with the prince of Argos?
Nean. To the queen's wishes: The conditions
So far beyond her hopes, to the advantage [sign'd
Of Corinth, and the good of all her subjects,
That though Leonidas, our brave general,
Ever came home a fair and great example,
He never yet return'd or with less loss
Or more deserved honour.
Era. Have you not heard
The motives to this general good?
Nean. The main one
Was admiration first in young Agenor
(For by that name we know the prince of Argos)
Of our Leonidas' wisdom and his valour;
Which, though an enemy, first in him bred wonder,
That liking, love succeeded that, which was
Follow'd by a desire to be a friend,
Upon what terms soever, to such goodness.
They had an interview; and, that their friendship
Might with our peace be ratified, 'twas concluded,
Agenor, yielding up all such strong places
As he held in our territories, should receive
(With a sufficient dower paid by the queen)
The fair Merione for his wife.
Era. But how
Approves the queen of this? since we well know,
Nor was her highness ignorant, that her son
The prince Theanor made love to this lady,
And in the noblest way.
Nean. Which she allowed of;
And I have heard from some familiar with
Her nearest secrets, she so deeply prized her,
Being from an infant train'd up in her service,
(Or, to speak better, rather her own creature)
She once did say, that if the prince should steal
A marriage without her leave or knowledge,
With this Merione, with a little suit,
She should grant both their pardons; whereas now,
To shew herself forsooth a Spartan lady,
And that 'tis in her power, now it concerns
The common good, not alone to subdue
Her own affections, but command her son's,
She has not only forced him with rough threats
To leave his mistress, but compell'd him, when
Agenor made his entrance into Corinth,
To wait upon his rival.
Sos. Can it be
The prince should sit down with this wrong?
Nean. I know not;
I am sure I should not.
Era. Trust me, nor I:
A mother is a name; but, put in balance
With a young wench, 'tis nothing. Where did you leave him?
Nean. Near Vesta's temple (for there he dismiss'd me)
And full of troubled thoughts, calling for Crates:
He went with him, but whither, or to what purpose,
I am a stranger.

Enter THEANOR *and* CRATES.

Era. They are come back, Neanthes.
The. I like the place well.
Cra. Well, sir? it is built

You stand in no need of him, is bold to offer
His entertainment.
Cra. He had never wanted
Or yours, or your assistance, had he practised
The way he might have took, to have commanded
Whatever I call mine.
Euph. I studied many,
But could find none.
Cra. You would not find yourself, sir,
Or in yourself, what was from you due to me;
The privilege my birth bestow'd upon me
Might challenge some regard.
Euph. You had all the land, sir;
What else did you expect? And I am certain
You kept such strong guards to preserve it yours,
I could force nothing from you.
Cra. Did you ever
Demand help from me?
Euph. My wants have, and often,
With open mouths, but you nor heard nor saw them.
May be, you look'd I should petition to you,
As you went to your horse; flatter your servants,
To play the brokers for my furtherance;
Sooth your worst humours, act the parasite
On all occasions; write my name with theirs
That are but one degree removed from slaves;
Be drunk when you would have me, then wench with you,
Or play the pandar; enter into quarrels,
Although unjustly grounded, and defend them,
Because they were yours: These are the tyrannies
Most younger brothers groan beneath; yet bear them
From the insulting heir, selling their freedoms
At a less rate than what the state allows
The salary of base and common strumpets:
For my part, ere on such low terms I feed
Upon a brother's trencher, let me die
The beggar's death, and starve!
Cra. 'Tis bravely spoken,
Did what you do rank with it.
Bel. Why, what does he
You would not wish were yours?
Cra. I'll tell you, lady,
Since you rise up his advocate, and boldly
(For now I find, and plainly, in whose favour
My love and service to you was neglected).
For all your wealth, nay, add to that your beauty,
And put your virtues in, (if you have any)
I would not yet be pointed at, as he is,
For the fine courtier, the woman's man,
That tells my lady stories, dissolves riddles,
Ushers her to her coach, lies at her feet
At solemn masques, applauding what she laughs at;
Reads her asleep a-nights, and takes his oath
Upon her pantofles, that all excellence
In other madams does but zany hers:
These you are perfect in, and yet these take no
Or from your birth or freedom.
Euph. Should another
Say this, my deeds, not looks, should shew——
Bel. Contemn it:
His envy feigns this, and he's but reporter,
Without a second, of his own dry fancies.
Cra. Yes, madam, the whole city speaks it with me;
And though it may distaste, 'tis certain you
Are brought into the scene, and with him censured;
For you are given out for the provident lady,
That, not to be unfurnish'd for her pleasures,
(As, without them, to what vain use is greatness!)
Have made choice of an able man, a young man,
Of an Herculean back, to do you service;
And one you may command too, that is active,
And does what you would have him.
Bel. You are foul-mouth'd!
Cra. That can speak well, write verses too, and good ones,
Sharp and conceited, whose wit you may lie with
When his performance fails him; one you have
Maintain'd abroad to learn new ways to please you;
And, by the gods, you well reward him for it.
No night in which, while you lie sick and panting,
He watches by you, but is worth a talent;
No conference in your coach, which is not paid with
A scarlet suit: This the poor people mutter,
Though I believe, for I am bound to do so,
A lady of your youth, that feeds high too,
And a most exact lady, may do all this
Out of a virtuous love, the last-bought vizard
That lechery purchased.
Euph. Not a word beyond this! [*Draws.*
The reverence I owe to that one womb
In which we both were embrions, makes me suffer
What's past; but if continued——
Bel. Stay your hand!
The queen shall right mine honour.
Cra. Let him do it;
It is but marrying him. And, for your anger,
Know that I slight it! When your goddess here
Is weary of your sacrifice, as she will be,
You know my house, and there amongst my servants
Perhaps you'll find a livery. [*Exit.*
Bel. Be not moved;
I know the rancour of his disposition,
And turn it on himself by laughing at it;
And in that let me teach you.
Euph. I learn gladly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON, *severally.*

Nean. You are met unto my wishes; if you ever
Desired true mirth so far as to adventure
To die with the extremity of laughter,
I come before the object that will do it;
Or let me live your fool.
Sos. Who is't, Neanthes?
Nean. Lamprias, the usurer's son.
Era. Lamprias? the youth
Of six and fifty?
Sos. That was sent to travel
By rich Beliza, till he came to age
And was fit for a wife?
Nean. The very same.
This gallant, with his guardian and his tutor,
(And, of the three, who is most fool I know not)
Are newly come to Corinth: I'll not stale them
By giving up their characters, but leave you
To make your own discoveries. Here they are, sir

Enter ONOS, UNCLE, *and* Tutor.

Tutor. That leg a little higher; very well.
Now put your face into the traveller's posture;
Exceeding good.
Uncle. Do you mark how they admire him?

Tutor. They will be all my scholars, when they know
And understand him truly.
Era. Phœbus guard me
From this new Python!
Sos. How they have trimm'd him up
Like an old reveller!
Nean. Curl'd him and perfumed him;
But that was done with judgment, for he looks
Like one that purged perpetually. Trust me,
That witch's face of his is painted too,
And every ditch upon it buries more
Than would set off ten bawds and all their tenants!
Sos. See how it moves towards us.
Nean. There's a salutation!—
'Troth, gentlemen, you have bestow'd much travel
In training up your pupil.
Tutor. Sir, great buildings
Require great labours; which yet we repent not,
Since for the country's good we have brought home
An absolute man.
Uncle. As any of his years,
Corinth can shew you.
Era. He's exceeding meagre.
Tutor. His contemplation——
Uncle. Besides, 'tis fit
Learners should be kept hungry.
Nean. You all contemplate:
For three such wretched pictures of lean famine
I never saw together.
Uncle. We have fat minds, sir,
And travell'd to save charges. Do you think
'Twas fit a young and hopeful gentleman
Should be brought up a glutton? He's my ward;
Nor was there ever, where I bore the bag,
Any superfluous waste.
Era. Pray you, can it speak?
Tutor. He knows all languages, but will use none;
They are all too big for his mouth, or else too little
To express his great conceits. And yet of late,
With some impulsion, he hath set down
In a strange method, by the way of question,
And briefly too, all business whatsoever,
That may concern a gentleman.
Nean. Good sir, let's hear him.
Tutor. Come on, sir.
Nean. They have taught him, like an ape,
To do his tricks by signs. Now he begins.
Onos. When shall we be drunk together?
Tutor. That's the first.
Onos. Where shall we whore to-night?
Uncle. That ever follows.
Era. Odds me, he now looks angry.
Onos. Shall we quarrel?
Nean. With me at no hand, sir.
Onos. Then let's protest.
Era. Is this all?
Tutor. These are, sir, the four new virtues
That are in fashion; many a mile we measured
Before we could arrive unto this knowledge.
Nean. You might have spared that labour, for at home here
There's little else in practice.—Ha! the queen?
Good friends, for half an hour remove your motion;
To-morrow willingly, when we have more leisure,
We'll look on him again.
Onos. Did I not rarely?
Uncle. Excellent well.
Tutor. He shall have six plumbs for it.
[*Exeunt* ONOS. UNCLE, *and* TUTOR.

Enter AGENOR, LEONIDAS, THEANOR, QUEEN, MERIONE, BELIZA, EUPHANES, CRATES, Ladies *and* Attendants *with lights.*

Queen. How much my court is honour'd, princely brother,
In your vouchsafing it your long'd-for presence,
Were tedious to repeat, since 'tis already
(And heartily) acknowledged. May the gods,
That look into kings' actions, smile upon
The league we have concluded; and their justice
Find me out to revenge it, if I break
One article!
Age. Great miracle of queens!
How happy I esteem myself, in being
Thought worthy to be number'd in the rank
Of your confederates, my love and best service
Shall teach the world hereafter; but this gift
With which you have confirm'd it, is so far
Beyond my hopes and means e'er to return,
That of necessity I must die obliged
To your unanswer'd bounty.
The. The sweet lady,
In blushes gives your highness thanks.
Queen. Believe it,
On the queen's word, she is a worthy one;
And I am so acquainted with her goodness,
That but for this peace that hath changed my purpose,
And to her more advancement, I should gladly
Have call'd her daughter.
The. Though I am deprived of
A blessing, 'tis not in the fates to equal,
To shew myself a subject as a son,
Here I give up my claim, and willingly
With mine own hand deliver you what once
I loved above myself; and from this hour,
(For my affection yields now to my duty)
Vow never to solicit her.
Cra. 'Tis well cover'd.— [*Aside.*
Neanthes, and the rest!
[*Exeunt* CRATES, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, ERATOS.
Queen. Nay, for this night
You must (for 'tis our country fashion, sir)
Leave her to her devotions; in the morning
We'll bring you to the temple.
Leo. How in this
Your highness honours me!
Mer. Sweet rest to all!
Age. This kiss, and I obey you.
Bel. Please it your highness,
This is the gentleman
Queen. You are welcome home, sir.—
Now, as I live, one of a promising presence.—
I have heard of you before, and you shall find
I'll know you better; find out something that
May do you good, and rest assured to have it.
Were you at Sparta lately?
Euph. Three days since,
Madam, I came from thence.
Queen. 'Tis very late.
Good night, my lord!—Do you, sir, follow me;
I must talk further with you.
Age. All rest with you! *Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*An Aisle of the Temple of Vesta.*

Enter CRATES, NEANTHES, ERATON, *and* SOSICLES, *disguised.*

Cra. She must pass through this cloister;
And boldly seize upon her. [suddenly
Nean. Where's the prince?
Cra. He does expect us at the place I shew'd you.

Enter MERIONE *and* Servant.

I hear one's footing; peace, 'tis she.
Mer. Now leave me; [*Exit* Servant.
I know the way; though, Vesta witness with me,
I never trod it with such fear.—Help, help!
[*They seize her.*
Cra. Stop her mouth close; out with the light;
I'll guide you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Vault under the Temple.*

Enter MERIONE.

Mer. To whom now shall I cry? What power thus kneel to,
And beg my ravish'd honour back upon me?
Deaf, deaf, you gods of goodness, deaf to me,
Deaf heaven to all my cries; deaf hope, deaf justice!
I am abused, and you, that see all, saw it,
Saw it, and smiled upon the villain did it;
Saw it, and gave him strength: Why have I pray'd to ye, [slumbers?
When all the world's eyes have been sunk in
Why have I then poured out my tears? kneel'd to
And from the altar of a pure heart sent ye [ye?
Thoughts like yourselves, white, innocent, vows purer
And of a sweeter flame than all earth's odours?
Why have I sung your praises, strew'd your temples,
And crown'd your holy priests with virgin roses?
Is it we hold ye powerful, to destroy us?
Believe and honour ye, to see us ruin'd?
These tears of anger thus I sprinkle towards ye,
You that dare sleep secure whilst virgins suffer;
These stick like comets, blaze eternally,
Till, with the wonder, they have waked your justice,
And forced ye fear our curses, as we yours!

Enter THEANOR, *and* CRATES, *with vizards.*

My shame still follows me, and still proclaims me.
He turns away in scorn! I am contemn'd too;
A more unmanly violence than the other:
Bitten, and flung away?—Whate'er you are,
Sir, you that have abused me, and now most basely
And sacrilegiously robbed this fair temple,
I fling all these behind me, but look upon me,
But one kind loving look, be what you will,
So from this hour you will be mine, my husband.—
And you, his hand in mischief, I speak to you too,
Counsel him nobly now; you know the mischief,
The most unrighteous act he has done; persuade him,
Persuade him like a friend, knock at his conscience
Till fair repentance follow. Yet be worthy of me.
And shew yourself, if ever good thought guided you:
You have had your foul will; make it yet fair with marriage;
Open yourself and take me, wed me now.
[THEANOR *draws his dagger.*
More fruits of villainy? Your dagger? Come;
You are merciful; I thank you for your medicine.

Enter NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON, *disguised.*

Is that too worthy too? Devil! thou with him!
Thou penny bawd to his lust! Will not that stir thee?
Do you work by tokens now? Be sure I live not,
For your own safeties, knaves. I will sit patiently:
But, as you are true villains, the devil's own servants,
And those he loves and trusts, make it as bloody
An act, of such true horror, Heaven would shake at;
'Twill shew the braver. Goodness, hold my hope
And in thy mercies look upon my ruins, [fast,

Enter Six disguised, singing and dancing to a horrid music, and sprinkling water on her face.

And then I am right!—My eyes grow dead and heavy.—
Wrong me no more, as ye are men! [*Faints.*
The. She's fast.
Cra. Away with her. [*Exeunt, bearing her off.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter AGENOR *and* Gentlemen, *with torches.*

Age. Now, gentlemen, the time's come now to enjoy
That fruitful happiness my heart has long'd for.
This day be happy call'd; and when old Time
Brings it about each year, crown'd with that sweet-
It gives me now, see every man observe it, [ness
And, laying all aside bears show of business,
Give this to joy and triumph How sit my clothes?
1 *Gent.* Handsome, and wondrous well, sir.
Age. Do they shew richly?
For to those curious eyes even Beauty envies,
I must not now appear poor, or low-fashion'd.
Methinks I am younger than I was, far younger;
And such a promise in my blood I feel now,
That, if there may be a perpetual youth
Bestow'd on man, I am that soul shall win it.
Does my hair stand well? Lord, how ill-favour'dly
You have dress'd me to-day! how badly! Why this cloak?
2 *Gent.* Why, 'tis the richest, sir.
Age. And here you have put me on
A pair of breeches look like a pair of bagpipes.
1 *Gent.* Believe sir, they shew bravely.
Age. Why these stockings?
2 *Gent.* Your leg appears——
Age. Poh! I would have had 'em peach-colour;
All young and new about me. And this scarf here,
A goodly thing! you have trick'd me like a puppet.
1 *Gent.* I'll undertake to rig forth a whole navy,
And with less labour, than one man in love:
They are never pleased.
2 *Gent.* Methinks he looks well.
1 *Gent.* Well
As man can look, as handsome. Now do I wonder

He found not fault his nose was put on ugly,
Or his eyes looked too grey, and rail at us:
They are the wayward'st things, these lovers.
2 Gent. All will be right
When once it comes to th' push.
1 Gent. I would they were at it,
For our own quiet sake.
Age. Come, wait upon me;
And bear yourselves like mine, my friends, and nobly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the House of* LEONIDAS.

Enter THEANOR, CRATES, *and* ERATON, *bringing* MERIONE.

Era. This is her brother's door.
Cra. There lay her down then;
Lay her along. She is fast still?
Era. As forgetfulness.
Cra. Be not you stirr'd now, but away to your mother,
Give all attendance, let no stain appear
Of fear, or doubt in your face; carry yourself confidently.
The. But whither runs your drift now?
Cra. When she wakes,
Either what's done will shew a mere dream to her,
And carry no more credit; or, say she find it,
Say she remember all the circumstances,
Twenty to one the shapes in which they were acted,
The horrors, and the still affrights we shew'd her,
Rising in wilder figures to her memory,
Will run her mad, and no man guess the reason:
If all these fail, and that she rise up perfect,
And so collect herself, believe this, sir,
Not knowing who it was that did this to her,
Nor having any power to guess; the thing done
Being the utter undoing of her honour [too
If it be known, and to the world's eye publish'd,
Especially at this time when Fortune courts her,
She must and will conceal it, nay, forget it:
The woman is no Lucrece. Get you gone, sir;
And, as you would have more of this sport, fear not.
The. I am confirm'd. Farewell! [*Exit* THEANOR.
Cra. Farewell! Away, sir.—
Disperse yourselves; and, as you love his favour,
And that that crowns it, gold, no tongues amongst ye!
You know your charge; this way goes no suspicion. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AGENOR, *and* LEONIDAS, *with two* Gentlemen, *with lights.*

Age. You are stirring early, sir.
Leo. It was my duty
To wait upon your grace.
Age. How fares your sister,
My beauteous mistress? What, is she ready yet?
Leo. No doubt she'll lose no time, sir: Young maids in her way
Tread upon thorns, and think an hour an age,
Till the priest has done his part, that theirs may follow.
I saw her not since yesterday i' th' evening;
But, sir, I am sure she is not slack: Believe me,
Your grace will find a loving soul.
Age. A sweet one;
And so much joy I carry in the thought of it,
So great a happiness to know she is mine,
(Believe me, noble brother) that to express it
Methinks a tongue's a poor thing, can do nothing,
Imagination less.—Who's that that lies there?
Leo. Where, sir?
Age. Before the door; it looks like a woman.
Leo. This way I came abroad, but then there was nothing.
One of the maids o'erwatched, belike.
Age. It may be.
Leo. But methinks this is no fit place to sleep in.
1 Gent. 'Tis sure a woman, sir; she has jewels [on too:
She fears no foul play, sure.
Leo. Bring a torch hither;
Yet 'tis not perfect day. I should know those [garments.
Age. How sound she sleeps!
Leo. I am sorry to see this!
Age. Do you know her?
Leo. And you now, I am sure, sir.
Age. My mistress? How comes this?

Enter QUEEN, THEANOR, BELIZA, EUPHANES, NEANTHES, *and* Attendants.

Leo. The queen and her train.—
Queen. You know my pleasure.
Euph. And will be most careful.
Queen. Be not long absent;
The suit you preferr'd is granted.—
Nean. This fellow mounts
Apace, and will tower o'er us like a falcon.—
Queen. Good morrow to ye all! Why stand ye wond'ring?
Enter the house, sir, and bring out your mistress;
You must observe our ceremonies.—What's the matter?
What's that ye stand at?—How! Merione?
Asleep i' th' street; Belike some sudden palsy,
As she stept out last night upon devotion,
To take her farewell of her virgin state,
The air being sharp and piercing, struck her sud- [denly.
See if she breathe.
Leo. A little.
Queen. Wake her then;
'Tis sure a fit.
Age. She wakes herself: Give room to her.
Queen. See how the spirits struggle to recover,
And strongly reinforce their strengths; for certain,
This was no natural sleep.
The. I am of your mind, madam.
Queen. No, son, it cannot be.
The. Pray Heaven, no trick in't!
Good soul, she little merits such a mischief.
Queen. She is broad awake now, and her sense [clears up;
'Twas sure a fit. Stand off.
Mer. The queen, my love here,
And all my noble friends? Why, where am I?
How am I tranced, and moped! I' th' street? Heaven bless me!
Shame to my sex! o' th' ground too?—Oh, I [remember—
Leo. How wild she looks!
Age. Oh, my cold heart, how she trembles!
Mer. Oh, I remember, I remember!
Queen. What's that?
Mer. My shame, my shame, my shame! Oh, [I remember,
My never-dying shame!
The. Here has been villainy.
Queen. I fear so too.
Mer. You are no furies, are ye?
No horrid shapes sent to affright me?
Age. No, sweet;
We are your friends. Look up; I am Agenor,
(Oh, my Merione!) that loves you dearly,
And come to marry you.

Leo. Sister, what ail you?
Speak out your griefs, and boldly.
Age. Something sticks here
Will choak you else.
Mer. I hope it will.
Queen. Be free, lady;
You have your loving friends about you.
Age. Dear Merione,
By the unspotted love I ever bore you,
By thine own goodness——
Mer. Oh, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, sir;
I am now I know not what; pray ye look not on [me;
No name is left me, nothing to inherit,
But that detested, base, and branded——
Age. Speak it,
And how: Diseases of most danger,
Their causes once discover'd, are easily cured.
My fair Merione——
Mer. I thank your love, sir:
When I was fair Merione, unspotted,
Pure, and unblasted in the bud you honour'd,
White, as the heart of truth, then, prince Agenor,
Even then I was not worthy of your favour.
Wretch that I am, less worthy now of pity!
Let no good thing come near me; Virtue fly me;
You that have honest noble names, despise me:
For I am nothing now but a main pestilence,
Able to poison all! Send those unto me
That have forgot their names, ruin'd their fortunes,
Despised their honours; those that have been virgins
Ravish'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell it.
The. Now it appears too plain.
Mer. Send those sad people
That hate the light, and curse society;
Whose thoughts are graves, and from whose eyes continually
Their melting souls drop out, send those to me;
And when their sorrows are most excellent,
So full that one grief more cannot be added,
My story like a torrent shall devour 'em.
Hark! it must out: But pray stand close together,
And let not all the world hear.
Leo. Speak it boldly.
Mer. And, royal lady, think but charitably!
Your grace has known my breeding.
Queen. Pr'ythee, speak it.
Mer. Is there no stranger here? Send off your servants.
And yet it must be known.—I shake.
Age. Sweet mistress!
Mer. I am abused, basely abused! do you guess yet?
Come close; I'll tell ye plainer; I am whored,
Ravish'd, and robb'd of honour!
Leo. Oh, the devil!
Age. What hellish slave was this?
The. A wretch, a wretch,
A damn'd wretch! Do you know the villain, lady?
Mer. No.
The. Not by guess?
Mer. Oh, no.
The. It must be known.
Queen. Where was the place?
Mer. I know not neither.
Age. Oh, Heaven!
Is this the happy time? my hope to this come?
Leo. Neither the man nor circumstances?
The. His tongue,
D'd you not hear his tongue? no voice?
Mer. None, none, sir:
All I know of him was his violence.
Age. How came you hither, sweet?
Mer. I know not neither.
The. A cunning piece of villainy.
Mer. All I remember
Is only this: Going to Vesta's temple,
To give the goddess my last virgin prayers,
Near to that place I was suddenly surprised,
By five or six disguised, and from thence violently
To my dishonour haled: That act perform'd,
Brought back; but how, or whither, till I waked here——
The. This is so monstrous, the gods cannot [suffer it;
I have not read, in all the villainies
Committed by the most obdurate rascals,
An act so truly impious.
Leo. 'Would I knew him!
The. He must be known; the devil cannot hide him.
Queen. If all the art I have, or power, can do it,
He shall be found; and such a way of justice
Inflicted on him—A lady wrong'd in my court?
And this way robb'd and ruin'd?
The. Be contented, madam;
If he be above ground, I will have him.
Age. Fair virtuous maid, take comfort yet, and flourish,
In my love flourish; the stain was forced upon you,
None of your will's, nor yours. Rise, and rise mine still,
And rise the same white, sweet, fair soul, I loved [ye;
Take me the same.
Mer. I kneel and thank you, sir;
And I must say you are truly honourable,
And dare confess my will yet still a virgin:
But so unfit and weak a cabinet
To keep your love and virtue in am I now,
That have been forced and broken, lost my lustre;
I mean this body, so corrupt a volume,
For you to study goodness in, and honour,
I shall entreat your grace, confer that happiness
Upon a beauty sorrow never saw yet.
And when this grief shall kill me, (as it must do)
Only remember yet you had such a mistress;
And if you then dare shed a tear, yet honour me.—
Good gentlemen, express your pities to me,
In seeking out this villainy. And my last suit
Is to your grace, that I may have your favour
To live a poor recluse nun with this lady,
From court and company, till Heaven shall hear me,
And send me comfort, or death end my misery.
Queen. Take your own will; my very heart bleeds for thee.
Age. Farewell, Merione! since I have not thee,
I'll wed thy goodness, and thy memory.
Leo. And I her fair revenge.
The. Away; let's follow it;
For he's so rank i' th' wind we cannot miss him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street before a Tavern.*

Enter CRATES *and* CONON.

Cra. Conon? You are welcome home! you are wondrous welcome!
Is this your first arrival?
Con. Sir, out now
I reach'd the town.

Cra. You are once more welcome then.
Con. I thank you, noble sir.
Cra. Pray you do me the honour
To make my poor house first——
Con. Pray, sir, excuse me;
I have not seen mine own yet; nor made happy
These longing eyes with those I love there.—
What's this? a tavern?
Cra. It seems so by the outside.
Con. Step in here then;
And since it offers itself so freely to us,
A place made only for liberal entertainment,
Let's seek no further, but make use of this,
And, after the Greek fashion, to our friends
Crown a round cup or two.
[*They go into the Tavern.*

Enter Vintner *and* Drawer.

Cra. Your pleasure, sir.—
Drawers! who waits within?
Draw. Anon, anon, sir.
Vint. Look into the Lilly-pot. Why, Mark, there!—
You are welcome, gentlemen! heartily welcome,
My noble friend!
Cra. Let's have good wine, mine host,
And a fine private room.
Vint. Will you be there, sir?
What is't you'll drink? I'll draw your wine myself.—
Cushions, ye knaves! Why, when?

Re-enter Drawers *with Cushions.*

Draw. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*
Vint. Chios, or Lesbos, Greek?
Cra. Your best and neatest.
Vint. I'll draw ye that shall dance.
Cra. Away; be quick then. [*Exit* Vintner.
Con. How does your brother, sir, my noble friend,
The good Euphanes? In all my course of travel,
I met not with a gentleman so furnish'd
In gentleness and courtesy; believe, sir,
So many friendly offices I received from him,
So great and timely, and enjoyed his company
In such an open and a liberal sweetness,
That when I dare forget him——
Cra. He's in good health, sir;
But you will find him a much alter'd man;
Grown a great courtier, sir.
Con. He's worthy of it.
Cra. A man drawn up, that leaves no print behind him
Of what he was. Those goodnesses you speak of
That have been in him, those that you call freedoms,
Societies, and sweetness, look for now, sir,
You'll find no shadows of them left, no sound;
The very air he has lived in alter'd. Now behold him,
And you shall see a thing walk by, look big upon you,
And cry for place: 'I am the queen's; give room there!'
If you bow low, may be he'll touch the bonnet,
Or fling a forc'd smile at you for a favour.
Con. He is your brother, sir.
Cra. These forms put off,
Which travel and court holy-water sprinkle on him,
I dare accept and know him. You'll think it strange, sir,
That even to me, to me, his natural brother,
And one by birth he owes a little honour to——

Enter Vintner *with wine.*

But that's all one.—Come, give me some wine, mine host.—
Here's to your fair return! [*Drinks.*
Con. I wonder at it
But sure he has found a nature not worth owning
In this way; else I know he is tender carried.—
I thank you, sir. And now durst I presume,
For all you tell me of these alterations
And stops in his sweet nature (which till I find so,
I have known him now so long, and look'd so through him,
You must give me leave to be a little faithless)
I say, for all these, if you please to venture,
I'll lay the wine we drink, let me send for him
(Even I, that am the poorest of his fellowship)
But by a boy o' th' house too, let him have business,
Let him attend the queen, nay, let his mistress
Hold him betwixt her arms, he shall come to me,
And shall drink with me too, love me, and heartily;
Like a true honest man, bid me welcome home:
I am confident.
Cra. You'll lose.
Con. You'll stand to th' wager?
Cra. With all my heart.
Con. Go, boy, and tell Euphanes——

Enter Boy.

Boy. He's now gone up the street, sir,
With a great train of gallants.
Cra. What think you now, sir!
Con. Go, and overtake him:
Commend my love unto him, (my name's Conon)
Tell him I am new arrived, and where I am,
And would request to see him presently.—
You see I use old dudgeon phrase to draw him.
Cra. I'll hang and quarter when you draw him hither.
Con. Away, boy.
Boy. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*
Con. Here's to you now!
And you shall find his travel has not stopt him,
As you suppose, nor alter'd any freedom:
But made him far more clear and excellent.
It draws the grossness of the understanding,
And renders active and industrious spirits:
He that knows most men's manners, must of necessity
Best know his own, and mend those by example.
'Tis a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse,
Still in the place he was born in, lamed and blinded;
Living at home is like it. Pure and strong spirits,
That, like the fire, still covet to fly upward,
And to give fire, as well as take it, cased up and mew'd here,
I mean at home, like lusty mettled horses,
Only tied up in stables, to please their masters,
Beat out their fiery lives in their own litters.
Why don't you travel, sir?
Cra. I have no belief in't;
I see so many strange things, half unhatch'd too,
Return, those that went out men, and good men,
They look like poach'd eggs, with the soul suck'd out,
Empty and full of wind: All their affections
Are baked in rye-crust, to hold carriage
From this good town to th' other; and when they are open'd,
They are so ill-cook'd and mouldy——
Con. You are pleasant.

Cra. I'll shew you a pack of these: I have 'em
That have been long in travel too. [for you,
Con. Please you, sir.

Enter second Boy.

Cra. You know the Merchant's Walk, boy?
2 *Boy.* Very well.
Cra. And you remember those gentlemen were
The other day with me? [here
2 *Boy.* Yes.
Cra. Then go thither,
For there I am sure they are; pray 'em come hither,
(And use my name) I would be glad to see 'em.

Enter first Boy.

1 *Boy.* Your brother's coming in, sir.
Vint. 'Ods my passion!
Out with the plate, ye knaves; bring the new cushions.
And wash those glasses I set by for high-days;
Perfume the rooms along. Why, sirrah!
1 *Boy.* Here, sir.
Vint. Bid my wife make herself ready handsomely,
And put on her best apron; it may be, [
The noble gentleman will look upon her.

Enter Euphanes *and two* Gentlemen.

Euph. Where is he, boy?
Vint. Your worship's heartily welcome!
It joys my very heart to see you here, sir.
The gentleman that sent for your honour——
Euph. Oh, good mine host!
Vint. To my poor homely house, an't like your honour——
Euph. I thank thine honour, good mine host. Where is he?
Con. What think you now?—My best Euphanes!
Euph. Conon!
Welcome, my friend! my noble friend, how is it?
Are you in safety come, in health?
Con. All health, all safety,
Riches, and all that makes content and happiness,
Now I am here, I have. How have you fared, sir?
Euph. Well, I thank Heaven; and never nearer,
To catch at great occasion. [friend,
Con. Indeed I joy in't.
Euph. Nor am I for myself born in these fortunes;
In truth I love my friends. [tunes;
Con. You were noble ever.

[Euphanes *salutes* Crates.

Cra. I thought you had not known me.
Euph. Yes; you are my brother,
My elder brother too: 'Would your affections
Were able but to ask that love I owe to you,
And, as I give, preserve it!—Here, friend Conon,
To your fair welcome home! [*They drink.*
Con. Dear sir, I thank you.—
Fill it to th' brim, boy.—Crates!
Cra. I will pledge you;
But for that glorious comet, lately fired——
Con. Fy, fy, sir, fy!
Euph. Nay, let him take his freedoms;
He stirs not me, I vow to you; much less stains me.
Cra. Sir, I cannot talk with that neat travelling tongue.
Con. As I live, he has the worst belief in men
I am glad I am come home. [abroad!

Enter second Boy.

2 *Boy.* Here are the gentlemen.
Cra. Oh, let 'em enter. Now you that trust in travel,
And make sharp beards and little breeches deities.
You that enhance the daily price of toothpicks,
And hold there is no home-bred happiness,
Behold a model of your minds and actions.
Euph. Though this be envious, yet, done i' th
I am content to thank you for't. [way of mirth,
Con. 'Tis well yet.
Cra. Let the masque enter.

Enter Onos, Uncle, *and* Tutor.

Onos. A pretty tavern, 'faith, of a fine structure!
Uncle. Bear yourself like a gentleman: here's
And be sure you break no glasses. [sixpence,
Tutor. Hark ye, pupil;
Go as I taught you, hang more upon your hams,
And put your knees out bent; there; yet a little.
Now I beseech ye, be not so improvident
To forget your travelling pace, 'tis a main posture,
And to all unair'd gentlemen will betray you:
Play with your Pisa beard. Why, where's your
He must have a brush, sir. [brush, pupil?
Uncle. More charge yet?
Tutor. Here, take mine;
These elements of travel, he must not want, sir.
Uncle. *Mafoy*, he has had some nineteen-pence
What would you more? [in elements;
Tutor. *Durus mehercle pater!*
Con. What, monsieur Onos, the very pump of travel!
Sir, as I live, you have done me the greatest kindness—
Oh, my fair sir, Lampree, the careful uncle
To this young hopeful issue! Monsieur Tutor too,
The father to his mind! Come, come, let's hug, boys.
Why, what a bunch of travel do I embrace now!
Methinks I put a girdle about Europe.
How has the boy profited?
Uncle. He has enough, sir,
If his too fiery mettle do not mar it.
Con. Is he not thrifty yet?
Tutor. That's all his fault;
Too bounteous minded, being under age too;
A great consumer of his stock in pippins:
He had ever a hot stomach.
Con. Come hither, Onos.
Will you love me for this fine apple?
Onos. *Ouy.*
Con. And will you be ruled by me sometimes?
Onos. 'Faith, I will.
Con. That's a good boy.
Uncle. Pray give not the child so much fruit;
He's of a raw complexion.
Euph. You, monsieur Hard-Egg!
Do you remember me? Do you remember
When you and your consort travell'd through
Con. He's in that circuit still. [Hungary?
Euph. Do you remember
The cantle of immortal cheese you carried with you,
The half-cold cabbage in a leather satchel,
And those invincible eggs that would lie in your bowels
A fortnight together, and then turn to bedstaves;
Your sour milk that would choak an Irishman,
And bread was baked in Cæsar's time for the army?
Con. Providence, providence.
Tutor. The soul of travel.
Euph. Can the boy speak yet?
Tutor. Yes; and as fine a gentleman.
I thank my able knowledge, he has arrived at,

a little sparing of his language,
h every man of observation——
ncle. And of as many tongues——
utor. Pray be content, sir;
know you are for the bodily part, the purse,
the magazine, the mind.
uph. Come hither, Springal.
nos. That in the Almain tongue signifies a gentleman.
uph. What think you of the forms of Italy or Spain?
nos. I love mine own country pippin.
utor. Nobly answer'd;
for his country first.
uph. A great philosopher!—
horses do you prefer?
nos. The white horse, sir;
e where I lie; honest, and a just beast.
utor. *O caput lepidum!* A child to say this!
these figures for the mouths of infants?
n. Onos, what wenches? [*Apart to him.*
e, tell me true.
nos. I cannot speak without book.
n. When shall we have one? ha?
nos. Steal me from mine uncle;
look you, I am broke out horribly
want of fleshly physick; they say I am too young,
that 'twill spoil my growth; but, could you help me——
n. Meet me to-morrow, man; no more.—
uph. You think now
have open'd such a shame to me of travel,
hewing these thin cubs! You have honour'd us
nst your will, proclaim'd us excellent:
e frails of sprats, carried from mart to mart,
s much meat as these, to more use travell'd;
nch of bloated fools! Methinks your judgment
ld look abroad sometimes, without your envy.
a. Such are most of you. So I take my leave,
when you find your women's favour fail,
'Tis ten to one you'll know yourself, and seek me,
Upon a better muster of your manners.
Con. This is not handsome, sir.
Euph. Pray take your pleasure:
You wound the wind as much.
Cra. Come you with me;
I have business for you presently. There's for your wine;
I must confess I lost it. [*Exit.*
Onos. Shall I steal to you?
And shall we see the wench?
Con. A dainty one.
Onos. And have a dish of pippins?
Con. What? a peck, man.
Tutor. Will you wait, sir?
Con. Pray let's meet oftner, gentlemen;
I would not lose ye.
Tutor. Oh, sweet sir!
Con. Do you think I would?
Such noted men as you?
Onos, Uncle, Tutor. We are your servants! [*Exeunt.*
Euph. That thing they would keep in everlasting nonage,
My brother, for his own ends, has thrust on
Upon my mistress: 'Tis true, he shall be rich,
If ever he can get that rogue his uncle
To let him be of years to come to inherit it.
Now, what the main drift is——
Con. Say you so? no more words:
I'll keep him company till he be of years,
(Though it be a hundred years) but I'll discover it;
And ten to one I'll cross it too.
Euph. You are honest,
And I shall study still your love. Farewell, sir!
For these few hours I must desire your pardon;
I have business of importance. Once a-day,
At least, I hope you'll see me; I must see you else:
So, once more, you are welcome!
Con. All my thanks, sir:
And when I leave to love you, life go from me! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

CENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter THEANOR *and* CRATES.

a. Why, sir, the kingdom's his: and no man
come to Corinth, or from Corinth go, [now
out his licence; he puts up the tithes
very office through Achaia;
a courtier to the carter hold of him;
lands, our liberties, nay, very lives,
shut up in his closet, and let loose
at his pleasure; books, and all discourse,
now no patron, nor direction,
glorified Euphanes; our cups are guilty
quench our thirsts, if not unto his health.
I could eat my heart, and fling away
very soul, for anguish! Gods, nor men,
ld tolerate such disproportion.
he. And yet is he beloved; whether it be virtue,
eming virtue, which he makes the cloak
is ambition.
a. Be it which it will,
Your highness is too tame, your eyes too film'd,
To see this, and sit still: The lion should not
Tremble to hear the bellowing of the bull.
Nature, excuse me! though he be my brother,
You are my country's father, therefore mine:
One parallel line of love I bend on him,
All lines of love and duty meet in you,
As in their centre; therefore hear, and weigh,
What I shall speak. You know the queen your mother
Did, from a private state, your father raise;
So all your royalty you hold from her:
She is older than she was, therefore more doting;
And what know we but blindness of her love
(That hath, from underneath the foot of Fortune
Set even Euphanes' foot on Fortune's head)
Will take him by the hand, and cry, "Leap now
Into my bed!" 'tis but a trick of age;
Nothing impossible.
The. What do you infer on this?
Cra. Your pardon, sir,
With reverence to the queen: Yet why should I

Fear to speak plain what pointeth to your good ?
A good old widow is a hungry thing
(I speak of other widows, not of queens.)

The. Speak to thy purpose.

Cra. I approach it. Sir,
Should young Euphanes clasp the kingdom thus,
And please the good old lady some one night,
What might not she be wrought to put on you,
Quite to supplant your birth ? neither is she
Past children, as I take it.

The. Crates, thou shak'st me !
Thou, that dost hate thy brother for my love,
In my love find one ; henceforth be my brother.
This giant I will fell beneath the earth ;
I will shine out, and melt his artful wings :
Euphanes, from my mother's sea of favours,
Spreads like a river, and runs calmly on,
Secure yet from my storms ; like a young pine
He grows up planted under a fair oak,
Whose strong large branches yet do shelter him,
And every traveller admires his beauty :
But, like a wind, I'll work into his cranks,
Trouble his stream, and drown all vessels that
Ride on his greatness. Under my mother's arms,
Like to a stealing tempest will I search,
And rend his root from her protection.

Cra. Ay ; now Theanor speaks like prince Theanor.

The. But how shall we provoke him to our [snares ?
He has a temper malice cannot move
To exceed the bounds of judgment ; he is so wise,
That we can pick no cause to affront him.

Cra. No ?
What better than his crossing your intent ?
The suit I had to you ? Conon's forfeit state
(Before he travell'd) for a riot, he
Hath from your mother got restored to him.

The. Durst he ? What is this Conon ?

Cra. One that hath,
As people say, in foreign countries pleasured him.

Enter Onos, Uncle, Tutor, Neanthes, Sosicles, *and* Eraton.

But now no more ;
They have brought the travellers I told you of.
That's the sweet youth that is my brother's rival,
That curls his head, for he has little hair,
And paints his vizor, for it is no face,
That so desires to follow you, my lord :
Shew 'em some countenance, and it will beget
Our sport at least.—

The. What villainous crab-tree legs
He makes ! His shins are full of true-love knots.

Cra. His legs were ever villainous, since I knew him.

Era. 'Faith, his uncle's shanks are somewhat the better.

Nean. But is it possible he should believe he's not of age ? Why, he is fifty, man ; in's jubilee, I warrant ! 'Slight, he looks older than a groat ; the very stamp on's face is worn out with handling.

Sos. Why, I tell you, all men believe it when they hear him speak, he utters such single matter in so infantly a voice.

Nean. He looks as like a fellow that I have seen accommodate gentlemen with tobacco in our theatres—

Onos. Most illustrious prince ?

Era. A pox on him, he is gelt ! how he trebles !

Onos. I am a gentleman o' both sides.

Tutor. He means (so't please your highness) both by father and mother.

Sos. Thou a gentleman ? thou an ass.

Nean. He is ne'er the farther from being a gentleman, I assure you.

Tutor. May it please your grace, I am another.

Nean. He is another ass, he says ; I believe him.

Uncle. We be three, heroical prince.

Nean. Nay then, we must have the picture of 'em, and the word *nos sumus.*

Tutor. That have travell'd all parts of the globe together.

Uncle. For my part, I have seen the vicissitude of Fortune before.

Onos. Peace, uncle ; for though you speak a little better than I——

Nean. 'Tis a very little, in truth.

Onos. Yet we must both give place, as they say, to the best speaker, the tutor.

Tutor. Yet since it hath pleased your radiance, to decline so low, as on us poor and unworthy dunghills——

Nean. What a stinking knave's this !

Tutor. Our peregrination was ne'er so felicitated, as since we entered the line of your gracious favour, under whose beamy aspect, and by which infallible mathematical compass, may we but hereafter presume to sail, our industries have reach'd their desired termination and period ; and we shall voluntarily sacrifice our lives to your resplendent eyes, both the altars and fires of our devoted offerings.

Onos. Oh, divine tutor !

Cra. Can you hold, sir ?

Era. He has spoken this very speech to some whore in Corinth.

Nean. A plague on him for a fustian dictionary ! On my conscience, this is the Ulyssean Traveller that sent home his image riding upon elephants to the great Mogol.

Sos. The same ; his wit is so huge, nought but an elephant could carry him.

Era. So heavy, you mean.

Nean. These three are even the finest one fool tripartite that was e'er discover'd.

Sos. Or a treatise of famine, divided into three branches.

Era. The prince speaks.

The. I thank ye for your loves ; but, as I told you,
I have so little means to do for those
Few followers I have already, that
I would have none shipwreck themselves and [fortune
Upon my barren shelf. Sue to Euphanes,
For he is prince, and queen ; I would have no man
Curse me in his old age.

Cra. Alas, sir, they desire to follow you
But afar off ; the farther off the better.

Tutor. Ay, sir ; an't be seven mile off, so we may but follow you, only to countenance us in the confronts and affronts, which (according to your highness' will) we mean on all occasions to put upon the lord Euphanes.

Onos. He shall not want gibing nor jeering, I warrant him ; if he do, I'll forswear wit.

Nean. It has forsworn thee, I'll swear ; it is the ancient enemy to thy house.

The. Well, be it so ; I here receive you, for
My followers a great way off.

Nean. Seven miles, my lord ; no further.

y what time, sir, (by this measure) may
'ollow him in his chamber?
Why, when his chamber, sir, is seven
iiles long.

:UPHANES, CONON, Page, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Iake way there for my lord Euphanes!
ok, sir, Jove appears,
k of our state, that spreads a train
an Iris' blushes after rain.—
'ou need not thank me, Conon: In
ited what I can do for you, [your love
ratitude was bound to this,
much more; and whate'er he be
nthankfulness assoil me, let him
ne eyes, and sing my name in verse,
erse, at every drinking house.
n be so charitable to lend me
iide my steps.
Iail to Euphanes!
ghty Euphanes!
e great prince Euphanes!
Key of the court, and jewel of the queen!
Sol in our firmament!
earl in the state's eye!
Being a black man.
istress of the land!
Our humble, humble, poor petitions are,
ay hold our places.
y we?
'es;
licious knaves still; and you fools.
is is the prince's and your brother's spite.
know't, but will not know it.
nder they are.—
child's this?
Sir!
Incle, le'be,
one, he is a mighty prince.
ask your highness' pardon! I protest
I saw you not.
mph! it may be so.
aised such mountains 'twixt your eyes
nd me,
hidden quite. What do you mean, sir?
forget yourself.
should much more,
ember my due duty to your grace.
wherein I have so transgress'd
to your highness, to deserve
and contempt, not from you only,
our followers, with the best of whom
qual in my lowest ebb:
u, sir, respect me as a gentleman;
ever more in heart to you.
scents I can derive myself,
rs worthy both in arts and arms.
ir goodness companies your greatness,
ou are perverted: Royal sir,
humblest subject; use your pleasure,
give protection to the wrongs
bordinate slaves, whom I could crush
eat destined favour which my mistress
majestic mother deigns to me,
pect of you. I know lean envy
on the steps of virtue advanced;
our mother's grace gets me disgrace,
s me a slave to bear these wrongs,
now.—Oh, mediocrity,
eless jewel, only mean men have,
But cannot value; like the precious gem
Found in the muckhill by the ignorant cock!

The. Your creamy words but cozen; how durst
Intercept me so lately to my mother? [you
And what I meant your brother, you obtain'd
Unto the forfeiter again.

Cra. Your answer
To that, my lord my brother.

Euph. May I perish
If e'er I heard you intended such a suit!
Though 'twould have stuck an ignominious brand
Upon your highness, to have given your servant
A gentleman's whole state of worth and quality,
Confiscate only for a youthful brawl.

The. Your rudiments are too saucy; teach your page.

Con. Ay, so are all things but your flatterers.

Onos. Hold you your prating!

Con. You know where you are, you fleeten face!

Euph. Yet, sir, to appease and satisfy your anger,
Take what you please from me, and give it him,
In lieu of this. You shall not take it neither,
I freely will impart it, half my state;
Which, brother, if you please———

Cra. I'll starve in chains first,
Eat my own arms!

Euph. Oh, that you saw yourself!
You ne'er made me such offer in my poorness;
And 'cause, to do you ease, I sought not to you,
You thus malign me; yet your nature must not
Corrupt mine, nor your rude examples lead me:
If mine can mend you, I shall joy. You know
I fear you not; you've seen me proved a man
In every way of fortune; 'tis my comfort
I know no more such brothers in the world
As Crates is.

Con. Nor I such as Euphanes:
The temper of an angel reigns in thee:

Euph. Your royal mother, sir, (I had forgot)
Entreats your presence.

The. You have done her errand;
I may do yours. [*Exit.*

Euph. Let it be truth, my lord.

Con. Crates, I'll question you for this.

Cra. Pish, your worst! [*Exit.*

Con. Away, you hounds, after your scent!

Onos. Come, we'll scorn to talk to 'em: Now they are gone,
We'll away too. [*Exeunt*

Con. Why bear you this, my lord?

Euph. To shew the passive fortitude the best;
Virtue's a solid rock, whereat being aim'd
The keenest darts of envy, yet unhurt
Her marble heroes stand, built on such bases,
Whilst they recoil, and wound the shooters' faces.

Enter QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Con. My lord, the queen.

Queen. Gentle Euphanes, how,
How dost thou, honest lord! Oh, how I joy
To see what I have made! like a choice workman
That, having framed a master-piece, doth reap
An universal commendation!
Princes are gods in this. I'll build thee yet,
The good foundation so pleases me,
A story or two higher; let dogs bark:
They are fools that hold them dignified by blood,
They should be only made great that are good.

Euph. Oraculous madam!

Queen. Sirrah, I was thinking,

If I should marry thee, what merry tales
Our neighbour islands would make of us:
But let that pass; you have a mistress
That would forbid our banns. 'Troth, I have wish'd
A thousand times that I had been a man;
Then I might sit a day with thee alone, and talk;
But as I am, I must not. There's no skill
In being good, but in not being thought ill.
Sirrah, who's that?

Euph. So't please your majesty,
Conon, the friend I sued for.

Queen. 'Tis dispatch'd.

Con. Gracious madam,
I owe the gods and you my life.

Queen. I thank you,
I thank you heartily; and I do think you
A very honest man; he says you are.—
But now I'll chide thee: What's the cause my son
(For my eye's every where, and I have heard)
So insolently does thee contumelies
Past sufferance (I am told,) yet you complain not?
As if my justice were so partial
As not to right the meanest: Credit me,
I'll call him to a strict account, and fright,
By his example, all that dare curb me
In any thing that's just. I sent you for him.

Euph. Humbly he did return, he would wait on
But let me implore your majesty, not to give [you.
His highness any check, for worthless me;
They are court-cankers, and not counsellors,
That thus inform you; they do but hate the prince,
And would subvert me. I should curse my fortune,
Even at the highest, to be made the gin
To unscrew a mother's love unto her son:
Better had my pale flame in humble shades
Been spent unseen, than to be raised thus high,
Now to be thought a meteor to the state,
Portending ruin and contagion.
Beseech you then rest satisfied, the prince
Is a most noble-natured gentleman,
And never did to me but what I took
As favours from him; my blown billows must not
Strive 'gainst my shore, that should confine me, nor
Justle with rocks to break themselves to pieces.

Queen. Well, thou'rt the composition of a god:
My lion, lamb, my eaglet, and my dove,
Whose soul runs clearer than Diana's fount!
Nature pick'd several flowers from her choice banks,
And bound them up in thee, sending thee forth
A posy for the bosom of a queen.

Lady. The prince attends you.

Queen. Farewell, my good lord,
My honest man. Stay; hast no other suit?
I pr'ythee tell me; sirrah, thine eye speaks
As if thou hadst; out with it, modest fool!

Euph. With favour, madam, I would crave your
To marry, where I am bound in gratitude; [leave
The immediate means she was to all my being,
Nor do I think your wisdom, sacred queen,
Fetters in favours, taking from me so
The liberty that meanest men enjoy.

Queen. To marry? you're a fool! thou'st an-
Leave me; I'll think on't.— [ger'd me.

[*Exeunt* Euphanes *and* Conon.

Only to try thee this, for though I love thee,
I can subdue myself; but she that can
Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more than a man.—

Enter Theanor *and kneels.*

Nay, rise without a blessing, or kneel still!
What's, sir, the reason you oppose me thus,
And seek to darken what I would have shine?
Eclipse a fire much brighter than thyself,
Making your mother not a competent judge
Of her own actions?

The. Gracious madam, I
Have done no more than what in royalty,
And to preserve your fame, was fit to do:
Heard you the people's talk of you, and him
You favour so, his greatness, and your love,
The pity given to me, you would excuse me.
They prate as if he did dishonour you;
And what know I, but his own lavish tongue
Has utter'd some such speeches? he is call'd
The king of Corinth.

Queen. They are traitors all:
I wear a crystal casement 'fore my heart,
Through which each honest eye may look into't;
Let it be prospect unto all the world,
I care not this.

The. [*Aside.*] This must not be my way.—
Your pardon, gracious madam! These incitements
Made me not shew so clear a countenance
Upon the lord Euphanes as I would;
Which since your majesty affects so grievously,
I'll clear the black cloud off it, and henceforth
Vow on this knee all love and grace to him.

Queen. Rise, with my blessing; and, to prove
Bear him from me this cabinet of jewels [this true,
In your own person; tell him, for his marrying,
He may dispose him how and when he please.

The. I shall discharge my duty and your will.—

[*Exit* Queen.

Crates!

Enter Crates.

Cra. I have heard all, my lord: How luckily
Fate pops her very spindle in our hands!
This marriage with Beliza you shall cross;
Then have I one attempt for Lamprias more
Upon this Phaëton: Where's Merione's ring,
That in the rape you took from her?

The. 'Tis here.

Cra. In, and effect our purpose. You, my lord,
Shall disobey your mother's charge, and send
This cabinet by some servant of her own,
That what succeeds may have no reference
Unto your highness.

The. On, my engine, on!

Cra. Now, if we be not struck by Heaven's own hand,
We'll ruin him, and on his ruins stand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* Leonidas *hung with black; Tapers on the Walls.*

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione, *and* Beliza.

SONG.

Weep no more, nor s'gh nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look chearfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

Age. These airs feed sorrow in her, lady,
And nourish it too strongly; like a mother
That spoils her child with giving on't the will.

Bel. Some lighter note.

SONG.

Court-ladies, laugh and wonder. Here is one
That weeps because her maidenhead is gone;
Whilst you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry,
But when too long it keeps you company.
Too well you know, maids are like towns on fire,
Wasting themselves, if no man quench desire.
Weep then no more, fool: A new maidenhead
Thou suffer'st loss of, in each chaste tear shed.

Leo. How like a hill of snow she sits, and melts
Before the unchaste fires of others' lust!
What heart can see her passion, and not break?
Age. Take comfort, gentle madam! You know
Even actual sins, committed without will, [well
Are neither sins nor shame, much more compell'd;
Your honour's no whit less, your chastity
No whit impair'd, for fair Merione
Is more a virgin yet than all her sex.
Mer. Alas, 'tis done!
Age. Why burn these tapers now?
Wicked and frantic creatures joy in night.
Leo. Imagine fair Merione had dream'd
She had been ravish'd, would she sit thus then
Excruciate?
Mer. Oh!
Bel. Fy, fy! how fond is this!
What reason for this surfeit of remorse?
How many that have done ill, and proceed,
Women that take degrees in wantonness,
Commence, and rise in rudiments of lust,
That feel no scruple of this tenderness?
Mer. Pish!
Bel. Nor are you matchless in mishap; even I
Do bear an equal part of misery;
That love, beloved, a man the crown of men,
Whom I have friended, and how raised, 'tis better
That all do know and speak it than myself.
When he sail'd low I might have made him mine,
Now, at his full gale, it is questionable
If ever I o'ertake him.
Age. Wherefore sits
My Phœbe shadow'd in a sable cloud?
Those pearly drops which thou let'st fall like beads,
Numb'ring on them thy vestal orisons,
Alas, are spent in vain! I love thee still;
In midst of all these showers thou sweetlier scent'st,
Like a green meadow on an April-day,
In which the sun and west wind play together,
Striving to catch and drink the balmy drops.

Enter EUPHANES *and* Servant.

Serv. The lord Euphanes, madam.
[*Exit* MERIONE.
Age. Poor Merione!
She loaths the light, and men.
[*Exit with* LEONIDAS.
Euph. The virtuous gods preserve my mistress!
Bel. Oh, my most honour'd lord, those times are changed.
Euph. Let times and men change! Could Heaven change, Euphanes
Should never change to be devoted ever
To fair Beliza. Should my load of honours,
Or any grace which you were author of,
Detract mine honour, and diminish grace?
The gods forbid! You here behold your servant,
Your creature, gentle lady, whose sound sleeps
You purchased for him, whose food you paid for,
Whose garments were your charge, whose first preferment
You founded; then, what since the gracious queen
Hath, or can rear, is upon your free land,
And you are mistress of.
Bel. Mock me not, gentle lord;
You shine now in too high a sphere for me:
We are planets now disjoin'd for ever! Yet,
Poor superstitious innocent that I am,
Give leave that I may lift my hands, and love,
Not in idolatry, but perfect zeal:
For, credit me, I repent nothing I have done,
But, were it to begin, would do the same.
Euph. There are two seas in Corinth, and two queens,
And but there, not two such in the spacious universe.
I came to tender you the man you have made,
And, like a thankful stream, to retribute
All you, my ocean, have enrich'd me with.
You told me once you'd marry me.
Bel. Another mock? You were wont to play fair play.
You scorn poor helps; he, that is sure to win,
May slight mean hearts, whose hand commands the queen.
Euph. Let me be held the knave through all the stock,
When I do slight my mistress! You know well
The gracious inclination of the queen,
Who sent me leave this morning to proceed
To marry as I saw convenience,
And a great gift of jewels: Three days hence
The general sacrifice is done to Vesta,
And can you by then be accommodated,
Your servant shall wait on you to the temple.
Bel. Till now I never felt a real joy indeed.
Euph. Here then I seal my duty, here my love.
Till which vouchsafe to wear this ring, dear mistress;
'Twas the queen's token, and shall celebrate
Our nuptials.
Bel. Honour still raise, and preserve
My honour'd lord, as he preserves all honour!
[*Exit* EUPHANES

Enter AGENOR, LEONIDAS, *and* MERIONE.

Age. Why shift you places thus, Merione,
And will not lend a word? Couldst thou so soon
Leave sorrow as the place, how blest were I!
But 'twill not be; grief is an impudent guest,
A follower everywhere, a hanger-on,
That words nor blows can drive away.
Leo. Dear sister!
Bel. Who can be sad? Out with these tragic lights,
And let day repossess her natural hours; [
Tear down these blacks, cast ope the casements wide,
That we may jocundly behold the sun. [
I did partake with sad Merione
In all her mourning; let her now rejoice
With glad Beliza, for Euphanes is
As full of love, full of humility,
As when he wanted.
Mer. Oh! that——
Leo. Help! she faints!
Her grief has broke her heart.
Mer. No: That——that——
Age. Mistress, what point you at?
Her lamps are out, yet still she extends her hand
As if she saw something antipathous
Unto her virtuous life.
Leo. Still, still she points,

And her lips move, but no articulate sound
Breathes from 'em.—Sister, speak, what moves you [thus?
Bel. Her spirits return.
Mer. Oh, hide that fatal ring!
Where had it you, Beliza?
Bel. What hid fate
Depends on it?—Euphanes gave it me,
As holy pledge of future marriage.
Mer. Then is Euphanes the foul ravisher!
Let me speak this, and die. That dismal night
Which seal'd my shame upon me, was that ring
The partner of my robb'd virginity.
Leo. Euphanes?
Age. Strange!
Bel. Impossible!
Mer. Impossible to have redress on him,
Chief servant to the queen. Ha! I have read
Somewhere, I am sure, of such an injury
Done to a lady, and how she durst die! [*Exit.*
Age. Oh, follow her, Beliza.
Bel. To assure her
The unlikelihood of this. [*Exit.*
Age. Love hides all sins,
What's to be done, Leonidas?
Leo. Why, this——
Amazement takes up all my faculties!
The plagues of gods and men will muster all,
To avenge this tyranny. Oh, frontless man,
To dare do ill, and hope to bear it thus!
First let's implore, then cure.
Age. Who, who can trust
The gentle looks and words of two-faced man?
Like Corinth's double torrent, you and I
Will rush upon the land; nor shall the queen
Defend this villain in his villainy:
Lust's violent flames can never be withstood,
Nor quench'd, but with as violent streams of blood.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter CRATES, Uncle, Tutor, *and* ONOS.

Onos. Thinks he to carry her, and live?
Cra. It seems so.
And she will carry him, the story says.
Onos. Well; hum!
Have I for this, thou fair, but falsest fair,
Stretch'd this same simple leg over the sea?
What though my bashfulness, and tender years,
Durst ne'er reveal my affection to thy teeth?
Deep Love ne'er tattles, and, say they, Love's bit
The deeper dipp'd, the sweeter still is it.
Tutor. Oh, see the power of love! he speaks in rhyme.
Cra. Oh, love will make a dog howl in rhyme.
Of all the lovers yet I have heard or read,
This is the strangest: But his guardian,
And you, his tutor, should inform him better;
Thinks he that love is answer'd by instinct?
Tutor. He should make means;
For certain, sir, his bashfulness undoes him,
For from his cradle, he had a shameful face.
Thus walks he night and day, eats not a bit,
Nor sleeps one jot, but's grown so humorous,
Drinks ale, and takes tobacco as you see,
Wears a stiletto at his codpiece close,
Stabs on the least occasion; strokes his beard,
Which now he puts i' th' posture of a T,
The Roman T; your T beard is the fashion,
And twifold doth express the enamour'd courtier,
As full as your fork-carving traveller.
Onos. Oh,
Black clouds of discontent, invelop me;
Garters, fly off; go, hatband, bind the brows
Of some dull citizen that fears to ake;
And, leg, appear now in simplicity,
Without the trappings of a courtier;
Burst, buttons, burst, your bachelor is worm'd!
Cra. A worm-eaten bachelor thou art indeed.
Onos. And, devil Melancholy, possess me now!
Uncle. Cross him not in this fit, I advise you, sir. [cheeks,
Onos. Die, crimson rose, that didst adorn these
For itch of love is now broke forth on me!
Uncle. Poor boy, 'tis true; his wrists and hands are scabby.
Onos. Burn, eyes, out in your sockets, sink and
Teeth, I will pick you to the very bones; [stink;
Hang, hair, like hemp, or like the Iceland curs,
For never powder, nor the crisping-iron,
Shall touch these dangling locks; oh, ruby lips,
Love hath to you been like wine vinegar,
Now you look wan and pale, lips, ghosts ye are,
And my disgrace sharper than mustard seed!
Cra. How like a chandler he does vent his pas-
Risum teneatis? [sions!
Onos. Well sung the poet,
Love is a golden *bubo*, full of dreams;
That ripen'd breaks, and fills us with extremes.
Tutor. A golden *bubble*, pupil; oh, gross sole-
To chaster ears that understand the Latin. [cism
Onos. I will not be corrected now;
I am in love! Revenge is now the cud
That I do chew: I'll challenge him.
Cra. Ay, marry, sir.
Uncle. Your honour bids you, nephew; on and prosper.
Onos. But none will bear it from me; times are
Cra. Carry it yourself, man. [dangerous.
Onos. Tutor, your counsel.—I'll do nothing, sir,
Without him.
Uncle. This may rid thee, valiant coz, [*Aside.*
Whom I have kept this forty year my ward:
Fain would I have his state, and now of late
He did enquire at Ephesus for his age,
But the church-book being burnt with Dian's temple,
He lost his aim. I have tried to famish him,
Marry he'll live o' stones; and then for poisons,
He is an antidote 'gainst all of 'em;
He sprung from Mithridates; he's so dry and hot.
He will eat spiders faster than a monkey;
His maw, unhurt, keeps quicksilver like a bladder;
The largest dose of camphire, opium,
Harms not his brain; I think his scull's as empty
As a suck'd egg; vitriol and oil of tartar
He will eat toasts of; henbane, I am sure,
And hemlock, I have made his pot-herbs often.—
Cra. If he refuse you, yours is then the honour;

If he accept, he being so great, you may
Crave both to chuse the weapon, time, and place,
Which may be ten years hence, and Calicut,
Or underneath the Line, to avoid advantage.
Onos. I am resolved.
Tutor. By your favour, pupil,
Whence shall this challenge rise? for you must ground it
On some such fundamental base, or matter,
As now the gentry set their lives upon.
Did you e'er cheat him at some ordinary,
And durst he say so, and be angry? if thus,
Then you must challenge him. Hath he call'd your whore
Whore? though she be, beside yours, twenty men's,
Your honour, reputation, is touch'd then,
And you must challenge him. Has he denied
On thirty *damme's* to accommodate money?
Though you have broke threescore before to him,
Here you must challenge him. Durst he ever shun
To drink two pots of ale wi' ye? or to wench,
Though weighty business otherwise importuned!
He is a proud lord,
And you may challenge him. Has he familiarly
Disliked your yellow starch, or said your doublet
Was not exactly frenchified? or that, that report
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your sword,
Cried 'twas ill mounted? has he given the lie
In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,
Or direct parallel? you must challenge him.
Onos. He never gave my direct apparel the lie in's life.
Tutor. But, for the crown of all, has he refused
To pledge your mistress' health? though he were sick,
And craved your pardon, you must challenge him,
There's no avoiding; one or both must drop.
Onos. Exquisite Tutor!

Enter NEANTHES *and* Page.

Nean. Crates, I have sought you long; what make you here
Fooling with these three-farthings, while the town
Is all in uproar, and the prince our master,
Seized by Leonidas and Agenor, carried
And prisoner kept i' th' castle flanks
The west part of the city, where they vow
To hold him till your brother, lord Euphanes,
Be render'd to 'em, with his life to satisfy
The rape, by him suspected to Merione?
The queen refuses to deliver him,
Pawning her knowledge for his innocency,
And dares 'em do their worst on prince Theanor;
The whole state's in combustion.
Cra. Fatal ring!
Uncle. What will become of us?
Nean. And she hath given commission to Euphanes
And Conon, who have levied men already,
With violence to surprise the tower, and take 'em.
What will you do?
Cra. Along wi' ye, and prevent
A further mischief. Gentlemen, our intents
We must defer; you are the prince's followers.
Nean. Will ye walk with us?
Uncle. You shall pardon us.
Tutor. We are his followers afar off, you know,
And are contented to continue so.

[*Exeunt* CRATES *and* NEANTHES.

Onos. Sir boy! [*Offers a letter.*
Page. Sir fool! a challenge to my lord? [*Draws.*
How dar'st thou, or thy ambs-ace here, think of him?
Ye crow-pick'd heads, which your thin shoulders bear
As do the poles on Corinth bridge the traitors';
Why, you three nine-pins, you talk of my lord,
And challenges? you shall not need: Come, draw!
His page is able to swinge three such whelps.
Uncle, why stand ye off? Long-man, advance.
Onos. 'Slight, what have we done, Tutor?
Tutor. He is a boy,
And we may run away with honour.
Page. That ye shall not;
And, being a boy, I am fitter to encounter
A child in law as you are, under twenty.
Thou sot, thou three-score sot! and that's a child
Again, I grant you.
Uncle. Nephew, here's an age!
Boys are turn'd men, and men are children.
Page. Away, ye peasants, with your bought gentry!
Are not you he, when your fellow passengers,
Your last transportment, being assail'd by a galley,
Hid yourself i' the cabin; and, the fight done,
Peep'd above hatches, and cried, "Have we taken,
Or are we ta'en?" Come, I do want a slipper,
But this shall serve: Swear all as I would have you,
Or I will call some dozen brother pages,
(They are not far off, I am sure) and we will blanket you
Until you piss again.
All. Nay, we will swear, sir.
Page. 'Tis your best course.
First, you shall swear never to name my lord,
Or hear him named hereafter, but bare-headed;
Next, to begin his health in every place,
And never to refuse to pledge it, though
You surfeit to the death; lastly, to hold
The poorest, littlest page in reverence,
To think him valianter, and a better gentleman,
Than you three stamped together, and to give him
Wine and tobacco wheresoe'er you meet,
And the best meat, if he can stay.
All. We swear it loyally.
Page. Then I dismiss you,
True liegemen to the pantofle;
I had more articles, but I have business
And cannot stay now: So adieu, dear monsieur,
Tres noble et tres puissant!
Uncle. Adieu, monsieur!
Onos. *A vostre service et commandement.*
Tutor. I told you, pupil, you'd repent this foolery.
Onos. Who? I repent? you are mistaken, Tutor,
I ne'er repented anything yet in my life,
And scorn to begin now. Come, let's be melancholy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, EUPHANES, CONON, *and* Lords.

Lord. 'Twere better treat with 'em.
Queen. I will no treaties
With a league-breaker and a rebel; shall I
Article with a traitor? be compell'd
To yield an innocent unto their fury,
Whom I have proved so to you?
Euph. Gracious Queen,
Though your own godlike disposition
Would succour virtue and protect the right:

Yet, for the public good, for the dear safety
Of your most royal only son, consent
To give me up the sacrifice to their malice:
My life is aim'd at, and 'twere better far
The blood of twenty thousand such as I
Purpled our seas, than that your princely son
Should be endanger'd.

Queen. Still well said, honest fool!
Were their demand but one hair from thy head,
By all the gods, I'd scorn 'em! Were they here,
The majesty that dwells upon this brow
Should strike 'em on their knees. As for my son,
Let 'em no more dare than they'll answer: I
An equal mother to my country am,
And every virtuous son of it is son
Unto my bosom, tender as mine own.

Con. Oh, you are heavenly, madam, and the gods
Can suffer nothing pass to injure you!
The life that Conon promised, he stands now
Ready to pay with joy.

Queen. Farewell both;
Success attend you! you have soldiers been,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio; if you bring not peace,
Bring me their heads.

Con. I will put fair for one.

[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Lords.

Euph. Double the guard upon her highness' person.
Conon, you must perform a friendly part,
Which I shall counsel you.

Con. I am your servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter Theanor, Agenor, *and* Leonidas, *on the battlements.*

Leo. Make good that fortification, and the watch
Keep still upon the battlements. Royal sir,
Weigh but our injuries: we have told you fully
The manner and the matter hales us thus;
Nor shall this upstart mushroom, bred i' th' night,
Sit brooding underneath your mother's wings
His damn'd impieties.

Age. For yourself, brave prince,
Fear nothing that this face of arms presents;
We ask the ravisher, and have no means
To win him from your most indulgent mother
But by this practice.

The. Stout Leonidas,
Princely Agenor, your wrongs cry so loud,
That whoso would condemn you is not heard;
I blame you not; who but Euphanes durst
Make stories like to this? My wrongs, as strong,
Ask my revengeful arm to strengthen yours;
As for my fear, know you, and Greece throughout,
Our mother was a Spartan princess born,
That never taught me to spell such a word.

Enter Euphanes *and* Conon *below, with* Soldiers.

Con. Sir, you do tempt your life.

Euph. Conon, no more.
Do thus, as thou wouldst save it.

[*Sound trumpet within.*

Age. What trumpet's this?

Leo. Beneath I do perceive
Two armed men single, that give us summons
As they would treat.

Age. Let us descend. [*Exeunt from above.*

Con. My lord,
I would you would excuse me, and proceed
According to the queen's directions.

Euph. Friend,
As thou wouldst wear that title after death,
Perform my charge.—

Enter below, Theanor, Agenor, Leonidas, *and* Soldiers.

No soldier, on his life,
Approach us nearer.

Con. Safety to both the princes; loyalty
To you, lord general. The queen, your mistress
As well as ours, though not through fear, to cut
Civil dissention from her land, and save
Much guiltless blood, that uproar ever thirsts,
And for the safeguard of her son, by me
(As you demand) hath sent the lord Euphanes
To plead his own cause, or to suffer death,
As you shall find him worthy; so, delivering
The prince back, I shall leave him to your guard.

Leo. The queen is good and gracious: Kiss her hand.

Age. And seal our duties. Sir, depart in peace.

The. Oh, sir, you now perceive, when in the scales
Nature and fond affection weigh together,
One poises like a feather: and you know, my lords,
What's to be done.

Euph. Your highness is unarm'd;
Please you to use mine, and to lead the army
Back to your mother.—Conon, march you with 'em.

Con. I will, my lord.—But not so far as not
To bring you help, if danger look upon you.

[*Aside*

[*Exeunt* Theanor, Conon, *and* Soldiers.

Euph. Why do you look so strangely, fearfully,
Or stay your deathful hand? Be not so wise
To stop your rage. Look how unmovedly here
I give myself my country's sacrifice,
An innocent sacrifice: Truth laughs at death,
And terrifies the killer more than kill'd;
Integrity thus armless seeks her foes,
And never needs the target nor the sword,
Bow, nor envenom'd shafts.

Leo. We are amazed,
Not at your eloquence, but impudence,
That dare thus front us.

Age. Kill him! Who knows not
The iron forehead that bold Mischief wears?

Leo. Forbear awhile, Agenor; I do tremble,
And something sits like virtue in his face,
Which the gods keep.

Euph. Agenor, strike; Leonidas,
You that have purchased fame on certain grounds,
Lose it on supposition: Smear your hands
In guiltless blood, laugh at my martyrdom;
But yet remember, when posterity
Shall read your volumes fill'd with virtuous acts,
And shall arrive at this black bloody leaf,
Noting your foolish barbarism, and my wrong,
(As time shall make it plain) what follows this
Decyphering any noble deed of yours
Shall be quite lost, for men will read no more.

Leo. Why, dare you say you are innocent?

Euph. By all the gods, as they, of this foul crime.
Why, gentlemen, pry clean thorough my life,
Then weigh these circumstances. Think you that he
Which made day night, and men to furies turn'd,
Durst not trust silence, vizors, nor her sense
That suffer'd; but with charms and potions

r asleep, (for all this I've enquired)
he fable of Proserpine's rape,
ce (by all description) like to hell;
to perpetrate, unknown, his lust;
fondly in his person bring a ring,
e it a betroth'd wife, i' th' same house
the poor injured lady lived and groan'd?
Hell gives us art to reach the depth of sin,
ves us wretched fools, when we are in.
. Had it given me that art, and left me so,
not thus into the lion's jaws
rust myself defenceless, for your good,
nce's safety, or the commonweal's.
ow the Queen denied me, and sent us
nders to surprise you, and to raze
wer down; we had power enough to do it,
e you, as you saw, and not to tender
son to your wrath, which I have done,
g my heart as pure as infants' sleep,
What think you, sir?
No harm, I am sure; I weep.
. The gods are just, and mighty. But to
give you
r assurance, and to make yourselves
and witnesses of my innocency,
demand this question; on what night
is foul deed committed?
On the eve
our marriage meant.
. Leonidas,
age being off, that still drowns memory)
was yourself and I that very night,
at our conference?
By the gods, 'tis true!
her highness' chamber, conferring
f this match until an hour of day,
en came I to call you. We are shamed!
Utterly lost, and shamed!
. Neither: be chear'd;
t could find this out, can pardon it.
ow, this ring was sent me from the Queen;
e came by it, yet is not enquired:
occurrents hang on't, and pray Heaven
y suspicions prove as false as yours!
for the world (till I have greater proof)
not utter what, nor whom they touch:
is build upon, with all my nerves
ur with ye, till Time waken Truth.
There are our swords, sir; turn the points
on us. [*They kneel.*
Punish rebellion, and revenge your wrong.
. Sir, my revenge shall be to make your
was this rebellion, but rash love. [peace:

Enter CONON.

How's this? Unarm'd left, now found
doubly arm'd?
ose, that would have slain him, at his feet?
uth, thou art a mighty conqueress.—
een, my lord, perplex'd in care of you,
ross to her command, hazard yourself
on here is come into the field,
ke a leader, marches in the head
er troops; vows that she will demolish
tone of this proud tower, be you not safe;
afes like storms in groves, now sighs, now
weeps,
oth sometimes, like rain and wind commix'd;
s her son for ever, 'less himself
tch you off in person, that did give
Yourself to save him of your own free will,
And swears he must not, nor is fit to live.
Euph. Oh, she's a mistress for the gods!
Age. And thou
A godlike servant, fit for her.
Leo. Wide Greece
May boast, because she cannot boast thy like.
Euph. Thus, Conon, tell her highness.
Con. My joy flies!
Euph. Let's toward her march. Stern drums,
speak gentle peace.
Leo. We are prisoners; lead us. Ne'er was
A precedent like this; one unarm'd man, [known
Suspected, to captive with golden words
(Truth being his shield) so many arm'd with swords.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An open Place in the City.*

Enter, at one door, QUEEN, THEANOR, CRATES, CONON, Lords and Soldiers; *at another,* EUPHANES (*with two swords,*) AGENOR, LEONIDAS, *and* Soldiers. EUPHANES *presents* LEONIDAS *on his knees to the* QUEEN; AGENOR, *bare-headed, makes show of sorrow to the* QUEEN; *she stamps, and seems to be angry at the first.* EUPHANES *persuades her, lays their swords at her feet; she kisses him, gives them their swords again, they kiss her hand and embrace; the* Soldiers *lift up* EUPHANES, *and shout.* THEANOR *and* CRATES *discovered;* CONON *whispers with* CRATES, EUPHANES *with* AGENOR, *and* LEONIDAS *observes it, who seem to promise something;* EUPHANES *directs his* Page *somewhat. Exeunt all but* THEANOR *and* CRATES.

The. We are not lucky, Crates; this great
Bears all before him. [torrent
Cra. Such an age as this
Shall ne'er be seen again. Virtue grows fat,
And Villainy pines; the furies are asleep;
Mischief, 'gainst goodness aim'd, is like a stone,
Unnaturally forced up an eminent hill,
Whose weight falls on our heads and buries us;
We springe ourselves, we sink in our own bogs.
The. What's to be done?
Cra. Repent and grow good.
The. Pish!
'Tis not the fashion, fool, till we grow old.
The people's love to him now scares me more
Than my fond mother's; both which, like two
floods,
Bearing Euphanes up, will o'erflow me;
And he is worthy: 'Would he were in Heaven!
But that hereafter. Crates, help me now,
And henceforth be at ease.
Cra. Your will, my lord?
The. Beliza is to marry him forthwith;
I long to have the first touch of her too;
That will a little quiet me.
Cra. Fy, sir!
You'll be the tyrant to Virginity;
To fall but once is manly, to persever
Beastly, and desperate.
The. Cross me not, but do't:
Are not the means, the place, the instruments,
The very same? I must expect you suddenly.
[*Exit*
Cra. I must obey you.—
Who is in evil once a companion,
Can hardly shake him off, but must run on.
Here I appointed Conon to attend,
Him, and his sword; he promised to come single
To avoid prevention: He's a man on's word.

Enter CONON *and* Page.

Con. You are well met, Crates.
Cra. If we part so, Conon.
Con. Come, we must do these mutual offices;
We must be our own seconds, our own surgeons,
And fairly fight, like men, not on advantage.
Cra. You have an honest bosom.
Con. Yours seems so.
Cra. Let's pair our swords: You're a just gentleman.
Con. You might be so. Now shake hands, if you please;
Though it be the cudgel fashion, 'tis a friendly one.
Cra. So; stand off.
Page. That's my cue to beckon 'em. [*Exit.*
Con. Crates, to expostulate your wrongs to me
Were to doubt of 'em, or wish your excuse
In words, and so return like maiden knights;
Yet freely thus much I profess; your spleen
And rugged carriage toward your honour'd brother
Hath much more stirr'd me up, than mine own [cause;
For I did ne'er affect these bloody men,
But hold 'em fitter be made public hangmen,
Or butchers call'd than valiant gentlemen.
'Tis true, stamp'd valour does upon just grounds;
Yet for whom justlier should I expose my life
Than him, unto whose virtue I owe all?
Cra. Conon, you think by this great deed of [yours
To insinuate yourself a lodging nearer
Unto my brother's heart: Such men as you
Live on their undertakings for their lords,
And more disable them by answering for 'em,
Than if they sat still; make 'em but their whores,
For which end gallants now-a-days do fight.
But here we come not to upbraid; what men
Seem, the rash world will judge; but what they are,
Heaven knows: And this—Horses? we are descried:
One stroke, for fear of laughter.

Enter EUPHANES, AGENOR, LEONIDAS, *and* Page.

Con. Half a score. [*They fight.*
Euph. Hold, hold! on your allegiance hold!
Age. He that strikes next——
Leo. Falls like a traitor on our swords.
Euph. Oh, Heaven, my brother bleeds!—Conon, thou art
A villain, an unthankful man, and shalt
Pay me thy blood for his, for his is mine!
Thou wert my friend, but he is still my brother;
And though a friend sometimes be nearer said,
In some gradation, it can never be,
Where that same brother can be made a friend;
Which, dearest Crates, thus low I implore:
What in my poverty I would not seek, [*Kneels.*
Because I would not burden you, now here
In all my height of bliss I beg of you,
Your friendship; my advancement, sir, is yours;
I never held it strange; pray use it so.
We are but two, which number Nature fram'd
In the most useful faculties of man,
To strengthen mutually and relieve each other:
Two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs and feet,
That where one fail'd, the other might supply,
And I, your other eye, ear, your arm and leg,
Tender my service, help, and succour to you.
Age., Leo. A most divine example!
Euph. For, dear brother,
You have been blind, and lame, and deaf to me:
Now be no more so: In humility
I give you the duty of a younger brother,
Which take you as a brother, not a father,
And then you'll pay a duty back to me.
Cra. Till now I have not wept these thirty years.
Euph. Discording brothers are like mutual legs
Supplanting one another; he that seeks
Aid from a stranger, and forsakes his brother,
Does but like him that madly lops his arm,
And to his body joins a wooden one;
Cuts off his natural leg, and trusts a crutch;
Plucks out his eye to see with spectacles.
Cra. Most dear Euphanes, in this crimson flood
Wash my unkindness out; you have o'ercome me,
Taught me humanity and brotherhood:
Full well knew Nature thou wert fitter far
To be a ruler o'er me than a brother,
Which henceforth be! Jove surely did descend,
When thou wert gotten, in some heavenly shape,
And greet my mother, as the poets tell
Of other women.
Age. Be this holiday!
Leo. And noted ever with the whitest stone!
Con. And pardon me, my lord! Look you, I bleed
Faster than Crates. What I have done, I did
To reconcile your loves, to both a friend;
Which my blood cement, never to part or end!
Age. Most worthy Conon!
Leo. Happy rise; this day
Contracts more good than a whole age hath done.
Euph. Royal Agenor, brave Leonidas,
You are main causes, and must share the fame.
Cra. Which, in some part, this hour shall requite,
For I have aim'd my black shafts at white marks,
And now I'll put the clue into your hands,
Shall guide you most perspicuously to the depth
Of this dark labyrinth, where so long you were lost
Touching this old rape, and a new intent,
Wherein your counsel, and your active wit,
My dearest brother, will be necessary.
Euph. My prophecy is come; prove my hopes [true,
Agenor shall have right, and you no wrong.
Time now will pluck her daughter from her cave.
Let's hence, to prevent rumour. My dear brother,
Nature's divided streams the highest shelf
Will over-run at last, and flow to itself. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter CRATES, EUPHANES, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON.

Euph. I have won the lady to it, and that good
Which is intended to her, your faith only
And secresy must make perfect; think not, sir,
I speak as doubting it, for I dare hazard
My soul upon the trial.
Cra. You may safely;
But are Agenor and Leonidas ready
To rush upon him in the act, and seize him
In the height of his security?

Euph. At all parts
As you could wish them.
Cra. Where's the lady?
Euph. There
Where you appointed her to stay.
Cra. 'Tis wisely order'd.
Euph. Last, when you have him sure, compel him this way;
For, as by accident, here I'll bring the queen
To meet you; 'twill strike greater terror to him,
To be ta'en unprovided of excuse,
And make more for our purposes. [*Exit.*
Cra. Come, Neanthes;
Our fames and all are at the stake.
Nean. 'Tis fit,
That, since relying on your skill we venture
So much upon one game, you play with cunning,
Or we shall rise such losers as——
Sos. The prince!

Enter THEANOR.

Cra. The plot is laid, sir; howsoe'er I seem'd
A little scrupulous, upon better judgment
I have effected it.
The. 'Tis the last service
Of this foul kind I will employ you in.
Cra. We hope so, sir.
The. And I will so reward it——
Nean. You are bound to that; in every family
That does write lustful, your fine bawd gains more
(For, like your broker, he takes fees on both sides)
Than all the officers of the house.
Sos. For us then
To be a great man's pandars, and live poor,
That were a double fault.
Cra. Come, you lose time, sir;
We will be with you instantly: The deed done,
We have a masque that you expect not.
The. Thou
Art ever careful; for Jove's Mercury
I would not change thee. [*Exit.*
Era. There's an honour for you.
Nean. To be compared with the celestial pimp,
Jove's smock-sworn squire, don Hermes.
Cra. I'll deserve it;
And, gentlemen, be assured, though what we do now
Will to the prince Theanor look like treason
And base disloyalty, yet the end shall prove,
(When he's first taught to know himself, then you)
In what he judged us false, we were most true.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter EUPHANES, AGENOR, LEONIDAS, *and* CONON.

Euph. Only make haste, my lords; in all things else
You are instructed: You may draw your swords
For show, if you think good, but on my life
You will find no resistance in his servants,
And he's himself unarm'd.
Age. I would he were not;
My just rage should not then be lost.
Euph. Good sir,
Have you a care no injury be done
Unto the person of the prince; but, Conon,
Have you an eye on both; it is your trust
That I rely on.
Con. Which I will discharge,
Assure yourself, most faithfully.
Euph. For the lady,
I know your best respect will not be wanting:
Then, to avoid suspicion and discovery,
I hold it requisite, that as soon as ever
The Queen hath seen her, she forsake the place,
And fit herself for that which is projected
For her good and your honour.
Leo. If this prosper,
Believe it you have made a purchase of
My service and my life.
Euph. Your love I aim at.
Leo. Here I shall find you?
Euph. With the Queen.
Con. Enough, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Page.

Page. The Queen enquires for you, my lord;
A dozen messengers in search of you. [I have met

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Euph. I knew I should be sought for. As I [wish'd,
She's come herself in person.
Queen. Are you found, sir?
I wonder where you spend your hours; methinks
Since I so love your company, and profess
'Tis the best comfort this life yields me, mine
Should not be tedious to you.
Euph. Gracious madam,
To have the happiness to see and hear you,
Which by your bounty is conferr'd upon me,
I hold so great a blessing, that my honours
And wealth, compared to that, are but as cyphers
To make that number greater; yet your pardon
For borrowing from my duty so much time,
As the provision for my sudden marriage
Exacted from me.
Queen. I perceive this marriage
Will keep you often from me; but I'll bear it.
She's a good lady, and a fair, Euphanes:
Yet, by her leave, I will share with her in you;
I am pleased that in the night she shall enjoy you,
And that's sufficient for a wife; the day-time
I will divorce you from her.
Leo. [*Within.*] We will force you.
If you resist.
Queen. What noise is that?
The. [*Within.*] Base traitors!
Euph. It moves this way.

Enter AGENOR, LEONIDAS *with* THEANOR, MERIONE *disguised like* BELIZA, CONON, CRATES, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, ERATON, *and* Guard.

Queen. Whate'er it be, I'll meet it;
I was not born to fear.—Who's that? Beliza?
Euph. My worthiest, noblest mistress!
[*Exit* MERIONE.
Queen. Stay her! ha?
All of you look as you were rooted here,
And wanted motion: What new Gorgon's head
Have you beheld, that you are all turn'd statues?
This is prodigious! has none a tongue
To speak the cause?
Leo. Could every hair, great queen,
Upon my head, yield an articulate sound,
And all together speak, they could not yet
Express the villainy we have discover'd:
And yet, when with a few unwilling words
I have deliver'd what must needs be known,
You'll say I am too eloquent, and wish
I had been born without a tongue.
Queen. Speak boldly;
For I, unmoved with any loss, will hear.

Leo. Then know, we have found out the ravisher
Of my poor sister, and the place and means
By which the unfortunate, though fair Beliza,
Hath met a second violence.
Euph. This confirms
What but before I doubted to my ruin.
My lady ravish'd?
Queen. Point me out the villain,
That guilty wretched monster, that hath done this,
That I may look on him; and in mine eye
He read his sentence.
Leo. That I truly could
Name any other but the prince! that heard,
You have it all.
Queen. Wonder not that I shake;
The miracle is greater that I live,
Having endured the thunder that thy words
Have thrown upon me!—Darest thou kneel with hope [THEANOR *kneels.*
Of any favour, but a speedy death,
And that too in the dreadfull'st shape that can
Appear to a despairing leprous soul,
If thou hast any? No, libidinous beast,
Thy lust hath alter'd so thy former being,
By Heaven I know thee not!
The. Although unworthy,
Yet still I am your son.
Queen. Thou liest, liest falsely!
My whole life never knew but one chaste bed,
Nor ne'er desir'd warmth but from lawful fires;
Can I be then the mother to a goat,
Whose lust is more insatiate than the grave,
And like infectious air engenders plagues,
To murder all that's chaste or good in woman?
The gods I from my youth have served and fear'd,
Whose holy temples thou hast made thy brothels;
Could a religious mother then bring forth
So damn'd an atheist? Read but o'er my life,
My actions, manners; and, made perfect in them,
But look into the story of thyself
As thou art now, (not as thou wert, Theanor)
And reason will compel thee to confess,
Thou art a stranger to me.
Age. Note but how heavy
The weight of guilt is! it so low hath sunk him,
That he wants power to rise up in defence
Of his bad cause.
Queen. Persuade me not, Euphanes!
This is no prince! nor can claim part in me:
My son was born a freeman, this, a slave
To beastly passions, a fugitive
And run-away from virtue. Bring bonds for him!
By all the honour that I owe to justice,
He loses me for ever that seeks to save him:
Bind him, I say; and like a wretch that knows
He stands condemn'd before he hears the sentence,
With his base agents, from my sight remove him,
And lodge them in the dungeon! as a queen
And patroness to justice, I command it.—
Thy tears are like unseasonable showers,
And in my heart now steel'd can make no entrance;
Thou art cruel to thyself, fool, 'tis not want
In me of soft compassion; when thou left'st
To be a son, I ceased to be a mother.—
Away with them! The children I will leave
To keep my name to all posterities,
Shall be the great examples of my justice,
The government of my country, which shall witness
How well I ruled myself. Bid the wrong'd ladies
Appear in court to-morrow; we will hear them;
And by one act of our severity,
For fear of punishment, or love to virtue,
Teach others to be honest: All will shun
To tempt her laws, that would not spare her son.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter ONOS, Uncle, *and* Tutor.

Uncle. Nay, nephew!
Tutor. Pupil, hear but reason!
Onos. No;
I have none, and will hear none. Oh, my honour!
My honour blasted in the bud! my youth,
My hopeful youth, and all my expectation
Ever to be a man, are lost for ever!
Uncle. Why, nephew, we as well as you are dubb'd
Knights of the pantofle.
Tutor. And are shouted at,
Kick'd, scorn'd, and laugh'd at, by each page and groom;
Yet with erected heads we bear it.
Onos. Alas,
You have years, and strength to do it; but were you,
As I, a tender gristle, apt to bow,
You would, like me, with cloaks enveloped,
Walk thus, then stamp, then stare.
Uncle. He will run mad,
I hope, and then all's mine.
Tutor. Why, look you, pupil,
There are for the recovery of your honour
Degrees of medicines: For a tweak by the nose
A man's to travel but six months, then blow it,
And all is well again; the bastinado
Requires a longer time, a year or two,
And then 'tis buried. I grant you have been baffled;
'Tis but a journey of some thirty years,
And it will be forgotten.
Onos. Think you so?
Tutor. Assuredly.
Uncle. He may make a shorter cut,
But hang or drown himself, and, on my life,
'Twill no more trouble him.
Onos. I could ne'er endure
Or hemp or water, they are dangerous tools
For youth to deal with; I will rather follow
My tutor's counsel.
Tutor. Do so.
Onos. And put in
For my security, that I'll not return
In thirty years, my whole 'state to my uncle.
Uncle. That I like well of.
Onos. Still provided, uncle,
That at my coming home, you will allow me
To be of age, that I may call to account.
This Page that hath abused me.
Uncle. 'Tis a match.
Onos. Then, Corinth, thus the bashful Lamprias
Takes leave of thee; and for this little time
Of thirty years, will labour all he can,
Though he goes young forth, to come home a man.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Court of Justice.*

Enter EUPHANES *and* Marshal.

Euph. Are your prisoners ready?
Mar. When it shall please the queen
To call them forth, my lord.
Euph. Pray you do me the favour

For any man to marry where he likes not
Is still a ling'ring torment.
Bel. For one rape
One death's sufficient; that way cannot catch me.
Mer. To you I fly then, to your mercy, madam!
Exempting not your justice, be but equal;
And since in no regard I come behind her,
Let me not so be undervalued in
Your highness' favour, that the world take notice
You so preferr'd her, that in her behalf
You kill'd that son you would not save for me;
Mercy, oh, mercy, madam!
Bel. Great Queen, justice!
Age. With what a masculine constancy the grave
Hath heard them both! [lady
Leo. Yet how unmoved she sits
In that which most concerns her!
Con. Now she rises;
And, having well weigh'd both their arguments,
Resolves to speak.
Euph. And yet again she pauses:
Oh, Conon, such a resolution once
A Roman told me he had seen in Cato
Before he kill'd himself.
Queen. 'Tis now determin'd.—
Merione, I could wish I were no queen,
To give you satisfaction; no mother,
Beliza, to content you; and would part
Even with my being, both might have their wishes;
But since that is impossible, in few words
I will deliver what I am resolved on.
The end for which all profitable laws
Were made looks two ways only, the reward
Of innocent good men, and the punishment
Of bad delinquents: Ours, concerning rapes,
Provided that same latter-clause of marriage
For him that had fall'n once, not then foreseeing
Mankind could prove so monstrous, to tread twice
A path so horrid. The great law-giver
Draco, that for his strange severity
Was said to write his stern decrees in blood,
Made none for parricides, presuming that
No man could be so wicked: Such might be
Lycurgus' answer (did he live) for this.
But since I find that in my son which was not
Doubted in any else, I will add to it:
He cannot marry both, but for both dying,
Both have their full revenge.—You see, Beliza,
You have your wish. With you, Merione,
I'll spend a tear or two. So, Heaven forgive thee!
The. Upon my knees I do approve your judgment,
And beg that you would put it into act
With all speed possible; only that I may,
Having already made peace with myself,
Part so with all the world. Princely Agenor,
I ask your pardon. Yours, my lord Euphanes.
And, Crates, with the rest too, I forgive you;
Do you the like for me. Yours, gracious mother,
I dare not ask; and yet if that my death
Be like a son of yours, though my life was not,
Perhaps you may vouchsafe it. Lastly, that
Both these whom I have wrong'd may wish my
No heavy burden, ere I suffer death, [ashes
For the restoring of Merione's honour,
Let me be married to her; and then die
For you, Beliza.
Queen. Thou hast made in this
Part of amends to me, and to the world:
Thy suit is granted.—Call a Flamen for
To do this holy work; with him a headsman.

Enter Flamen *and* Executioner.

Raise up thy weeping eyes, Merione;
With this hand I confirm thy marriage,
Wishing that now the gods would shew some mi-
That this might not divorce it. [racle,
Cra. To that purpose
I am their minister. Stand not amazed;
To all your comforts, I will do this wonder.—
Your majesty (with your pardon I must speak it)
Allow'd once heretofore of such a contract,
Which you repenting afterwards, revoked it,
Being fully bent to match her with Agenor;
The grieved prince knowing this, and yet not daring
To cross what you determined, by an oath
Bound me and these his followers to do something
That he might once enjoy her; we, sworn to it,
And easily persuaded, being assured
She was his wife before the face of Heaven,
Although some ceremonious forms were wanting,
Committed the first rape, and brought her to him,
Which broke the marriage; but when we perceived
He purposed to abuse our ready service
In the same kind, upon the chaste Beliza,
Holding ourselves less tied to him than goodness,
I made discovery of it to my brother,
Who can relate the rest.
Euph. It is most true.
Queen. I would it were!
Euph. In every circumstance
It is, upon my soul: For, this known to me,
I won Merione in my lady's habit
To be again (but willingly) surprised;
But with Agenor, and her noble brother,
With my approved friend Conon, with such speed
She was pursued, that, the lewd act scarce ended,
The prince (assured he had enjoy'd Beliza,
For all the time Merione's face was cover'd)
Was apprehended and brought to your presence,
But not till now discover'd, in respect
I hoped the imminent danger of the prince,
To which his loose unquenched heats had brought
him,
Being pursued unto the latest trial,
Would work in him compunction, which it has done;
And these two ladies, in their feign'd contentions,
To your delight I hope have served as masquers
To their own nuptials.
Queen. My choice was worthy
When first I look'd on thee: As thou hast order'd,
All shall be done; and not the meanest that
Play'd in this unexpected comedy,
But shall partake our bounty.—And, my lord,
[*To* Agenor
That with the rest you may seem satisfied,
If you dare venture on a queen, not yet
So far in debt to years but that she may
Bring you a lusty boy, I offer up
Myself and kingdom, during my life, to you.
Age. It is a blessing which I durst not hope for,
But with all joy receive.
All. We all applaud it.
Queen. Then on unto the temple, where, the rites
Of marriage ended, we'll find new delights. [*Exeunt.*

BONDUCA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TACH, *General of the Britons, Cousin to* NDUCA.
CIUS, *a great Soldier, a British Commander.*
O, *a brave Boy, Nephew to* CARATACH *and* NDUCA.
ONIUS, *General to the Roman Army in* ilain.
US, *a brave Roman Commander, but stub-* n *to the General.*
S, *a Roman Captain, in Love with* BONDUCA'S ughter.
LIUS, *a merry Roman Captain, but some-* at *wanton.*

DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, } *Roman Commanders.*
REGULUS, DRUSIUS, MACER, CURIUS, } *Roman Officers.*
JUDAS, *a Corporal, a cowardly hungry Knave.*
Herald.
Druids.
Soldiers.
Guides.

BONDUCA, *Queen of the Iceni, a brave virago.*
Her two Daughters, *by* PRASUTAGUS.

SCENE,—BRITAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The British Camp.*

BONDUCA, Daughters, HENGO, NENNIUS, *and* Soldiers.

The hardy Romans? Oh, ye gods of Britain,
of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!

Enter CARATACH.

e the men that conquer by inheritance?
une-makers? these the Julians,
h the sun measure the end of nature,
the world but one Rome, and one Cæsar?
how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells in 'em,
others got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nursed 'em;
odies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements,
y arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
oman girls? Is Britain grown so wanton?
e have beat 'em, Nennius, scatter'd 'em:
ough their big-boned Germans, on whose
our of their actions sits in triumph, [pikes
hemes for songs to shame 'em: And a woman,
n beat 'em, Nennius; a weak woman,
n, beat these Romans!
So it seems;
ould shame to talk so.
Who's that?

Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes?
O, Bonduca;
, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes:
You put too much wind to your sail; discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And, nursed together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed;
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues; a truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing;
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us?

Car. No, Bonduca;
So what we say exceed not what we do.
You call the Romans "fearful, fleeing Romans,
And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures:"
Does this become a doer? are they such?

Bond. They are no more.

Car. Where is your conquest then?
Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers?
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire?
The holy Druides composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory?
Why are these triumphs, lady? for a May-game?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?
Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers,
Put out your holy fires, no timbrel ring,
Let's home and sleep; for such great overthrows,
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice.
A glow-worm's tail too full of flame.—Oh, Nennius,

Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes.
Bond. By the gods, I think
You dote upon these Romans, Caratach!
Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly given:
I love an enemy; I was born a soldier;
And he that in the head on's troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress. Yellow-tressed Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me:
And are not all these Roman? Ten struck battles
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all Roman;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought through,
And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-night
I have swam the rivers, when the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my batter'd sides with troops of agues;
And still to try these Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought,
(Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanced as forward as the Britons,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And, follow'd, will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
Have not I seen the Britons —
Bond. What?
Car. Dishearten'd,
Run, run, Bonduca! not the quick rack swifter!
The virgin from the hated ravisher
Not half so fearful; not a flight drawn home.
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
E'er made that haste that they have. By the gods,
I have seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.
Bond. Oh, ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer!
Car. Yes, Bonduca,
I have seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;
Yea, run apace, both; then, when Penius
(The Roman girl!) cut through your armed carts,
And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill;
Then, when he hunted ye like Britain foxes,
More by the scent than sight; then did I see
These valiant and approved men of Britain,
Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.
Nen. And what did you then, Caratach?
Car. I fled too,
But not so fast; your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there; he trasht me, Nennius:
For, when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
And in the head of all the Roman fury
Took him, and, with my tough belt, to my back
I buckled him; behind him my sure shield;
And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the sun of virtue, Penius,
Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger,
My helm still in my hand (my sword,) my prow
Turn'd to my foe (my face,) he cried out nobly,
"Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely;
Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee; grow strong,
And let me meet thee once again in arms;
Then, if thou stand'st, thou'rt mine." I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.
Bond. Oh, cousin,
From what a flight of honour hast thou check'd me!
What wouldst thou make me, Caratach?
Car. See, lady,
The noble use of others in our losses.
Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried this,
And, as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,
Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as th' earth was ours, to shew us
Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despised us,
And held it equal whether banqueting
Or beating of the Britons were more business,
It would have gall'd you.
Bond. Let me think we conquer'd.
Car. Do; but so think, as we may be conquer'd;
And where we have found virtue, though in those
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.
There's not a blow we gave since Julius landed,
That was of strength and worth, but, like records,
They file to after-ages. Our registers
The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings?
Bond. No more; I see myself. Thou hast made me, cousin,
More than my fortunes durst, for they abused me,
And wound me up so high, I swell'd with glory:
Thy temperance has cured that tympany,
And given me health again, nay, more, discretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans.
Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.
Bond. Your reason?
Nen. Is not peace the end of arms?
Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest:
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our land-marks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against commotions,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worship, and, next those, our honours,
And with those swords that know no end of battle:
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour;
Those minds that where the day is, claim inheritance,
And where the sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,
And where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome, and here i' th' bowels on us;
It must not be. No, as they are our foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em,

ıse the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,
our hands our swords. That hardy Roman
ıopes to graft himself into my stock,
irst begin his kindred under-ground,
e allied in ashes.
d. Caratach,
u hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
engo to thy charge I here deliver:
omans shall have worthy wars.
. They shall:
ittle sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
hen I see you able in a morning
t a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
you to a sword.
ıgo. And what then, uncle?
. Then you must kill, sir, the next valiant
alls you knave. [Roman
ıgo. And must I kill but one?
. An hundred, boy, I hope.
ıgo. I hope five hundred.
. That is a noble boy!—Come, worthy lady,
o our several charges, and henceforth
an enemy both weight and worth. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Roman Camp.*

Enter JUNIUS *and* PETILLIUS.

. What ail'st thou, man? dost thou want
. No. [meat?
. Clothes?
. Neither. For Heaven's love, leave me!
. Drink?
. You tire me.
. Come, it is drink; I know 'tis drink.
. 'Tis no drink.
. I say 'tis drink; for what affliction
ght so heavy on a soldier,
him up as thou art, but no drink?
shalt have drink.
. Pr'ythee, Petillius——
. And, by mine honour, much drink, valiant
drink:
tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,
true friend, into thy wants; 'tis drink;
hen I leave thee to a desolation,
ally of that dry nature, hang me.
. Why do you do this to me?
. For I see,
ıgh your modesty would fain conceal it,
sits as sweetly on a soldier
old side-saddle——
. What do you see?
. I see as fair as day, that thou want'st drink.
not find thee gaping like an oyster
new tide? Thy very thoughts lie bare,
low ebb; thy soul, that rid in sack,
oor'd for want of liquor. Do but see
hyself; for, by the gods, I do;
thy body's chapt and crack'd like timber,
ant of moisture: What is't thou want'st
it be not drink? [there, Junius,
. You have too much on't.
. It may be a whore too; say it be; come,
meecher,
shalt have both; a pretty valiant fellow,
a little lap and lechery?
shall ne'er be said in our country,
diedst o' th' chin-oough. Hear, thou noble
n of her that loves a soldier, [Roman.
Hear what I promised for thee! thus I said
"Lady, I take thy son to my companion;
Lady, I love thy son, thy son loves war,
The war loves danger, danger drink, drink discipline,
Which is society and lechery;
These two beget commanders: Fear not, lady;
Thy son shall lead."
Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, Petillius,
That so ridiculous and loose a mirth
Can master your affections.
Pet. Any mirth,
And any way, of any subject, Junius,
Is better than unmanly mustiness.
What harm's in drink? in a good wholesome
I do beseech you, sir, what error? Yet [wench?
It cannot out of my head handsomely,
But thou wouldst fain be drunk; come, no more
fooling;
The general has new wine, new come over.
Jun. He must have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank ye.
Pet. "None, I thank you?"
A short and touchy answer! "None, I thank
You do not scorn it, do you? [you?"
Jun. Gods defend, sir!
I owe him still more honour.
Pet. "None, I thank you?"
No company, no drink, no wench, "I thank you?"
You shall be worse entreated, sir.
Jun. Petillius,
As thou art honest, leave me!
Pet. "None, I thank you?"
A modest and a decent resolution,
And well put on. Yes; I will leave you, Junius,
And leave you to the boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute you, by your new sirname
Of "Junius None-I-thank-you." I would starve
now,
Hang, drown, despair, deserve the forks, lie open
To all the dangerous passes of a wench,
Bound to believe her tears, and wed her aches,
Ere I would own thy follies. I have found you,
Your lays, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and
lodges;
I have viewed you, and I have found you by my
To be a fool o' th' first head, Junius, [skill
And I will hunt you: You are in love, I know it;
You are an ass, and all the camp shall know it;
A peevish idle boy, your dame shall know it;
A wronger of my care, yourself shall know it.

Enter JUDAS *and four* Soldiers.

Judas. A bean? a princely diet, a full banquet,
To what we compass.
1 *Sold.* Fight like hogs for acorns?
2 *Sold.* Venture our lives for pig-nuts?
Pet. What ail these rascals?
3 *Sold.* If this hold we are starved.
Judas. For my part, friends,
Which is but twenty beans a-day, (a hard world
For officers, and men of action!)
And those so clipt by Master Mouse, and rotten—
(For understand 'em French beans, where the fruits
Are ripen'd like the people, in old tubs)
For mine own part, I say, I am starved already,
Not worth another bean, consumed to nothing,
Nothing but flesh and bones left, miserable:
Now if this musty provender can prick me
To honourable matters of atchievement, gentlemen,
Why, there's the point.

4 *Sold.* I'll fight no more.
Pet. You'll hang then!
A sovereign help for hunger. Ye eating rascals,
Whose gods are beef and brewis! whose brave
Do execution upon these, and chibbals! [angers
Ye dog's head in the porridge-pot! ye fight no
Does Rome depend upon your resolution [more?
For eating mouldy pie-crust?
3 *Sold.* 'Would we had it!
Judas. I may do service, captain.
Pet. In a fish-market.
You, corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting
Profit the commonwealth? Do you hope to triumph?
Or dare your vamping valour, goodman Cobler,
Clap a new sole to th' kingdom? 'Sdeath, ye
You fight, or not fight! [dog-whelps,
Judas. Captain!
Pet. Out, ye flesh-flies!
Nothing but noise and nastiness!
Judas. Give us meat,
Whereby we may do.
Pet. Whereby hangs your valour?
Judas. Good bits afford good blows.
Pet. A good position:
How long is't since thou eat'st last? Wipe thy
And then tell truth. [mouth,
Judas. I have not eat to th' purpose——
Pet. "To th' purpose?" what's that? half a cow and garlick?
Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk not;
Timber they can digest, and fight upon't;
Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your shoes, slaves;
Dare ye cry out for hunger, and those extant?
Suck your sword-hilts, ye slaves; if ye be valiant,
Honour will make 'em marchpane. "To the purpose?"
A grievous penance! Dost thou see that gentleman,
That melancholy monsieur?
Jun. Pray you, Petillius!
Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.
2 *Sold.* He has drunk the more then.
3 *Sold.* And that's all one.
Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two months.
Judas. Captain, we do beseech you, as poor soldiers,
Men that have seen good days, whose mortal stomachs
May sometimes feel afflictions—— [*To* Junius.
Jun. This, Petillius,
Is not so nobly done.
Pet. 'Tis common profit;
Urge him to th' point, he'll find you out a food
That needs no teeth nor stomach; a strange furmity
Will feed you up as fat as hens i' th' foreheads,
And make ye fight like fichoks; to him.
Judas. Captain——
Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut?
Pet. See what mettle
It makes in him: Two meals more of this
And there lies Caratach. [melancholy,
Judas. We do beseech you——
2 *Sold.* Humbly beseech your valour——
Jun. Am I only
Become your sport, Petillius?
Judas. But to render
In way of general good, in preservation——
Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye slaves!
4 *Sold.* Or rather pity——
3 *Sold.* Your warlike remedy against the maw-worms.
Judas. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.
Pet. Out with your table-books!
Jun. Is this true friendship?
And must my killing griefs make others' May-games? [*Draws.*
Stand from my sword's point, slaves! your poor starved spirits
Can make me no oblations; else, oh, Love,
Thou proudly-blind destruction, I would send thee
Whole hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my sorrows.
[*Exit* Junius.
Judas. Alas, he lives by love, sir.
Pet. So he does, sir;
And cannot you do so too? All my company
Are now in love; ne'er think of meat, nor talk
Of what provant is: *Ay-mes*, and hearty *hey-hoes*
Are sallads fit for soldiers. Live by meat?
By larding up your bodies? 'tis lewd, and lazy,
And shews ye merely mortal, dull, and drives ye
To fight, like camels, with baskets at your noses.
Get ye in love! Ye can whore well enough,
That all the world knows; fast ye into famine,
Yet ye can crawl like crabs to wenches; hand-
Fall but in love now, as ye see example, [somely
And follow it but with all your thoughts, *probatum*,
There's so much charge saved, and your hunger's ended. [*Drum afar off.*
Away! I hear the general. Get ye in love all,
Up to the ears in love, that I may hear
No more of these rude murmurings; and discretely
Carry your stomachs, or I prophesy
A pickled rope will choke ye. Jog, and talk not!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Decius, *Drum and Colours.*

Suet. Demetrius, is the messenger dispatch'd
To Penius, to command him to bring up
The Volans regiment!
Dem. He's there by this time.
Suet. And are the horse well view'd we brought from Mona?
Dec. The troops are full and lusty.
Suet. Good Petillius,
Look to those eating rogues, that bawl for victuals,
And stop their throats a day or two: Provision
Waits but the wind to reach us.
Pet. Sir, already
I have been tampering with their stomachs, which I find
As deaf as adders to delays: Your clemency
Hath made their murmurs, mutinies; nay, rebellions;
Now, an they want but mustard, they are in
No oil but Candy, Lusitanian figs, [uproars!
And wine from Lesbos, now can satisfy 'em;
The British waters are grown dull and muddy,
The fruit disgustful; Orontes must be sought for,
And apples from the Happy Isles; the truth is,
They are more curious now in having nothing,
Than if the sea and land turned up their treasures.
This lost the colonies, and gave Bonduca
(With shame we must record it) time and strength
To look into our fortunes; great discretion
To follow offer'd victory; and last, full pride
To brave us to our teeth, and scorn our ruins.
Suet. Nay, chide not, good Petillius! I confess
My will to conquer Mona, and long stay
To execute that will, let in these losses;
All shall be right again, and, as a pine,

from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,
d again, and made a mast, defies
angry winds that split him ; so will I,
I to my never-failing strength and fortune,
through these swelling dangers, plough their
prides up,
bear like thunder through their loudest
keep the field still? [tempests.
n. Confident and full.
. In such a number, one would swear they
ills are wooded with their partizans, [grew:
ll the vallies overgrown with darts,
ors are with rank rushes ; no ground left us
arge upon, no room to strike. Say fortune
ur endeavours bring us into 'em,
are so infinite, so ever-springing,
all be kill'd with killing ; of desperate women,
neither fear or shame e'er found, the devil
ank'd amongst 'em multitudes ; say the men
fail,
ll poison us with their petticoats ; say they fail,
have priests enough to pray us into nothing.
t. These are imaginations, dreams of nothings;
an that doubts or fears——
. I am free of both.
n. The self-same I.
. And I as free as any;
reless of my flesh, of that we call life,
nay lose it nobly, as indifferent
it were my diet. Yet, noble general,
a wisdom learn'd from you, I learn'd it,
orthy of a soldier's care, most worthy,
igh with most deliberate circumstance
nds of accidents, above their offers ;
to go on, and yet to save a Roman,
e one life is more worth in way of doing,
millions of these painted wasps; how,
viewing,
d advantage out; how, found, to follow it
counsel and discretion, lest mere fortune
d claim the victory.
t. 'Tis true, Petillius,
orthily remember'd : The rule is certain,
ses no less excellent ; but where time
off occasions, danger, time and all
to a present peril, 'tis required
words and manhoods be best counsellors,
xpeditions, precedents. To win is nothing,
e Reason, Time, and Counsel are our camp-
masters :
here to bear the field, then to be conquerors,
e pale Destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
nts and mutinies, ourselves but handfuls,
o ourselves our own fears, needs a new way,
lden and a desperate execution :
how to save, is loss; to be wise, dangerous ;
a present well-united strength,
minds made up for all attempts, dispatch it :
Disputing and delay here cool the courage ;
Necessity gives [no] time for doubts; things infinite,
According to the spirit they are preached to ;
Rewards like them, and names for after-ages,
Must steel the soldier, his own shame help to arm
And having forced his spirit, ere he cools, [him :
Fling him upon his enemies ; sudden and swift,
Like tigers amongst foxes, we must fight for't :
Fury must be our fortune ; shame we have lost,
Spurs ever in our sides to prick us forward :
There is no other wisdom nor discretion
Due to this day of ruin, but destruction ;
The soldier's order first, and then his anger.
Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all.
Suet. Then no doubt
The day must needs be ours. That the proud
Is infinite in number better likes me, [woman
Than if we dealt with squadrons ; half her army
Shall choke themselves, their own swords dig their
I'll tell ye all my fears ; one single valour, [graves.
The virtues of the valiant Caratach,
More doubts me than all Britain. He's a soldier
So forged out, and so temper'd for great fortunes,
So much man thrust into him, so old in dangers,
So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere name
Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,
To make him Roman: But no more.—Petillius,
How stands your charge?
Pet. Ready for all employments,
To be commanded too, sir.
Suet. 'Tis well govern'd ;
To-morrow we'll draw out, and view the cohorts :
I' th' mean time, all apply their offices.
Where's Junius?
Pet. In's cabin, sick o' th' mumps, sir.
Suet. How?
Pet. In love, indeed in love, most lamentably
To the tune of Queen Dido. [loving,
Dec. Alas poor gentleman!
Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With
I'll be a spokesman for him. [what lady?
Pet. You'll scant speed, sir.
Suet. Who is't?
Pet. The devil's dam, Bonduca's daughter,
Her youngest, crack'd i' th' ring.
Suet. I am sorry for him :
But sure his own discretion will reclaim him ;
He must deserve our anger else. Good captains,
Apply yourselves in all the pleasing forms
Ye can, unto the soldiers ; fire their spirits,
And set 'em fit to run this action;
Mine own provisions shall be shared amongst 'em,
Till more come in; tell 'em, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em.
Their shames forgot, their honours infinite,
And want for ever banish'd. Two days hence,
Our fortunes, and our swords, and gods be for us!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

NE I.—*The same. The Tent of* PENIUS.

Enter PENIUS, REGULUS, MACER, *and* DRUSIUS.

n. I *must* come?
acer. So the general commands, sir.
n. I *must* bring up my regiment?
Macer. Believe, sir,
I bring no lie.
Pen. But did he say, I *must* come?
Mar. So delivered.
Pen. How long is't, Regulus, since I com-
In Britain here? [manded

Reg. About five years, great Penius.
Pen. The general some five months. Are all my actions
So poor and lost, my services so barren,
That I am remember'd in no nobler language
But *must* come up?
Macer. I do beseech you, sir,
Weigh but the time's estate.
Pen. Yes, good lieutenant,
I do, and his that sways it. *Must* come up?
Am I turn'd bare centurion? *Must* and *shall*,
Fit embassies to court my honour?
Macer. Sir——
Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my men
Against an hundred thousand barbarous slaves,
That have march'd name by name with Rome's best doers?
Serve 'em up some other meat; I'll bring no food
To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolves;
My regiment's mine own. I *must*, my language?

Enter CURIUS.

Cur. Penius, where lies the host?
Pen. Where Fate may find 'em.
Cur. Are they ingirt?
Pen. The battle's lost.
Cur. So soon?
Pen. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won;
The Britons must be victors. Whoe'er saw
A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcasses,
Let him behold the silly Roman host,
Girded with millions of fierce Britain swains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame!
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.
Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous end,
When both our names and lives are sacrificed
For Rome's increase?
Pen. Yes, Curius; but mark this too:
What glory is there, or what lasting fame
Can be to Rome or us, what full example,
When one is smother'd with a multitude,
And crowded in amongst a nameless press?
Honour got out of flint, and on their heads
Whose virtues, like the sun, exhaled all valours,
Must not be lost in mists and fogs of people,
Noteless and not of name, but rude and naked:
Nor can Rome task us with impossibilities,
Or bid us fight against a flood; we serve her,
That she may proudly say she has good soldiers,
Not slaves, to choke all hazards. Who but fools,
That make no difference betwixt certain dying,
And dying well, would fling their fames and fortunes
Into this Britain gulf, this quicksand ruin,
That, sinking, swallows us? what noble hand
Can find a subject fit for blood there? or what sword
Room for his execution? what air to cool us,
But poison'd with their blasting breaths and curses,
Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
And are with labouring sweat, and breathless pain,
Kill'd like to slaves, and cannot kill again?
Drus. Penius, mark ancient wars, and know that then
A captain weigh'd an hundred thousand men.
Pen. Drusius, mark ancient wisdom, and you'll find then,
He gave the overthrow that saved his men.
I must not go.
Reg. The soldiers are desirous,
Their eagles all drawn out, sir.
Pen. Who drew up, Regulus?
Ha? speak! did you? whose bold will durst attempt this?
Drawn out? why, who commands, sir? on whose warrant
Durst they advance?
Reg. I keep mine own obedience.
Drus. 'Tis like the general cause, their love of honour,
Relieving of their wants——
Pen. Without my knowledge?
Am I no more? my place but at their pleasures?
Come, who did this?
Drus. By Heaven, sir, I am ignorant.
[*Drum softly within, then enter* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*
Pen. What! am I grown a shadow?—Hark! they march.
I'll know, and will be myself.—Stand! Disobedience?
He that advances one foot higher, dies for't.
Run through the regiment, upon your duties,
And charge 'em on command, beat back again;
By Heaven, I'll tithe 'em all else!
Reg. We'll do our best.
[*Exeunt* DRUSIUS *and* REGULUS.
Pen. Back! cease your bawling drums there,
I'll beat the tubs about your brains else. Back!
Do I speak with less fear than thunder to ye?
Must I stand to beseech ye? Home, home!—Ha!
Do ye stare upon me? Are those minds I moulded,
Those honest valiant tempers I was proud
To be a fellow to, those great discretions
Made your names fear'd and honour'd, turn'd to wildfires?
Oh, gods, to disobedience? Command, farewell!
And be ye witness with me, all things sacred,
I have no share in these men's shames! March, soldiers,
And seek your own sad ruins; your old Penius
Dares not behold your murders.
1 *Sold.* Captain!
2 *Sold.* Captain!
3 *Sold.* Dear, honour'd captain!
Pen. Too, too dear-loved soldiers,
Which made ye weary of me, and Heaven yet knows,
Though in your mutinies, I dare not hate you;
Take your own wills! 'tis fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule yourselves; I wrong ye,
In wishing ye to save your lives and credits,
To keep your necks whole from the axe hangs o'er ye:
Alas, I much dishonour'd ye; go, seek the Britons,
And say ye come to glut their sacrifices;
But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all parts, good and govern'd,
Is only left of my command, for story;
What now ye are, for pity. Fare ye well! [*Going.*

Enter DRUSIUS *and* REGULUS.

Drus. Oh, turn again, great Penius! see the soldier
In all points apt for duty.
Reg. See his sorrow
For his disobedience, which he says was haste,
And haste, he thought, to please you with. See, captain,
The toughness of his courage turn'd to water;
See how his manly heart melts.
Pen. Go; beat homeward;

There learn to eat your little with obedience;
And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.
[*Exeunt* Soldiers.
Macer. My answer, sir.
Pen. Tell the great general,
My companies are no faggots to fill breaches:
Myself no man that *must*, or *shall*, can carry:
Bid him be wise, and where he is, he's safe then;
And when he finds out possibilities,
He may command me. Commend me to the cap-
Macer. All this I shall deliver. [tains.
Pen. Farewell, Macer! [*Exit.*
Cur. Pray gods this breed no mischief!
Reg. It must needs,
If stout Suetonius win; for then his anger,
Besides the soldiers' loss of due and honour,
Will break together on him.
Drus. He's a brave fellow;
And but a little hide his haughtiness,
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes)
He shews the worthiest Roman this day living.
You may, good Curius, to the general
Make all things seem the best.
Cur. I shall endeavour.
Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen; if we fall,
This one farewell serves for a funeral.
The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our hearts!
Reg. We dare, alas, but cannot fight our parts.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Tent of* JUNIUS.

Enter JUNIUS, PETILLIUS, *and a* Herald.

Pet. Let him go on. Stay; now he talks.
Jun. Why,
Why should I love mine enemy? what is beauty?
Of what strange violence, that, like the plague,
It works upon our spirits? Blind they feign him;
I am sure, I find it so—
Pet. A dog shall lead you,
Jun. His fond affections blinder—
Pet. Hold you there still!
Jun. It takes away my sleep—
Pet. Alas, poor chicken!
Jun. My company, content, almost my fashion—
Pet. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.
Jun. 'Tis sure the plague, for no man dare come near me
Without an antidote; 'tis far worse, hell.
Pet. Thou art damn'd without redemption then.
Jun. The way to't
Strew'd with fair western smiles, and April blushes,
Led by the brightest constellations; eyes,
And sweet proportions, envying Heaven; but from thence
No way to guide, no path, no wisdom brings us.
Pet. Yes, a smart water, Junius.
Jun. Do I fool?
Know all this, and fool still? Do I know further,
That when we have enjoy'd our ends we lose 'em,
And all our appetites are but as dreams
We laugh at in our ages?—
Pet. Sweet philosopher!
Jun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing? Mercy, gods!
Why am I thus ridiculous?
Pet. Motley on thee
Thou art an arrant ass.
Jun. Can red and white,
An eye, a nose, a cheek——
Pet. But one cheek, Junius?
An half faced mistress?
Jun. With a little trim,
That wanton fools call fashion, thus abuse me?
Take me beyond my reason? Why should not I
Dote on my horse well trapt, my sword well hatch'd?
They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yet 'twere excusable, my youth would bear it:
But to love there, and that no time can give me,
Mine honour dare not ask (she has been ravish'd,)
My nature must not know (she hates our nation,)
Thus to dispose my spirit!
Pet. Stay a little; he will declaim again.
Jun. I will not love! I am a man, have reason,
And I will use it; I'll no more tormenting,
Nor whining for a wench; there are a thousand—
Pet. Hold thee there, boy!
Jun. A thousand will entreat me.
Pet. Ten thousand, Junius.
Jun. I am young and lusty,
And to my fashion valiant; can please nightly.
Pet. I'll swear thy back's *probatum*, for I have [known thee
Leap at sixteen like a strong stallion.
Jun. I will be man again.
Pet. Now mark the working!
The devil and the spirit tug for't: Twenty pound
Upon the devil's head!
Jun. I must be wretched!
Pet. I knew I had won.
Jun. Nor have I so much power
To shun my fortune.
Pet. I will hunt thy fortune
With all the shapes imagination breeds,
But I will fright thy devil. Stay, he sings now.
[*Song by* JUNIUS, *and* PETILLIUS *after him in mockage.*
Jun. Must I be thus abused?
Pet. Yes, marry must you.
Let's follow him close: Oh, there he is; now read it.
Herald. [Reads.] It is the general's command, that all sick persons, old and unable, retire within the trenches; he that fears, has liberty to leave the field: Fools, boys, and cowards, must not come near the regiments, for fear of their infections; especially those cowards they call lovers.
Jun. Ha?
Pet. Read on.
Herald. [Reads.] If any common soldier love an enemy, he's whipp'd and made a slave: If any captain, cast, with loss of honours, flung out o' th' army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a soldier.
Jun. The pox consume ye all, rogues! [*Exit.*
Pet. Let this work;
He has something now to chew upon. He's gone;
Come, shake no more.
Herald. Well, sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for Europe;
I would have given my life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'er read to lovers whilst I live again,
Or come within their confines——
Pet. There's your payment,
And keep this private.
Herald. I am school'd for talking. [*Exit*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Pet. How now, Demetrius? are we drawn?
Dem. 'Tis doing:

Your company stands fair. But pray you, where's Junius?
Half his command are wanting, with some forty
That Decius leads.
Pet. Hunting for victuals.
Upon my life, free-booting rogues! their stomachs
Are like a widow's lust, ne'er satisfied.
Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the
Master of all the country. [enemy
Pet. Resolute hungers
Know neither fears nor faiths; they tread on ladders,
Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers.
Dem. They may be hang'd though.
Pet. There's their joyful supper;
And no doubt they are at it.
Dem. But, for Heaven's sake,
How does young Junius?
Pet. Drawing on, poor gentleman.
Dem. What, to his end?
Pet. To the end of all flesh, woman.
Dem. This love has made him a stout soldier.
Pet. Oh, a great one,
Fit to command young goslings. But what news?
Dem. I think the messenger's come back from
By this time; let's go know. [Penius
Pet. What will you say now
If he deny to come, and take exceptions
At some half syllable, or sound deliver'd
With an ill accent, or some style left out?
Dem. I cannot think he dare.
Pet. He dare speak treason,
Dare say what no man dares believe, dares do——
But that's all one; I'll lay you my black armour
To twenty crowns, he comes not.
Dem. Done.
Pet. You'll pay?
Dem. I will.
Pet. Then keep thine old use, Penius!
Be stubborn and vain-glorious, and I thank thee.
Come, let's go pray for six hours; most of us
I fear will trouble Heaven no more: Two good blows
Struck home at two commanders of the Britons,
And my part's done.
Dem. I do not think of dying.
Pet. 'Tis possible we may live; but, Demetrius,
With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes, and noses,
Let carpenters and copper-smiths consider.
If I can keep my heart whole, and my windpipe,
That I may drink yet like a soldier——
Dem. Come, let's have better thoughts; mine's on your armour.
Pet. Mine's in your purse, sir; let's go try the wager! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The British Camp. In the background, the Tent of* BONDUCA, *with a raised Platform.*

Enter Soldiers, *bringing in* JUDAS *and his four companions, (halters about their necks)* BONDUCA, *her* Daughters, *and* NENNIUS *following.*

Bond. Come, hang 'em presently.
Nen. What made your rogueships
Harrying for victuals here? are we your friends?
Or do you come for spies? Tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hang'd now? Don't ye long for't?
Judas. What say ye? shall we hang in this vein? Hang we must,
And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily,
As pull an arse like dogs to't.
1 *Sold.* Any way,
So it be handsome.
3 *Sold.* I had as lieve 'twere toothsome too:
But all agree, and I'll not [stick] out, boys.
4 *Sold.* Let us hang pleasantly.
Judas. Then pleasantly be it:
Captain, the truth is,
We had as lieve hang with meat in our mouths,
As ask your pardon empty.
Bond. These are brave hungers.—
What say you to a leg of beef now, sirrah?
Judas. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.
Bond. Torment 'em, wenches, (I must back) then hang 'em. [*Exit.*
Judas. We humbly thank your grace!
1 *Daugh.* The rogues laugh at us.
2 *Daugh.* Sirrah, what think you of a wench
Judas. A wench, lady? [now?
I do beseech your ladyship, retire;
I'll tell you presently: You see the time's short;
One crash, even to the settling of my conscience.
Nen. Why, is't no more but up, boys?
Judas. Yes, ride too, captain;
Will you but see my seat?
1 *Daugh.* Ye shall be set, sir,
Upon a jade shall shake ye.
Judas. Sheets, good madam,
Will do it ten times better.
1 *Daugh.* Whips, good soldier,
Which you shall taste before you hang, to mortify
'Tis pity you should die thus desperate. [you;
2 *Daugh.* These are the merry Romans, the brave madcaps:
'Tis ten to one we'll cool your resolutions.
Bring out the whips.
Judas. 'Would your good ladyships
Would exercise 'em too!
4 *Sold.* Surely, ladies,
We'll shew you a strange patience.
Nen. Hang 'em, rascals!
They'll talk thus on the wheel.

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are these fellows? what's the crime com-
That they wear necklaces? [mitted,
Nen. They are Roman rogues,
Taken a-foraging.
Car. Is that all, Nennius?
Judas. 'Would I were fairly hang'd! This is the
The kill-cow Caratach. [devil,
Car. And you would hang 'em?
Nen. Are they not enemies?
1 *Sold.* My breech makes buttons.
1 *Daugh.* Are they not our tormentors?
Car. Tormentors? flea-traps!—
Pluck off your halters, fellows.
Nen. Take heed, Caratach;
Taint not your wisdom.
Car. Wisdom, Nennius?
Why, who shall fight against us, make our honours.
And give a glorious day into our hands.
If we dispatch our foes thus? What's their offence?
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger?

A piece of greasy bacon, or a pudding?
Do these deserve the gallows? They are hungry,
Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starved:
Art thou not hungry?
Judas. Monstrous hungry.
Car. He looks like Hunger's self. Get 'em some victuals,
And wine to cheer their hearts; quick! Hang up poor pilchers?
2 *Sold.* This is the bravest captain——
Nen. Caratach,
I'll leave you to your will.
Car. I'll answer all, sir.
2 *Daugh.* Let's up and view his entertainment of 'em!
I am glad they are shifted any way; their tongues
Would still have murder'd us. [else
1 *Daugh.* Let's up and see it! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hengo.

Car. Sit down, poor knaves! Why, where's this wine and victuals?
Who waits there?
Serv. [*Within.*] Sir, 'tis coming.
Hengo. Who are these, uncle?
Car. They are Romans, boy.
Hengo. Are these they
That vex mine aunt so? can these fight? they look
Like empty scabbards all, no mettle in 'em;
Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards:
Why, I dare fight with these.

Enter Servants *with victuals and wine, and set out a table.*

Car. That's my good chicken!—And how do ye?
How do ye feel your stomachs?
Judas. Wond'rous apt, sir;
As shall appear when time calls.
Car. That's well; down with't.
A little grace will serve your turns. Eat softly!
You'll choke, ye knaves, else.—Give 'em wine!
Judas. Not yet, sir;
We are even a little busy.
Hengo. Can that fellow
Do anything but eat?—Thou fellow!
Judas. Away, boy;
Away; this is no boy's play.
Hengo. By Heaven, uncle,
If his valour lie in's teeth, he's the most valiant.
Car. I am glad to hear you talk, sir.
Hengo. Good uncle, tell me,
What's the price of a couple of cramm'd Romans?
Car. Some twenty Britons, boy; these are good soldiers.
Hengo. Do not the cowards eat hard too?
Car. No more, boy.—
Come, I'll sit with you too.—Sit down by me, boy.
Judas. Pray bring your dish then.
Car. Hearty knaves!—More meat there.
1 *Sold.* That's a good hearing.
Car. Stay now, and pledge me.
Judas. This little piece, sir.
Car. By Heaven, square eaters!—
More meat, I say!—Upon my conscience,
The poor rogues have not eat this month! how terribly
They charge upon their victuals!—Dare ye fight
Judas. Believe it, sir, like devils. [thus?
Car. Well said, Famine!
Here's to thy general. [*Drinks.*
Judas. Most excellent captain,
I will now pledge thee.
Car. And to-morrow night, say to him,
His head is mine.
Judas. I can assure you, captain,
He will not give it for this washing.
Car. Well said.

Enter the Daughters *on the Platform*

1 *Daugh.* Here's a strange entertainment: How the thieves drink!
2 *Daugh.* Danger is dry; they look'd for colder liquor.
Car. Fill 'em more wine; give 'em full bowls.—Which of you all now,
In recompence of this good, dare but give me
A sound knock in the battle?
Judas. Delicate captain,
To do thee a sufficient recompence,
I'll knock thy brains out.
Car. Do it.
Hengo. Thou darest as well be damn'd! Thou knock his brains out?
Thou skin of man?—Uncle, I will not hear this.
Judas. Tie up your whelp.
Hengo. Thou kill my uncle? Would I
Had but a sword for thy sake, thou dried dog!
Car. What a mettle
This little vermin carries!
Hengo. Kill mine uncle?
Car. He shall not, child.
Hengo. He cannot; he's a rogue,
An only eating rogue! kill my sweet uncle?
Oh, that I were a man!
Judas. By this wine, which I
Will drink to Captain Junius, who loves
The queen's most excellent majesty's little daughter
Most sweetly, and most fearfully, I will do it.
Hengo. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.
Car. No more, boy!
I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fellows! [*Drinks.*
2 *Daugh.* In love with me? that love shall cost your lives all.—
Come, sister, and advise me; I have here
A way to make an easy conquest of 'em,
If fortune favour me. [*Exeunt* Daughters.
Car. Let's see you sweat
To-morrow blood and spirit, boys, this wine
Turn'd to stern valour.
1 *Sold.* Hark you, Judas;
If he should hang us after all this?
Judas. Let him:
I'll hang like a gentleman, and a Roman.
Car. Take away there;
They have enough. [*The table removed.*
Judas. Captain we thank you heartily
For your good cheer: and if we meet to-morrow,
One of us pays for't.
Car. Get 'em guides; their wine
Has over-master'd 'em.

Enter second Daughter *with a letter, and a* Servant.

2 *Daugh.* That hungry fellow
With the red beard there, give it him, and this,
To see it well deliver'd.
Car. Farewell, knaves!
Speak nobly of us; keep your words to-morrow,
And do something worthy your meat.—

Enter a Guide.

Go, guide 'em,
And see 'em fairly onward.
Judas. Meaning me, sir?
Serv. The same.
The youngest daughter to the queen entreats you
To give this privately to Captain Junius;
This for your pains!
Judas. I rest her humble servant;
Commend me to thy lady.—Keep your files, boys.
Serv. I must instruct you further.
Judas. Keep your files there!
Order, sweet friends; faces about now.
Guide. Here, sir;
Here lies your way.
Judas. Bless the founders, I say!
Fairly, good soldiers, fairly march now; close, boys! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*The Roman Camp.*

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, Decius, *and* Macer.

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe? not come, because commanded?
Was it not thus?
Macer. It was, sir.
Pet. What now think you?
Suet. *Must come* so heinous to him, so distasteful?
Pet. Give me my money.
Dem. I confess 'tis due, sir,
And presently I'll pay it.
Suet. His obedience
So blind at his years and experience,
It cannot find where to be tender'd?
Macer. Sir,
The regiment was willing, and advanced too,
The captains at all points steel'd up; their preparations
Full of resolve and confidence; youth and fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,
Gilded their phalanx; when the angry Penius
Stept like a stormy cloud 'twixt them and hopes.
Suet. And stopt their resolutions?
Macer. True; his reason
To them was odds, and odds so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.
Suet. Well, Penius,
I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think: thou hast lopt a limb off from me;
And let it be thy glory, thou wast stubborn,
Thy wisdom, that thou left'st thy general naked!
Yet, ere the sun set, I shall make thee see
All valour dwells not in thee, all command
In one experience. Thou wilt too late repent this,
And wish "I *must* come up" had been thy blessing.
Pet. Let's force him.
Suet. No, by no means; he's a torrent
We cannot easily stem.
Pet. I think, a traitor.
Suet. No ill words! let his own shame first revile him.—
That wine I have, see it, Demetrius,
Distributed amongst the soldiers,
To make 'em high and lusty; when that's done,
Petillius, give the word through, that the eagles
May presently advance; no man discover
Upon his life, the enemies' full strength,
But make it of no value. Decius,
Are your starved people yet come home?
Dec. I hope so.
Suet. Keep 'em in more obedience: This is no time
To chide, I could be angry else, and say more to you;
But come, let's order all. Whose sword is sharpest,
And valour equal to his sword this day,
Shall be my saint.
Pet. We shall be holy all then.
[*Exeunt all but* Decius.

Enter Judas *and his* Company.

Judas. Captain, captain, I have brought 'em off again;
The drunkenest slaves!
Dec. Pox confound your rogueships!
I'll call the general, and have ye hang'd all.
Judas. Pray who will you command then?
Dec. For you, sirrah,
That are the ringleader to these devices,
Whose maw is never cramm'd, I'll have an engine—
Judas. A wench, sweet captain.
Dec. Sweet Judas, even the forks,
Where you shall have two lictors with two whips
Hammer your hide.
Judas. Captain, good words, fair words,
Sweet words, good captain; if you like not us,
Farewell! we have employment.
Dec. Where hast thou been?
Judas. There where you dare not be, with all your valour.
Dec. Where's that!
Judas. With the best good fellow living.
1 *Sold.* The king of all good fellows.
Dec. Who's that?
Judas. Caratach.
Shake now, and say, we have done something worthy!
Mark me, with Caratach; by this light, Caratach!
Do you as much now, an you dare.—Sweet Caratach!
You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking;
Well, go thy ways, old Caratach!—Besides the drink, captain,
The bravest running banquet of black puddings,
Pieces of glorious beef——
Dec. How 'scaped ye hanging?
Judas. Hanging's a dog's death, we are gentlemen
And I say still, old Caratach!
Dec. Belike then,
You are turn'd rebels all.
Judas. We are Roman boys all,
And boys of mettle. I must do that, captain,
This day, this very day——
Dec. Away, ye rascal!
Judas. Fair words, I say again!
Dec. What must you do, sir?
Judas. I must do that my heart-strings yearn to do;
But my word's past.
Dec. What is it?
Judas. Why, kill Caratach,
That's all he ask'd us for our entertainment.
Dec. More than you'll pay.
Judas. 'Would I had sold myself
Unto the skin I had not promised it!
For such another Caratach——
Dec. Come, fool,
Have you done your country service?
Judas. I have brought that
To captain Junius——
Dec. How?
Judas. I think will do all;
I cannot tell; I think so

Dec. How! to Junius?
I'll more enquire of this.—You'll fight now?
Judas. Promise,
Take heed of promise, captain!
Dec. Away, and rank then.
Judas. But, hark you, captain; there is wine
I would fain know what share I have. [distributing;
Dec. Be gone;
You have too much.
Judas. Captain, no wine, no fighting:
There's one called Caratach that has wine.
Dec. Well, sir,
If you'll be ruled now, and do well——
Judas. Do excellent.
Dec. You shall have wine, or anything. Go file;
I'll see you have your share. Drag out your dormice,
And stow 'em somewhere, where they may sleep
They'll bear a hunts-up shortly. [handsomely;
Judas. Now I love thee;
But no more forks nor whips!
Dec. Deserve 'em not then.
Up with your men; I'll meet you presently;
And get 'em sober quickly. [*Exit.*
Judas. Arm, arm, bullies!
All's right again and straight; and which is more,
More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of Memphis,
Be sober and discreet; we have much to do, boys.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Temple of the Druids.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare there for the sacrifice! the queen comes.

Music. Enter in solemnity the Druids *singing; the second* Daughter *strewing flowers; then* Bonduca, Caratach, Nennius, *and others.*

Bond. Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers;
Hear us, ye great revengers; and this day
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours;
Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every breast; the vengeance due to those
Make infinite and endless! On our pikes
This day pale Terror sit, horrors and ruins
Upon our executions; claps of thunder
Hang on our armed carts; and 'fore our troops
Despair and Death; Shame beyond these attend 'em!
Rise from the dust, ye relics of the dead,
Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing;
Oh, rise, ye valiant bones! let not base earth
Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of Rome
Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your stories!
Nen. Thou great Tiranes, whom our sacred priests,
Armed with dreadful thunder, place on high
Above the rest of the immortal gods,
Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,
And shoot 'em home; stick in each Roman heart
A fear fit for confusion; blast their spirits,
Dwell in 'em to destruction; through their phalanx
Strike, as thou strikest a proud tree; shake their bodies,
Make their strengths totter, and their topless fortunes
Uproot, and reel to ruin! [
1 *Daugh.* Oh, thou god,
Thou feared god, if ever to thy justice
Insulting wrongs, and ravishments of women,
(Women derived from thee) their shames, the suffe-
Of those that daily fill'd thy sacrifice [rings
With virgin incense, have access, now hear me!
Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these Romans,
Despisers of thy power, of us defacers,
Revenge thyself; take to thy killing anger,
To make thy great work full, thy justice spoken,
An utter rooting from this blessed isle
Of what Rome is or has been!
Bond. Give me more incense!
The gods are deaf and drowsy, no happy flame
Rises to raise our thoughts. Pour on.
2 *Daugh.* See, Heaven,
And all you powers that guide us, see and shame,
We kneel so long for pity. O'er your altars,
Since 'tis no light oblation that you look for,
No incense-offering, will I hang mine eyes;
And as I wear these stones with hourly weeping,
So will I melt your powers into compassion.
This tear for Prosutagus my brave father;
(Ye gods, now think on Rome!) this for my mother,
And all her miseries; yet see, and save us!
But now ye must be open-eyed. See, Heaven,
Oh, see thy showers stolen from thee; our dishonours,
Oh, sister, our dishonours! Can ye be gods,
And these sins smother'd? [*A smoke from the altar.*
Bond. The fire takes.
Car. It does so.
But no flame rises. Cease your fretful prayers,
Your whinings, and your tame petitions;
The gods love courage arm'd with confidence,
And prayers fit to pull them down: Weak tears
And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,
They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em:—
[*Kneels.*
Divine Andate, thou who hold'st the reins
Of furious battles, and disorder'd war,
And proudly roll'st thy swarty chariot wheels
Over the heaps of wounds and carcasses,
Sailing through seas of blood; thou sure-steel'd sternness,
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows o' both sides, wounds that fear or flight
Can claim no share in; steel us both with angers
And warlike executions fit thy viewing;
Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,
Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring!
And then look on, thou red-eyed god; who does best,
Reward with honour; who despair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy!
Grant this, divine Andate! tis but justice;
And my first blow thus on thy holy altar
I sacrifice unto thee. [*A flame arises.*
Bond. It flames out. [*Music.*
Car. Now sing, ye Druides. [*Song.*
Bond. 'Tis out again.

Car. He has given us leave to fight yet; we ask
The rest hangs in our resolutions: [no more;
Tempt him no more.
Bond. I would know further, cousin.
Car. His hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours,
Our valours are our best gods. Chear the soldier,
And let him eat.
Mess. He's at it, sir.
Car. Away then;
When he has done, let's march.—Come, fear not, lady;
This day the Roman gains no more ground here,
But what his body lies in.
Bond. Now I'm confident.
[*Exeunt. Recorders playing.*

SCENE II.—*The Roman Camp.*

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Dec. We dare not hazard it; beside our lives,
It forfeits all our understandings.
Jun. Gentlemen,
Can ye forsake me in so just a service,
A service for the commonwealth, for honour?
Read but the letter; you may love too.
Dec. Read it.
If there be any safety in the circumstance,
Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail you:
Read it, good Curius.
Cur. Willingly.
Jun. Now mark it.

Cur. [*Reading.*] "Health to thy heart, my honour'd [Junius,
And all thy love requited! I am thine,
Thine everlastingly; thy love has won me;
And let it breed no doubt, our new acquaintance
Compels this; 'tis the gods' decree to bless us.
The times are dangerous to meet, yet fail not;
By all the love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
Without distrust of danger, to come to me!
For I have purposed a delivery
Both of myself and fortune this bless'd day
Into thy hands, if thou think'st good. To shew thee
How infinite my love is, even my mother
Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard;
For I beheld your danger like a lover,
A just affecter of thy faith: Thy goodness,
I know, will use us nobly; and our marriage,
If not redeem, yet lessen Rome's ambition:
I am weary of these miseries. Use my mother
(If you intend to take her) with all honour;
And let this disobedience to my parent
Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, Junius,
Spirits resolved to fetch me off, the noblest,
Forty will serve the turn, just at the joining
Of both the battles; we will be weakly guarded,
And for a guide, within this hour, shall reach thee
A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my Junius,
Keep thee, and me to serve thee! Young Bonvica"——
This letter carries much belief, and most objections
Answer'd, we must have doubted.
Dec. Is that fellow
Come to you for a guide yet?
Jun. Yes.
Dec. And examined?
Jun. Far more than that; he has felt tortures,
He vows he knows no more than this truth. [yet
Dec. Strange!
Cur. If she mean what she writes, as it may be probable,
Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.
Jun. I'll pawn my soul she means truth.
Dec. Think an hour more;
Then, if your confidence grow stronger on you,
We'll set in with you.
Jun. Nobly done! I thank ye.
Ye know the time.
Cur. We will be either ready
To give you present counsel, or join with you.

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* MACER.

Jun. No more, as ye are gentlemen. The general!
Suet. Draw out apace; the enemy waits for us.
Are ye all ready?
Jun. All our troops attend, sir.
Suet. I am glad to hear you say so, Junius:
I hope you are dispossess'd.
Jun. I hope so too, sir.
Suet. Continue so. And, gentlemen, to you now!
To bid you fight is needless; ye are Romans,
The name will fight itself: To tell ye who
You go to fight against, his power, and nature,
But loss of time; ye know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so: To tell ye further,
His body shews more dreadful than it has done,
To him that fears less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories
Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.
Go on in full assurance! draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice;
The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitch'd on the topless Apennine, and blows
To all the under-world, all nations,
The seas and unfrequented deserts, where the snow dwells;
Wakens the ruin'd monuments; and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.
Go on, I say: Valiant and wise rule Heaven,
And all the great aspects attend 'em; Do but blow
Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
Cannot deserve that name; and like a mist,
A lazy fog, before your burning valours
You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all,
We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
Heirs to their endless valours; fight and conquer!
Dec. Dem. 'Tis done.
Pet. That man that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameless and forgot!
Suet. Sufficient!
Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder;
March close and sudden, like a tempest: All executions [*March.*
Done without sparkling of the body; keep your phalanx
Sure lined, and pieced together, your pikes forward,
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run,
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The open Country between the Camps.*

Enter CARATACH *and* NENNIUS.

Nen. The Roman is advanced; from yond' hill's
We may behold him, Caratach. [brow
Car. Let's thither;
[*Drums within at one place afar off.*
I see the dust fly. Now I see the body.
Observe 'em, Nennius; by Heaven, a handsome
And, of a few, strongly and wisely jointed! [body,
Suetonius is a soldier.
Nen. As I take it,
That's he that gallops by the regiments,
Viewing their preparations.
Car. Very likely;
He shews no less than general. See how bravely
The body moves, and in the head how proudly
The captains stick like plumes; he comes apace on.
Good Nennius, go, and bid my stout lieutenant
Bring on the first square body to oppose 'em,
And, as he charges, open to enclose 'em;
The queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the van-
guard.
We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by't.
Haste thee, good Nennius; I'll follow instantly.
[*Exit* NENNIUS.
How close they march, as if they grew together,
[*March.*
No place but lined alike, sure from oppression!
They will not change this figure; we must charge
'em,
And charge 'em home at both ends, van and rear;
[*Drums in another place afar off.*
They never totter else. I hear our music,
And must attend it. Hold, good sword, but this
day,
And bite hard where I hound thee! and hereafter
I'll make a relic of thee, for young soldiers
To come like pilgrims to, and kiss for conquests.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*In front of the Roman Camp.*

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Jun. Now is the time; the fellow stays.
Dec. What think ye?
Cur. I think 'tis true.
Jun. Alas, if 'twere a question,
If any doubt or hazard fell into't,
Do ye think mine own discretion so self-blind,
My care of ye so naked, to run headlong?
Dec. Let's take Petillius with us!
Jun. By no means;
He's never wise but to himself, nor courteous,
But where the end's his own: We are strong
If not too many. Behind yonder hill, [enough,
The fellow tells me, she attends, weak guarded,
Her mother and her sister.
Cur. I would venture.
Jun. We shall not strike five blows for't. Weigh
The general good may come. [the good,
Dec. Away! I'll with ye;
But with what doubt——
Jun. Fear not! my soul for all!
[*Exeunt. Alarms, drums and trumpets in several places afar off, as at a main battle.*

SCENE V.—*Near the Field of Battle. In the Back-ground the Tent of* PENIUS, *with a Platform.*

Enter DRUSIUS *and* PENIUS *above.*

Drus. Here you may see them all, sir; from
The country shews off level. [this hill
Pen. Gods defend me,
What multitudes they are, what infinites!
The Roman power shews like a little star
Hedged with a double halo.—Now the knell rings:
[*Loud shouts.*
Hark, how they shout to the battle! how the air
Totters and reels, and rends a-pieces, Drusius,
With the huge-vollied clamours!
Drus. Now they charge
(Oh, gods!) of all sides, fearfully.
Pen. Little Rome,
Stand but this growing Hydra one short hour,
And thou hast out-done Hercules!
Drus. The dust hides 'em;
We cannot see what follows.
Pen. They are gone,
Gone, swallow'd, Drusius; this eternal sun
Shall never see 'em march more.
Drus. Oh, turn this way,
And see a model of the field! some forty,
Against four hundred!
Pen. Well fought, bravely followed!
Oh, nobly charged again, charged home too!
Drusius,
They seem to carry it. Now they charge all;
[*Loud shouts.*
Close, close, I say! they follow it. Ye gods,
Can there be more in men? more daring spirits?
Still they make good their fortunes. Now they
are gone too,
For ever gone! see, Drusius, at their backs
A fearful ambush rises. Farewell, valours,
Excellent valours! oh, Rome, where's thy wisdom?
Drus. They are gone indeed, sir.
Pen. Look out toward the army
I am heavy with these slaughters.
Drus. 'Tis the same still,
Cover'd with dust and fury.

Enter the two Daughters, *with* JUNIUS, CURIUS, DECIUS, Soldiers, *and* Servants.

2 *Daugh.* Bring 'em in;
Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.
1 *Daugh.* Valiant Romans,
Ye are welcome to your loves!
2 *Daugh.* Your death, fools!
Dec. We deserve 'em;
And, women, do your worst.
1 *Daugh.* Ye need not beg it.
2 *Daugh.* Which is kind Junius?
Serv. This.
2 *Daugh.* Are you my sweetheart?
It looks ill on't! How long is't, pretty soul,
Since you and I first loved? Had we not reason
To dote extremely upon one another?
How does my love? This is not he; my chicken
Could prate finely, sing a love-song.
Jun. Monster——
2 *Daugh.* Oh, now it courts!
Jun. Arm'd with more malice
Than he that got thee has, the devil.
2 *Daugh.* Good!
Proceed, sweet chick.

Jun. I hate thee; that's my last.
2 *Daugh.* Nay, an you love me, forward!—No?—Come, sister,
Let's prick our answers on our arrows' points,
And make 'em laugh a little. Ye damn'd lechers,
Ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught ye?
Are ye i' th' noose? Since ye are such loving creatures,
We'll be your Cupids: Do ye see these arrows?
We'll send 'em to your wanton livers, goats.
1 *Daugh.* Oh, how I'll trample on your hearts, ye villains,
Ambitious salt-itch'd slaves, Rome's master-sins!
The mountain-rams tupt your hot mothers.
2 *Daugh.* Dogs,
To whose brave founders a salt whore gave suck!
Thieves, honour's hangmen, do ye grin? Perdition
Take me for ever, if in my fell anger,
I do not out-do all example.

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Where,
Where are these ladies?—Ye keep noble quarter!
Your mother thinks you dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her battle.—Sure these faces
I have beheld and known; they are Roman leaders!
How came they here?
2 *Daugh.* A trick, sir, that we used;
A certain policy conducted 'em
Unto our snare: We have done you no small service.
These used as we intend, we are for the battle.
Car. As you intend? Taken by treachery?
1 *Daugh.* Is't not allow'd?
Car. Those that should gild our conquest,
Make up a battle worthy of our winning,
Catch'd up by craft?
2 *Daugh.* By any means that's lawful.
Car. A woman's wisdom in our triumphs? Out!
Out, [out,] ye sluts, ye follies! From our swords
Filch our revenges basely?—Arm again, gentlemen!—
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.
2 *Daugh.* By Heaven, uncle,
We will have vengeance for our rapes!
Car. By Heaven,
Ye should have kept your legs close then.—Dispatch there!
1 *Daugh.* I will not off thus!
Car. He that stirs to execute,
Or she, though it be yourselves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine anger! One great day given us,
Not to be snatch'd out of our hands but basely,
And must we shame the gods from whence we have it,
With setting snares for soldiers? I'll run away first,
Be hooted at, and children call me coward,
Before I set up stales for victories.
Give 'em their swords.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, Gods!
Car. Bear off the women
Unto their mother!
2 *Daugh.* One shot, gentle uncle!
Car. One cut her fiddle-string!—Bear 'em off, I say.
1 *Daugh.* The devil take this fortune!
Car. Learn to spin, [*Exeunt* Daughters.
And curse your knotted hemp!—Go, gentlemen,
Safely go off, up to your troops; be wiser;
There thank me like tall soldiers: I shall seek ye.
[*Exit with* Soldiers, *&c.*

Cur. A noble worth!
Dec. Well, Junius?
Jun. Pray ye, no more!
Cur. He blushes; do not load him.
Dec. Where's your love now?
[*Drums loud again.*
Jun. Puff! there it flies. Come, let's redeem our follies.
[*Exeunt* JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.
Drus. Awake, sir; yet the Roman body's whole;
I see 'em clear again.
Pen. Whole? 'tis not possible;
Drusius, they must be lost.
Drus. By Heaven, they are whole, sir,
And in brave doing; see, they wheel about
To gain more ground.
Pen. But see there, Drusius, see,
See that huge battle moving from the mountains!
Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales, their march
Like a rough tumbling storm; see 'em, and view 'em,
And then see Rome no more. Say they fail, look,
Look where the armed carts stand; a new army!
Look how they hang like falling rocks, as murdering!
Death rides in triumph, Drusius, fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.
Move me again when they charge, when the mountain
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their ax'trees
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em!
Till then, I'll dream what Rome was.

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, MACER, *and* Soldiers.

Suet. Oh, bravely fought!
Honour 'till now ne'er shew'd her golden face
I'the field: Like lions, gentlemen, you have held
Your heads up this day. Where's young Junius,
Curius, and Decius?
Pet. Gone to heaven, I think, sir.
Suet. Their worths go with 'em! Breathe a while. How do ye?
Pet. Well; some few scurvy wounds; my heart's whole yet.
Dem. 'Would they would give us more ground!
Suet. Give? we'll have it.
Pet. Have it? and hold it too, despite the devil.

Enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, *and* CURIUS.

Jun. Lead up to th' head, and line sure! The queen's battle
Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the general?
Suet. Oh, they are living yet.—Come, my brave soldiers,
Come, let me pour Rome's blessing on ye; Live,
Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.
Jun. Best;
We shall appear the sterner to the foe.
Dec. More wounds, more honour.
Pet. Lose no time.
Suet. Away then;
And stand this shock, ye have stood the world.
Pet. We'll grow to't.
Is not this better now than lousy loving?
Jun. I am myself, Petillius.
Pet. 'Tis I love thee. [*Exeunt* Romans.

Enter BONDUCA, CARATACH, Daughters, NENNIUS, *and* Soldiers.

Car. Charge 'em i' th' flanks! Oh, you have play'd the fool,
The fool extremely, the mad fool!
Bond. Why, cousin? [word
Car. The woman fool! Why did you give the
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people,
In gross before the enemy? We pay for't;
Our own swords cut our throats! Why, pox on't!
Why do you offer to command? The devil,
The devil, and his dam too! who bid you
Meddle in men's affairs?
Bond. I'll help all. [*Exeunt all but* CARATACH.
Car. Home,
Home and spin, woman, spin, go spin! you trifle.
Open before there, or all's ruin'd!—How?
[*Shouts within.*
Now comes the tempest on ourselves, by Heaven!
Within. Victoria!
Car. Oh, woman, scurvy woman, beastly woman! [*Exit.*
Drus. Victoria, victoria!
Pen. How's that, Drusius?
Drus. They win, they win, they win! Oh, look, look, look, sir,
For Heaven's sake, look! The Britons fly, the Britons fly! Victoria!

Enter SUETONIUS, Soldiers, *and* Captains.

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft, excellent soldiers!
Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans!
Oh, cool thy mettle, Junius; they are ours,
The world cannot redeem 'em: Stern Petillius,
Govern the conquest nobly. Soft, good soldiers!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BONDUCA, Daughters, *and* Britons *flying.*

Bond. Shame! whither fly ye, ye unlucky Britons?
Will ye creep into your mothers' wombs again?
Back, cowards! [me?
Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers! leave
Leave your queen desolate? her hapless children
To Roman rape again, and fury?

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO.

Car. Fly, ye buzzards!
Ye have wings enough, ye fear! Get thee gone, woman, [*Loud shout within.*
Shame tread upon thy heels! All's lost, all's lost!
Hark how the Romans ring our knells! [Hark,
[*Exeunt* BONDUCA, Daughters, *&c.*

Hengo. Good uncle,
Let me go too.
Car. No, boy; thy fortune's mine;
I must not leave thee. Get behind me; shake not;
I'll breech you, if you do, boy.—

Enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Come, brave Romans!
All is not lost yet.
Jun. Now I'll thank thee, Caratach.
[*Fight. Drums.*
Car. Thou art a soldier; strike home, home! Have at you!
Pen. His blows fall like huge sledges on an anvil.
Dec. I am weary.
Pet. So am I.
Car. Send more swords to me.
[*Exeunt* Britons.
Jun. Let's sit and rest. [*They sit down.*
Drus. What think you now?
Pen. Oh, Drusius,
I have lost mine honour, lost my name,
Lost all that was my light: These are true Romans,
And I a Briton coward, a base coward!
Guide me where nothing is but desolation,
That I may never more behold the face
Of man, or mankind know me! Oh, blind Fortune,
Hast thou abused me thus?
Drus. Good sir, be comforted;
It was your wisdom ruled you. Pray you go home;
Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
Shall be but foil unto it. [*Retreat.*
Pen. Fool, fool, coward!
[*Exeunt* PENIUS, *and* DRUSIUS *into the Tent.*

Enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, Soldiers, *drum and colours.*

Suet. Draw in, draw in!—Well have you fought, and worthy
Rome's noble recompense. Look to your wounds;
The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud queen
Has got a fort, and there she and her daughters
Defy us once again: To-morrow morning
We'll seek her out, and make her know our fortunes
Stop at no stubborn walls.—Come, sons of Honour,
True Virtue's heirs, thus hatch'd with Britain blood,
Let's march to rest, and set in gules like suns.
Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neighbours! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Roman Camp. The Tent of* JUNIUS.

Enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS, *and* DEMETRIUS, *singing.*

Pet. Smooth was his cheek,
Dec. And his chin it was sleek,
Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing!
Dem. Junius was this captain's name,
A lad for a lass's viewing.
Pet. Full black his eye, and plump his thigh,
Dec. Made up for love's pursuing.
Dem. Smooth was his cheek,
Pet. And his chin it was sleek,
Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing!

Pet. O my vex'd thief, art thou come home
Are thy brains perfect? [again?
Jun. Sound as bells.
Pet. Thy back-worm
Quiet, and cast his sting, boy?
Jun. Dead, Petillius,
Dead to all folly, and now my anger only——
Pet. Why, that's well said; hang Cupid and his quiver,
A drunken brawling boy! Thy honour'd saint
Be thy ten shillings, Junius; there's the money,
And there's the ware; square dealing: This but sweats thee

Like a nesh nag, and makes thee look pin-buttock'd;
The other runs thee whining up and down
Like a pig in a storm, fills thy brains full of ballads,
And shews thee like a long Lent, thy brave body
Turn'd to a tail of green fish without butter.
Dec. When thou lovest next, love a good cup of wine,
A mistress for a king! she leaps to kiss thee,
Her red and white's her own, she makes good blood,
Takes none away; what she heats sleep can help,
Without a groping surgeon.
Jun. I am counsel'd;
And henceforth, when I dote again——
Dem. Take heed;
Ye had almost paid for't.
Pet. Love no more great ladies; [in 'em:
Thou canst not step amiss then; there's no delight
All's in the whistling of their snatcht-up silks;
They're only made for handsome view, not hand-
Their bodies of so weak and wash a temper, [ling;
A rough-paced bed will shake them all to pieces;
A tough hen pulls their teeth out, tires their souls;
Plenæ rimarum sunt, they are full of rinnet,
And take the skin off where they're tasted: Shun
They live in cullisses, like rotten cocks, ['em;
Stew'd to a tenderness that holds no tack;
Give me a thing I may crush.
Jun. Thou speak'st truly:
The wars shall be my mistress now.
Pet. Well chosen!
For she's a bouncing lass; she'll kiss thee at night,
And break thy pate i' th' morning. [boy,
Jun. Yesterday
I found those favours infinite.
Dem. Wench good enough,
But that she talks too loud.
Pet. She talks to the purpose, [pling,
Which never woman did yet. She'll hold grap-
And he that lays on best is her best servant;
All other loves are mere catching of dottrels,
Stretching of legs out only, and trim laziness.
Here comes the general.

Enter SUETONIUS, CURIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. I'm glad I have found ye;
Are those come in yet that pursued bold Caratach?
Pet. Not yet, sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.
Suet. Then haste, Petillius, haste to Penius:
I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace
He has pull'd upon himself, will be his ruin;
I fear his soldiers' fury too: Haste presently;
I would not lose him for all Britain. Give him, Petillius——
Pet. That that shall choke him. [*Aside.*
Suet. All the noble counsel,
His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour——
Pet. For me, I think, as handsome—— [*Aside*
Suet. All the comfort;
And tell the soldier, 'twas on our command
He drew not to the battle.
Pet. I conceive, sir,
And will do that shall cure all.
Suet. Bring him with you
Before the queen's fort, and his forces with him;
There you shall find us following of our conquest.
Make haste!
Pet. The best I may. [*Exit.*
Suet. And, noble gentlemen,
Up to your companies! we'll presently
Upon the queen's pursuit. There's nothing done
Till she be seiz'd; without her, nothing won.
[*Exeunt. Short flourish.*

SCENE II.—*Open Country between the Camps.*

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO.

Car. How does my boy?
Hengo. I would do well; my heart's well;
I do not fear.
Car. My good boy!
Hengo. I know, uncle,
We must all die; my little brother died,
I saw him die, and he died smiling; sure
There's no great pain in't, uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither must we go when we are dead?
Car. Strange questions!—
Why, to the blessedest place, boy—Ever sweet-
And happiness dwells there. [ness
Hengo. Will you come to me?
Car. Yes, my sweet boy.
Hengo. Mine aunt too, and my cousins?
Car. All, my good child.
Hengo. No Romans, uncle?
Car. No, boy.
Hengo. I should be loth to meet them there.
Car. No ill men,
That live by violence, and strong oppression,
Come thither; 'tis for those the gods love, good men.
Hengo. Why, then, I care not when I go, for
I am persuaded they love me: I never [surely
Blasphemed 'em, uncle, nor transgressed my pa-
I always said my prayers. [rents;
Car. Thou shalt go then,
Indeed thou shalt.
Hengo. When they please.
Car. That's my good boy!
Art thou not weary, Hengo?
Hengo. Weary, uncle?
I have heard you say you have march'd all day in
Car. I have, boy. [armour.
Hengo. Am not I your kinsman?
Car. Yes.
Hengo. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In those brave things as blood?
Car. Thou art too tender.
Hengo. To go upon my legs? they were made to bear me.
I can play twenty mile a-day; I see no reason,
But to preserve my country and myself,
I should march forty.
Car. What wouldst thou be, living
To wear a man's strength!
Hengo. Why, a Caratach,
A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom.
Hark, [*Drum.*
Hark, uncle, hark! I hear a drum.

Enter JUDAS *and his* Soldiers, *and stand on one side of the stage.*

Judas. Beat softly,
Softly, I say: they are here. Who dare charge?
1 *Sold.* He
That dares be knock'd o' th' head: I'll not come near him.
Judas. Retire again, and watch then. How he stares! [well,
He has eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy

If we could take or kill him—A pox on ye,
How fierce ye look! See, how he broods the boy!
The devil dwells in's scabbard. Back, I say!
Apace, apace! he has found us. [*They retire.*
Car. Do ye hunt us? [rascal,
Hengo. Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin starved
The eating Roman, see where he thrids the thickets:
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him! one good blow
To knock his brains into his breech; strike's head
That I may piss in's face. [off
Car. Do ye make us foxes?—
Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place,
I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.— [boy!
Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels! [*Exit.*
Hengo. Now he pays 'em;
Oh, that I had a man's strength!

Enter JUDAS.

Judas. Here's the boy;
Mine own, I thank my fortune.
Hengo. Uncle, uncle!
Famine is fallen upon me, uncle.
Judas. Come, sir,
Yield willingly, (your uncle's out of hearing,)
I'll tickle your young tail else.
Hengo. I defy thee,
Thou mock-made man of mat! Charge home, sirrah!
Hang thee, base slave, thou shakest.
Judas. Upon my conscience,
The boy will beat me! how it looks, how bravely,
How confident the worm is! a scabb'd boy
To handle me thus!—Yield, or I cut thy head off.
Hengo. Thou darest not cut my finger; here 'tis, touch it.
Judas. The boy speaks sword and buckler! Pr'ythee yield, boy;
Come, here's an apple, yield.
Hengo. By Heaven, he fears me!
I'll give you sharper language:—When, ye coward,
When come ye up?
Judas. If he should beat me——
Hengo. When, sir? [me;
I long to kill thee! Come, thou canst not 'scape
I have twenty ways to charge thee, twenty deaths
Attend my bloody staff.
Judas. Sure 'tis the devil,
A dwarf devil in a doublet!
Hengo. I have killed [done,
A captain, sirrah, a brave captain, and when I have
I have kicked him thus. Look here; see how I
This staff! [charge
[*Kicks and beats him with the truncheon of* CARATACH.
Judas. Most certain this boy will cut my throat yet.

Enter two Soldiers *running.*

1 *Sold.* Flee, flee! he kills us.
2 *Sold.* He comes, he comes!
Judas. The devil take the hindmost!
[*Exeunt* JUDAS *and* Soldiers.
Hengo. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues, ye rank rogues!
'A comes, 'a comes, 'a comes, 'a comes! that's he,
What a brave cry they make! [boys!

Enter CARATACH *with a Head.*

Car. How does my chicken?
Hengo. 'Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great soldier;
For, by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon't,
I have out-brav'd Hunger.
Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy!
Here, here's a Roman's head for thee.
Hengo. Good provision!
Before I starve, my sweet-faced gentleman,
I'll try your favour.
Car. A right complete soldier!
Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of strength
(The country's full of scouts) to rest a while in;
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food a while, boy.
Hengo. Anything;
I can eat moss, nay, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.
Car. I warrant thee; come cheerfully.
Hengo. And boldly! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tent of* PENIUS.

Enter PENIUS, DRUSIUS, *and* REGULUS.

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve you.
Pen. Pray ye forsake me;
Look not upon me, as ye love your honours!
I am so cold a coward, my infection
Will choke your virtues like a damp else.
Drus. Dear captain!
Reg. Most honoured sir!
Pen. Most hated, most abhorred!
Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.
Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit!
Reg. Sure
His mind is dangerous.
Drus. The good gods cure it!
Pen. My honour, got through fire, through stubborn breaches, [heaven,
Through battles that have been as hard to win as
Through Death himself, in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen!
And now I am left to scornful tales and laughters,
To hootings at, pointing with fingers, 'That's he,
That's the brave gentleman forsook the battle,
The most wise Penius, the disputing coward.'
Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and kill
Cut out the coward from my heart! [me;
Reg. You are none.
Pen. He lies that says so; by Heaven, he lies, lies basely,
Baser than I have done! Come, soldiers, seek me;
I have robb'd ye of your virtues! Justice seek me,
I have broke my fair obedience! lost! Shame take me,
Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of me,
Shame, endless shame! and pray do you forsake
Drus. What shall we do? [me!
Pen. Good gentlemen, forsake me;
You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray do it,
And do not fear; for, as I am a coward,
I will not hurt myself, (when that mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help,) I dare not.
[*Throws himself upon the ground.*

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. Good-morrow, gentlemen! Where's the
Reg. There. [tribune?
Drus. Whence come you, good Petillius?
Pet. From the general.
Drus. With what, for Heaven's sake?
Pet. With good counsel, Drusius,
And love, to comfort him.

Drus. Good Regulus,
Step to the soldier and allay his anger;
For he is wild as winter.
[*Exeunt* Drusius *and* Regulus.
Pet. Oh, are you there? have at you!—Sure he's dead, [*Half aside.*
It cannot be he dare out-live this fortune;
He must die, 'tis most necessary; men expect it,
And thought of life in him goes beyond coward.
Forsake the field so basely? Fy upon't!
So poorly to betray his worth? So coldly
To cut all credit from the soldier? Sure
If this man mean to live, (as I should think it
Beyond belief,) he must retire where never
The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or honour,
Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,
Or strongly means it; he's no soldier else,
No Roman in him; all he has done but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. Now he rises.—
How does lord Penius?
Pen. As you see.
Pet. I am glad on't;
Continue so still. The lord general,
The valiant general, great Suetonius——
Pen. No more of me is spoken; my name's perished.
Pet. He that commanded fortune and the day,
By his own valour and discretion,
(When, as some say, Penius refused to come,
But I believe 'em not,) sent me to see you.
Pen. Ye are welcome; and pray see me, see
You shall not see me long. [me well;
Pet. I hope so, Penius.— [*Aside.*
The gods defend, sir!
Pen. See me and understand me: This is he,
Left to fill up your triumph; he that basely
Whistled his honour off to th' wind, that coldly
Shrunk in his politic head, when Rome, like reapers,
Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off; that fool,
That having gold and copper offered him,
Refused the wealth, and took the waste; that soldier,
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one hand that propounds us gods,
And in the other Glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt and be damned!
Pet. It was an error.
Pen. A foul one, and a black one.
Pet. Yet the blackest
May be washed white again.
Pen. Never.
Pet. Your leave, sir;
And I beseech you note me, for I love you,
And bring along all comfort: Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities? are our natures
More than men's natures? When we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?
Is there no medicine called sweet mercy?
Pen. None, Petillius:
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should; I have sinned beyond it.
Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults.
Pen. 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven;
'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion,
To be so stupid, to arrive at pardon!
Pet. Oh, but the general——
Pen. He is a brave gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and I dare say
He would, as far as honour durst direct him,
Make even with my fault; but 'tis not honest
Nor in his power: Examples that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
Must not be played withal; nor out of pity
Make a general forget his duty;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.
Pet. What would you do?
Pen. Die.
Pet. So would sullen children,
Women that want their wills, slaves disobedient,
That fear the law. Die? Fy, great captain! you
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
Under your regiment, and let your passion
Betray your reason? I bring you all forgiveness,
The noblest kind commends, your place, your honour——
Pen. Pr'ythee no more; 'tis foolish. Didst not thou
(By Heaven, thou didst; I overheard thee, there,
There where thou stand'st now) deliver me for rascal,
Poor, dead, cold, coward, miserable, wretched,
If I out-lived this ruin?
Pet. I?
Pen. And thou didst it nobly,
Like a true man, a soldier; and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee!
Pet. Since you are so justly made up, let me [tell you,
'Tis fit you die indeed.
Pen. Oh, how thou lovest me!
Pet. For say he had forgiven you, say the people's whispers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What must your own command think, from whose swords
You have taken off the edges, from whose valours
The due and recompense of arms; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew obedience? must not these kill you?
Say they are won to pardon you, by mere miracle
Brought to forgive you, what old valiant soldier,
What man that loves to fight, and fight for Rome,
Will ever follow you more? Dare you know these ventures?
If so, I bring you comfort; dare you take it?
Pen. No, no, Petillius, no.
Pet. If your mind serve you,
You may live still; but how?—yet pardon me:
You may out-wear all too;—but when?—and certain
There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will take't upon conditions.
Pen. No, by no means: I am only thinking now, sir,
(For I am resolved to go) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.
Pet. You shall not: you are a gentleman I honour,
I would else flatter you, and force you live,
Which is far baser. Hanging? 'tis a dog's death,
An end for slaves.
Pen. The fitter for my baseness.
Pet. Besides, the man that's hanged preaches his end,
And sits a sign for all the world to gape at.
Pen. That's true; I'll take a fitter; poison.

Pet. No,
'Tis equal ill; the death of rats and women,
Lovers, and lazy boys, that fear correction;
Die like a man.
Pen. Why, my sword, then.
Pet. Ay, if your sword be sharp, sir.
There's nothing under Heaven that's like your
Your sword's a death indeed! [sword;
Pen. It shall be sharp, sir.
Pet. Why, Mithridates was an arrant ass
To die by poison, if all Bosphorus
Could lend him swords: Your sword must do the deed:
'Tis shame to die choak'd, fame to die and bleed.
Pen. Thou hast confirm'd me; and, my good
Tell me no more I may live. [Petillius,
Pet. 'Twas my commission;
But now I see you in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.
Pen. Farewell, captain!
Be a good man, and fight well; be obedient;
Command thyself, and then thy men. Why shakest
Pet. I do not, sir. [thou?
Pen. I would thou hadst, Petillius!
I would find something to forsake the world with,
Worthy the man that dies: A kind of earthquake
Through all stern valours but mine own.
Pet. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.
Pen. Keep it still;
As thou lovest virtue, keep it.
Pet. And, brave captain,
The great and honour'd Penius!—
Pen. That again!
Oh, how it heightens me! again, Petillius!
Pet. Most excellent commander—
Pen. Those were mine!
Mine, only mine!
Pet. They are still.
Pen. Then, to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at ye!—Heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I am yours:
The work is done, [*Falls upon his sword.*
That neither fire, nor age, nor melting envy,
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words
To the great general: Kiss his hands, and say,
My soul I give to Heaven, my fault to justice,
Which I have done upon myself; my virtue,
If ever there was any in poor Penius.
Made more, and happier, light on him!—I faint—
And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.
I die: Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth!
[*Dies.*
Pet. And on my sin! Farewell, great Penius!—
The soldier is in fury; now I am glad [*Noise within.*
'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil;—for thee, the way of honour!
[*Exit.*

DRUSIUS, REGULUS, *and* Soldiers, *are heard without.*

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him!
Drus. What will ye do?
Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers—
Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him!
Drus. Kill us first: we command too.
Reg. Valiant soldiers,
Consider but whose life ye seek.—Oh, Drusius,
Bid him be gone; he dies else.—[DRUSIUS *enters.*]
—Shall Rome say,
Ye most approved soldiers, her dear children
Devoured the fathers of the fights? shall rage
And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter.
To slaughter of their own, to civil ruin?
Drus. Oh, let 'em in; all's done, all's ended, Regulus;
Penius has found his last eclipse. Come, soldiers.
Come and behold your miseries; come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody angers,
And here bestow your darts.—Oh, only Roman,
Oh, father of the wars!

Enter REGULUS *and* Soldiers.

Reg. Why stand ye stupid?
Where be your killing furies? whose sword now
Shall first be sheathed in Penius? Do ye weep?
Howl out, ye wretches, ye have cause; howl ever!
Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose valour
Preserve ye to the glory of your country?
Who shall march out before ye, coyed and courted,
By all the mistresses of war, care, counsel,
Quick-eyed experience, and victory twined to him?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your names, and keep your honours living,
When children fail, and Time, that takes all with
Build houses for ye to oblivion? [him,
Drus. Oh, ye poor desperate fools, no more now soldiers.
Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust rot 'em;
And humble your stern valours to soft prayers!
For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues;
The sun that warmed your bloods is set for ever.—
I'll kiss thy honoured cheek. Farewell, great Penius,
Thou thunderbolt, farewell!—Take up the body:
To-morrow morning to the camp convey it,
There to receive due ceremonies. That eye,
That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.
[*Exeunt, bearing out the body. A dead march.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Fort of* BONDUCA.

Enter SUETONIUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS, DEMETRIUS, CURIUS, *and* Soldiers: BONDUCA, *two* Daughters, *and* NENNIUS, *on the ramparts. Drums and colours.*

Suet. Bring up the catapults, and shake the
We will not be out-braved thus. [wall;
Nen. Shake the earth,
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,
And with their armed heads make the fort totter,
Ye do but rock us into death. [*Exit.*
Jun. See, sir,
See the Icenian queen in all her glory,
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes!
Dec. Yield, queen.
Bond. I am unacquainted with that language Roman. [mercy,
Suet. Yield, honour'd lady, and expect our
We love thy nobleness. [*Exit* DECIUS.
Bond. I thank ye! ye say well;
But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.
Suet. You cannot 'scape our strength; you must yield, lady:
You must adore and fear the power of Rome.
Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her?
She's vicious; and, your partial selves confess,
Aspires the height of all impiety;
Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatched houses where the Britons dwell
In careless mirth; where the bless'd household gods

See nought but chaste and simple purity.
'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;
But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stored,
Make people noble, and the place adored.
Suet. Beat the wall deeper!
Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not sink one thought.
Suet. I'll make ye.
Bond. No.

Enter PETILLIUS, *who whispers* SUETONIUS.

2 *Daugh.* O mother, these are fearful hours; speak gently
To these fierce men, they will afford ye pity.
Bond. Pity? Thou fearful girl, 'tis for those wretches
That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less?
Wast not thou born a princess? Can my blood,
And thy brave father's spirit, suffer in thee
So base a separation from thyself,
As mercy from these tyrants? Thou lovest lust sure,
And long'st to prostitute thy youth and beauty
To common slaves for bread. Say they had mercy,
The devil a relenting conscience,
The lives of kings rest in their diadems,
Which to their bodies lively souls do give,
And, ceasing to be kings, they cease to live.
Shew such another fear, and, by the Gods,
I'll fling thee to their fury.—
Suet. He is dead then?
Pet. I think so certainly; yet all my means, sir,
Even to the hazard of my life—
Suet. No more:
We must not seem to mourn here.

Enter DECIUS.

Dec. There is a breach made;
Is it your will we charge, sir!
Suet. Once more, mercy,
Mercy to all that yield!
Bond. I scorn to answer:—
Speak to him, girl,—and hear thy sister.
1 *Daugh.* General,
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me,
Directly in my face, my woman's face,
Whose only beauty is the hate it bears ye;
See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,
Into my soul, and see what there inhabits;
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,
Poor fortune's fools, we were not born for triumphs,
To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves
With hoots and acclamations.
Pet. Brave behaviour!
1 *Daugh.* The children of as great as Rome, as noble,
Our names before her, and our deeds her envy,
Must we gild o'er your conquest, make your state,
That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?
No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to 'scape ye,
To make ye poor again, indeed our prisoners,
And stick our triumphs full.
Pet. 'Sdeath, I shall love her!
1 *Daugh.* To torture ye with suffering, like our slaves;
To make ye curse our patience, wish the world
Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem [it]
The end of all ambitions.
Bond. Do ye wonder?
We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune;
In spite of all your eagles' wings, we'll work
A pitch above you; and from our height we'll stoop
As fearless of your bloody soars, and fortunate,
As if we prey'd on heartless doves.
Suet. Strange stiffness!
Decius, go charge the breach. [*Exit* DECIUS.
Bond. Charge it home, Roman;
We shall deceive thee else.—Where's Nennius!

Enter NENNIUS.

Nen. They have made a mighty breach.
Bond. Stick in thy body,
And make it good but half an hour.
Nen. I'll do it.
1 *Daugh.* And then be sure to die.
Nen. It shall go hard else.
Bond. Farewell, with all my heart! We shall meet yonder,
Where few of these must come. [*Exit.*
Nen. Gods take thee, lady!
Bond. Bring up the swords and poison.

Enter one with Swords and a great Cup of Poison.

2 *Daugh.* Oh, my fortune!
Bond. How, how, ye whore?
2 *Daugh.* Good mother, nothing to offend you.
Bond. Here, wench.—
Behold us, Romans!
Suet. Mercy yet.
Bond. No talking!
Puff! there goes all your pity.—Come, short prayers,
And let's dispatch the business! You begin;
Shrink not, I'll see you do't.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, gentle mother!
Oh, Romans! oh, my heart! I dare not.
Suet. Woman, woman,
Unnatural woman!
2 *Daugh.* Oh, persuade her, Romans!
Alas, I am young, and would live.—Noble mother,
Can ye kill that ye gave life? Are my years
Fit for destruction?
Suet. Yield, and be a queen still,
A mother, and a friend.
Bond. Ye talk!—Come, hold it,
And put it home.
1 *Daugh.* Fy, sister, fy!
What would you live to be?
Bond. A whore still?
2 *Daugh.* Mercy!
Suet. Hear her, thou wretched woman!
2 *Daugh.* Mercy, mother! [*Kneels.*
Oh, whither will you send me? I was once
Your darling, your delight.
Bond. Oh, gods! fear in my family?—Do it, and nobly.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, do not frown then.
1 *Daugh.* Do it, worthy sister;
'Tis nothing; 'tis a pleasure: We'll go with you.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, if I knew but whither!
1 *Daugh.* To the blessed:
Where we shall meet our father——
Suet. Woman!
Bond. Talk not.
1 *Daugh.* Where nothing but true joy is——
Bond. That's a good wench! [2 DAUGH. *drinks.*
Mine own sweet girl! put it close to thee.
2 *Daugh.* Oh,
Comfort me still, for Heaven's sake.
1 *Daugh.* Where eternal

hs are, and our beauties; where no wars
ul slaves to ravish us. [come,
gh. That steels me;
rewell to this world! [*Dies.*
Good; I'll help thee.
gh. The next is mine.——
a Roman lady in all your stories,
this for her honour; they are cowards,
s like compell'd cats: your great saint, Lucrece,
for honour; Tarquin tupt her well,
l she could not hold him, bled.
by Heaven,
love! I would give an hundred pound now
e with this woman's behaviour. Oh, the devil!
gh. Ye shall see me example: All your proud and loved ambition, [Rome,
lustful, all your ways of pleasure,
greedy, all the wealth ye conquer——
Make haste.
gh. I will.—[*Drinks.*]—Could not entice to live,
short hours, this frailty. Would ye learn
lie bravely, Romans, to fling off
of flesh, lose all your cares for ever?
we have done, well, and fear the gods;
nour, and not nations, with your swords;
ir minds humble, your devotions high;
ye learn the noblest part, to die. [*Dies.*
I come, wench.—To ye all, Fate's hang-men, you
e the aged Destinies, and cut
ads of kingdoms as they draw 'em! here,
draught would ask no less than Cæsar
e it for the glory's sake!

Cur. Great lady!
Suet. Make up your own conditions.
Bond. So we will.
Suet. Stay!
Dem. Stay!
Suet. Be anything.
Bond. A saint, Suetonius, [*Drinks.*
When thou shalt fear, and die like a slave. Ye fools,
Ye should have tied up Death first, when ye conquer'd;
Ye sweat for us in vain else: See him here!
He is ours still, and our friend; laughs at your pities;
And we command him with as easy reins
As do our enemies.—I feel the poison.—
Poor vanquish'd Romans, with what matchless tortures
Could I now rack ye! But I pity ye,
Desiring to die quiet: Nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my victory,
That I will give ye counsel ere I die:
If you will keep your laws and empire whole,
Place in your Roman flesh a Briton soul. [*Dies.*
Suet. Desperate and strange!

Enter Decius.

Dec. 'Tis won, sir, and the Britons
All put to th' sword.
Suet. Give her fair funeral;
She was truly noble, and a queen.
Pet. Pox take it,
A love-mange grown upon me! What a spirit!
Jun. I am glad of this! I have found you.
Pet. In my belly,
Oh, how it tumbles!
Jun. Ye good gods, I thank ye! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

ENE I.—*A mountainous Country.*

s discovered upon the Rock in the Back-ground, and Hengo *by him sleeping.*

Thus we afflicted Britons climb for safeties,
avoid our dangers, seek destructions;
awake to sorrows.—Oh, thou woman,
ent for adversities, what curses
belong to thy improvidence!
nie, by thy means, what sad millions
ws' weeping eyes! The strong man's valour
st betrayed to fury, the child's fortune
and want of friends; whose pieties
ipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows
of rest by his bless'd ancestors:
ins thou hast robb'd of all their wishes,
their blowing hopes, turned their songs,
rthful marriage-songs, to funerals;
l thou hast left a wilderness of wretches.—
begins to stir; thy safety made,
my soul were in heaven!
o. Oh, noble uncle,
t; I dreamed we were betray'd.
No harm, boy;
thy emptiness that breeds these fancies:
alt have meat anon.
[*A soft dead march within.*
o. A little, uncle.
And I shall hold out bravely.—What are those,
(Look, uncle, look!) those multitudes that march
They come upon us stealing by. [there?
Car. I see 'em;
And pr'ythee be not fearful.
Hengo. Now you hate me;—
'Would I were dead!
Car. Thou knowest I love thee dearly.
Hengo. Did I e'er shrink yet, uncle? Were I a man now
I should be angry with you.

Enter Drusus, Regulus, *and* Soldiers, *with* Penius's *Hearse, Drums, and Colours.*

Car. My sweet chicken!—
See, they have reached us; and, as it seems, they bear
Some soldier's body, by their solemn gestures,
And sad solemnities; it well appears too
To be of eminence.—Most worthy soldiers,
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble body that is, which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,
As if ye meant to woo the world and nature
To be in love with death? Most honourable
Excellent Romans, by your ancient valours,
As ye love fame, resolve me!
Sold. 'Tis the body

Of the great captain Penius, by himself
Made cold and spiritless.
Car. Oh, stay, ye Romans,
By the religion which ye owe those gods
That lead ye on to victories! by those glories
Which made even pride a virtue in ye!
Drus. Stay.—
What's thy will, Caratach?
Car. Set down the body,
The body of the noblest of all Romans;
As ye expect an offering at your graves
From your friends' sorrows, set it down a-while,
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,
(A noble enemy, that loves a soldier)
And lend a tear to virtue! Even your foes,
Your wild foes, as you called us, are yet stored
With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,
Though sometime stubborn, yet, when Virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers:
Oh, set it down!
Drus. Set down the body, soldiers.
Car. Thou hallowed relic, thou rich diamond,
Cut with thine own dust; thou, for whose wide fame
The world appears too narrow, man's all thoughts,
Had they all tongues, too silent: thus I bow
To thy most honour'd ashes! Though an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worths, sleep peaceably;
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
And make thy grave an everlasting triumph!
Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,
And honest arms adieu! All noble battles,
Maintain'd in thirst of honour, not of blood,
Farewell for ever!
Hengo. Was this Roman, uncle,
So good a man?
Car. Thou never knewest thy father.
Hengo. He died before I was born.
Car. This worthy Roman
Was such another piece of endless honour,
Such a brave soul dwelt in him; their proportions
And faces were not much unlike, boy.—Excellent nature!
See how it works into his eyes!—mine own boy!
Hengo. The multitudes of these men, and their fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet; one man's goodness—
Car. Oh, now thou pleasest me; weep still, my child,
As if thou saw'st me dead! with such a flux
Or flood of sorrow, still thou pleasest me.—
And, worthy soldiers, pray receive these pledges,
These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so much
To place 'em on his hearse. Now, if ye please,
Bear off the noble burden; raise his pile
High as Olympus, making Heaven to wonder
To see a star upon earth out-shining theirs:
And ever-loved, ever-living be
Thy honour'd and most sacred memory!
Drus. Thou hast done honestly, good Caratach;
And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous Romans
Shall sing thy soul to Heaven.—Now march on, soldiers.
[*Exeunt Romans. A dead march.*
Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.
Hengo. Are they all gone?
I could have wept this hour yet.
Car. Come, take cheer,
And raise thy spirit, child; if but this day
Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming
I'll fashion our escape.
Hengo. Pray fear not me;
Indeed I am very hearty.
Car. Be so still;
His mischiefs lessen, that controls his ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Roman Camp.*

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. What do I ail, i' th' name of Heaven? I did but see her,
And see her die; she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks. She was a woman,
A thing I never cared for; but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly—Oh, the devil,
I have the bots!—By Heaven, she scorned us strangely,
All we could do, or durst do; threaten'd us
With such a noble anger, and so govern'd
With such a fiery spirit—The plain bots!
A pox upon the bots, the love-bots! Hang me,
Hang me even out o' th' way, directly hang me!
Oh, penny pipers, and most painful penners
Of bountiful new ballads, what a subject
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,
Is crept upon ye!

Enter JUNIUS.

Jun. Here he is; have at him! [*Sings.*

She set the sword unto her breast,
Great pity it was to see,
That three drops of her life-warm blood,
Run trickling down her knee.

Art thou there, bonny boy? And i'faith how dost thou?
Pet. Well, gramercy; how dost thou?—He has found me,
Scented me out; the shame the devil owed me,
He has kept his day with.—And what news, Junius?

Jun. It was an old tale ten thousand times told,
Of a young lady was turn'd into mould,
Her life was lovely, her death it was bold.

Pet. A cruel rogue! now he has drawn pursuit on me,
He hunts me like a devil.—No more singing!
Thou hast got a cold: Come, let's go drink some [sack, boy.
Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Pet. Why dost thou laugh?
What mare's nest hast thou found?
Jun. Ha, ha, ha!
I cannot laugh alone:—Decius! Demetrius!
Curius!—oh, my sides! ha, ha, ha, ha!
The strangest jest!
Pet. Pr'ythee no more.
Jun. The admirablest fooling!
Pet. Thou art the prettiest fellow!
Jun. Sirs!
Pet. Why, Junius,
Pr'ythee, away, sweet Junius?
Jun. Let me sing then.
Pet. Whoa, here's a stir, now! *Sing a song o sixpence!*
By Heaven, if—pr'ythee—pox on't, Junius!
Jun. I must either sing or laugh.
Pet. And what's your reason?

Jun. What's that to you?
Pet. And I must whistle.
Jun. Do so.
Oh, I hear 'em coming.
Pet. I have a little business.
Jun. Thou shalt not go, believe it: What! a gentleman
Of thy sweet conversation?
Pet. Captain Junius,
Sweet captain, let me go with all celerity!
Things are not always one; and do not question,
Nor jeer, nor gibe: None of your doleful ditties,
Nor your sweet conversation; you will find then
I may be angered.
Jun. By no means, Petillius;
Anger a man that never knew passion?
'Tis most impossible: A noble captain,
A wise and generous gentleman?
Pet. Tom Puppy,
Leave this way to abuse me! I have found you,
But, for your mother's sake, I will forgive you.
Your subtile understanding may discover,
As you think, some trim toy to make you merry,
Some straw to tickle you; but do not trust to't;
You are a young man, and may do well; be sober,
Carry yourself discreetly.

Enter DECIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* CURIUS.

Jun. Yes, forsooth.
Dem. How does the brave Petillius?
Jun. Monstrous merry.
We two were talking what a kind of thing
I was when I was in love; what a strange monster
For little boys and girls to wonder at;
How like a fool I looked!
Dec. So they do all,
Like great dull slavering fools.
Jun. Petillius saw too.
Pet. No more of this; 'tis scurvy; peace!
Jun. How nastily,
Indeed how beastly, all I did became me!
How I forgot to blow my nose! There he stands,
An honest and a wise man; if himself
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
Should find himself in love——
Pet. I am angry.
Jun. Surely his wise self would hang his beastly self;
His understanding self so mawl his ass self——
Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the follies,
The poverties, and baseness, that belongs to't;
He has read upon the reformations long.
Pet. He has so.
Jun. 'Tis true, and he must do't: Nor is it fit
Any such coward—— [indeed
Pet. You'll leave prating?
Jun. Should dare come near the regiments, especially
Those curious puppies (for believe there are such)
That only love behaviours: Those are dog-whelps,
Dwindle away because a woman dies well;
Commit with passions only; fornicate
With the free spirit merely. You, Petillius,
For you have long observed the world——
Pet. Dost thou hear?
I'll beat thee damnably within these three hours!
Go pray; may be I'll kill thee. Farewell, Jackdaws! [*Exit* PETILLIUS.
Dec. What a strange thing he's grown!
Jun. I am glad he is so;
And stranger he shall be before I leave him.
Cur. Is't possible her mere death——
Jun. I observed him,
And found him taken, infinitely taken,
With her bravery; I have followed him,
And seen him kiss his sword since, court his scabbard,
Call *dying* dainty dear, her *brave mind* mistress;
Casting a thousand ways to give those forms,
That he might lie with 'em, and get old armours.
He had got me o' the hip once; it shall go hard,
But he shall find his own coin. [friends.

Enter MACER.

Dec. How now, Macer?
Is Judas yet come in?

Enter JUDAS.

Macer. Yes, and has lost
Most of his men too. Here he is.
Cur. What news?
Judas. I have lodged him; rouse him, he that dares!
Dem. Where, Judas?
Judas. On a steep rock i' th' woods, the boy too with him;
And there he swears he'll keep his Christmas, gentlemen,
But he will come away with full conditions,
Bravely, and like a Briton. He paid part of us;
Yet I think we fought bravely: For mine own part,
I was four several times at half-sword with him,
Twice stood his partizan; but the plain truth is,
He's a mere devil, and no man. I' th' end, he swinged us,
And swinged us soundly too: He fights by witchcraft;
Yet for all that I saw him lodged.
Jun. Take more men,
And scout him round. Macer, march you along.
What victuals has he?
Judas. Not a piece of biscuit,
Not so much as will stop a tooth, nor water
More than they make themselves: They lie
Just like a brace of bear-whelps, close, and crafty,
Sucking their fingers for their food.
Dec. Cut off then
All hope of that way; take sufficient forces.
Jun. But use no foul play, on your lives! that man
That does him mischief by deceit, I'll kill him.
Macer. He shall have fair play; he deserves it.
Judas. Hark ye!
What should I do there then? You are brave captains,
Most valiant men: Go up yourselves; use virtue;
See what will come on't; pray the gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye have felt him too: There ye shall find him,
His sword by his side, plums of a pound weight by him,
Will make your chops ache: You'll find it a more labour
To win him living, than climbing of a crow's next.
Dec. Away, and compass him; we shall come up,
I am sure, within these two hours. Watch him close.
Macer. He shall flee through the air, if he escape us.

Jun. What's this loud lamentation ?
[*A sad noise within.*
Macer. The dead body
Of the great Penius is new come to th' camp, sir.
Dem. Dead ?
Macer. By himself, they say.
Jun. I fear'd that fortune.
Cur. Peace guide him up to Heaven !
Jun. Away, good Macer.
[*Exeunt* MACER *and* JUDAS.

Enter SUETONIUS, DRUSIUS, REGULUS, *and* PETILLIUS.

Suet. If thou be'st guilty,
Some sullen plague, thou hat'st most, light upon
The regiment return on Junius ; [thee !
He well deserves it.
Pet. So !
Suet. Draw out three companies,
(Yours, Decius, Junius, and thou, Petillius,)
And make up instantly to Caratach ;
He's in the wood before ye : We shall follow,
After due ceremony done to th' dead,
The noble dead. Come, let's go burn the body.
[*Exeunt all but* PETILLIUS.
Pet. The regiment given from me ? disgraced
In love too with a trifle to abuse me ? [openly ?
A merry world, a fine world ! served seven years
To be an ass o' both sides ? sweet Petillius,
You have brought your hogs to a fine market ! You are wise, sir,
Your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,
An understanding gentleman ; your projects
Cast with assurance ever ! Wouldst not thou now
Be bang'd about the pate, Petillius ?
Answer to that, sweet soldier ! surely, surely,
I think you would ; pull'd by the nose, kick'd ? Hang thee,
Thou art the arrant'st rascal ! Trust thy wisdom
With anything of weight ? the wind with feathers !
Out, you blind puppy ! you command ? you govern ?
Dig for a groat a-day, or serve a swine herd,
Too noble for thy nature too !—I must up ;
But what I shall do there, let time discover.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The mountainous Country, with the Rock in the Back-ground.*

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS, *with meat and a bottle.*

Macer. Hang it o' th' side o' th' rock, as though the Britons
Stole hither to relieve him : Who first ventures
To fetch it off is ours. I cannot see him.
Judas. He lies close in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger.—Ha ! no ; 'tis not he.
Macer. 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs.
Judas. Pox shake 'em !
I am sure they shake me soundly.—There !
Macer. 'Tis nothing.
Judas. Make no noise ; if he stir, a deadly tempest
Of huge stones falls upon us. 'Tis done ! away, close ! [*Exeunt.*

CARATACH *appears on the rock.*

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child ; 'tis all thou feed'st on !
No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity,
To bring thee food ? Poor knave, thou art sick, extreme sick.
Almost grown wild for meat ; and yet thy goodness
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the woods
Are double lined with soldiers ; no way left us
To make a noble 'scape. I'll sit down by thee,
And, when thou wak'st, either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life i' th' purchase ; good Gods comfort thee ! [*Exit.*

Enter below JUNIUS, DECIUS, PETILLIUS, *and* Guide.

Guide. You are not far off now, sir.
Jun. Draw the companies
The closest way through the woods ; we'll keep on this way.
Guide. I will, sir : Half a furlong more you'll come
Within the sight o' th' rock. Keep on the left side,
You'll be discover'd else : I'll lodge your compa-
In the wild vines beyond ye. [nies
Dec. Do you mark him ?
[*Pointing to* PETILLIUS.
Jun. Yes, and am sorry for him.
Pet. Junius,
Pray let me speak two words with you.
Jun. Walk afore ;
I'll overtake you straight.
Dec. I will. [*Exit*
Jun. Now, captain ?
Pet. You have oft told me, you have loved me,
Jun. Most sure I told you truth then. [Junius.
Pet. And that love
Should not deny me any honest thing.
Jun. It shall not.
Pet. Dare you swear it ?
I have forgot all passages between us
That have been ill, forgiven too, forgot.
Jun. What would this man have ?—By the gods,
So it be fit to grant you. [I do, sir,
Pet. 'Tis most honest.
Jun. Why, then I'll do it.
Pet. Kill me.
Jun. How !
Pet. Pray kill me.
Jun. Kill you ?
Pet. Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly ;
Now kill me.
Jun. On what reason ? You amaze me !
Pet. If you do love me, kill me ; ask me not why :
I would be kill'd, and by you.
Jun. Mercy on me !
What ails this man ? Petillius !
Pet. Pray you dispatch me ;
You are not safe whilst I live : I am dangerous,
Troubled extremely, even to mischief, Junius,
An enemy to all good men. Fear not ; 'tis justice ;
I shall kill you else.
Jun. Tell me but the cause,
And I will do it.
Pet. I am disgraced, my service
Slighted and unrewarded by the general,
My hopes left wild and naked ; besides these,
I am grown ridiculous, an ass, a folly,
I dare not trust myself with : Pr'ythee, kill me !
Jun. All these may be redeem'd as easily
As you would heal your finger.
Pet. Nay——
Jun. Stay, I'll do it ;
You shall not need your anger. But first, Petillius,
You shall unarm yourself ; I dare not trust
A man so bent to mischief.

Pet. There's my sword, [*Gives up his sword.*
And do it handsomely.
Jun. Yes, I will kill you,
Believe that certain; but first I'll lay before you
The most extreme fool you have play'd in this,
The honour purposed for you, the great honour
The general intended you.
Pet. How?
Jun. And then I'll kill you,
Because you shall die miserable. Know, sir,
The regiment was given me, but till time
Call'd you to do some worthy deed, might stop
The people's ill thoughts of you for lord Penius,
I mean his death. How soon this time's come to
And hasted by Suetonius! "Go," says he, [you,
"Junius and Decius, and go thou, Petillius,"
(Distinctly, *thou, Petillius,*) "and draw up,
To take stout Caratach:" There's the deed pur-
A deed to take off all faults, of all natures: [posed,
"And *thou, Petillius,*" mark it! there's the ho-
And that done, all made even. [nour;
Pet. Stay!
Jun. No, I'll kill you.
He knew thee absolute, and full in soldier,
Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out,
According to the boldness of thy spirit,
A subject, such a subject——
Pet. Hark you, Junius!
I will live now.
Jun. By no means.—Woo'd thy worth,
Held thee by the chin up, as thou sunk'st, and shewed thee
How Honour held her arms out. Come, make
Since you will die an ass. [ready,
Pet. Thou wilt not kill me?
Jun. By Heaven, but I will, sir. I'll have no man dangerous
Live to destroy me afterward. Besides, you have gotten
Honour enough; let young men rise now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the general, (which is
One main cause you shall die, howe'er he carry it)
Such a strong doting on you, that I fear
You shall command in chief; how are we paid then?
Come, if you'll pray, dispatch it.
Pet. Is there no way?
Jun. Not any way to live.
Pet. I will do anything,
Redeem myself at any price: Good Junius,
Let me but die upon the rock, but offer
My life up like a soldier!
Jun. You will seek then
To outdo every man.
Pet. Believe it, Junius,
You shall go stroke by stroke with me.
Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble, and a soldier,
For ever these mad fancies?
Pet. Dare you trust me?
By all that's good and honest——
Jun. There's your sword then;
And now, come on a new man: Virtue guide thee!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO, *on the rock.*

Car. Courage, my boy! I have found meat: Look, Hengo,
Look where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink: Cheer up, boy;
Do not forsake me now!
Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I am heart-whole,
And would live.
Car. Thou shalt, long I hope.
Hengo. But my head, uncle!
Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS *below, and stand apart.*

Macer. Mark 'em well, Judas.
Judas. Peace, as you love your life!
Hengo. Do not you hear
The noise of bells?
Car. Of bells, boy? 'Tis thy fancy;
Alas, thy body's full of wind.
Hengo. Methinks, sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state: Nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet uncle! you will kill me sooner.
Car. Oh, my poor chicken!
Hengo. Fy, faint-hearted uncle!
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.
Car. I'll go myself, boy.
Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle!
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I desire; pray tie me!
Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee! Come, child,
My valiant child! [*Lets* HENGO *down by his belt.*
Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain
A Roman train: And you must hold me sure too,
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,
We'll be as merry ——
Car. Go, i' th' name of Heaven, boy!
Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle! I have it.—Oh!
[JUDAS *shoots* HENGO.
Car. What ail'st thou?
Hengo. Oh, my best uncle, I am slain!
Car. I see you,
[CARATACH *kills* JUDAS *with a stone, and draws up* HENGO.
And Heaven direct my hand!—Destruction
Go with thy coward soul!—How dost thou, boy?—
Oh, villain, pocky villain!
Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
Oh, how it pricks me (am I preserved for this?)
Extremely pricks me!
Car. Coward, rascal coward!
Dogs eat thy flesh!
Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard; I faint too; out upon't,
How sick I am!—The lean rogue, uncle!
Car. Look, boy;
I have laid him sure enough.
Hengo. Have you knock'd his brains out?
Car. I warrant thee for stirring more: Cheer up, child.
Hengo. Hold my sides hard; stop, stop; oh, wretched fortune,
Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.
Car. Heaven look upon this noble child!
Hengo. I once hoped
I should have lived to have met these bloody Romans
At my sword's point, to have revenged my father,
To have beaten 'em. Oh, hold me hard! But, uncle—
Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?
Hengo. You draw away my soul then; I would live

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Speaker of the Prologue, The Citizen, The Citizen's Wife, Ralph, *his Apprentice*, } *sitting below amidst the Spectators.*
Venterwell, *a rich Merchant, Father of* Luce.
Jasper, *his Apprentice.*
Master Humphrey, *a Friend to the Merchant.*
Old Master Merrythought, *Father of* Jasper *and* Michael.
Michael, *Second Son of* Mistress Merrythought.
Tim, *acting as Squire* } *to* Ralph.
George, *acting as Dwarf* } *to* Ralph.
Host.
Barber.
Tapster.
Three supposed Knights.
A Captain.
William Hamerton.
George Greengoose.
Sergeant.
Soldiers.
Boy, *that danceth and singeth.*
Luce, *the Merchant's Daughter, beloved of, and loving* Jasper.
Mistress Merrythought, Jasper's *Mother.*
Woman Captive.
Pompiona, *Princess of Moldavia.*

SCENE,—London, and the neighbouring Country, excepting Act IV., Scene II., where it is in Moldavia.

INDUCTION.

Enter Speaker of the Prologue. *The* Citizen, *his* Wife, *and* Ralph, *sitting below the stage among the* Spectators. *Several* Gentlemen *sitting upon the Stage.*

Prologue. *From all that's near the court, from all that's great*
Within the compass of the city-walls,
We now have brought our scene——

Citizen *leaps upon the Stage.*

Cit. Hold your peace, goodman boy!

Prol. What do you mean, sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: This seven years there hath been plays at this house, I have observed it, you have still girds at citizens; and now you call your play, "The London Merchant." Down with your title, boy, down with your title!

Prol. Are you a member of the noble city?

Cit. I am.

Prol. And a freeman?

Cit. Yea, and a grocer.

Prol. So, grocer; then, by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the city.

Cit. No, sir? yes, sir; if you were not resolved to play the Jacks, what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your betters? Why could not you be contented, as well as others, with the legend of Whittington, or the Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, with the building of the Royal Exchange? or the story of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London-Bridge upon wool-sacks?

Prol. You seem to be an understanding man; what would you have us do, sir?

Cit. Why, present something notably in honour of the commons of the city.

Prol. Why, what do you say to the Life and Death of fat Drake, or the Repairing of Fleet Privies?

Cit. I do not like that; but I will have a citizen, and he shall be of my own trade.

Prol. Oh, you should have told us your mind a month since; our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that; I will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

Prol. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry, I will have him——

Wife. [*Below.*] Husband, husband!

Ralph. [*Below.*] Peace, mistress!

Wife. Hold thy peace, Ralph; I know what I do, I warrant thee. Husband, husband!

Cit. What say'st thou, cony?

Wife. Let him kill a lion with a Pestle, husband! let him kill a lion with a Pestle!

Cit. So he shall: I'll have him kill a lion with a Pestle.

Wife. Husband! shall I come up, husband?

Cit. Ay, cony.—Ralph, help your mistress this way.—Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room. I pray you, sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife: I thank you, sir; so!

[Wife *comes upon the Stage.*

Wife. By your leave, gentlemen all! I'm something troublesome! I'm a stranger here; I was ne'er at one of these plays, as they say, before; but I should have seen Jane Shore once; and my husband hath promised me any time this twelvemonth, to carry me to the Bold Beauchamps, but in truth he did not. I pray you bear with me.

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools, and then begin; and let the grocer do rare things. [*Stools are brought, and they sit down.*

Prol. But, sir, we have never a boy to play him: Every one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, husband, for God's sake, let Ralph play him: Beshrew me, if I do not think he will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remember'd, wife.—Come up, Ralph! I'll tell you, gentlemen; let them but lend him a suit of reparrel, and necessaries, and, by gad, if any of them all blow wind in the tail on him, I'll be hanged. [Ralph *comes on the Stage.*

Wife. I pray you, youth, let him have a suit of reparrel! I'll be sworn, gentlemen, my husband tells you true: He will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him; he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feared I warrant you, that we quake again. We'll fear our children with him; if they be never so unruly, do but cry, "Ralph comes, Ralph comes," to them, and they'll be as

quiet as lambs.—Hold up thy head, Ralph; shew the gentleman what thou canst do; speak a huffing part; I warrant you the gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do, Ralph, do.

Ralph. By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the sea,
Where never fathom-line touch'd any ground,
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell.

Cit. How say you, gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, gentlemen, he hath played before, my husband says, Musidorus, before the wardens of our company.

Cit. Ay, and he should have played Jeronimo with a shoemaker for a wager.

Prol. He shall have a suit of apparel, if he will go in.

Cit. In, Ralph, in, Ralph! and set out the grocery in their kind, if thou lovest me.

Wife. I warrant our Ralph will look finely when he's dress'd.

Prol. But what will you have it call'd?

Cit. "The Grocer's Honour."

Prol. Methinks "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" were better.

Wife. I'll be sworn, husband, that's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so; begin, begin; my wife and I will sit down.

Prol. I pray you do.

Cit. What stately music have you? you have shaums?

Prol. Shaums? No.

Cit. No? I'm a thief if my mind did not give me so. Ralph plays a stately part, and he must needs have shaums: I'll be at the charge of them myself, rather than we'll be without them.

Prol. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why, and so I will be: There's two shillings; let's have the waits of Southwark! they are as rare fellows as any are in England, and that will fetch them all o'er the water, with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

Prol. You shall have them. Will you sit down then?

Cit. Ay.—Come, wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all, gentlemen; I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

Prol. *From all that's near the court, from all that's great*
Within the compass of the city-walls,
We now have brought our scene: Fly far from hence
All private taxes, [all] immodest phrases,
Whatever may but shew like vicious!
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleased with honest things.—

Thus much for what we do; but, for Ralph's part, you must answer for yourself.

Cit. Take you no care for Ralph; he'll discharge himself, I warrant you.

Wife. I'faith, gentlemen, I'll give my word for Ralph.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* VENTERWELS.

Enter VENTERWELS *and* JASPER.

Vent. Sirrah, I'll make you know you are my prentice,
And whom my charitable love redeem'd
Even from the fall of fortune; gave thee heat
And growth, to be what now thou art, new-cast
Adding the trust of all I have, at home, [thee;
In foreign staples, or upon the sea,
To thy direction; tied the good opinions
Both of myself and friends to thy endeavours;
So fair were thy beginnings: But with these,
As I remember, you had never charge
To love your master's daughter; and even then
When I had found a wealthy husband for her;
I take it, sir, you had not? But, however,
I'll break the neck of that commission,
And make you know you're but a merchant's factor.

Jasp. Sir, I do liberally confess I am yours,
Bound both by love and duty to your service,
In which my labour hath been all my profit;
I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honest gains upon my back;
Nor have I given a pension to my blood,
Or lavishly in play consumed your stock:
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence proclaim are strangers
To all my temperate actions. For your daughter
If there be any love to my deservings
Borne by her virtuous self, I cannot stop it;
Nor am I able to refrain her wishes:
She is private to herself, and best of knowledge
Whom she will make so happy as to sigh for.
Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,
One that hath little left of nature in him.

Vent. 'Tis very well, sir; I can tell your wisdom
How all this shall be cured

Jasp. Your care becomes you.

Vent. And thus it must be, sir: I here discharge you
My house and service; take your liberty;
And when I want a son I'll send for you. [*Exit.*

Jasp. These be the fair rewards of them that love.
Oh, you that live in freedom never prove
The travail of a mind led by desire!

Enter LUCE.

Luce. Why, how now, friend? struck with my father's thunder?

Jasp. Struck, and struck dead, unless the remedy
Be full of speed and virtue; I am, now,
What I expected long, no more your father's.

Luce. But mine?

Jasp. But yours, and only yours, I am;
That's all I have to keep me from the statute.
You dare be constant still?

Luce. Oh, fear me not!
In this I dare be better than a woman.
Nor shall his anger nor his offers move me,
Were they both equal to a prince's power.
Jasp. You know my rival?
Luce. Yes, and love him dearly;
Even as I love an ague, or foul weather:
I pr'ythee, Jasper, fear him not!
Jasp. Oh, no;
I do not mean to do him so much kindness.
But to our own desires: You know the plot
We both agreed on?
Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.
Jasp. I desire no more.
Farewell, and keep my heart; 'tis yours.
Luce. I take it;
He must do miracles, makes me forsake it.
[*Exeunt.*

"*Cit.* Fy upon 'em, little infidels! what a matter's here now? Well, I'll be hang'd for a halfpenny, if there be not some abomination knavery in this play. Well; let 'em look to't; Ralph must come, and if there be any tricks a-brewing—

"*Wife.* Let 'em brew and bake too, husband, a' God's name; Ralph will find all out. I warrant you, an they were older than they are.—I pray, my pretty youth, is Ralph ready?

"*Boy.* He will be presently.

"*Wife.* Now, I pray you, make my commendations unto him, and withal, carry him this stick of liquorice; tell him his mistress sent it him; and bid him bite a piece; 'twill open his pipes the better, say." [*Exit* Boy.

Enter VENTERWELS *and* Master HUMPHREY.

Vent. Come, sir, she's yours; upon my faith, she's yours;
You have my hand: for other idle lets,
Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind
They are scattered, and no more. My wanton prentice,
That like a bladder blew himself with love,
I have let out, and sent him to discover
New masters yet unknown.
Hum. I thank you, sir,
Indeed I thank you, sir; and, ere I stir,
It shall be known, however you do deem,
I am of gentle blood, and gentle seem.
Vent. Oh, sir, I know it certain.
Hum. Sir, my friend,
Although, as writers say, all things have end,
And that we call a pudding hath his two,
Oh, let it not seem strange, I pray to you,
If in this bloody simile I put
My love, more endless than frail things or gut.

"*Wife.* Husband, I pr'ythee, sweet lamb, tell me one thing; but tell me truly.—Stay, youths, I beseech you, till I question my husband.

"*Cit.* What is it, mouse?

"*Wife.* Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier child? how it behaves itself, I warrant ye! and speaks and looks, and perts up the head! I pray you, brother, with your favour, were you never none of Master Moncaster's scholars?

"*Cit.* Chicken, I pr'ythee heartily contain thyself; the childer are pretty childer; but when Ralph comes, lamb——

"*Wife.* Ay, when Ralph comes, cony!—Well, my youth, you may proceed."

Vent. Well, sir; you know my love, and rest, I hope,
Assured of my consent; get but my daughter's,
And wed her when you please. You must be bold,
And clap in close unto her; come, I know
You have language good enough to win a wench.

"*Wife.* A whoreson tyrant! 'hath been an old stringer in his days, I warrant him!"

Hum. I take your gentle offer, and withal
Yield love again for love reciprocal.
Vent. What, Luce! within there!

Enter LUCE.

Luce. Call'd you, sir?
Vent. I did;
Give entertainment to this gentleman;
And see you be not froward.—To her, sir!
My presence will but be an eye-sore to you.
[*Exit*

Hum. Fair mistress Luce, how do you? are you well?
Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell
How doth your little sister, and your brother?
And whether you love me or any other?
Luce. Sir, these are quickly answered.
Hum. So they are,
Where women are not cruel. But how far
Is it now distant from the place we are in,
Unto that blessed place, your father's warren?
Luce. What makes you think of that, sir?
Hum. Even that face;
For stealing rabbits whilome in that place,
God Cupid, or the keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,
And there began——
Luce. Your game, sir?
Hum. Let no game,
Or anything that tendeth to the same,
Be ever more remember'd, thou fair killer,
For whom I sate me down and brake my tiller.

"*Wife.* There's a kind gentleman, I warrant you; when will you do as much for me, George?"

Luce. Beshrew me, sir, I'm sorry for your losses;
But, as the proverb says, 'I cannot cry;'
I would you had not seen me!
Ham. So would I,
Unless you had more maw to do me good.
Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion be withstood?
Send for a constable, and raise the town.
Hum. Oh, no, my valiant love will batter down
Millions of constables, and put to flight
Even that great watch of Midsummer-day at night.
Luce. Beshrew me, sir, 'twere good I yielded then;
Weak women cannot hope, where valiant men
Have no resistance.
Hum. Yield then; I am full
Of pity, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my pocket thus a pair of gloves.
Look, Lucy, look; the dog's tooth, nor the dove's,
Are not so white as these; and sweet they be,
And whipt about with silk, as you may see.
If you desire the price, shoot from your eye
A beam to this place, and you shall espy
F S, which is to say, my sweetest honey,
They cost me three and two-pence, or no money.
Luce. Well, sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you:
What would you more?

Hum. Nothing.
Luce. Why then, farewell!
Hum. Nor so, nor so; for, lady, I must tell,
Before we part for what we met together;
God grant me time, and patience, and fair weather!
Luce. Speak, and declare your mind in terms so brief.
Hum. I shall; then first and foremost, for relief
I call to you, if that you can afford it;
I care not at what price, for on my word, it
Shall be repaid again, although it cost me
More than I'll speak of now; for love hath toss'd [me
In furious blanket like a tennis-ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.
Luce. Alas, good gentleman, alas the day!
Hum. I thank you heartily; and, as I say,
Thus do I still continue without rest,
I' th' morning like a man, at night a beast,
Roaring and bellowing mine own disquiet,
That much I fear, forsaking of my diet
Will bring me presently to that quandary,
I shall bid all adieu.
Luce. Now, by St. Mary,
That were great pity!
Hum. So it were, beshrew me;
Then ease me, lusty Luce, and pity shew me.
Luce. Why, sir, you know my will is nothing worth
Without my father's grant; get his consent,
And then you may with [full] assurance try me.
Hum. The worshipful your sire will not deny me,
For I have ask'd him, and he hath replied,
'Sweet master Humphrey, Luce shall be thy bride.'
Luce. Sweet master Humphrey, then I am con- [tent.
Hum. And so am I, in truth.
Luce. Yet take me with you;
There is another clause must be annex'd,
And this it is: I swore, and will perform it,
No man shall ever 'joy me as his wife,
But he that stole me hence: If you dare venture,
I'm yours (you need not fear; my father loves you)
If not, farewell for ever!
Hum. Stay, nymph, stay!
I have a double gelding, colour'd bay,
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind;
Another for myself, though somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty tree.
Luce. I'm satisfied;
And so I give my hand. Our course must lie
Through Waltham-Forest, where I have a friend
Will entertain us. So farewell, Sir Humphrey,
And think upon your business! [*Exit* LUCE.
Hum. Though I die,
I am resolved to venture life and limb,
For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim.
[*Exit* HUMPHREY.

"*Wife.* By my faith and troth, George, and as I am virtuous, it is e'en the kindest young man that ever trod on shoe-leather. Well, go thy ways; if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault, faith.

"*Cit.* I pr'ythee, mouse, be patient! a' shall have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoke for't.

"*Wife.* That's my good lamb, George. Fy! this stinking tobacco kills men! 'would there were none in England! Now I pray, gentlemen, what good does this stinking tobacco do you? nothing, I warrant you; make chimnies a' your faces!"

SCENE II.—*A Grocer's Shop.*

Enter RALPH, *like a Grocer, with two Apprentices, reading Palmerin of England.*

"*Wife.* Oh, husband, husband, now, now! there's Ralph, there's Ralph."

"*Cit.* Peace, fool! let Ralph alone.—Hark you, Ralph; do not strain yourself too much at the first. Peace! Begin, Ralph."

Ralph. [*Reads.*] Then Palmerin and Trineus, snatching their lances from their dwarfs, and clasping their helmets, gallop'd amain after the giant; and Palmerin having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, 'Stay, traitorous thief! for thou mayst not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest lord in the world;' and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he struck him besides his elephant. And Trineus coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck broken in the fall; so that the princess getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, "All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me.'

I wonder why the kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the prince of Portigo brought against Rosicler, and destroy these giants; they do much hurt to wandering damsels, that go in quest of their knights.

"*Wife.* 'Faith, husband, and Ralph says true; for they say the king of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins will come and snatch it from him

"*Cit.* Hold thy tongue.—On, Ralph!"

Ralph. And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the desarts, to relieve poor ladies.

"*Wife.* Ay, by my faith are they, Ralph; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest."

Ralph. There are no such courteous and fair well-spoken knights in this age: They will call one the *son of a whore*, that Palmerin of England would have call'd *fair sir;* and one that Rosicler would have called *right beauteous damsel*, they will call *damn'd bitch.*

"*Wife.* I'll be sworn will they, Ralph; they have called me so an hundred times, about a scurvy pipe of tobacco."

Ralph. But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flappet of wood, and a blue apron before him, selling Methridatam and dragons' water to visited houses, that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess?

"*Cit.* Well said, Ralph; some more of those words, Ralph!

"*Wife.* They go finely, by my troth."

Ralph. Why should not I then pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all the worthy books of atchievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a Grocer-Errant; I will be the said Knight —Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be

pourtrayed a Burning Pestle, and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

"*Wife.* Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek."

Ralph. Tim!

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved squire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name, but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle;* and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but *fair lady*, if she have her desires; if not, *distressed damsel;* that you call all forests and heaths, *desarts*, and all horses, *palfries!*

"*Wife.* This is very fine!—'Faith, do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, husband?

"*Cit.* Ay, I warrant thee; the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him."

Ralph. My beloved squire Tim, stand out: Admit this were a desart, and over it a knight-errant pricking, and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. 'Sir, my master sent me to know whither you are riding?'

Ralph. No! thus; 'Fair sir! the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle* commanded me to enquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed damsels, or otherwise.'

"*Cit.* Whoreson blockhead, cannot remember!

"*Wife.* I'faith, and Ralph told him on't before; all the gentlemen heard him; did he not, gentlemen? did not Ralph tell him on't?"

George. *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, here is a distressed damsel, to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

"*Wife.* That's a good boy! see, the little boy can hit it: by my troth, it's a fine child."

Ralph. Relieve her with all courteous language.
Now shut up shop; no more my 'prentice, but
My trusty squire and dwarf. I must bespeak
My shield, and arming Pestle.

"*Cit.* Go thy ways, Ralph! As I am a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

"*Wife.* Ralph, Ralph!

"*Ralph.* What say you, mistress?

"*Wife.* I pr'ythee come again quickly, sweet Ralph.

"*Ralph.* Bye-and-bye." [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter JASPER *and* MRS. MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mrs. Mer. Give thee my blessing? No, I'll ne'er give thee my blessing; I'll see thee hang'd first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing: Thou art thy father's own son, of the right blood of the Merrythoughts; I may curse the time that e'er I knew thy father; he hath spent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings, and cries, 'A merry heart lives long-a.' And thou art a wastethrift, and art run away from thy master, that loved thee well, and art come to me; and I have laid up a little for my younger son Michael, and thou think'st to 'bezzle that, but thou shalt never be able to do it.

Enter MICHAEL.

Come hither, Michael; come, Michael; down on thy knees: Thou shalt have my blessing.

Mich. [*Kneels.*] I pray you, mother, pray to God to bless me!

Mrs. Mer. God bless thee! but Jasper shall never have my blessing; he shall be hanged first, shall he not, Michael? how sayst thou?

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother, and grace of God.

Mrs. Mer. That's a good boy!

"*Wife.* I'faith, it's a fine spoken child!"

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a parent's love,
I must preserve the duty of a child.
I ran not from my master, nor return
To have your stock maintain my idleness.

"*Wife.* Ungracious child, I warrant him! hark, how he chops logic with his mother: Thou hadst best tell her she lies; do, tell her she lies.

"*Cit.* If he were my son, I would hang him up by the heels, and flea him, and salt him, whoreson halter-sack!"

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your love,
Which I must ever, though I never gain it;
And, howsoever you esteem of me,
There is no drop of blood hid in these veins,
But I remember well belongs to you,
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mrs. Mer. I'faith, I had sorrow enough for thee (God knows;) but I'll hamper thee well enough.—Get thee in, thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael.

Mer. [*Singing within.*] Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And who gave thee this jolly red nose?

Mrs. Mer. Hark, my husband! he's singing and hoiting; and I'm fain to carck and care, and all little enough.—Husband! Charles! Charles Merrythought!

Enter Old MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mer. [*Singing.*] Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon, and cloves;
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

Mrs. Mer. If you would consider your state, you would have little lust to sing, I wis.

Mer. It should never be considered, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou do, Charles? thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, and laughest.

Mer. And will do.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, Charles?

Mer. How? Why, how have I done hitherto these forty years? I never came into my dining-room, but, at eleven and six o'clock, I found excellent meat and drink o' th' table; my clothes were never worn out, but next morning a taylor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever! Use makes perfectness; if all should fail, it is but a little straining myself extraordinary, and laugh myself to death.

"*Wife.* It's a foolish old man this; is not he, George?

"*Cit.* Yes, cony——

"*Wife.* Give me a penny i' th' purse while I live, George.

"*Cit.* Ay, by'r lady, cony, hold thee there!"

Mrs. Mer. Well, Charles; you promised to provide for Jasper, and I have laid up for Michael: I pray you pay Jasper his portion; he's come home, and he shall not consume Michael's stock; he says his master turned him away, but I promise you truly I think he ran away.

"*Wife.* No, indeed, mistress Merrythought, though he be a notable gallows, yet I'll assure you his master did turn him away, even in this place; 'twas, i'faith, within this half-hour, about his daughter; my husband was by.

"*Cit.* Hang him, rogue! he served him well enough: Love his master's daughter? By my troth, cony, if there were a thousand boys, thou wouldst spoil them all, with taking their parts; let his mother alone with him.

"*Wife.* Ay, George, but yet truth is truth."

Mer. Where is Jasper? he's welcome, however. Call him in; he shall have his portion. Is he merry?

Mrs. Mer. Ay, foul chive him, he is too merry. Jasper! Michael!

Enter JASPER *and* MICHAEL.

Mer. Welcome, Jasper! though thou runn'st away, welcome! God bless thee! 'Tis thy mother's mind thou shouldst receive thy portion; thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to govern it; thou art of sufficient years; hold thy hand: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there is ten shillings for thee; thrust thyself into the world with that, and take some settled course: If Fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me; I have twenty shillings left. Be a good husband; that is, wear ordinary clothes, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink; be merry, and give to the poor, and, believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still!
But, father——

Mer. No more words, Jasper; get thee gone! Thou hast my blessing; thy father's spirit upon thee! Farewell, Jasper!

But yet, or ere you part (oh, cruel!)
Kiss me, kiss me, sweeting, mine own dear jewel!

So; now begone; no words! [*Exit* JASPER.

Mrs. Mer. So, Michael; now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother; but I'll have my father's blessing first.

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael; 'tis no matter for his blessing; thou hast my blessing; be gone. I'll fetch my money and jewels, and follow thee. I'll stay no longer with him, I warrant thee.—Truly, Charles, I'll be gone too.

Mer. What! you will not?

Mrs. Mer. Yes, indeed will I.

Mer. [*Sings.*] Hey-ho, farewell, Nan!
I'll never trust wench more again, if I can.

Mrs. Mer. You shall not think (when all your own is gone) to spend that I have been scraping up for Michael.

Mer. Farewell, good wife! I expect it not; all I have to do in this world, is to be merry; which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me; and if it be, [*Sings.*

When earth and seas from me are reft,
The skies aloft for me are left. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI.

"*Wife.* I'll be sworn he's a merry old gentleman, for all that. Hark, hark, husband, hark! fiddles, fiddles! [*Music.*] now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present death for these fiddlers to tune their rebecks before the great Turk's grace; is't not, George! [*Boy danceth.*] But look, look! here's a youth dances! now, good youth, do a turn o' th' toe. Sweetheart, i'faith I'll have Ralph come and do some of his gambols; he'll ride the wild-mare, gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him. I thank you, kind youth; pray bid Ralph come.

"*Cit.* Peace, cony!—Sirrah, you scurvy boy, bid the players send Ralph; or, by God's wounds, an they do not, I'll tear some of their perriwigs beside their heads; this is all riff-raff."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* VENTERWELS.

Enter VENTERWELS *and* Master HUMPHREY.

Vent. And how, i'faith, how goes it now, son Humphrey?

Hum. Right worshipful, and my beloved friend
And father dear, this matter's at an end.

Vent. 'Tis well; it should be so: I'm glad the girl
Is found so tractable.

Hum. Nay, she must whirl
From hence, (and you must wink; for so, I say,
The story tells) to-morrow before day.

"*Wife.* George, dost thou think in thy conscience now 'twill be a match? tell me but what thou think'st, sweet rogue: Thou seest the poor gentleman (dear heart!) how it labours and throbs, I warrant you, to be at rest: I'll go move the father for't.

"*Cit.* No, no; I pr'ythee sit still, honey-suckle; thou'lt spoil all: If he deny him, I'll bring half-a-dozen good fellows myself, and in the shutting of an evening knock it up, and there's an end.

"*Wife.* I'll buss thee for that, i'faith, boy! Well, George, well, you have been a wag in your days, I warrant you; but God forgive you, and I do with all my heart."

Vent. How was it, son? you told me that to-morrow
Before day-break, you must convey her hence.

Hum. I must, I must; and thus it is agreed:
Your daughter rides upon a brown-bay steed,
I on a sorrel, which I bought of Brian,
The honest host of the red roaring Lion,
In Waltham situate: Then if you may,
Consent in seemly sort; lest by delay,
The fatal sisters come, and do the office,
And then you'll sing another song.

Vent. Alas,
Why should you be thus full of grief to me.

That do as willing as yourself agree
To anything, so it be good and fair?
Then steal her when you will, if such a pleasure
Content you both; I'll sleep and never see it,
To make your joys more full. But tell me why
You may not here perform your marriage?

"*Wife.* God's blessing o' thy soul, old man! i'faith, thou art loth to part true hearts. I see a' has her, George; and I'm as glad on't!—Well, go thy ways, Humphrey, for a fair-spoken man; I believe thou hast not thy fellow within the walls of London; an I should say the suburbs too, I should not lie. Why dost not rejoice with me, George?

"*Cit.* If I could but see Ralph again, I were as merry as mine host, i'faith."

Hum. The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare:
(Help me, oh, muses nine!) Your daughter sware
A foolish oath, the more it was the pity;
Yet no one but myself within this city
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance
Shall meet him, were he of the noble science.
And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear?
Truly I cannot tell, unless it were
For her own ease; for sure sometimes an oath,
Being sworn thereafter, is like cordial broth:
And this it was she swore, never to marry,
But such a one whose mighty arm could carry
(As meaning me, for I am such a one)
Her bodily away, through stick and stone,
Till both of us arrive at her request,
Some ten miles off, in the wild Waltham-Forèst.

Vent. If this be all, you shall not need to fear
Any denial in your love; proceed;
I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed.

Hum. Good night, twenty good nights, and twenty more,
And twenty more good nights, that makes three-score! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Night. Waltham Forest.*

Enter Mrs. Merrythought *and* Michael.

Mrs. Mer. Come, Michael; art thou not weary, boy?

Mich. No, forsooth, mother, not I.

Mrs. Mer. Where be we now, child?

Mich. Indeed, forsooth, mother, I cannot tell, unless we be at Mile-End: Is not all the world Mile-End, mother?

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael, not all the world, boy; but I can assure thee, Michael, Mile-End is a goodly matter: There has been a pitchfield, my child, between the naughty Spaniels and the Englishmen; and the Spaniels ran away, Michael, and the Englishmen followed. My neighbour Coxstone was there, boy, and killed them all with a birding-piece.

Mich. Mother, forsooth!

Mrs. Mer. What says my white boy?

Mich. Shall not my father go with us too?

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael, let thy father go snick-up, he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again, while he lives; let him stay at home and sing for his supper, boy.—Come, child, sit down, and I'll show my boy fine knacks, indeed: [*Takes out a Casket.*] Look here, Michael; here's a ring, and here's a brooch, and here's a bracelet, and here's two rings more, and here's money and gold, by th'eye, my boy!

Mich. Shall I have all this, mother?

Mrs. Mer. Ay, Michael, thou shalt have all Michael.

"*Cit.* How lik'st thou this, wench?

"*Wife.* I cannot tell; I would have Ralph, George; I'll see no more else, indeed-la; and I pray you let the youths understand so much by word of mouth; for I tell you truly, I'm afraid o' my boy. Come, come, George, let's be merry and wise; the child's a fatherless child, and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than knot-grass; he would never grow after it.

Enter Ralph, Tim, *and* George.

"*Cit.* Here's Ralph, here's Ralph.

"*Wife.* How do you, Ralph? you are welcome, Ralph, as I may say; it's a good boy! hold up thy head, and be not afraid; we are thy friends, Ralph. The gentlemen will praise thee, Ralph, if thou play'st thy part with audacity. Begin, Ralph, a' God's name!"

Ralph. My trusty Squire, unlace my helm; give me my hat.
Where are we, or what desart may this be?

George. Mirror of knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous Waltham-Down; in whose bottom stands the enchanted valley.

Mrs. Mer. Oh, Michael, we are betrayed, we are betrayed! here be giants! Fly, boy, fly, boy, fly! [*Exit with* Michael, *leaving the Casket.*

Ralph. Lace on my helm again! What noise is this?
A gentle lady, flying the embrace
Of some uncourteous knight? I will relieve her.
Go, Squire, and say, the Knight that wears this Pestle
In honour of all ladies, swears revenge
Upon that recreant coward that pursues her;
Go, comfort her, and that same gentle squire
That bears her company.

Tim. I go, brave Knight.

Ralph. My trusty dwarf and friend, reach me my shield;
And hold it while I swear: First, by my knighthood;
Then by the soul of Amadis de Gaul,
My famous ancestor; then by my sword
The beauteous Brionella girt about me;
By this bright burning Pestle, of mine honour
The living trophy; and by all respect
Due to distressed damsels; here I vow
Never to end the quest of this fair lady,
And that forsaken squire, till by my valour
I gain their liberty! [*Exit.*

George. Heaven bless the Knight
That thus relieves poor errant gentlewomen [*Exit.*

"*Wife.* Ay marry, Ralph, this has some savour in't; I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his books after him. But, George, I will not have him go away so soon; I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall; call Ralph again, George, call Ralph again; I pr'ythee, sweetheart, let him come fight before me, and let's ha' some drums, and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, an thou lov'st me, George!

"*Cit.* Peace a little, bird! he shall kill them all, an they were twenty more on 'em than there are."

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Now, Fortune, (if thou be'st not only ill)
Shew me thy better face, and bring about
Thy desperate wheel, that I may climb at length.

And stand; this is our place of meeting,
If love have any constancy. Oh, age,
Where only wealthy men are counted happy!
How shall I please thee, how deserve thy smiles,
When I am only rich in misery?
My father's blessing, and this little coin,
Is my inheritance; a strong revénue!
From earth thou art, and to the earth I give thee:
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air
Breeds me a fresher fortune.—How! illusion!
[*Spies the Casket.*
What! hath the devil coin'd himself before me?
'Tis metal good; it rings well; I am waking,
And taking too, I hope. Now, God's dear blessing
Upon his heart that left it here! 'tis mine;
These pearls, I take it, were not left for swine.
[*Exit.*

"*Wife.* I do not like that this unthrifty youth should embezzle away the money; the poor gentlewoman his mother will have a heavy heart for it, God knows.

"*Cit.* And reason good, sweetheart.

"*Wife.* But let him go; I'll tell Ralph a tale in's ear, shall fetch him again with a wannion, I warrant him, if he be above ground; and besides, George, here are a number of sufficient gentlemen can witness, and myself, and yourself, and the musicians, if we be call'd in question. But here comes Ralph; George, thou shalt hear him speak, an' he were an emperal."

Enter RALPH *and* GEORGE.

Ralph. Comes not Sir Squire again?
George. Right courteous knight,
Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the lady.

Enter MRS. MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHAEL, *and* TIM.

Ralph. Fair! and the Squire of Damsels, as I
Madam, if any service or devoir [take it!
Of a poor Errant-Knight may right your wrongs,
Command it; I am prest to give you succour;
For to that holy end I bear my armour.
Mrs. Mer. Alas, sir, I am a poor gentlewoman, and I have lost my money in this forest.
Ralph. Desart, you would say, lady: and not lost
Whilst I have sword and lance. Dry up your tears,
Which ill befit the beauty of that face,
And tell the story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous fortune.
Mrs. Mer. Out, alas! I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound, e'en all the money I had laid up for this youth, upon the sight of your mastership, you look'd so grim, and, as I may say it, saving your presence, more like a giant than a mortal man.
Ralph. I am as you are lady; so are they,
All mortal. But why weeps this gentle squire?
Mrs. Mer. Has he not cause to weep, do you think, when he hath lost his inheritance?
Ralph. Young hope of valour, weep not; I am
That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear [here
Upon his coward head, that dares deny
Distressed squires and ladies equity.
I have but one horse, upon which shall ride
This lady fair behind me, and before
This courteous squire: Fortune will give us more
Upon our next adventure. Fairly speed
Beside us, Squire and Dwarf, to do us need!
[*Exeunt.*

"*Cit.* Did not I tell you, Nell, what your man would do? by the faith of my body, wench, for clean action and good delivery, they may all cast their caps at him.

"*Wife.* And so they may, i'faith; for I dare speak it boldly, the twelve companies of London cannot match him, timber for timber. Well, George, an he be not inveigled by some of these paltry players, I ha' much marvel; but, George, we ha' done our parts, if the boy have any grace to be thankful.

"*Cit.* Yes, I warrant thee, duckling."

Enter Master HUMPHREY *and* LUCE.

Hum. Good mistress Luce, however I in fault am
For your lame horse, you're welcome unto Wal-
But which way now to go, or what to say, [tham;
I know not truly, till it be broad day.
Luce. Oh, fear not, master Humphrey; I am
For this place good enough. [guide
Hum. Then up and ride;
Or, if it please you, walk for your repose;
Or sit, or, if you will, go pluck a rose:
Either of which shall be indifferent
To your good friend and Humphrey, whose consent
Is so entangled ever to your will,
As the poor harmless horse is to the mill.
Luce. 'Faith, an' you say the word, we'll e'en
And take a nap. [sit down,
Hum. 'Tis better in the town,
Where we may nap together; for, believe me,
To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve me.
Luce. You're merry, master Humphrey.
Hum. So I am,
And have been ever merry from my dam.
Luce. Your nurse had the less labour.
Hum. 'Faith, it may be,
Unless it were by chance I did bewray me.

Enter JASPER.

Jasp. Luce! dear friend Luce!
Luce. Here, Jasper.
Jasp. You are mine.
Hum. If it be so, my friend, you use me fine:
What do you think I am?
Jasp. An arrant noddy.
Hum. A word of obloquy! Now, by God's body,
I'll tell thy master; for I know thee well.
Jasp. Nay, an' you be so forward for to tell,
Take that, and that; and tell him, sir, I gave it:
And say I paid you well. [*Beats him.*
Hum. Oh, sir, I have it,
And do confess the payment. Pray, be quiet!
Jasp. Go, get you to your night-cap and the diet,
To cure your beaten bones.
Luce. Alas, poor Humphrey!
Get thee some wholesome broth, with sage and
A little oil of roses, and a feather [cumfry;
To 'noint thy back withal.
Hum. When I came hither,
'Would I had gone to Paris with John Dory!
Luce. Farewell, my pretty nump! I'm very sorry
I cannot bear thee company.
Hum. Farewell!
The devil's dam was ne'er so bang'd in hell.
[*Exeunt* LUCE *and* JASPER.

"*Wife.* This young Jasper will prove me another things, a' my conscience, an' he may be suffered. George, dost not see, George, how a' swaggers, and flies at the very heads a' folks, as he were a

dragon? Well, if I do not do his lesson for wronging the poor gentleman, I am no true woman. His friends that brought him up might have been better occupied, I wis, than have taught him these fegaries: He's e'en in the high way to the gallows, God bless him!

"*Cit.* You're too bitter, cony; the young man may do well enough for all this.

"*Wife.* Come hither, master Humphrey; has he hurt you? now beshrew his fingers for't! Here, sweetheart, here's some green ginger for thee. Now beshrew my heart, but a' has pepper-nel in's head, as big as a pullet's egg! Alas, sweet lamb, how thy temples beat! Take the peace on him, sweetheart, take the peace on him.

Enter Boy.

"*Cit.* No, no; you talk like a foolish woman! I'll ha' Ralph fight with him, and swinge him up well-favouredly.—Sirrah, Boy; come hither: Let Ralph come in and fight with Jasper.

"*Wife.* Ay, and beat him well; he's an unhappy boy.

"*Boy.* Sir, you must pardon us; the plot of our play lies contrary; and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our play.

"Cit. *Plot* me no *plots!* I'll ha' Ralph come out; I'll make your house too hot for you else.

"*Boy.* Why, sir, he shall; but if anything fall out of order, the gentlemen must pardon us.

"*Cit.* Go your ways, goodman Boy! I'll hold him a penny, he shall have his belly-full of fighting now.—Ho! here comes Ralph! no more!"

Enter Ralph, Mrs. Merrythought, Michael, Tim, *and* George.

Ralph. What knight is that, squire? ask him if
The passage, bound by love of lady fair, [he keep
Or else but prickant.

Hum. Sir, I am no knight,
But a poor gentleman, that this same night
Had stolen from me, upon yonder green,
My lovely wife, and suffer'd (to be seen
Yet extant on my shoulders) such a greeting,
That whilst I live, I shall think of that meeting.

"*Wife.* Ay, Ralph, he beat him unmercifully, Ralph; an' thou sparest him, Ralph, I would thou wert hang'd.

"*Cit.* No more, Wife, no more!"

Ralph. Where is the caitiff wretch hath done this deed?
Lady, your pardon! that I may proceed
Upon the quest of this injurious knight.
And thou, fair squire, repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great venture of the purse,
And the rich casket, till some better leisure.

Enter Jasper *and* Luce.

Hum. Here comes the broker hath purloined my treasure.

Ralph. Go, squire, and tell him I am here,
An errant knight at arms, to crave delivery
Of that fair lady to her own knight's arms.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And so defy him.

Tim. From the Knight that bears
The Golden Pestle, I defy thee, Knight!
Unless thou make fair restitution
Of that bright lady.

Jasp. Tell the knight that sent thee
He is an ass; and I will keep the wench
And knock his head-piece.

Ralph. Knight, thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms.

"*Wife.* Break his pate, Ralph; break his pate, Ralph, soundly!"

Jasp. Come, Knight; I'm ready for you.—Now your Pestle [*Snatches away his Pestle*
Shall try what temper, sir, your mortar's of.

With that he stood upright in his stirrups, and gave the knight of the calves-skin such a knock, that he forsook his horse, and down he fell; and then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his helmet—— [*Knocks him down.*

Hum. Nay, an' my noble Knight be down so soon,
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run. [*Exit.*

"*Wife.* Run, Ralph, run, Ralph; run for thy life, boy; Jasper comes, Jasper comes!"

[*Exit* Ralph *taking up the Pestle.*

Jasp. Come, Luce, we must have other arms for you;
Humphrey, and Golden Pestle, both adieu! [*Exeunt.*

"*Wife.* Sure the devil (God bless us!) is in this springald! Why, George, didst ever see such a fire-drake? I am afraid my boy's miscarried; if he be, though he were master Merrythought's son a thousand times, if there be any law in England, I'll make some of them smart for't.

"*Cit.* No, no; I have found out the matter, sweetheart; Jasper is enchanted; as sure as we are here, he is enchanted: he could no more have stood in Ralph's hands, than I can stand in my lord-mayor's. I'll have a ring to discover all enchantments, and Ralph shall beat him yet: Be no more vexed, for it shall be so.

SCENE III.—*Before the Bell Inn at Waltham.*

Enter Ralph, Tim, George, Mrs. Merrythought, *and* Michael.

"*Wife.* Oh, husband, here's Ralph again! Stay, Ralph; let me speak with thee: How dost thou, Ralph? Art thou not shrewdly hurt? the foul great lungies laid unmercifully on thee; there's some sugar-candy for thee. Proceed; thou shalt have another bout with him.

"*Cit.* If Ralph had him at the fencing-school, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the school, he should ne'er come in my shop more."

Mrs. Mer. Truly, master Knight of the Burning Pestle, I am weary.

Mich. Indeed-la, mother, and I am very hungry.

Ralph. Take comfort, gentle dame, and you, fair squire!
For in this desart there must needs be placed
Many strong castles, held by courteous knights;
And till I bring you safe to one of those
I swear by this my order ne'er to leave you.

"*Wife.* Well said, Ralph! George, Ralph was ever comfortable, was he not?

"*Cit.* Yes, duck.

"*Wife.* I shall ne'er forget him: When we had lost our child, (you know it was strayed almost, alone, to Puddle-Wharf, and the criers were abroad for it, and there it had drowned itself but for a sculler) Ralph was the most comfortablest to me! 'Peace, mistress,' says he, 'let it go! I'll get another as good.' Did he not, George, did he not say so?

"*Cit.* Yes, indeed did he, mouse."

George. I would we had a mess of pottage, and a pot of drink, squire, and were going to-bed.

Tim. Why, we are at Waltham-town's end, and that's the Bell Inn.

George. Take courage, valiant knight, damsel, and squire!
I have discovered, not a stone's cast off,
An ancient castle held by the old knight
Of the most holy order of the Bell,
Who gives to all knights-errant entertain:
There plenty is of food, and all prepared
By the white hands of his own lady dear.
He hath three squires that welcome all his guests:
The first, hight Chamberlino; who will see
Our beds prepared, and bring us snowy sheets,
Where never footman stretch'd his butter'd hams.
The second, hight Tapstero; who will see
Our pots full filled, and no froth therein.
The third, a gentle squire, Ostlero hight,
Who will our palfries slick with wisps of straw,
And in the manger put them oats enough,
And never grease their teeth with candle-snuff.

"*Wife.* That same dwarf's a pretty boy, but the Squire's a groutnole."

Ralph. Knock at the gates, my squire, with stately lance!

Enter Tapster.

Tap. Who's there?—You're welcome, gentlemen! will you see a room?

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, this is the squire Tapstero.

Ralph. Fair squire Tapstero! I, a wandering Hight of the Burning Pestle, in the quest [Knight,
Of this fair lady's casket and wrought purse,
Losing myself in this vast wilderness,
Am to this castle well by fortune brought;
Where hearing of the goodly entertain
Your knight of holy order of the Bell
Gives to all damsels, and all errant-knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tap. An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

"*Wife.* George, I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

"*Cit.* What is it, Nell?

"*Wife.* Why, George, shall Ralph beat nobody again? Pr'ythee, sweetheart, let him!

"*Cit.* So he shall, Nell; and if I join with him, we'll knock them all.

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the House of* Venterwels.

Enter Master Humphrey *and* Venterwels.

"*Wife.* Oh, George, here's master Humphrey again now, that lost mistress Luce; and mistress Luce's father. Master Humphrey will do somebody's errand, I warrant him."

Hum. Father, it's true in arms I ne'er shall clasp her;
For she is stol'n away by your man Jasper.

"*Wife.* I thought he would tell him."

Vent. Unhappy that I am, to lose my child!
Now I begin to think on Jasper's words,
Who oft hath urged to me thy foolishness:
Why didst thou let her go? thou lovest her not,
That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father, forgive me; shall I tell you true?
Look on my shoulders, they are black and blue:
Whilst to and fro fair Luce and I were winding,
He came and basted me with a hedge-binding.

Vent. Get men and horses straight! we will be there
Within this hour. You know the place again?

Hum. I know the place where he my loins did [swaddle:
I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle.

Vent. Mean time, I will go talk with Jasper's father. [*Exeunt.*

"*Wife.* George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that master Humphrey has not mistress Luce yet? speak, George, what wilt thou lay with me?

"*Cit.* No, Nell; I warrant thee, Jasper is at Puckeridge with her by this.

"*Wife.* Nay, George, you must consider mistress Luce's feet are tender; and besides, 'tis dark; and I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of Waltham-Forest with her yet.

"*Cit.* Nay, cony, what wilt thou lay with me that Ralph has her not yet?

"*Wife.* I will not lay against Ralph, honey, because I have not spoken with him. But look, George; peace! here comes the merry old gentleman again."

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in* Merrythought's *House.*

Enter Old Merrythought.

Mer. [*Sings.*] When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

I have money, and meat, and drink, before-hand, till to-morrow at noon; why should I be sad? Methinks I have half-a-dozen jovial spirits within me; [*Sings.*] '*I am three merry men, and three merry men!*'—To what end should any man be sad in this world? Give me a man that when he goes to hanging cries, "*Troul the black bowl to me!*" and a woman that will sing a catch in her travail! I have seen a man come by my door with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a hat-band, carrying his head as if he look'd for pins in the street: I have look'd out of my window half-a-year after, and have spied that man's head upon London-bridge: 'tis vile; never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work! his mind is on nothing but filching.

"*Wife.* Mark this, George! 'tis worth noting: Godfrey, my tailor, you know, never sings; and he had fourteen yards to make this gown, and I'll be sworn, mistress Penistone the draper's wife had one made with twelve."

Mer. 'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food:
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes;
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone:
But contented lives for aye;
The more he laughs, the more he may.

"*Wife.* Look, George; how say'st thou by this, George? Is't not a fine old man? Now, God's blessing a' thy sweet lips! when wilt thou be so merry, George? 'Faith, thou art the frowning'st little thing, when thou art angry, in a country.

"*Cit.* Peace, cony! thou shalt see him took down too, I warrant thee.

Enter VENTERWELS.

Here's Luce's father come now."

Mer. [*Sings.*] As you came from Walsingham,
From the Holy Land,
There met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

Vent. Oh, master Merrythought, my daughter's gone!
This mirth becomes you not; my daughter's gone!

Mer. Why, an' if she be, what care I?
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Vent. Mock not my misery; it is your son
(Whom I have made my own, when all forsook
Has stol'n my only joy, my child, away. [him)

Mer. He set her on a milk-white steed,
And himself upon a grey;
He never turn'd his face again,
But he bore her quite away.

Vent. Unworthy of the kindness I have shewn
To thee, and thine; too late, I well perceive,
Thou art consenting to my daughter's loss.

Mer. Your daughter? what a stir's here wi' your daughter? Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If both my sons were on the gallows, I would sing,

Down, down, down; they fall
Down, and arise they never shall.

Vent. Oh, might I [but] behold her once again,
And she once more embrace her aged sire!

Mer. Fy, how scurvily this goes!
"And she once more embrace her aged sire?"
You'll make a dog on her, will ye? she cares much for her aged sire, I warrant you.

She cares not for her daddy, nor
She cares not for her mammy, for
She is, she is, she is,
She is my lord of Lowgave's lassy.

Vent. For this thy scorn I will pursue that son
Of thine to death.

Mer. Do; and when you ha' kill'd him,
Give him flowers enow, Palmer, give him flowers enow!
Give him red and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

Vent. I'll fetch my daughter—

Mer. I'll hear no more o' your daughter; it spoils my mirth.

Vent. I say, I'll fetch my daughter.

Mer. Was never man for lady's sake,
Down, down,
Tormented as I poor Sir Guy,
De derry down,
For Lucy's sake, that lady bright,
Down, down,
As ever men beheld with eye!
De derry down.

Vent. I'll be revenged, by Heaven! [*Exeunt.*

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI. [*Music.*

"*Wife.* How dost thou like this, George?

"*Cit.* Why this is well, cony; but if Ralph were hot once, thou shouldst see more.

"*Wife.* The fiddlers go again, husband.

"*Cit.* Ay, Nell; but this is scurvy music. I gave the whoreson gallows-money, and I think he has not got me the waits of Southwark: If I hear 'em not anon, I'll twinge him by the ears.—You musicians, play Baloo!

"*Wife.* No, good George, let's ha' Lachrymæ!

"*Cit.* Why this is it, cony.

"*Wife.* It's all the better, George. Now, sweet lamb, what story is that painted upon the cloth? the confutation of St. Paul?

"*Cit.* No, lamb; that's Ralph and Lucrece.

"*Wife.* Ralph and Lucrece? which Ralph? our Ralph?

"*Cit.* No, mouse; that was a Tartarian.

"*Wife.* A Tartarian? Well, I would the fiddlers had done, that we might see our Ralph again!"

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—WALTHAM FOREST.

Enter JASPER *and* LUCE.

Jasp. Come, my dear deer! though we have lost our way,
We have not lost ourselves. Are you not weary
With this night's wand'ring, broken from your
And frighted with the terror that attends [rest?
The darkness of this wild unpeopled place?

Luce. No, my best friend; I cannot either fear
Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me:
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to lan-
Amongst the number of forsaken lovers, [guish
Tell the long weary steps, and number time,
Start at a shadow, and shrink up their blood,
Whilst I (possessed with all content and quiet)
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

Jasp. You have caught me, Luce, so fast, that whilst I live
I shall become your faithful prisoner,
And wear these chains for ever.—Come, sit down,
And rest your body, too, too delicate
For these disturbances.—So! will you sleep?
Come, do not be more able than you are;
I know you are not skilful in these watches,
For women are no soldiers: Be not nice,
But take it; sleep, I say.

Luce. I cannot sleep;
Indeed I cannot, friend.

Jasp. Why then we'll sing,
And try how that will work upon our senses

Luce. I'll sing, or say, or anything but sleep.

Jasp. Come, little mermaid, rob me of my heart
With that enchanting voice.

Luce. You mock me, Jasper.

SONG.

Jasp. Tell me, dearest, what is love?
Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above;

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.
'Tis a smile
Doth beguile
Jasp. The poor hearts of men that prove.
Tell me more, are women true?
Luce. Some love change, and so do you.
Jasp. Are they fair and never kind?
Luce. Yes, when men turn with the wind.
Jasp. Are they froward?
Luce. Ever toward
Those that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more; I see the god
Of heavy sleep lay on his heavy mace
Upon your eye-lids.
Luce. I am very heavy. [*Sleeps.*
Jasp. Sleep, sleep; and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts!
Keep from her fair blood [all] distempers, startings,
Horrors, and fearful shapes! let all her dreams
Be joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,
And such new pleasures as the ravish'd soul
Gives to the senses!—So; my charms have took.
Keep her, ye powers divine, whilst I contemplate
Upon the wealth and beauty of her mind!
She's only fair and constant, only kind.
And only to thee, Jasper. Oh, my joys!
Whither will you transport me? let not fulness
Of my poor buried hopes come up together,
And overcharge my spirits; I am weak!
Some say (however ill) the sea and women
Are govern'd by the moon; both ebb and flow,
Both full of changes; yet to them that know,
And truly judge, these but opinions are,
And heresies, to bring on pleasing war
Between our tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love, and present fear;
Which are the best of Cupid. Oh, thou child
Bred from despair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a love without the faults of women,
And greater in her perfect goods than men;
Which to make good, and please myself the stronger,
Though certainly I am certain of her love,
I'll try her, that the world and memory
May sing to after times her constancy.— [*Draws.*
Luce! Luce! awake!
Luce. Why do you fright me, friend,
With those distemper'd looks? what makes your sword
Drawn in your hand? who hath offended you?—
I pr'ythee, Jasper, sleep; thou'rt wild with watching.
Jasp. Come, make your way to Heaven, and bid the world,
With all the villainies that stick upon it,
Farewell; you're for another life.
Luce. Oh, Jasper,
How have my tender years committed evil,
Especially against the man I love,
Thus to be cropp'd untimely?
Jasp. Foolish girl,
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his service, shut the doors
Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
To sink or swim? Come; by this hand, you die!
I must have life and blood, to satisfy
Your father's wrongs.
"*Wife.* Away, George, away! raise the watch at Ludgate, and bring a mittimus from the justice for this desperate villain! Now I charge you, gentlemen, see the king's peace kept! Oh, my heart, what a varlet's this, to offer manslaughter upon the harmless gentlewoman!
"*Cit.* I warrant thee, sweetheart, we'll have him hampered."
Luce. Oh, Jasper, be not cruel!
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,
And let not many deaths appear before me!
I am a woman made of fear and love,
A weak, weak woman; kill not with thy eyes!
They shoot me through and through. Strike! I am ready;
And, dying, still I love thee. [

Enter VENTERWELS, Master HUMPHREY, *and* Men.

Vent. Whereabouts?
Jasp. No more of this; now to myself again.
Hum. There, there he stands, with sword, like martial knight,
Drawn in his hand; therefore beware the fight,
You that be wise; for, were I good Sir Bevis,
I would not stay his coming. By your leavès.
Vent. Sirrah, restore my daughter!
Jasp. Sirrah, no.
Vent. Upon him then!
[LUCE *is torn from* JASPER.
"*Wife.* So; down with him, down with him, down with him! cut him i' th' leg, boys, cut him i' th' leg!"
Vent. Come your ways, minion! I'll provide a cage
For you, you're grown so tame. Horse her away!
Hum. Truly, I am glad your forces have the day.
[*Exeunt all but* JASPER.
Jasp. They're gone, and I am hurt; my love is lost,
Never to get again. Oh, me unhappy! [
Bleed, bleed and die.—I cannot. Oh, my folly,
Thou hast betrayed me! Hope, where art thou fled?
Tell me, if thou be'st any where remaining,
Shall I but see my love again? Oh, no!
She will not deign to look upon her butcher,
Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venture.
Oh, Chance, or Fortune, or whate'er thou art,
That men adore for powerful, hear my cry,
And let me loving live, or losing die! [*Exit.*
"*Wife.* Is a' gone, George?
"*Cit.* Ay, cony.
"*Wife.* Marry, and let him go, sweatheart! By the faith a' my body, a' has put me into such a fright, that I tremble (as they say) as 'twere an aspen-leaf: Look a' my little finger, George, how it shakes! Now in truth every member of my body is the worse for't.
"*Cit.* Come, hug in mine arms, sweet mouse he shall not fright thee any more. Alas, mine own dear heart, how it quivers!

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Bell-Inn.*

Enter MRS. MERRYTHOUGHT, RALPH, MICHAEL, TIM GEORGE, Host, *and a* Tapster.

"*Wife.* Oh, Ralph! how dost thou, Ralph? How hast thou slept to-night? has the knight used thee well?
"*Cit.* Peace, Nell; let Ralph alone!"
Tap. Master, the reckoning is not paid.
Ralph. Right courteous Knight, who, for the order's sake

Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell,
As I this flaming Pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,
Stiffen'd with hard atchievements in wild desart.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Ralph. Thou merry squire Tapstero, thanks to thee
For comforting our souls with double jug!
And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial squire, to follow feats of arms,
Take heed thou tender every lady's cause,
Every true knight, and every damsel fair!
But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens,
And false enchanters, that with magic spells
Have done to death full many a noble knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, give ear to me; there is twelve shillings to pay, and, as I am a true Knight, I will not bate a penny.

"*Wife.* George, I pray thee tell me, must Ralph pay twelve shillings now?

"*Cit.* No, Nell, no; nothing but the old Knight is merry with Ralph.

"*Wife.* Oh, is't nothing else? Ralph will be as merry as he."

Ralph. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well;
But, to requite this liberal courtesy,
If any of your squires will follow arms,
He shall receive from my heroic hand,
A knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair Knight, I thank you for your noble offer; therefore, gentle Knight, twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

"*Wife.* Look, George! did not I tell thee as much? the Knight of the Bell is in earnest. Ralph shall not be beholding to him: Give him his money, George, and let him go snick up.

"*Cit.* Cap Ralph? No; hold your hand, Sir Knight of the Bell! There's your money; have you anything to say to Ralph now? Cap Ralph?

"*Wife.* I would you should know it, Ralph has friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that. Now take thy course, Ralph!"

Mrs. Mer. Come, Michael; thou and I will go home to thy father; he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set fellows abroad to cry our purse and our casket: Shall we, Michael?

Mich. Ay, I pray, mother; in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling.

"*Wife* 'Faith, and those chilblains are a foul trouble. Mistress Merrythought, when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ancles, with a mouse-skin; or, if none of your people can catch a mouse, when he goes to-bed, let him roll his feet in the warm embers, and I warrant you he shall be well; and you may make him put his fingers between his toes, and smell to them; its very sovereign for his head, if he be costive."

Mrs. Mer. Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son Michael and I bid you farewell: I thank your worship heartily for your kindness.

Ralph. Farewell, fair lady, and your tender squire!
If pricking through these desarts, I do hear
If any traiterous knight, who through his guile
Hath lit upon your casket and your purse,
I will despoil him of them, and restore them.

Mrs. Mer. I thank your worship.

[*Exit with* MICHAEL.

Ralph. Dwarf, bear my shield; squire, elevate my lance;
And now farewell, you Knight of holy Bell!

"*Cit.* Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid."

Ralph. But yet, before I go, speak, worthy knight.
If aught you do of sad adventures know,
Where errant-knight may through his prowess win
Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls
From endless bonds of steel and lingering pain.

Host. Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before, quickly.

Tap. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*

Host. Sir Knight, this wilderness affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a knight
Hath tried his prowess, and come off with shame:
And where I would not have you lose your life,
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Ralph. Speak on, Sir Knight; tell what he is, and where:
For here I vow upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze a day in quietness;
But bread and water will I only eat,
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch,
Till I have quell'd that man, or beast, or fiend,
That works such damage to all errant-knights.

Host. Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff,
At the north end of this distressed town,
There doth stand a lowly house.
Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave
In which an ugly giant now doth won,
Ycleped Barbaroso; in his hand
He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,
With sleeves turn'd up; and him before he wears
A motley garment, to preserve his clothes
From blood of those knights which he massacres
And ladies gent; without his door doth hang
A copper bason, on a prickant spear;
At which no sooner gentle knights can knock
But the shrill sound fierce Barbaroso hears,
And rushing forth, brings in the errant-knight,
And sets him down in an enchanted chair:
Then with an engine, which he hath prepared,
With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,
Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin
He plants a brazen piece of mighty bord,
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks;
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill
The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise.
Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him.

Ralph. In God's name, I will fight with him: Kind sir,
Go but before me to this dismal cave
Where this huge giant Barbaroso dwells,
And, by that virtue that brave Rosicler
That damned brood of ugly giants slew,
And Palmerin Frannarco overthrew,
I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,
And to the devil send his guilty soul.

Host. Brave-sprighted Knight, thus far I will perform
This your request; I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
By a more loathsome man; but dare not stay,
For this main force swoops all he sees away.

Ralph. Saint George! Set on; before march, squire and page! [*Exeunt.*

"*Wife.* George, dost think Ralph will confound the giant?

"*Cit.* I hold my cap to a farthing he does: Why, Nell, I saw him wrestle with the great Dutchman, and hurl him.

"*Wife.* 'Faith, and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things were answerable to his bigness. And yet they say there was a Scotchman higher than he, and that they two and a knight met, and saw one another for nothing. But of all the sights that ever were in London, since I was married, methinks the little child that was so fair grown about the members was the prettiest; that and the hermaphrodite.

"*Cit.* Nay, by your leave, Nell, Ninivie was better.

"*Wife.* Ninivie? Oh, that was the story of Joan and the wall, was it not, George?

"*Cit.* Yes, lamb.

SCENE III. — London. *The Street before* Merrythought's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Merrythought.

"*Wife.* Look, George; here comes mistress Merrythought again! and I would have Ralph come and fight with the giant; I tell you true, I long to see't.

"*Cit.* Good mistress Merrythought, be gone, I pray you, for my sake! I pray you forbear a little; you shall have audience presently; I have a little business.

"*Wife.* Mistress Merrythought, if it please you to refrain your passion a little, till Ralph have dispatched the giant out of the way, we shall think ourselves much bound to thank you: I thank you, good mistress Merrythought.

[*Exit* Mrs. Merrythought.

Enter a Boy.

"*Cit.* Boy, come hither; send away Ralph and this whoreson giant quickly.

"*Boy.* In good faith, sir, we cannot; you'll utterly spoil our play, and make it to be hissed; and it cost money; you will not suffer us to go on with our plot. I pray, gentlemen, rule him!

"*Cit.* Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.

"*Boy.* Will you give me your hand of that?

"*Wife.* Give him thy hand, George, do; and I'll kiss him. I warrant thee the youth means plainly

"*Boy.* I'll send him to you presently.

[*Exit* Boy.

"*Wife.* I thank you, little youth. 'Faith, the child hath a sweet breath, George; but I think it be troubled with the worms; Carduus Benedictus and mare's milk were the only thing in the world for't.—Oh, Ralph's here, George! God send thee good luck, Ralph!"

SCENE IV.—*Before a Barber's Shop in Waltham.*

Enter Ralph, Host, Tim, *and* George.

Host. Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is.
Lo, where the spear and copper bason are!
Behold that string on which hangs many a tooth,
Drawn from the gentle jaw of wand'ring knights!
I dare not stay to sound; he will appear. [*Exit.*

Ralph. Oh, faint not, heart! Susan, my lady dear,
The cobler's maid in Milk-street, for whose sake
I take these arms, oh, let the thought of thee
Carry thy knight through all adventurous deeds;
And, in the honour of thy beauteous self,
May I destroy this monster Barbaroso!—
Knock, squire, upon the bason, till it break
With the shrill strokes, or till the giant speak.

[Tim *knocks upon the bason.*

Enter Barber.

"*Wife.* Oh, George, the giant, the giant! Now, Ralph, for thy life!"

Bar. What fond unknowing wight is this, that
So rudely knock at Barbaroso's cell, [dares
Where no man comes, but leaves his fleece behind?

Ralph. I, traiterous caitiff, who am sent by Fate
To punish all the sad enormities
Thou hast committed against ladies gent,
And errant-knights, traitor to God and men!
Prepare thyself; this is the dismal hour
Appointed for thee to give strict account
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.

Bar. Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt aby
This fond reproach: Thy body will I bang;

[*He takes down his pole.*

And lo! upon that string thy teeth shall hang.
Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be.

Ralph. Saint George for me! [*They fight.*

Bar. Gargantua for me!

"*Wife.* To him, Ralph, to him! hold up the giant; set out thy leg before, Ralph!

"*Cit.* Falsify a blow, Ralph, falsify a blow! the giant lies open on the left side.

"*Wife.* Bear't off, bear't off still: There, boy.—Oh, Ralph's almost down, Ralph's almost down!"

Ralph. Susan, inspire me! now have up again.

"*Wife.* Up, up, up, up, up! so, Ralph! down with him, down with him, Ralph!

"*Cit.* Fetch him o'er the hip, boy!

[Ralph *knocks down the* Barber.

"*Wife.* There, boy! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, Ralph!

"*Cit.* No, Ralph; get all out of him first."

Ralph. Presumptuous man! see to what desperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee: The just gods,
Who never prosper those that do despise them,
For all the villanies which thou hast done
To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home,
By my stiff arm, a knight adventurous.
But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul
To sad Avernus, (whither it must go)
What captives holdst thou in thy sable cave?

Bar. Go in, and free them all; thou hast the day.

Ralph. Go, squire and dwarf, search in this dreadful cave,
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.

[*Exeunt* Tim *and* George.

Bar. I crave for mercy, as thou art a Knight,
And scorn'st to spill the blood of those that beg.

Ralph. Thou shew'd'st no mercy, nor shalt thou have any;
Prepare thyself, for thou shalt surely die.

Enter Tim *leading one winking, with a Bason under his Chin, as prepared for shaving.*

Tim. Behold, brave Knight, here is one prisoner,
Whom this vile man hath used as you see.

"*Wife.* This is the first wise word I heard the squire speak."

Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been used,
That I may give him condign punishment.

1 *Knight.* I am a Knight that took my journey post
Northward from London; and, in courteous wise,
This giant trained me to his loathsome den,
Under pretence of killing of the itch;
And all my body with a powder strewed,
That smarts and stings; and cut away my beard,
And my curl'd locks, wherein were ribands tied;
And with a water wash'd my tender eyes,
(Whilst up and down about me still he skipt)
Whose virtue is, that till my eyes be wiped
With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace,
I shall not dare to look a dog i' th' face.

"*Wife.* Alas, poor Knight! Relieve him, Ralph; relieve poor knights, whilst you live."

Ralph. My trusty Squire, convey him to the town,
Where he may find relief. Adieu, fair Knight!
[*Exeunt* Knight *and* Tim.

Enter George, *leading one with a Patch over his Nose.*

George. Puissant Knight, o' th' Burning Pestle hight,
See here another wretch, whom this foul beast
Hath scotch'd and scored in this inhuman wise.

Ralph. Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,
And what hath been thy usage in this cave.

2 *Knight.* I am a Knight, Sir Pockhole is my name,
And by my birth I am a Londoner,
Free by my copy, but my ancestors
Were Frenchmen all; and riding hard this way,
Upon a trotting horse, my bones did ache;
And I, faint Knight, to ease my weary limbs,
Lit at this cave; when straight this furious fiend,
With sharpest instrument of purest steel,
Did cut the gristle of my nose away,
And in the place this velvet plaister stands:
Relieve me, gentle Knight, out of his hands!

"*Wife.* Good Ralph, relieve Sir Pockhole, and send him away; for in truth his breath stinks."

Ralph. Convey him straight after the other Sir Pockhole, fare you well! [Knight.—

2 *Knight.* Kind sir, good night!
[*Exit with* George.

Man. [*Within.*] Deliver us! [*Cries within.*

Woman. [*Within.*] Deliver us!

"*Wife.* Hark, George, what a woful cry there is! I think some woman lies-in there."

Man. [*Within.*] Deliver us!

Woman. [*Within.*] Deliver us!

Ralph. What ghastly noise is this? speak, Barbaroso;
Or, by this blazing steel, thy head goes off!

Bar. Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keep.
Send lower down into the cave,
And in a tub that's heated smoking hot,
There they may find them, and deliver them.

Ralph. Run, Squire and Dwarf; deliver them with speed. [*Exeunt* Tim *and* George.

"*Wife.* But will not Ralph kill this giant? Surely I am afraid, if he let him go he will do as much hurt as ever he did.

"*Cit.* Not so, mouse, neither, if he could convert him.

"*Wife.* Ay, George, if he could convert him; but a giant is not so soon converted as one of ordinary people. There's a pretty tale of a witch, that had the devil's mark about her, (God bless us!) that had a giant to her son, that was called Lob-lie-by-the-fire; didst never hear it, George?

Enter Tim, *leading third* Knight, *with a glass of lotion in his hand, and* George *leading a* Woman, *with diet-bread and drink.*

"*Cit.* Peace, Nell, here comes the prisoners."

George. Here be these pined wretches, manful Knight,
That for this six weeks have not seen a wight.

Ralph. Deliver what you are, and how you came
To this sad cave, and what your usage was?

3 *Knight.* I am an Errant-Knight that followed arms
With spear and shield; and in my tender years
I stricken was with Cupid's fiery shaft,
And fell in love with this my lady dear,
And stole her from her friends in Turnbull-street,
And bore her up and down from town to town,
Where we did eat and drink, and music hear;
Till at the length at this unhappy town
We did arrive, and coming to this cave,
This beast us caught, and put us in a tub,
Where we this two months sweat, and should have done
Another month, if you had not relieved us.

Woman. This bread and water hath our diet been,
Together with a rib cut from a neck
Of burned mutton; hard hath been our fare!
Release us from this ugly giant's snare!

3 *Knight.* This hath been all the food we have received;
But only twice a-day, for novelty,
He gave a spoonful of this hearty broth
To each of us, through this same slender quill.
[*Pulls out a syringe.*

Ralph. From this infernal monster you shall go,
That useth knights and gentle ladies so.
Convey them hence.
[*Exeunt third* Knight *and* Woman.

"*Cit.* Cony, I can tell thee the gentlemen like Ralph.

"*Wife.* Ay, George, I see it well enough. Gentlemen, I thank you all heartily for gracing my man Ralph; and I promise you, you shall see him oftener."

Bar. Mercy, great Knight! I do recant my ill,
And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

Ralph. I give thee mercy; but yet shalt thou swear
Upon my Burning Pestle, to perform
Thy promise uttered.

Bar. I swear and kiss. [*Kisses the Pestle.*

Ralph. Depart then, and amend!—
Come, Squire and Dwarf; the sun grows towards his set,
And we have many more adventures yet. [*Exeunt.*

"*Cit.* Now Ralph is in this humour, I know he would ha' beaten all the boys in the house, if they had been set on him.

"*Wife.* Ay, George, but it is well as it is; I warrant you the gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a giant.

SCENE V.—*The Street before* Merrythought's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Merrythought *and* Michael.

"But look, George; here comes mistress Merrythought, and her son Michael: Now you are welcome, mistress Merrythought; now Ralph has done, you may go on."

. *Mer.* Micke, my boy?

h. Ay, forsooth, mother!

. *Mer.* Be merry, Micke; we are at home where I warrant you, you shall find the ung out of the windows. [*Singing above.*] hey dogs, hey! this is the old world i'faith y husband! [If] I get in among them, I'll em such a lesson, that they shall have little come scraping hither again!—Why, master thought! husband! Charles Merrythought!

Mer. [*Singing at the window above.*]
ou will sing, and dance, and laugh,
And hollow, and laugh again!
d then cry, "There boys, there;" why then,
ne, two, three, and four,
We shall be merry within this hour.

. *Mer.* Why, Charles! do you not know wn natural wife? I say, open the door, and e out those mangy companions; 'tis more ne that they were fellow and fellow-like with You are a gentleman, Charles, and an old nd father of two children; and I myself, h I say it) by my mother's side, niece to a ful gentleman, and a conductor; he has ree times in his majesty's service at Chesd is now the fourth time, God bless him, charge, upon his journey.

ging.] Go from my window, love, go;
Go from my window, my dear:
The wind and the rain
Will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here.

ou, mistress Merrythought, you that walk dventures, and forsake your husband, beke sings with never a penny in his purse; hall I think myself the worse? 'Faith no, merry. [*Singing.*

e not here, here's none but lads of mettle,
a hundred years, and upwards,
er drunk their bloods, nor want made them warble
, my heart is heavy.'

. *Mer.* Why, master Merrythought, what hat you should laugh me to scorn thus ab- am I not your fellow-feeler, as we may say, ur miseries? your comforter in health and ? have I not brought you children? are t like you, Charles? Look upon thine own hard-hearted man! and yet for all this——

ging.] Begone, begone, my juggy, my pugsy,
Begone, my love, my dear!
The weather is warm,
'Twill do thee no harm;
Thou canst not be lodged here.

ry, boys! some light music, and more wine! [*Exit from above.*

fe. He's not in earnest. I hope, George, is

. What if he be, sweetheart?

fe. Marry, if he be, George, I'll make bold him he's an ingrant old man, to use his bedso scurvily.

. What! how does he use her, honey?

fe. Marry come up, Sir Saucebox! I think ake his part, will you not? Lord, how hot grown! you are a fine man, an' you had a ; it becomes you sweetly!

. Nay, prythee, Nell, chide not; for as I honest man, and a true Christian grocer, I like his doings.

fe. I cry you mercy then, George! you know we are all frail, and full of infirmities.—D'ye hear, master Merrythought? may I crave a word with you?"

Mer. [*At the Window.*] Strike up, lively lads!

"*Wife.* I had not thought in truth, master Merrythought, that a man of your age and discretion, as I may say, being a gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weakness of his wife: For your wife is your own flesh, the staff of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the mire of this transitory world; nay, she's your own rib. And again——"

Mer. [*Singing.*] I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadst kiss'd me under the breech,
As thou art a lady gay.

"*Wife.* Marry, with a vengeance, I am heartily sorry for the poor gentlewoman! but if I were thy wife, i'faith, greybeard, i'faith——

"*Cit.* I pr'ythee, sweet honeysuckle, be content!

"*Wife.* Give me such words, that am a gentlewoman born? hang him, hoary rascal! Get me some drink, George; I am almost molten with fretting: Now beshrew his knave's heart for it!" [*Citizen exit.*

Mer. Play me a light lavalto. Come, be frolic; fill the good fellows wine!

Mrs. Mer. Why, master Merrythought, are you disposed to make me wait here? You'll open, I hope; I'll fetch them that shall open else.

Mer. Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you something; if not——

You are no love for me, Marg'ret,
I am no love for you.

Come aloft, boys, aloft! [*Exit from the Window.*

Mrs. Mer. Now a churl's fart in your teeth, sir! Come, Micke, we'll not trouble him; a' shall not ding us i' th' teeth with his bread and his broth, that he shall not. Come, boy; I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee: We'll go to master Venterwels, the merchant: I'll get his letter to mine host of the Bell in Waltham; there I'll place thee with the tapster; will not that do well for thee, Micke? and let me alone for that old cuckoldly knave your father! I'll use him in his kind, I warrant you! [*Exeunt.*

FINIS ACTUS TERTII.

Re-enter Citizen *with Beer.*

"*Wife.* Come, George; where's the beer?

"*Cit.* Here, love!

"*Wife.* This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet. Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all; and I desire more of your acquaintance with all my heart. Fill the gentlemen some beer, George. [*Boy danceth*] Look, George, the little boy's come again! methinks he looks something like the Prince of Orange in his long stocking, if he had a little harness about his neck. George, I will have him dance Fading; Fading is a fine jig, I'll assure you, gentlemen. Begin, brother; now a' capers, sweetheart! now a turn a' th' toe, and then tumble! Cannot you tumble, youth?

"*Boy.* No, indeed, forsooth.

"*Wife.* Nor eat fire?

"*Boy.* Neither.

"*Wife.* Why then, I thank you heartily; there's twopence to buy you points withal."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter JASPER *and* BOY.

Jasp. There, boy; deliver this: But do it well.
Hast thou provided me four lusty fellows,
Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy business?

Boy. Sir, you need not fear;
I have my lesson here, and cannot miss it:
The men are ready for you, and what else
Pertains to this employment.

Jasp. There, my boy;
Take it, but buy no land.

Boy. 'Faith, sir, 'twere rare
To see so young a purchaser. I fly,
And on my wings carry your destiny. [*Exit.*

Jasp. Go, and be happy! Now, my latest hope,
Forsake me not, but fling thy anchor out,
And let it hold! Stand fix'd, thou rolling stone,
Till I enjoy my dearest! Hear me, all
You powers, that rule in men, celestial! [*Exit.*

"*Wife.* Go thy ways: thou art as crooked a sprig as ever grew in London! I warrant him, he'll come to some naughty end or other; for his looks say no less: Besides, his father (you know, George) is none of the best; you heard him take me up like a flirt-gill, and sing bawdy songs upon me; but i'faith, if I live, George—

"*Cit.* Let me alone, sweetheart! I have a trick in my head shall lodge him in the Arches for one year, and make him sing *peccavi*, ere I leave him; and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.

"*Wife.* Do, my good George, do!

"*Cit.* What shall we have Ralph do now, Boy?

"*Boy.* You shall have what you will, sir.

"*Cit.* Why, so, sir? go and fetch me him then, and let the sophy of Persia come and christen him a child.

"*Boy.* Believe me, sir, that will not do so well; 'tis stale; it has been had before at the Red Bull.

"*Wife.* George, let Ralph travel over great hills, and let him be very weary, and come to the king of Cracovia's house, covered with [black] velvet, and there let the king's daughter stand in her window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of ivory; and let her spy Ralph, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her father's house, and then let Ralph talk with her!

"*Cit.* Well said, Nell; it shall be so: Boy, let's ha't done quickly.

"*Boy.* Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together; but we cannot present a house covered with black velvet, and a lady in beaten gold.

"*Cit.* Sir Boy, let's ha't as you can then.

"*Boy.* Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's 'prentice to court a king's daughter.

"*Cit.* Will it so, sir? You are well read in histories! I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet? Was not he 'prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of the Four 'Prentices of London, where they toss their pikes so. I pray you fetch him in, sir, fetch him in!

"*Boy.* It shall be done.—It is not our fault, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

"*Wife.* Now we shall see fine doings, I warrant thee, George.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the King of* MOLDAVIA'S *Court.*

Enter RALPH, TIM, GEORGE, *and* POMPIONA.

"Oh, here they come! How prettily the king of Cracovia's daughter is dressed!

"*Cit.* Ay, Nell, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant thee."

Pomp. Welcome, Sir Knight, unto my father's [court,
King of Moldavia; unto me, Pompiona,
His daughter dear! But sure you do not like
Your entertainment, that will stay with us
No longer but a night.

Ralph. Damsel right fair,
I am on many sad adventures bound,
That call me forth into the wilderness:
Besides, my horse's back is something gall'd,
Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.
But many thanks, fair lady, be to you,
For using errant-knight with courtesy!

Pomp. But say, brave Knight, what is your name and birth?

Ralph. My name is Ralph, I am an Englishman,
(As true as steel, a hearty Englishman)
And 'prentice to a grocer in the Strond,
By deed indent, of which I have one part:
But Fortune calling me to follow arms,
On me this holy order I did take
Of Burning Pestle, which in all men's eyes
I bear, confounding ladies' enemies.

Pomp. Oft have I heard of your brave countrymen,
And fertile soil, and store of wholesome food;
My father oft will tell me of a drink
In England found, and Nipitato call'd,
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

Ralph. Lady, 'tis true; you need not lay your [lips
To better Nipitato than there is.

Pomp. And of a wild-fowl he will often speak,
Which powder'd beef and mustard called is:
For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you
But truly, Ralph, it was not long of me.
Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be
To wear a lady's favour in your shield?

Ralph. I am a knight of a religious order,
And will not wear a favour of a lady
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditions.

"*Cit.* Well said, Ralph! convert her, if thou canst."

Ralph. Besides, I have a lady of my own
In merry England; for whose virtuous sake
I took these arms; and Susan is her name,
A cobler's maid in Milk-street; whom I vow
Ne'er to forsake, whilst life and Pestle last.

Pomp. Happy that cobbling dame, whoe'er she be,
That for her own, dear Ralph, hath gotten thee!
Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the day
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away!

Ralph. Lady, farewell! I needs must take my leave.

Pomp. Hard-hearted Ralph, that ladies dost deceive!

"*Cit.* Hark thee, Ralph! there's money for thee: Give something in the king of Cracovia's house; be not beholding to him."

Ralph. Lady, before I go, I must remember
Your father's officers, who, truth to tell,

Have been about me very diligent:
Hold up thy snowy hand, thou princely maid;
There's twelve-pence for your father's chamberlain;
And there's another shilling for his cook,
For, by my troth, the goose was roasted well;
And twelve-pence for your father's horse-keeper,
For 'nointing my horse-back, and for his butter
There is another shilling; to the maid [groat;
That wash'd my boot-hose, there's an English
And two-pence to the boy that wiped my boots!
And, last, fair lady, there is for yourself
Three-pence, to buy you pins at Bumbo-fair!

Pomp. Full many thanks; and I will keep them
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake, Ralph. [safe

Ralph. Advance, my Squire and Dwarf! I cannot stay.

Pomp. Thou kill'st my heart in parting thus away. [*Exeunt.*

"*Wife.* I commend Ralph yet, that he will not stoop to a Cracovian; there's properer women in London than any are there, I wis. But here comes master Humphrey and his love again; now, George!

"*Cit.* Ay, cony, peace!"

SCENE III.—*The House of* VENTERWELS.

Enter VENTERWELS, Master HUMPHREY, LUCE, *and* Boy.

Vent. Go, get you up! I will not be entreated!
And, gossip mine, I'll keep you sure hereafter
From gadding out again, with boys and unthrifts:
Come, they are women's tears; I know your [fashion.—
Go, sirrah, lock her in, and keep the key
Safe as you love your life. [*Exeunt* LUCE *and* Boy.
Now, my son Humphrey,
You may both rest assured of my love
In this, and reap your own desire.

Hum. I see this love you speak of, through your daughter,
Although the hole be little; and hereafter
Will yield the like in all I may or can,
Fitting a Christian and a gentleman.

Vent. I do believe you, my good son, and thank you;
For 'twere an impudence to think you flatter'd.

Hum. It were indeed; but shall I tell you why?
I have been beaten twice about the lie.

Vent. Well, son, no more of compliment. My daughter
Is yours again; appoint the time and take her:
We'll have no stealing for it; I myself
And some few of our friends will see you married.

Hum. I would you would, i'faith! for be it [known,
I ever was afraid to lie alone.

Vent. Some three days hence then——

Hum. Three days? let me see!
'Tis somewhat of the most; yet I agree,
Because I mean against the appointed day
To visit all my friends in new array.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentlewoman without would speak with your worship.

Vent. What is she?

Serv. Sir, I ask'd her not.

Vent. Bid her come in.

Enter Mrs. MERRYTHOUGHT *and* MICHAEL.

Mrs. Mer. Peace be to your worship! I come as a poor suitor to you, sir, in the behalf of this child.

Vent. Are you not wife to Merrythought?

Mrs. Mer. Yes, truly: 'Would I had ne'er seen his eyes! he has undone me and himself, and his children; and there he lives at home, and sings and hoits, and revels among his drunken companions! but, I warrant you, where to get a penny to put bread in his mouth he knows not: And therefore, if it like your worship, I would entreat your letter to the honest host of the Bell in Waltham, that I may place my child under the protection of his tapster, in some settled course of life.

Vent. I'm glad the Heavens have heard my prayers! Thy husband,
When I was ripe in sorrows, laugh'd at me;
Thy son, like an unthankful wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,
To shew his love again, first stole my daughter,
Then wrong'd this gentleman; and, last of all,
Gave me that grief had almost brought me down
Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand
Relieved my sorrows: Go, and weep as I did,
And be unpitied; for I here profess
An everlasting hate to all thy name.

Mrs. Mer. Will you so, sir? how say you by that? Come, Micke; let him keep his wind to cool his pottage! We'll go to thy nurse's, Micke; she knits silk stockings, boy, and we'll knit too, boy, and be beholding to none of them all.

[*Exit with* MICHAEL.

Enter a Boy *with a Letter.*

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the master of this [house.

Vent. How then, Boy?

Boy. Then to yourself, sir, comes this letter.

Vent. From whom, my pretty boy?

Boy. From him that was your servant; but no [more
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead!
Grief of your purchased anger broke his heart:
I saw him die, and from his hand received
This paper, with a charge to bring it hither:
Read it, and satisfy yourself in all.

Vent. [*Reading.*] Sir, that I have wrong'd your love I must confess; in which I have purchased to myself, besides mine own undoing, the ill opinion of my friends. Let not your anger, good sir, outlive me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your forgiveness: Let my body (if a dying man may so much prevail with you) be brought to your daughter, that she may truly know my hot flames are now buried, and withal receive a testimony of the zeal I bore her virtue. Farewell for ever, and be ever happy! JASPER.

God's hand is great in this! I do forgive him;
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again. Boy, bring the body,
And let him have his will, if that be all.

Boy. 'Tis here without, sir.

Vent. So, sir; if you please,
You may conduct it in; I do not fear it.

Hum. I'll be your usher, Boy; for, though I say it,
He owed me something once, and well did pay it

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same House*

Enter LUCE.

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,
Let it together seize me, and at once
Press down my soul! I cannot bear the pain
Of these delaying tortures!—Thou that art

The end of all, and the sweet rest of all,
Come, come, oh, Death! bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of my father and my cruel friend!
Oh, wretched maid, still living to be wretched,
To be a say to Fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together!
How happy had I been, if, being born,
My grave had been my cradle!

Enter Servant.

Serv. By your leave,
Young mistress! Here's a boy hath brought a coffin;
What a' would say I know not; but your father
Charged me to give you notice. Here they come!

Enter two Men *bearing a Coffin, and the* Boy. JASPER *laid out as a Corpse within it, covered with a cloth.*

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

Boy. Fair mistress, let me not add greater grief
To that great store you have already. Jasper
(That whilst he lived was yours, now dead,
And here enclosed) commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to crave a tear
From those fair eyes, (though he deserved not pity,)
To deck his funeral, for so he bid me
Tell her for whom he died.

Luce. He shall have many.—
Good friends, depart a little, whilst I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I loved.
[*Exeunt* Coffin-carriers *and* Boy.
Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being. Oh, my friend!
Hast thou deceived me thus, and got before me?
I shall not long be after. But, believe me,
Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gainst thyself,
In punishing the fault I could have pardon'd,
With so untimely death: Thou didst not wrong me,
But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving;
And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel!
Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs,
And all myself, before thou goest from me:
These are but sparing rites; but if thy soul
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace,
And satisfied: First will I sing thy dirge,
Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,
And fill one coffin and one grave together.

SONG.

Come, you whose loves are dead,
And whiles I sing,
Weep, and wring
Every hand; and every head
Bind with cypress and sad yew;
Ribbons black and candles blue,
For him that was of men most true!

Come with heavy moaning,
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning;
Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true!

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.
[*She takes off the Cloth, and he rises out of the Coffin.*
Jasp. And thus you meet the living.

Luce. Save me, Heaven!
Jasp. Nay, do not fly me, fair; I am no spirit:
Look better on me; do you know me yet?
Luce. Oh, thou dear shadow of my friend!
Jasp. Dear substance,
I swear I am no shadow; feel my hand!
It is the same it was; I am your Jasper,
Your Jasper that's yet living, and yet loving!
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof
I put in practice of your constancy:
For sooner should my sword have drunk my blood,
And set my soul at liberty, than drawn
The least drop from that body; for which boldness
Doom me to anything! if death, I take it,
And willingly.
Luce. This death I'll give you for it!
[*Kisses him.*
So; now I'm satisfied, you are no spirit,
But my own truest, truest, truest friend!
Why do you come thus to me?
Jasp. First, to see you;
Then to convey you hence.
Luce. It cannot be;
For I am lock'd up here, and watch'd at all hours,
That 'tis impossible for me to 'scape.
Jasp. Nothing more possible: Within this coffin
Do you convey yourself; let me alone,
I have the wits of twenty men about me;
Only I crave the shelter of your closet
A little, and then fear me not. Creep in,
That they may presently convey you hence.
Fear nothing, dearest love! I'll be your second;
Lie close; so! all goes well yet.—Boy!
[*She goes into the Coffin, and he covers her with the Cloth.*

Re-enter Boy *and* Men.

Boy. At hand, sir.
Jasp. Convey away the coffin, and be wary
Boy. 'Tis done already.
[*The* Men *carry out the Coffin.*
Jasp. Now must I go conjure.
[*Exit into a Closet.*

Enter VENTERWELS.

Vent. Boy, Boy!
Boy. Your servant, sir.
Vent. Do me this kindness, Boy; (hold; here's a crown)
Before thou bury the body of this fellow,
Carry it to his old merry father, and salute him
From me, and bid him sing; he hath cause.
Boy. I will, sir.
Vent. And then bring me word what tune he sings
And have another crown; but do it truly. [In
I have fitted him a bargain, now, will vex him.
Boy. God bless your worship's health, sir!
Vent. Farewell, Boy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter Old MERRYTHOUGHT.

"*Wife.* Ah, Old Merrythought, art thou there again? Let's hear some of thy songs."

Mer. [*Singing.*] Who can sing a merrier note,
Than he that cannot change a groat

Not a denier left, and yet my heart leaps: I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the streets. My wife and both my sons are

I know not where; I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meat to supper; yet am I merry still; for I know I shall find it upon the table at six o'clock; therefore, hang thought! [*Sings.*

I would not be a serving-man
To carry the cloak-bag still,
Nor would I be a falconer
The greedy hawks to fill;
But I would be in a good house,
And have a good master too;
But I would eat and drink of the best,
And no work would I do.

This it is that keeps life and soul together, mirth! This is the philosopher's stone that they write so much on, that keeps a man ever young!

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your money is gone, and they will trust you for no more drink.

Mer. Will they not? let 'em chuse! The best is, I have mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them keep their drink to themselves. [*Sings.*

For Jillian of Berry she dwells on a hill,
And she hath good beer and ale to sell,
And of good fellows she thinks no ill,
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,
You need not ask what is to pay,
But kiss your hostess, and go your way,
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

Enter another Boy.

2 *Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Mer. Hang bread and supper! let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feel hunger, I'll warrant you. Let's have a catch: Boy, follow me; come, sing this catch. [*They sing the following Catch.*

Ho, ho, nobody at home,
Meat, nor drink, nor money ha' we none?
Fill the pot, Eedy,
Never more need I.

Mer. So, boys; enough. Follow me: Let's change our place, and we shall laugh afresh. [*Exeunt.*

"*Wife.* Let him go, George; a' shall not have any countenance from us, nor a good word from any i' th' company, if I may strike stroke in't.

"*Cit.* No more a sha'not, love. But, Nell, I will have Ralph do a very notable matter now, to the eternal honour and glory of all grocers.—Sirrah; you there! Boy! Can none of you hear?

"*Boy.* Sir, your pleasure?

"*Cit.* Let Ralph come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a conduit, with all his scarfs about him, and his feathers, and his rings, and his knacks.

"*Boy.* Why, sir, you do not think of our plot; what will become of that then?

"*Cit.* Why, sir, I care not what become on't! I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out myself; I'll have something done in honour of the city. Besides, he hath been long enough upon adventures: Bring him out quickly; or if I come honour est you——

it not, ok Well, sir, he shall come out; but if our noble lasurry, sir, you are like to pay for't.

In this fah [*Exit.*

"*Cit.* Bring him away then!

"*Wife.* This will be brave, i'faith! George, shall not he dance the morris too, for the credit of the Strand?

"*Cit.* No, sweetheart, it will be too much for the boy. Oh, there he is, Nell! he's reasonable well in reparrel: but he has not rings enough."

Enter RALPH, *dressed as a May-lord.*

Ralph. London, to thee I do present the merry month of May;
Let each true subject be content to hear me what I say:
For from the top of Conduit-Head, as plainly may appear,
I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here.
My name is Ralph, by due descent, though not ignoble I,
Yet far inferior to the flock of gracious grocery:
And by the common counsel of my fellows in the Strand,
With gilded staff, and crossed scarf, the May-lord here I stand.
Rejoice, oh, English hearts, rejoice, rejoice, oh, lovers dear;
Rejoice, oh, city, town, and country, rejoice eke every shere!
For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemly sort,
The little birds do sit and sing, the lambs do make fine sport;
And now the burchin-tree doth bud, that makes the schoolboy cry,
The morris rings, while hobby-horse doth foot it featuously;
The lords and ladies now abroad, for their disport and play,
Do kiss sometimes upon the grass, and sometimes in the hay.
Now butter with a leaf of sage is good to purge the blood,
Fly Venus and phlebotomy, for they are neither good!
Now little fish on tender stone begin to cast their bellies,
And sluggish snails, that erst were mew'd, do creep out of their shellies.
The rumbling rivers now do warm, for little boys to paddle;
The sturdy steed now goes to grass, and up they hang his saddle.
The heavy hart, the bellowing buck, the rascal, and the pricket,
Are now among the yeoman's pease, and leave the fearful thicket.
And be like them, oh, you, I say, of this same noble town,
And lift aloft your velvet heads, and slipping off your gown,
With bells on legs, and napkins clean, unto your shoulders tied,
With scarfs and garters as you please, and "Hey for our town!" cried.
March out and shew your willing minds, by twenty and by twenty,
To Hogsdon, or to Newington, where ale and cakes are plenty!
And let it ne'er be said for shame, that we the youths of London,

Lay thrumming of our caps at home, and left our custom undone.
Up then, I say, both young and old, both man and maid a-Maying,
With drums and guns that bounce aloud, and merry tabor playing!
Which to prolong, God save our king, and send his country peace,
And root out treason from the land! and so, my friends, I cease. [*Exit.*

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* VENTERWELS.

Enter VENTERWELS.

Vent. I will have no great store of company at the wedding; a couple of neighbours and their wives; and we will have a capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef, stuck with rosemary.

Enter JASPER, *his Face mealed.*

Jasp. Forbear thy pains, fond man! it is too late.
Vent. Heaven bless me! Jasper?
Jasp. Ay, I am his ghost,
Whom thou hast injured for his constant love.
Fond worldly wretch! who dost not understand
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.
First know, thy daughter is quite borne away
On wings of angels, through the liquid air,
Too far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her face: But she and I
Will in another world enjoy our loves;
Where neither father's anger, poverty,
Nor any cross that troubles earthly men,
Shall make us sever our united hearts.
And never shalt thou sit, or be alone
In any place, but I will visit thee
With ghastly looks, and put into thy mind
The great offences which thou didst to me.
When thou art at thy table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and filled with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thyself,
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,
Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as death itself.
Vent. Forgive me, Jasper! Oh, what might I do,
Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled ghost?
Jasp. There is no means; too late thou think'st of this.
Vent. But tell me what were best for me to do?
Jasp. Repent thy deed, and satisfy my father,
And beat fond Humphrey out of thy doors. [*Exit.*

Enter HUMPHREY.

"*Wife.* Look, George; his very ghost would have folks beaten."
Hum. Father, my bride is gone, fair mistress Luce.
My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischief's sluice.
Vent. Hence, fool, out of my sight, with thy fond passion!
Thou hast undone me. [*Beats him.*
Hum. Hold, my father dear!
For Luce thy daughter's sake, that had no peer.
Vent. Thy father, fool? There's some blows more; be gone!— [*Beats him again.*
Jasper, I hope thy ghost be well appeased
To see thy will performed. Now will I go
To satisfy thy father for thy wrongs. [*Exit.*
Hum. What shall I do? I have been beaten twice,
And mistress Luce is gone! Help me, Device!
Since my true love is gone, I never more
Whilst I do live upon the sky will pore;
But in the dark will wear out my shoe-soles
In passion, in Saint Faith's church under Paul's. [*Exit.*

"*Wife.* George, call Ralph hither; if you love me, call Ralph hither! I have the bravest thing for him to do——George! pr'ythee, call him quickly.

"*Cit.* Ralph! why, Ralph, boy!

Enter RALPH.

"*Ralph.* Here, sir.

"*Cit.* Come hither, Ralph; come to thy mistress, boy.

"*Wife.* Ralph, I would have thee call all the youths together in battle-ray, with drums, and guns, and flags, and march to Mile-End in pompous fashion, and there exhort your soldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep their beards from burning, Ralph; and then skirmish, and let your flags fly, and cry, "Kill, kill, kill!" My husband shall lend you his jerkin, Ralph, and there's a scarf; for the rest, the house shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't. Do it bravely, Ralph; and think before whom you perform, and what person you represent.

"*Ralph.* I warrant you, mistress; if I do it not, for the honour of the city, and the credit of my master, let me never hope for freedom!

"*Wife.* 'Tis well spoken, i'faith! Go thy ways; thou art a spark indeed.

"*Cit.* Ralph, Ralph, double your files bravely, Ralph!

"*Ralph.* I warrant you, sir. [*Exit.*

"*Cit.* Let him look narrowly to his service; I shall take him else. I was there myself a pike-man once, in the hottest of the day, wench; had my feather shot sheer away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet, I thank God, I am here. [*Drums within.*

"*Wife.* Hark, George, the drums!

"*Cit.* Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan, tan! Oh, wench, an' thou hadst but seen little Ned of Aldgate, drum Ned, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant, and then struck softly till the ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go! sa, sa, sa, bounce, quoth the guns! "courage, my hearts," quoth the captains! "Saint George," quoth the pike-men! and withal, here th[illegible] lay, and there they lay! And yet for all this I [illegible] follow wench.

"*Wife.* Be thankful for it, George; [illegible]gh, and [illegible] sons a[illegible] 'tis wonderful."

SCENE II.—*Mile-end.*

Enter RALPH, WILLIAM HAMERTON, GEORGE GREENGOOSE, *and Others of his Company, with Drums and Colours.*

Ralph. March fair, my hearts! lieutenant, beat the rear up. Ancient, let your colours fly; but have a great care of the butchers' hooks at Whitechapel; they have been the death of many a fair ancient. Open your files, that I may take a view both of your persons and munition. Sergeant, call a muster.

Serg. A stand!—William Hamerton, pewterer!

Ham. Here, captain.

Ralph. A corslet and a Spanish pike! 'tis well: Can you shake it with a terror?

Ham. I hope so, captain.

Ralph. Charge upon me.—'Tis with the weakest: Put more strength, William Hamerton, more strength. As you were again. Proceed, Sergeant.

Serg. George Greengoose, poulterer!

Green. Here!

Ralph. Let me see your piece, neighbour Greengoose; when was she shot in?

Green. An't like you, master captain, I made a shot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity.

Ralph. It should seem so certainly; for her breath is yet inflamed. Besides, there is a main fault in the touch-hole, it runs and stinketh: And I tell you moreover, and believe it, ten such touch-holes would breed the pox i' th' army. Get you a feather, neighbour, get you a feather, sweet oil, and paper, and your piece may do well enough yet. Where's your powder?

Green. Here.

Ralph. What, in a paper? as I am a soldier and a gentleman, it craves a martial-court! You ought to die for't. Where's your horn? Answer me to that.

Green. An't like you, sir, I was oblivious.

Ralph. It like me not you should be so; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandal to all our neighbours, being a man of worth and estimation, to leave your horn behind you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you, no more on't. Stand, till I view you all. What's become o' th' nose of your flask?

1 *Sold.* Indeed-la, captain, 'twas blown away with powder.

Ralph. Put on a new one at the city's charge. Where's the stone of this piece?

2 *Sold.* The drummer took it out to light tobacco.

Ralph. 'Tis a fault, my friend; put it in again. You want a nose, and you a stone; Sergeant, take a note on't, for I mean to stop it in the pay. Remove and march! [*They march.*] Soft and fair, gentlemen, soft and fair! Double your files; as you were! faces about! Now, you with the sodden face, keep in there! Look to your match, sirrah, it will be in your fellow's flask anon. So; make a crescent now; advance your pikes; stand and give ear!—Gentlemen, countrymen, friends, and my fellow-soldiers, I have brought you this day from the shops of security, and the counters of content, to measure out in these furious fields, honour by the ell, and prowess by the pound. Let it not, oh, let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this city fainted; but bear yourselves in this fair action like men, valiant men, and free men! Fear not the face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns; for, believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling of a brewer's cart is far more terrible, of which you have a daily experience: Neither let the stink of powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you. To a resolved mind, his home is everywhere:

I speak not this to take away
The hope of your return; for you shall see
(I do not doubt it) and that very shortly
Your loving wives again, and your sweet children,
Whose care doth bear you company in baskets.
Remember then whose cause you have in hand,
And, like a sort of true-born scavengers,
Scour me this famous realm of enemies.

I have no more to say but this: Stand to your tacklings, lads, and shew to the world, you can as well brandish a sword as shake an apron. Saint George, and on, my hearts!

All. Saint George, Saint George! [*Exeunt*

"*Wife.* 'Twas well done, Ralph! I'll send thee a cold capon a-field, and a bottle of March beer; and, it may be, come myself to see thee.

"*Cit.* Nell, the boy hath deceived me much! I did not think it had been in him. He has performed such a matter, wench, that, if I live, next year I'll have him captain of the gallifoist, or I'll want my will."

SCENE III.—*A Room in Old* MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter Old MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mer. Yet, I thank God, I break not a wrinkle more than I had. Not a stoop, boys? Care, live with cats: I defy thee! My heart is as sound as an oak; and though I want drink to wet my whistle, I can sing, [*Sings.*

Come no more there, boys, come no more there;
For we shall never whilst we live come any more there.

Enter a Boy, *and two* Men *bringing in the Coffin, with* LUCE *in it.*

Boy. God save you, sir!

Mer. It's a brave boy. Canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes, sir, I can sing; but 'tis not so necessary at this time.

Mer. Sing we, and chaunt it,
Whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

Mer. Oh, the mimon round,
Full long I have thee sought,
And now I have thee found,
And what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A coffin, sir, and your dead son Jasper in it.

Mer. Dead? Why, farewell he!
Thou wast a bonny boy,
And I did love thee.

Enter JASPER.

Jasp. Then I pray you, sir, do so still.

Mer. Jasper's ghost? [*Sings*

Thou art welcome from Stygian-lake so soon;
Declare to me what wondrous things in Pluto's court are done.

Jasp. By my troth, sir, I ne'er came there; 'tis too hot for me, sir.

Mer. A merry ghost, a very merry ghost! [*Sings.*

And where is your true love? Oh, where is yours?

Jasp. Marry, look you, sir! [*Opens the coffin.*

Mer. Ah, ha! art thou good at that, i'faith? [*Sings.*

With hey tricksy terlerie-whiskin,
The world it runs on wheels.
When the young man's ——
Up goes the maiden's heels.

Mrs. Merrythought *and* Michael *within.*

Mrs. Mer. What, master Merrythought! will you not let's in! What do you think shall become of us?

Mer. What voice is that that calleth at our door?

Mrs. Mer. You know me well enough; I am sure I have not been such a stranger to you.

Mer. [*Sings.*] And some they whistled, and some they sung,
Hey down, down!
And some did loudly say,
Ever as the lord Barnet's horn blew,
Away, Musgrave, away.

Mrs. Mer. You will not have us starve here, will you, master Merrythought?

Jasp. Nay, good sir, be persuaded; she's my mother:
If her offences have been great against you,
Let your own love remember she is yours,
And so forgive her.

Luce. Good master Merrythought,
Let me entreat you; I will not be denied.

Mrs. Mer. Why, master Merrythought, will you be a vex'd thing still?

Mer. Woman, I take you to my love again; but you shall sing before you enter; therefore dispatch your song, and so come in.

Mrs. Mer. Well, you must have your will, when all's done:—Micke, what song canst thou sing, boy?

Mich. I can sing none forsooth, but 'A Lady's Daughter of Paris,' properly, [*Sings within.*

It was a lady's daughter, &c.

Enter Mrs. Merrythought *and* Michael.

Mer. Come, you're welcome home again.

If such danger be in playing,
And jest must to earnest turn,
You shall go no more a-Maying——

Vent. [*Within.*] Are you within, sir? master Merrythought!

Jasp. It is my master's voice; good sir, go hold
In talk whilst we convey ourselves into [him
Some inward room. [*Exit with* Luce.

Mer. What are you? are you merry?
You must be very merry, if you enter.

Vent. I am, sir.

Mer. Sing then.

Vent. Nay, good sir, open to me.

Mer. Sing, I say,
Or, by the merry heart, you come not in!

Vent. Well, sir, I'll sing. [*Sings.*

Fortune my foe, &c.

Enter Venterwels.

Mer. You're welcome, sir, you're welcome!
You see your entertainment; pray you be merry.

Vent. Oh, master Merrythought, I'm come to
Forgiveness for the wrongs I offer'd you, [ask you
And your most virtuous son; they are infinite.
Yet my contrition shall be more than they.
I do confess my hardness broke his heart,
For which just Heaven hath giv'n me punishment
More than my age can carry; his wandring spirit,
Not yet at rest, pursues me every where,
Crying, "I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty."
My daughter she is gone, I know not how,
Taken invisible, and whether living,
Or in the grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.
Oh, master Merrythought, these are the weights
Will sink me to my grave! Forgive me, sir.

Mer. Why, sir, I do forgive you; and be merry!
And if the wag in's lifetime play'd the knave,
Can you forgive him too?

Vent. With all my heart, sir.

Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.

Vent. I do, sir;
Now, by my soul, I do.

Mer. [*Sings.*] With that came out his paramour;
She was as white as the lily flower.
Hey troul, troly, lolly!

Enter Luce *and* Jasper.

With that came out her own dear knight,
He was as true as ever did fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands together; there's no more to be said i' th' matter.

Vent. I do, I do.

"*Cit.* I do not like this: Peace, boys! Hear me, one of you! every body's part is come to an end but Ralph's, and he's left out.

"*Boy.* 'Tis long of yourself, sir; we have nothing to do with his part.

"*Cit.* Ralph, come away! Make [an end] on him, as you have done of the rest, boys; come!

"*Wife.* Now, good husband, let him come out and die.

"*Cit.* He shall, Nell.—Ralph, come away quickly, and die, boy.

"*Boy.* 'Twill be very unfit he should die, sir, upon no occasion; and in a comedy too.

"*Cit.* Take you no care of that, Sir Boy; is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead?—Come away, Ralph!"

Enter Ralph, *with a forked Arrow through his Head.*

Ralph. When I was mortal, this my costive
Did lap up figs and raisins in the Strand; [corps
Where sitting, I espied a lovely dame,
Whose master wrought with lingell and with awl,
And underground he vamped many a boot:
Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig,
To follow feats of arms in warlike wise,
Through Waltham-Desert; where I did perform
Many achievements, and did lay on ground
Huge Barbaroso, that insulting giant,
And all his captives soon set at liberty.
Then honour prick'd me from my native soil
Into Moldavia, where I gain'd the love
Of Pompiona, his beloved daughter;
But yet proved constant to the black-thumb'd
Susan, and scorn'd Pompiona's love; [maid,
Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins,
And money for her father's officers.
I then returned home, and thrust myself
In action, and by all men chosen was
Lord of the May; where I did flourish it,
With scarfs and rings, and poesy in my hand.
After this action I preferred was,

ossa city-captain at Mile-End,
at and feather, and with leading staff,
in'd my men, and brought them all off clear,
e man that bewrayed him with the noise.
these things I Ralph did undertake,
r my beloved Susan's sake.
ming home, and sitting in my shop
ron blue, Death came into my stall
pen *aquavitæ*; but ere I
ike the bottle down, and fill a taste,
ught a pound of pepper in his hand,
inkled all my face and body o'er,
in instant vanished away.
"Tis a pretty fiction, i'faith!"
i. Then took I up my bow and shaft in hand,
ked into Moorfields to cool myself:
e grim cruel Death met me again,
t this forked arrow through my head;
r I faint; therefore be warn'd by me,
ws every one, of forked heads!
, all you good boys in merry London!
all we more upon Shrove-Tuesday meet,
ck down houses of iniquity;
a increaseth) I shall never more
en, whilst another pumps both legs,
b a sattin gown with rotten eggs;
stake, oh, never more I shall!
y, fly, my soul, to Grocers' Hall!
oh, &c.

G. Well said, Ralph! do your obeisance gentlemen, and go your ways. Well said, [*Exit* Ralph.

Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, should not depart without a song.

Vent. A good motion.

Mer. Strike up then!

SONG.

Better music ne'er was known
Than a quire of hearts in one.
Let each other, that hath been
Troubled with the gall or spleen,
Learn of us to keep his brow
Smooth and plain, as ours are now!
Sing, though before the hour of dying;
He shall rise, and then be crying,
"Heyho, 'tis nought but mirth
That keeps the body from the earth." [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUS.

"*Cit.* Come, Nell, shall we go? the play's done.

"*Wife.* Nay, by my faith, George, I have more manners than so; I'll speak to these gentlemen first.—I thank you all, gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to Ralph, a poor fatherless child! and if I might see you at my house, it should go hard but I would have a pottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco for you; for truly I hope you do like the youth; but I would be glad to know the truth; I refer it to your own discretions, whether you will applaud him or no; for I will wink, and, whilst, you shall do what you will.—I thank you with all my heart. God give you good night!—Come, George." [*Exeunt.*

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERRAND, *the libidinous Tyrant of Naples.*
VIROLET, *a noble Gentleman, studious of his country's freedom.*
BRISSONET, } *Two honest Gentlemen, confederates*
CAMILLO, } *with* VIROLET.
RONVERE, *a Villain, Captain of the Guard.*
VILLIO, *a Court Fool.*
CASTRUCCIO, *a Court Parasite.*
PANDULPHO, *a noble Gentleman, Father to* VIROLET.
DUKE OF SESSE, *Enemy to* FERRAND, *proscribed, and turned Pirate.*
ASCANIO, *Nephew to* FERRAND.
LUCIO, *a Boy, Servant to* VIROLET.

Master.
Gunner.
Boatswain.
Chirurgeon.
Sailors.
Doctor.
Citizens.
Guards, Soldiers, *and* Servants.

JULIANA, *the matchless Wife of* VIROLET.
MARTIA, *Daughter of the* Duke *of* SESSE, *Second Wife to* VIROLET.
Court-Ladies.

SCENE,—NAPLES, AND A SHIP AT SEA.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—NAPLES. *A Room in the House of* VIROLET.

Enter VIROLET *and* LUCIO.

Vir. Boy!
Lucio. Sir?
Vir. If my wife seek me, tell her that
Designs of weight, too heavy for her knowledge,
Exact my privacy.
Lucio. I shall, sir.
Vir. Do then;
And leave me to myself.
Lucio. 'Tis a raw morning,
And, would you please to interpret that for duty
Which you may construe boldness, I could wish
(To arm yourself against it) you would use
More of my service.
Vir. I have heat within here,
A noble heat, good boy, to keep it off;
I shall not freeze. Deliver my excuse,
And you have done your part.

Enter JULIANA.

Lucio. That is prevented;
My lady follows you.
Vir. Since I must be cross'd then,
Let her perform that office.
Lucio. I obey ye. [*Exit.*
Vir. Pr'ythee to-bed: To be thus fond 's more
Than if I were neglected. [tedious
Jul. 'Tis the fault then
Of love and duty, which I would fall under,
Rather than want that care which you may chal-
As due to my obedience. [lenge
Vir. I confess
This tenderness argues a loving wife,
And more deserves my heart's best thanks than
Yet I must tell you, sweet, you do exceed [anger.
In your affection, if you would engross me
To your delights alone.
Jul. I am not jealous:
If my embraces have distasted you,
(As I must grant you every way so worthy
That 'tis not in weak woman to deserve you,
Much less in miserable me, that want
Those graces some more fortunate are stored with,)
Seek any whom you please, and I will study,
With my best service, to deserve those favours
That shall yield you contentment.
Vir. You are mistaken.
Jul. No, I am patient, sir; and so good morrow
I will not be offensive.
Vir. Hear my reasons.
Jul. Though in your life a widow's bed receives
me,
For your sake I must love it. May she prosper
That shall succeed me in it, and your ardour
Last longer to her!
Vir. By the love I bear,
First to my country's peace, next to thyself,
(To whom compared, my life I rate at nothing,)
Stood here a lady that were the choice abstract
Of all the beauties Nature ever fashion'd,
Or Art gave ornament to, compared to thee,
Thus as thou art, obedient and loving,
I should contemn and loath her!
Jul. I do believe you.
How I am bless'd in my assured belief
This is unfeign'd! And why this sadness then?

Vir. Why, Juliana?
Believe me, these my sad and dull retirements,
My often, nay, almost continued fasts,
(Sleep banish'd from my eyes, all pleasures strangers,)
Have neither root nor growth from any cause
That may arrive at woman. Shouldst thou be
(As chastity forbid!) false to my bed,
I should lament my fortune, perhaps punish
Thy falsehood, and then study to forget thee;
But that which, like a never-emptied spring,
Feeds high the torrent of my swelling grief,
Is what my country suffers; there's a ground
Where sorrow may be planted, and spring up
Through yielding rage, and womanish despair,
And yet not shame the owner.
Jul. I do believe it true;
Yet I should think myself a happy woman,
If, in this general and timely mourning,
I might, or give to you, or else receive,
A little lawful comfort.
Vir. Thy discretion
In this may answer for me: Look on Naples,
The country where we both were born and bred;
Naples, the Paradise of Italy,
As that is of the earth; Naples, that was
The sweet retreat of all the worthiest Romans,
When they had shared the spoils of the whole world;
This flourishing kingdom, whose inhabitants,
For wealth and bravery, lived like petty kings;
Made subject now to such a tyranny,
As that fair city that received her name
From Constantine the Great, now in the power
Of barbarous infidels, may forget her own,
To look with pity on our miseries;
So far in our calamities we transcend her:
For since this Arragonian tyrant, Ferrand,
Seized on the government, there's nothing left us
That we can call our own, but our afflictions.
Jul. And hardly those; the king's strange cruelty
Equals all precedents of tyranny.
Vir. Equals, say you?
He has out-gone the worst: Compared to him,
Nor Phalaris, nor Dionysius,
Caligula, nor Nero can be mention'd.
They yet as kings abused their regal power,
This as a merchant; all the country's fat
He wholly does engross unto himself:
Our oils he buys at his own price, then sells them
To us at dearer rates; our plate and jewels,
Under a feign'd pretence of public use,
He borrows; which denied, his instruments force.
The races of our horses he takes from us,
Yet keeps them in our pastures; rapes of matrons,
And virgins, are too frequent; never man
Yet thank'd him for a pardon; for religion,
It is a thing he dreams not of.
Jul. I have heard
(How true it is I know not) that he sold
The bishoprick of Tarent to a Jew,
For thirteen thousand ducats.
Vir. I was present,
And saw the money paid. The day would leave me
Ere I could number out his impious actions,
Or what the miserable subject suffers:
And can you entertain, in such a time,
A thought of dalliance? Tears, and sighs, and groans,
Would better now become you.
Jul. They indeed are

The only weapons our poor sex can use,
When we are injured; and they may become us:
But for men, that were born free, men of rank,
(That would be register'd fathers of their country,
And to have on their tombs, in golden letters,
The noble style of "Tyrant-killers" written,)
To weep like fools and women, and not like wise men
To practise a redress, deserves a name
Which fits not me to give.
Vir. Thy grave reproof,
If what thou dost desire were possible
To be effected, might well argue it
As wise as loving; but if you consider,
With what strong guards this tyrant is defended,
Ruffians, and malcontents drawn from all quarters,
That only know to serve his impious will;
The citadels built by him in the neck
Of this poor city; the invincible strength
Nature, by Art assisted, gave this castle;
And above all his fear; admitting no man
To see him, but unarm'd, it being death
For any to approach him with a weapon;
You must confess, unless our hands were cannons,
To batter down these walls; our weak breath mines,
To blow his forts up; or our curses lightning,
To force a passage to him, and then blast him;
Our power is like to yours, and we, like you,
Weep our misfortunes.
Jul. Walls of brass resist not
A noble undertaking; nor can Vice
Raise any bulwark, to make good the place
Where Virtue seeks to enter: Then to fall
In such a brave attempt, were such an honour
That Brutus, did he live again, would envy.
Were my dead father in you, and my brothers,
Nay, all the ancestors I am derived from,
(As you, in being what you are, are all these,)
I had rather wear a mourning garment for you,
And should be more proud of my widowhood,
You dying for the freedom of this country,
Than if I were assured I should enjoy
A perpetuity of life and pleasure
With you, the tyrant living.
Vir. Till this minute,
I never heard thee speak! Oh, more than woman,
And more to be beloved! can I find out
A cabinet to lock a secret in,
Of equal trust to thee? All doubts and fears,
That scandalize your sex, be far from me!
Thou shalt partake my near and dearest counsels,
And further them with thine.
Jul. I will be faithful.
Vir. Know then, this day (stand Heaven propitious to us)
Our liberty begins.
Jul. In Ferrand's death?
Vir. 'Tis plotted, love, and strongly; and, believe it,
For nothing else could do it, 'twas the thought
How to proceed in this design, and end it,
That made strange my embraces.
Jul. Curs'd be she
That's so indulgent to her own delights,
That, for their satisfaction, would give
A stop to such a glorious enterprize!
For me, I would not for the world, I had been
Guilty of such a crime: Go on, and prosper!
Go on, my dearest lord! I love your honour
Above my life! nay, yours. My prayers go with you;
Which I will strengthen with my tears. The wrongs

Of this poor country edge your sword! oh, may it
Pierce deep into this tyrant's heart! and then
When you return, bath'd in his guilty blood,
I'll wash you clean with fountains of true joy.
But who are your assistants? though I am
So covetous of your glory, that I could wish
You had no sharer in it. [*Knocking.*

Vir. Be not curious.
They come; however you command my bosom,
To them I would not have you seen.

Jul. I am gone, sir.
Be confident; and may my resolution
Be present with you! [*Exit.*

Vir. Such a masculine spirit,
With more than woman's virtues, were a dower
To weigh down a king's fortune.

Enter BRISSONET, CAMILLO, *and* RONVERE.

Bris. Good day to you!

Cam. You are an early stirrer.

Vir. What new face
Bring you along?

Ronv. If I stand doubted, sir,
As by your looks I guess it, you much injure
A man that loves, and truly loves, this country
With as much zeal as you do; one that hates
The prince by whom it suffers, and as deadly;
One that dares step as far to gain my freedom,
As any he that breathes: that wears a sword
As sharp as any's.

Cam. Nay, no more comparisons.

Ronv. What you but whisper, I dare speak aloud,
Stood the king by; have means to put in act too,
What you but coldly plot: If this deserve then
Suspicion in the best, the boldest, wisest,
Pursue your own intents; I'll follow mine;
And if I not outstrip you——

Bris. Be assured, sir,
A confidence like this can never be
Allied to treachery.

Cam. Who durst speak so much,
But one that is, like us, a sufferer,
And stands as we affected?

Vir. You are cozen'd,
And all undone! Every intelligencer
Speaks treason with like licence. Is not this
Ronvere, that hath for many years been train'd
In Ferrand's school, a man in trust and favour,
Rewarded too, and highly?

Cam. Grant all this,
The thought of what he was, being as he is now,
A man disgraced, and with contempt thrown off,
Will spur him to revenge, as swift as they
That never were in favour.

Vir. Poor and childish!

Bris. His regiment is cast, that is most certain;
And his command i' th' castle given away.

Cam. That on my knowledge.

Vir. Grosser still! What shepherd
Would yield the poor remainder of his flock
To a known wolf, though he put on the habit
Of a most faithful dog, and bark like one,
As this but only talks?

Cam. Yes, he has means too.

Vir. I know it to my grief, weak men, I know
To make his peace, if there were any war [it!
Between him and his master, [by] betraying
Our innocent lives.

Ronv. You are too suspicious,
And I have borne too much, beyond my temper:
Take your own ways! I'll leave you.

Vir. You may stay now;
You have enough, and all indeed you fish'd for.—
But one word, gentlemen: Have you discover'd
To him alone our plot?
[*Apart to* BRISSONET *and* CAMILLO.

Bris. To him, and others
That are at his devotion.

Vir. Worse and worse!
For were he only conscious of our purpose,
Though with the breach of hospitable laws,
In my own house I'd silence him for ever:
But what is past my help is past my care.
I have a life to lose.

Cam. Have better hopes.

Ronv. And when you know, with what charge I have further'd
Your noble undertaking, you will swear me
Another man; the guards I have corrupted,
And of the choice of all our noblest youths,
Attired like virgins, such as hermits would
Welcome to their sad cells, prepared a masque,
As done for the king's pleasure.

Vir. For his safety
I rather fear; and as a pageant to
Usher our ruin.

Ronv. We, as torch-bearers,
Will wait on these; but with such art and cunning
I have convey'd sharp poniards in the wax,
That we may pass, though search'd, through all his [guards
Without suspicion, and in all his glory
Oppress him, and with safety.

Cam. 'Tis most strange——

Vir. To be effected.

Ronv. You are doubtful still.

Bris. But we resolved to follow him; and if you
Desist now, Virolet, we'll say 'tis fear,
Rather than providence.

Cam. And so we leave you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter JULIANA.

Jul. To your wise doubts, and to my better counsels.
Oh! pardon me, my lord, and trust me too;
Let me not, like Cassandra, prophesy truths,
And never be believed, before the mischief;
I have heard all, know this Ronvere a villain,
A villain that hath tempted me, and plotted
This for your ruin, only to make way
To his hopes in my embraces; at more leisure,
I will acquaint you wherefore I conceal'd it
To this last minute; if you stay, you are lost,
And all prevention too late. I know,
And 'tis to me known only, a dark cave
Within this house, a part of my poor dower,
Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the centre,
Till this rough blast be o'er. Where there is air,
More than to keep in life, Ferrand will find you;
So curious his fears are.

Vir. 'Tis better fall
Than hide my head now, ('twas thine own advice,)
My friends engaged too.

Jul. You stand further bound,
Than to weak men that have betray'd themselves,
Or to my counsel, though then just and loyal:
Your fancy hath been good, but not your judgment
In choice of such to side you. Will you leap
From a steep tower, because a desperate fool
Does it, and trusts the wind to save his hazard?

There's more expected from you; all men's eyes
Are fix'd on Virolet, to help, not hurt them:
Make good their hopes and ours! You have sworn often,
That you dare credit me, and allow'd me wise,
Although a woman; even kings in great actions
Wait opportunity, and so must you, sir,
Or lose your understanding.
Vir. Thou art constant;
I an uncertain fool, a most blind fool:
Be thou my guide.
Jul. If I fail to direct you,
For torment or reward, when I am wretched,
May constancy forsake me!
Vir. I have my safety. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A State-Room in the Palace.*

Enter CASTRUCCIO *and* VILLIO.

Vil. Why are you wrapt thus?
Cast. Peace, thou art a fool.
Vil. But if I were a flatterer, like your worship,
I should be wise, and rich too:
There are few else that prosper, bawds excepted,
They hold an equal place there.
Cast. A shrewd knave!
But oh, the king, the happy king!
Vil. Why happy?
In bearing a great burthen?
Cast. What bears he,
That's borne on princes' shoulders?
Vil. A crown's weight,
Which sits more heavy on his head, than the ore
Slaves dig out of the mines, of which 'tis made.
Cast. Thou worthily art his fool, to think that heavy
That carries him i' th' air: The reverence due
To that most sacred gold makes him adored,
His footsteps kiss'd; his smiles to raise a beggar
To a lord's fortune; and, when he but frowns,
The city quakes——
Vil. Or the poor cuckolds in it,
Coxcombs I should say. I am of a fool
Grown a philosopher, to hear this parasite.
Cast. The delicates he is served with, see and envy——
Vil. I had rather have an onion with a stomach,
Than these without one.
Cast. The celestial music,
Such as the motion of the eternal spheres
[*Still music.*
Yields Jove when he drinks nectar——
Vil. Here's a fine knave!
Yet hath too many fellows.

Enter Court-Ladies, *and pass over the Stage.*

Cast. Then the beauties,
That with variety of choice embraces
Renew his age——
Vil. Help him to crouch rather,
And the French cringe; they are excellent surgeons that way.
Cast. Oh, majesty! let others think of Heaven,
While I contemplate thee.
Vil. This is not atheism,
But court observance. [*Flourish.*
Cast. Now the god appears,
Usher'd with earthquakes.
Vil. Base idolatry!

Enter FERRAND, Guard, Women, *and* Servants.

Fer. These meats are poison'd! hang the cooks!
—No note more? [*To the music.*
On forfeit of your fingers? do you envy me
A minute's slumber?—What are these?
1 *Guard.* The ladies
Appointed by your majesty.
Fer. To the purpose!
For what appointed?
1 *Guard.* For your grace's pleasure.
Fer. To suck away the little blood is left me,
By my continual cares! I am not apt now:
Enjoy them first, taste of my diet once;
And, your turn served, for fifty crowns a-piece
Their husbands may redeem them.
Women. Great sir, mercy!
Fer. I am deaf. Why stare you? Is what we command
To be disputed? Who's this? Bring you the dead
To upbraid me to my face?
Cast. Hold, emperor! [*Kneels.*
Hold, mightiest of kings! I am thy vassal,
Thy foot-stool, that durst not presume to look
On thy offended face.
Fer. Castruccio, rise.
Cast. Let not the lightning of thy eye consume me,
Nor hear that musical tongue in dreadful thunder,
That speaks all mercy.
Vil. Here's no flattering rogue!
Cast. Ferrand, that is the father of his people,
The glory of mankind——
Fer. No more, no word more!
And while I tell my troubles to myself,
Be statues without motion or voice:
Though to be flatter'd is an itch to greatness,
It now offends me.
Vil. Here's the happy man!
But speak who dares.
Fer. When I was innocent,
I yet remember I could eat and sleep,
Walk unaffrighted; but now, terrible
To others, my guards cannot keep fear from me;
It still pursues me; oh, my wounded conscience!
The bed I would rest in is stuffed with thorns;
The ground's strew'd o'er with adders, and with aspicks,
Where'er I set my foot: But I am in,
And what was got with cruelty, with blood
Must be defended. Though this life's a hell,
I fear a worse hereafter. Ha!

Enter RONVERE *and* Guard.

Ronv. My lord!
Fer. Welcome, Ronvere! welcome, my golden plummet,
With which I sound mine enemies' depths and angers!
Hast thou discovered?
Ronv. All as you could wish, sir,
The plot, and the contrivers; was made one
Of the conspiracy.
Fer. Is Virolet in?
Ronv. The head of all; He only scented me;
And from his fear that I played false, is fled;
The rest I have in fetters.
Fer. Death and hell!
Next to my mortal foe, the pirate Sesse,
I aimed at him! He's virtuous, and wise,
A lover of his freedom and his country's;
Dangerous to such as govern by the sword.

And so to me.—No track which way he went?
No means to overtake him?
Ronv. There's some hope left;
But with a rough hand to be seiz'd upon.
Fer. What is't?
Ronv. If any knew or where he is,
Or which way he is fled, it is his wife:
Her, with his father, I have apprehended,
And brought among the rest.
Fer. 'Twas wisely ordered:
Go fetch them in, and let my executioners
Appear in horror with the rack. [*Exit* RONVERE.
Vil. I take it, signor,
This is no time for you to flatter,
Or me to fool in.
Cast. Thou art wise in this:
Let's off; it is unsafe to be near Jove
When he begins to thunder.
Vil. Good morality!
[*Exeunt* VILLIO *and* CASTRUCCIO.
Fer. I that have pierced into the hearts of men;
Forced them to lay open with my looks
Secrets, whose least discovery was death;
Will rend, for what concerns my life, the fortress
Of a weak woman's faith.

Enter RONVERE, Guard *and* Executioners, *with a rack; bringing in* CAMILLO, BRISSONET, PANDULPHO, *and* JULIANA *fettered.*

Cam. Whate'er we suffer,
The weight that loads a traitor's heart, sit ever
Heavy on thine!
Bris. As we are caught by thee,
Fall thou by others!
Ronv. Pish! poor fools, your curses
Will never reach me.
Jul. Now, by my Virolet's life,
Father, this is a glorious stage of murder!
Here are fine properties too, and such spectators
As will expect good action! To the life
Let us perform our parts; and we shall live
When these are rotten. 'Would we might begin once—
Are you the master of the company?
'Troth, you are tedious now.
Fer. She does deride me.
Jul. Thee and thy power! If one poor syllable
Could win me an assurance of thy favour,
I would not speak it, I desire to be
The great example of thy cruelty,
To whet which on, know, Ferrand, I alone
Can make discovery where my Virolet is,
Whose life I know thou aim'st at: But if tortures
Compel me to't, may hope of Heaven forsake me!
I dare thy worst.
Fer. Are we contemn'd?
Jul. Thou art,
Thou and thy ministers! My life is thine;
But in the death the victory shall be mine.
Pand. We have such a mistress here to teach us courage,
That cowards might learn from her.
Fer. You are slow! [*She is put on the rack.*
Begin the scene.—Thou miserable fool,
For so I'll make thee——
Jul. 'Tis not in thy reach;
I am happy in my sufferings, thou most wretched.
Fer. So brave? I'll tame you yet.—Pluck harder, villains!—
Is she insensible? no sigh nor groan?
Or is she dead?
Jul. No, tyrant! though I suffer
More than a woman, beyond flesh and blood,
'Tis in a cause so honourable, that I scorn,
With any sign, that may express a sorrow,
To shew I do repent.
Fer. Confess yet, and
Thou shalt be safe.
Jul. 'Tis wrapt up in my soul,
From whence thou canst not force it.
Fer. I will be
Ten days a-killing thee.
Jul. Be twenty thousand;
My glory lives the longer.
Ronv. 'Tis a miracle!
She tires the executioners, and me.
Fer. Unloose her; I am conquer'd.—I must take
Some other way.—Reach her my chair, in honour
Of her invincible fortitude.
Ronv. Will you not
Dispatch the rest?
Fer. When I seem merciful, [*Apart to him.*
Assure thyself, Ronvere, I am most cruel.—
Thou wonder of thy sex, and of this nation,
That hast changed my severity to mercy,
Not to thyself alone, but to thy people,
(In which I do include these men) my enemies!
Unbind them.
Pand. This is strange!
Fer. For your intent
Against my life, which you dare not deny,
I only ask one service.
Cam. Above hope!
Fer. There rides a pirate near, the Duke of Sesse,
My enemy and this country's, that in bonds
Holds my dear friend Ascanio: Free this friend,
Or bring the pirate's head, besides your pardon,
And honour of the action, your reward
Is forty thousand ducats: And because
I know that Virolet is as bold as wise,
Be he your general. As pledge of your faith,
That you will undertake it, let this old man
And this most constant matron stay with me,
Of whom, as of myself, I will be careful.
She shall direct you where her husband is.
Make choice of any ship you think most useful;
They are rigged for you.
[*Exeunt* Guard, *with* JULIANA *and* PANDULPHO.
Bris. We with joy accept it.
Cam. And will proclaim king Ferrand merciful.
[*Exeunt* BRISSONET *and* CAMILLO.
Ronv. The mystery of this, my lord? or are you
Changed in your nature?
Fer. I'll make thee private to it:
The lives of these weak men, and desperate woman,
Would no way have secured me, had I took them:
'Tis Virolet I aim at; he has power,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter Sesse,
And he prove conqueror, I am assured
They'll find no mercy; if that they prove victors,
I shall recover, with my friend, his head
I most desire of all men.
Ronv. Now I have it.
Fer. I'll make thee understand the drift of all;
So we stand sure, thus much for those that fall!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*On board the* Duke *of* Sesse's *Ship at Sea.*

Enter Boatswain *and* Gunner.

Boats. Lay her before the wind; up with her canvas,
And let her work! the wind begins to whistle.
Clap all her streamers on, and let her dance,
As if she were the minion of the ocean!
Let her bestride the billows till they roar,
And curl their wanton heads! Ho, below there!
Sailors. [*Within.*] Ho, ho!
Boats. Lay her North-East, and thrust her mizen out;
The day grows fair and clear, and the wind courts us.
Oh, for a lusty sail now, to give chase to!
Gun. A stubborn bark, that would but bear up to us,
And change a broadside bravely!
Boats. Where's the duke?
Gun. I have not seen him stir to-day.
Boats. Oh, gunner,
What bravery dwells in his age, and what valour!
And to his friends, what gentleness and bounty!
How long have we been inhabitants at sea here?
Gun. Some fourteen years.
Boats. By fourteen lives I swear then,
This element never nourish'd such a pirate,
So great, so fearless, and so fortunate,
So patient in his want, in act so valiant!
How many sail of well-mann'd ships before us,
As the bonito does the flying fish,
Have we pursued and scour'd, that, to out-strip us,
They have been fain to hang their very shirts on!
What gallies have we bang'd, and sunk, and taken,
Whose only fraughts were fire and stern defiance,
And nothing spoke but bullet in all these!
How like old Neptune have I seen our general
Standing i' th' poop, and tossing his steel trident,
Commanding both the sea and winds to serve him!
Gun. His daughter too (which is the honour, boatswain,
Of all her sex) that martial maid——
Boats. A brave wench?
Gun. How oftentimes, a fight being new begun,
Has she leap'd down, and took my linstock from me,
And crying, "Now fly right," fired all my chasers!
Then, like the image of the warlike goddess,
Her target braced upon her arm, her sword drawn,
And anger in her eyes, leap'd up again,
And bravely hail'd the bark; I have wonder'd, boatswain,
That in a body made so delicate,
So soft for sweet embraces, so much fire,
And manly soul, not starting at a danger——
Boats. Her noble father got her in his fury,
And so she proves a soldier.
Gun. This too I wonder at,
Taking so many strangers as he does,
He uses them with that respect and coolness,
Not making prize, but only borrowing
What may supply his want; nor that for nothing;
But renders back what they may stand in need of,
And then parts lovingly: Where, if he take
His countryman, that should be nearest to him,
And stand most free from danger, he sure pays for't;
He drowns or hangs the men, ransacks the bark,
Then gives her up a bonfire to his fortune.
Boats. The wrongs he has received from that dull country
(That's all I know) have purchased all his cruelty;
We fare the better. Cheerly, cheerly, boys!
The ship runs merrily; my captain's melancholy,
And nothing cures that in him but a sea-fight:
I hope to meet a sail, boy, and a right one.
Gun. That's my hope too; I am ready for the pastime.
Boats. I' th' meantime, let's bestow a song upon him,
To shake him from his dumps, and bid good-day to him.—
Ho, in the hold!

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here, here.
Boats. To th' main-top, boy!
An thou ken'st a ship that dares defy us,
Here's gold.
Boy. I am gone. [*Exit.*
Boats. Come, sirs, a quaint levet, [*Trumpets sound a levet.*
To waken our brave general! Then to our labour!

Enter Duke *of* Sesse, *and* Martia, *like an Amazon, on the quarter-deck.*

Duke. I thank you, loving mates, I thank you all!
There's to prolong your mirth; and good-morrow to you! [*Gives them money.*
Mart. Take this from me; you're honest, valiant friends,
And such we must make much of. Not a sail stirring?
Gun. Not any within ken yet.
Boats. Without doubt, lady,
The wind standing so fair and full upon us,
We shall have sport anon.—But, noble general,
Why are you still so sad? You take our edge off;
You make us dull and spiritless.
Duke. I'll tell ye,
Because I will provoke ye to be fortunate;
For when you know my cause, 'twill double arm you:
This woman never knew it yet, my daughter;
Some discontents she has.
Mart. Pray, sir, go forward.
Duke. These fourteen years, I have stowed it here at sea,
Where the most curious thought could never find it.
Boats. Call up the master, and all the mates.

Enter Master *and* Sailors.

Duke. Good-morrow!
Master. Good-morrow to our general, a good one!
And to that noble lady all good wishes!
Mart. I thank you, master.
Duke. Mark me! thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have discover'd,
Till full revenge had wooed me; but, to satisfy
My faithful friends, thus I cast off my burthen.
In that short time I was a courtier,
And followed that most hated of all princes,
Ferrand, the full example of all mischiefs,
(Compell'd to follow to my soul a stranger)
It was my chance one day to play at chess,
For some few crowns, with a minion of this king's,

A mean poor man, that only served his pleasures;
Removing of a rook, we grew to words,
From this to hotter anger: To be short,
I got a blow.
Mart. How, how, my noble father!
Duke. A blow, my girl; which I had soon repaid,
And sunk the slave for ever, had not odds
Thrust in betwixt us. I went away disgraced—
Mart. For honour's sake, not so, sir!
Duke. For that time, wench;
But call'd upon him, like a gentleman,
By many private friends; knock'd at his valour,
Courted his honour hourly to repair me;
And though he were a thing my thoughts made slight on,
And only worth the fury of my footman,
Still I pursued him nobly——
Mart. Did he escape you?
My old brave father, could you sit down so coldly?
Duke. Have patience, and know all.—Pursued him fairly,
Till I was laugh'd at, scorn'd, my wrongs made May-games;
By him unjustly wrong'd should be all justice;
The slave protected: Yet at length I found him,
Found him, when he supposed all had been buried,
And what I had received durst not be question'd;
And then he fell, under my sword he fell,
For ever sunk; his poor life, like the air
Blown in an empty bubble, burst, and left him,
No noble wind of memory to raise him.
But then began my misery! I fled,
The king's frowns following, and my friends' despairs:
No hand that durst relieve; my country fearful,
Basely and weakly fearful of a tyrant,
Which made his bad will worse, stood still and wonder'd,
Their virtues bed-rid in 'em. Then, my girl,
A little one, I snatch'd thee from thy nurse,
The model of thy father's miseries,
And some small wealth was fit for present carriage,
And got to sea, where I profess'd my anger,
And will do, whilst that base ungrateful country,
And that bad king, have blood or means to quench
Now ye know all. [me.
Master. We know all, and admire all:
Go on, and do all still, and still be fortunate!
Mart. Had you done less, or lost this noble anger,
You had been worthy then men's empty pities,
And not their wonders. Go on, and use your justice,
And use it still with that fell violence,
It first appear'd to you! If you go less,
Or take a doting mercy to protection,
The honour of a father I disclaim in you,
Call back all duty, and will be prouder of
The infamous and base name of a whore,
Than daughter to a great duke and a coward.
Duke. Mine own sweet Martia, no; thou know'st
It cannot, must not be. [my nature;
Mart. I hope it shall not.
But why, sir, do you keep alive still young Ascanio,
Prince of Rossana, king Ferrand's most beloved one,
You took two months ago?
Why is he not flung overboard, or hang'd?
Duke. I'll tell thee, girl:
It were a mercy in my nature now,
So soon to break the thread of his afflictions;
I am not so far reconciled yet to him,
To let him die; that were a benefit.
Besides, I keep him as a bait and diet,
To draw on more, and nearer to the king:
I look each hour to hear of his armados;
And a hot welcome they shall have.
Mart. But hark you!
If you were over-swayed with odds——
Duke. I find you:
I would not yield; no, girl; no hope of yielding,
Nor fling myself one hour into their mercies,
And give the tyrant hope, to gain his kingdom.
No; I can sink, wench, and make shift to die;
A thousand doors are open, I shall hit one.
I am no niggard of my life; so it go nobly,
All ways are equal, and all hours; I care not.
Mart. Now you speak like my father!
Master. Noble general,
If by our means they inherit aught but bangs,
The mercy of the main-yard light upon us! No;
We can sink too, sir, and sink low enough,
To pose their cruelties to follow us;
And he that thinks of life, if the world go that way,
A thousand cowards suck his bones!
Gun. Let the worst come,
I can unbreech a cannon, and without much help
Turn her into the keel; and when she has split it,
Every man knows his way, his own prayers,
And so good night, I think!
Master. We have lived all with you,
And will die with you, general.
Duke. I thank you, gentlemen.
Boy. [*Above.*] A sail, a sail!
Master. A chearful sound!
Boy. A sail!
Boats. Of whence? of whence, boy?
Boy. A lusty sail!
Mart. Look right, and look again.
Boy. She plows the sea before her,
And foams i' th' mouth.
Boats. Of whence?
Boy. I ken not yet, sir.
Duke. Oh, may she prove of Naples!
Master. Prove the devil,
We'll spit out fire as thick as she.
Boy. Hoy!
Master. Brave boy?
Boy. Of Naples, Naples; I think of Naples master;
Methinks I see the arms.
Master. Up, up another,
And give more certain signs! [*Exit* Sailor
Duke. All to your business!
And stand but right and true——
Boats. Hang him that halts now!
Boy. She has us in chase.
Master. We'll spare her our main-top-sail;
She shall not look us long, we are no starters.
Down with the fore-sail too! we'll spoom before her.
Mart. Gunner, good noble gunner, for my honour
Load me but these two minions in the chase there;
And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,
And be thine eye, and level, as thy heart is!
Gun. Madam, I'll scratch 'em out; I'll piss 'em [out else.
Sailor. [*Above.*] Hoy!
Duke. Of whence now?
Sailor. Of Naples, Naples, Naples!
I see her top-flag, how she quarters Naples.
I hear her trumpets.

Duke. Down! She's welcome to us!
[*Exeunt* Master, Boatswain, Gunner, Sailors.
Every man to his charge! Man her i' th' bow well,
And place your rakers right. Daughter, be sparing.
Mart. I swear I'll be above, sir, in the thickest,
And where most danger is I'll seek for honour.
They have begun! hark, how their trumpets call us!
Hark, how the wide-mouth'd cannons sing amongst us!
Hark, how they hail! out of our shells for shame, sir!
Duke. Now fortune and my cause!
Mart. Be bold and conquer! [*Exeunt.*
[*Charge, trumpets and shot within. A sea fight.*

Enter Master *and* Boatswain.

Master. They'll board us once again; they are tough and valiant.
Boats. Twice we have blown 'em into th' air like feathers,
And made 'em dance.
Master. Good boys! fight bravely, manly!
They come on yet; clap in her stern, and yoke 'em.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. You shall not need; I have provision for 'em;
Let 'em board once again; the next is ours.
Stand bravely to your pikes; away, be valiant!
I have a second course of service for 'em,
Shall make the bowels of their bark ache, boy!
The duke fights like a dragon. Who dares be idle?
[*Exeunt.—Charge, trumpets, pieces go off.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Ship.*

Enter Master, Boatswain *following.*

Master. Down with 'em! stow 'em in!
Boats. Cut their throats!
'Tis brotherhood to fling 'em into th' sea.
The duke is hurt, so is his lovely daughter
Martia. We have the day yet.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Pox fire 'em!
They have smoked us; never such plumbs yet flew.
Boats. They have rent the ship, and bored a hundred holes;
She swims still lustily.
Master. She made a brave fight; and she shall be cured,
And make a braver yet.
Gun. Bring us some cans up;
I am hot as fire.

Enter Boy *with three cans.*

Boats. I am sure I am none o' th' coolest.
Gun. My cannons rung like bells. Here's to my mistress!
The dainty sweet brass minion split their fore-mast;
She never fail'd.
Master. Ye did all well and truly,
Like faithful honest men.
Boats. But is she rich, master?
[*Trumpet, flourish.*

Enter Duke, *wounded*, Martia, Sailors, *and* Virolet *Prisoner.*

Master. Rich for my captain's purpose, howsoever,
And we are his.—How bravely now he shews,
Heated in blood and anger!—How do you, sir?
Not wounded mortally, I hope?
Duke. No, master;
But only wear the livery of fury.—
I am hurt, and deep. [*Aside.*
Master. My mistress too?
Mart. A scratch, man;
My needle would ha' done as much.—Good sir,
Be provident and careful!
Duke. Pr'ythee, peace, girl:
This wound is not the first blood I have blush'd in.
Ye fought all like tall men; my thanks among ye,
That speaks not what my purse means, but my tongue, soldiers.—
Now, sir, to you that sought me out, that found me,
That found me what I am, the tyrant's tyrant;
You that were imp'd, the weak arm to his foll
You are welcome to your death!
Vir. I do expect it;
And therefore need no compliment, but wait it.
Duke. Thou borest the face once of a noble gentleman,
Rank'd in the first file of the virtuous,
By every hopeful spirit shew'd and pointed
Thy country's love; one that advanced her honour,
Not tainted with the base and servile uses
The tyrant ties men's souls to. Tell me, Virolet,
If shame have not forsook thee, with thy credit—
Vir. No more of these racks! what I am, I am.
I hope not to go free with poor confessions;
Nor if I shew ill, will I seem a monster,
By making my mind prisoner! Do your worst:
When I came out to deal with you, I cast it.
Only those base inflictions fit for slaves,
Because I am a gentleman——
Duke. Thou art none!
Thou wast while thou stood'st good; thou'rt now a villain,
And agent for the devil!
Vir. That tongue lies!
Give me my sword again, and stand all arm'd;
I'll prove it on ye all, I am a gentleman,
A man as fair in honour—Rate your prisoners?
How poor and like a pedagogue it shews,
How far from nobleness! 'Tis fair, you may kill us;
But to defame your victory with foul language—
Duke. Go fling him overboard. I'll teach you, sirrah——
Vir. You cannot teach me to die. I could kill you now
With patience, in despising all your cruelties,
And make you choke with anger.
Duke. Away, I say!
Mart. Stay, sir; he has given you such bold language,
I am not reconciled to him yet; and therefore
He shall not have his wish observed so nearly,
To die when he please; I beseech you stay, sir.
Duke. Do with him what thou wilt.
Mart. Carry him to the bilboes,
And clap him fast there, with the prince.
Vir. Do, lady;
For any death you give I am bound to bless you.
[*Exeunt* Virolet *and* Sailors.
Mart. Now to your cabin, sir, (pray lean upon me)
And take your rest; the surgeons wait all for you.
Duke. Thou mak'st me blush to see thee bear thy fortunes.
Why, sure I have no hurt; I have not fought sure.

Master. You bleed apace, sir.
Mart. You grow cold too.
Duke. I must be rul'd. No leaning!
My deepest wounds scorn crutches.
All. A brave general. [*Flourish trumpets, cornets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*On the Lower Deck of the Ship.*

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sailor.* Will they not moor her?
2 *Sailor.* Not till we come to th' fort;
This is too weak a place for our defences.
The carpenters are hard at work; she swims well,
And may hold out another fight. The ship we took
Burns there, to give us light.
1 *Sailor.* She made a brave fight.
2 *Sailor.* She put us all in fear.
1 *Sailor.* Beshrew my heart, did she.
Her men are gone to Candy; they are pepper'd,
All but this prisoner.
2 *Sailor.* Sure he's a brave fellow.
1 *Sailor.* A stubborn knave, but we have pull'd his bravery.
[VIROLET *and* ASCANIO *discovered in the bilboes.*
Look, how he looks now! Come, let's go serve his diet,
Which is but bread and water.
2 *Sailor.* He'll grow fat on't. [*Exeunt* Sailors.
Asca. I must confess I have endured much misery,
Even almost to the ruin of my spirit;
But ten times more grows my affliction,
To find my friend here.
Vir. Had we served our country,
Or honesties, as we have served our follies,
We had not been here now.
Asc. 'Tis too true, Virolet.
Vir. And yet my end in venturing for your safety
Pointed at more than Ferrand's will, a base one!
Some service for mine own, some for my nation,
Some for my friend; but I am rightly paid,
That durst adventure such a noble office,
From the most treacherous command of mischief:
You know him now.
Asc. And when I nearer knew him,
Then when I waited, Heaven be witness with me,
(And, if I lie, my mistress still load me!)
With what tears I have woo'd him, with what prayers,
What weight of reasons I have laid, what dangers,
(Then, when the people's curses flew like storms,
And every tongue was whetted to defame him)
To leave his doubts, his tyrannies, his slaughters,
His fell oppressions! I know I was hated too.
Vir. And all mankind that knew him. These confessions
Do no good to the world, to Heaven they may:
Let's study to die well; we have lived like coxcombs.
Asc. That my misfortune should lose you too!
Vir. Yes;
And not only me, but many more, and better;
For my life, 'tis not this; or might I save yours,
And some brave friends I have engaged, let me go!
It were the meritorious death I wish for;
But we must hang, or drown like whelps.
Asc. No remedy?
Vir. On my part, I expect none. I know the man,
And know he has been nettled to the quick too;
I know his nature.
Asc. A most cruel nature!
Vir. His wrongs have bred him up; I cannot blame him.
Asc. He has a daughter too, the greatest scorner,
And most insulter upon misery——
Vir. For those, they are toys to laugh at, not to lead men.
A woman's mirth or anger, like a meteor,
Glides and is gone; and leaves no crack behind it.
Our miseries would seem like masters to us,
And shake our manly spirits into fevers,
If we respected those; the more they glory,
And raise insulting trophies on our ruins,
The more our virtues shine in patience.
Sweet prince, the name of death was never terrible
To him that knew to live; nor the loud torrent
Of all afflictions, singing as they swim,
A gall of heart, but to a guilty conscience:
Whilst we stand fair, though by a two-edged storm
We find untimely falls, like early roses,
Bent to the earth, we bear our native sweetness.
Asc. Good sir, go on.
Vir. When we are little children,
And cry and fret for every toy comes cross us,
How sweetly do we shew when sleep steals on us!
When we grow great, but our affection greater,
And struggle with this stubborn twin, born with us,
And tug and pull, yet still we find a giant:
Had we not then the privilege to sleep
Our everlasting sleep, he would make us idiots.
The memory and monuments of good men
Are more than lives; and though their tombs want tongues,
Yet have they eyes that daily sweat their losses,
And such a tear from stone no time can value.
To die both young and good are Nature's curses,
As the world says; ask Truth, they are bounteous blessings;
For then we reach at Heaven, in our full virtues,
And fix ourselves new stars, crown'd with our goodness.
Asc. You have double arm'd me—Hark! what noise is this?
[*Strange music within, hautboys.*
What horrid noise? Is the sea pleased to sing
A hideous dirge to our deliverance?
Vir. Stand fast now.
[*Within strange cries, horrid noise, trumpets.*
Asc. I am fixed.
Vir. We fear ye not;
Let death appear in all shapes, we smile on him.

Enter MARTIA.

Asc. The lady now!
Vir. The face o' th' masque is alter'd.
Asc. What will she do?
Vir. Do what she can, I care not.
Asc. She looks on you, sir.
Vir. Rather she looks through me;
But yet she stirs me not.
Mart. Poor wretched slaves,
Why do you live? or, if you hope for mercy,
Why do not ye howl out, and fill the hold
With lamentations, cries, and base submissions,
Worthy our scorn?
Vir. Madam, you are mistaken;
We are no slaves to you, but to blind Fortune;
And if she had her eyes, and durst be certain,
Certain our friend, I would not bow unto her;
I would not cry, nor ask so base a mercy:

If you see anything in our appearance,
Worthy your sex's softness and your own glory,
Do it for that, and let that good reward it.
We cannot beg.
Mart. I'll make you beg and bow too.
Vir. Madam, for what?
Mart. For life; and, when you hope it,
Then will I laugh and triumph on your baseness.
Asc. Madam, 'tis true, there may be such a favour,
And we may ask it too, ask it with honour;
And thank you for that favour, nobly thank you,
Though it be death; but when we beg a base life,
And beg it of your scorn——
Vir. You are cozen'd, woman;
Your handsomeness may do much, but not this way;
But for your glorious hate——
Mart. Are ye so stubborn?
'Death, I will make you bow!
Vir. It must be in your bed then;
There you may work me to humility.
Mart. Why, I can kill thee.
Vir. If you do it handsomely,
It may be I can thank you; else——
Mart. So glorious?
Asc. Her cruelty now works.
Mart. Yet woot thou?
Vir. No.
Mart. Wilt thou for life sake?
Vir. No; I know your subtilty.
Mart. For honour sake?
Vir. I will not be a pageant;
My mind was ever firm, and so I'll lose it.
Mart. I'll starve thee to it!
Vir. I'll starve myself, and cross it.
Mart. I'll lay thee on such miseries——
Vir. I'll wear 'em,
And with that wantonness you do your bracelets.
Mart. I'll be a month a-killing thee.
Vir. Poor lady!
I'll be a month a-dying then: What's that?
There's many a calenture out-does your cruelty.
Mart. How might I do in killing of his body,
To save his noble mind? Who waits there!

Enter a Sailor *with a rich cap and mantle.*

Sailor. Madam?
Mart. Unbolt this man, and leave those things behind you; [VIROLET *released.*
And so away!—Now, put 'em on. [*Exit* Sailor.
Vir. To what end?
Mart. To my end, to my will.
Vir. I will. [*Puts on the cap and mantle.*
Mart. I thank you.
Vir. Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more;
I am a servant to your courtesy, [I'll tell you,
And so far will be woo'd; but if this triumph
Be only aim'd to make your mischief glorious,
Lady, you have put a richer shroud upon me,
Which my strong mind shall suffer in.
Mart. Come hither,
And all thy bravery put into thy carriage;
For I admire thee.
Vir. Whither will this woman?
Asc. Take heed, my friend!
Mart. Look as thou scorn'dst my cruelty;
I know thou dost.
Vir. I never fear'd nor flatter'd.
Mart. No; if thou hadst thou hadst died, and I had gloried.
I suffer now: and thou, which art my prisoner,
Hast nobly won the free power to despise me.
I love thee, and admire thee for thy nobleness;
And, for thy manly sufferance, am thy servant.
Vir. Good lady, mock me not.
Mart. By Heaven, I love thee!
And, by the soul of love, am one piece with thee!
Thy mind, thy mind, thy brave, thy manly mind,
(That, like a rock, stands all the storms of fortune,
And beats 'em roaring back, they cannot reach thee)
That lovely mind I dote on, not the body:
That mind has robbed me of my liberty;
That mind has darken'd all my bravery,
And into poor despised things turn'd my angers.
Receive me to your love, sir, and instruct me;
Receive me to your bed, and marry me;
I'll wait upon you, bless the hour I knew you!
Vir. Is this a new way?
Mart. If you doubt my faith,
First, take your liberty, (I'll make it perfect)
Or anything within my power.
Vir. I love you:
But how to recompense your love with marriage?
Alas, I have a wife!
Mart. Dearer than I am?
That will adventure so much for your safety?
Forget her father's wrongs, quit her own honour,
Pull on her, for a stranger's sake, all curses?
Vir. Shall this prince have his freedom too?
I love is gone, all my friends perish. [else all
Mart. He shall.
Vir. What shall I do?
Mart. If thou despise my courtesy,
When I am dead for grief I am forsaken,
And no soft hand left to assuage your sorrows,
Too late, but too true, curse your own cruelties!
Asc. Be wise, if she be true! no thread is left else,
To guide us from this labyrinth of mischief;
Nor no way for our friends.
Vir. Thus then I take you;
I bind you to my life, my love!
Mart. I take you,
And with the like bond tie my heart your servant.
We are now almost at harbour; within this hour,
In the dead watch, I'll have the long-boat ready
And when I give the word, be sure you enter.
I'll see ye furnish'd both immediately,
And like yourselves; some trusty man shall wait you;
The watch I'll make my own; only my love
Requires a stronger vow, which I'll administer
Before we go.
Vir. I'll take it, to confirm you.
Mart. Go in; there are the keys, unlock his fetters,
And arm ye nobly both. I'll be with you presently;
And so, this loving kiss.
Asc. Be constant, lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Cabin in the same.*

Enter DUKE (*by torch-light*), Master *and* Surgeon *with him.*

Surg. You grow so angry, sir, your wound goes backward.
Duke. I am angry at the time, (at none of you)
That sends but one poor subject for revenge
I would have all the court, and all the villainy

Was ever practised under that foul Ferrand,
Tyrant and all, to quench my wrath!
Master. Be patient;
Your grace may find occasion every hour
(For certain they will seek you) to satisfy,
And to the full, your anger.
Duke. 'Death, they dare not!
They know that I command Death, feed his hunger,
And when I let him loose——
Surg. You'll never heal, sir,
If these extremes dwell in you; you are old,
And burn your spirits out with this wild anger.
Duke. Thou liest! I am not old; I am as lusty
And full of manly heat as them, or thou art——
Master. No more of that!
Duke. And dare seek out a danger,
And hold him at the sword's point, when thou tremblest
And creep'st into thy box of salves to save thee.—
Oh, master, I have had a dreadful dream to-night!
Methought the ship was all on fire, and my loved daughter,
To save her life, leap'd into the sea; where suddenly
A stranger snatch'd her up, and swam away with her.
Master. 'Twas but the heat o' th' fight, sir.
Boats. [*Within*] Look out! what is that?
Sailor. [*Within.*] The long-boat, as I live!
Boats. [*Within.*] Ho, there, i' th' long-boat! ho!
Sailor. [*Within.*] She claps on all her oars. Hoy!
Duke. What noise is that?
Master. I hear, sir—— [*Exit.*
Boats. The devil, or his dam. Hail her again, boys.
Sailor. The long-boat! ho, the long-boat!
Duke. Why the long-boat?
Where is the long-boat?
Boats. She's stolen off.

Enter Master.

Duke. Who stole her?
Oh, my prophetic soul!
Master. Your daughter's gone, sir,
The prisoners, and six sailors: Rogues!
Duke. Mischief! six thousand plagues sail with 'em!
They are in her yet; make out.
Master. We have ne'er a boat.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Who knew of this trick?
Duke. Weigh anchors, and away!
Boats. We ha' no wind, sir:
They'll beat us with their oars.
Duke. Then sink 'em, gunner!
Oh, sink 'em, sink 'em, sink 'em, claw 'em, gunner,
As ever thou hast loved me!
Gun. I'll do reason;
But I'll be hang'd before I hurt the lady. [*Aside. Exit.*
Duke. Who knew of this? [*Trumpets. A piece or two go off.*
Master. We stand all clear.
Duke. What devil
Put this base trick into her tail? My daughter,
And run away with rogues! I hope she's sunk, [*A piece or two go off.*
Or torn to pieces with the shot. Rots find her!
The leprosy of whore stick ever to her!
Oh, she has ruin'd my revenge!

Enter Gunner.

Gun. She is gone, sir;
I cannot reach her with my shot.
Duke. Rise, winds!
Blow till ye burst the air, and swell the seas,
That they may sink the stars! Oh, dance her, dance her!
She's impudently wanton; dance her, dance her,
Mount her upon your surges, cool her, cool her!
She runs hot like a whore; cool her, cool her!
Oh, now a shot to sink her!—Come, cut cables!
I will away; and where she sets her foot,
Although it be in Ferrand's court, I'll follow her;
And such a father's vengeance shall she suffer—
Dare any man stand by me?
Master. All, all.
Boats. All, sir.
Gun. And the same cup you taste——
Duke. Cut cables, then;
For I shall never sleep, nor know what peace is,
Till I have pluck'd her heart out.
All. [*Within.*] Amain there! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Ferrand, Ronvere, Castruccio, Villio, *and* Guard.

Ronv. You are too gentle, sir. [*Flourish cornets.*
Fer. You are too careless!
The creatures I have made no way regard me:
Why should I give you names, titles of honour,
Rob families to fill your private houses,
For your advancement draw all curses on me,
Wake tedious winter-nights to make them happy
That for me break no slumber?
Ronv. What we can,
We dare do.
Fer. Why is your sovereign's life then
(In which you live, and in whose fall your honours,
Your wealth, your pomp, your pride, and all must suffer)
No better guarded? Oh, my cruel stars,
That mark'd me out a king, raising me on
This pinnacle of greatness, only to be
The nearer blasting!—
Villio. What think you now, Castruccio? [*Apart to him.*
Is not this a merry life?
Cast. Still thou art cozen'd:
It is a glorious royal discontentment!
How bravely it becomes him!—
Fer. To be made
The common butt, for every slave to shoot at;
No peace, no rest I take, but their alarums
Beat at my heart! Why do I live, or seek then
To add a day more to these glorious troubles?
Or to what end, when all I can arrive at,
Is but the summing up of fears and sorrows!

What power has my command, when from my bosom
Ascanio, my most dear and loved Ascanio,
Was snatch'd, 'spite of my will, 'spite of my succour,
And by mine own proud slave retain'd most miserable?
And still that villain lives to nip my pleasures,
It being not within my power to reach him.
Ronv. Time may restore all this: And would you hear
Whose counsel never fail'd you——
Fer. Tell me no more!
I faint beneath the burthen of my cares,
And yield myself most wretched.
Ronv. On my knees *Kneels.*
I beg it, mighty sir, vouchsafe me hearing
Fer. Speak, speak; and I thus low, such is my [fortune,
Will hear what thou canst say.—
Villio. Look but on this; [*Apart to* CASTRUCCIO.
Has not a man that has but means to keep
A hawk, a greyhound, and a hunting nag,
More pleasure than this king?
Cast. A dull fool still!
Make me a king, and let me scratch with care,
And see who'll have the better; give me rule,
Command, obedience, pleasure of a king,
And let the devil roar: The greatest corrosive
A king can have, is of more precious tickling,
And, handled to the height, more dear delight,
Than other men's whole lives, let 'em be safe too.
Villio. Think of the mutinous people.
Cast. Hang the people!
Give me the pleasure, let me do all, awe all,
Enjoy their wives and states at my discretion,
And peg 'em when I please, let the slaves mumble.
Villio. But say they should be vex'd, and rise against thee?
Cast. Let 'em rise, let 'em rise; give me the bridle here,
And see if they can crack my girths: Ah, Villio,
Under the sun there's nothing so voluptuous
As riding of this monster, till he founder.—
Fer. Who's that so loud?
Cast. I am dumb.—Is not this rare?
Kings' looks make Pythagoreans; is not this
A happiness, Villio?
Villio. Yes, to put to silence
A fawning sycophant.—
Fer. Thou speak'st truth in all: [*To* RONVERE.
And mercy is a vice, when there needs rigour,
Which I with all severity will practise;
And since, as subjects they pay not obedience,
They shall be forced as slaves: I will remove
Their means to hurt, and, with the means, my [fears.—
Go you, the fatal executioners
Of my commands, and in our name proclaim,
That from this hour I do forbid all meetings,
All private conferences in the city:
To feast a neighbour, shall be death; to talk,
As they meet in the streets, to hold discourse
By writing, nay by signs. See this performed,
And I will call your cruelty, to those
That dare repine at this, to me true service.
1 *Guard.* This makes for us.
2 *Guard.* Ay, now we have employments;
If we grow not rich, 'twere fit we should be beggars.
Fer. Ronvere! [*Exit* Guard.
Ronv. My lord? [*They speak apart.*
Cast. Thou enemy to majesty,
What think'st thou of a king?
Villio. As of a man
That hath power to do ill.
Cast. Of a thing rather
That does divide an empire with the gods.
Observe but with how little breath he shakes
A populous city, which would stand unmoved
Against a whirlwind.
Villio. Then you make him more
Than him that rules the winds.
Cast. For me, I do profess it,
Were I offer'd to be anything on earth,
I would be mighty Ferrand.
Fer. Ha! who names me?
Deliver thy thoughts, slave, thy thoughts, and [truly,
Or be no more!
Cast. They rather will deserve
Your favour, than your fury. I admire
(As who does not, that is a loyal subject?)
Your wisdom, power, your perfect happiness,
The most bless'd of mankind.
Fer. Didst thou but feel
The weighty sorrows that sit on a crown,
Though thou shouldst find one in the streets, Castruccio,
Thou wouldst not think it worth the taking up:
But since thou art enamour'd of my fortune,
Thou shalt ere long taste of it.
Cas. But one day,
And then let me expire!
Fer. Go to my wardrobe,
And of the richest things I wear cull out
What thou think'st fit. Do you attend him, sirrah.
Vil. I warrant you I shall be at his elbow;
The fool will never leave him.
Cast. Made for ever!
[*Exit with* VILLIO. *A shout within.*
Fer. What shout is that? Draw up our guards.
Enter VIROLET, ASCANIO, *and a* Servant.
Ronv. Those rather
Speak joy than danger.
Vir. Bring her to my house:
I would not have her seen here.
Fer. My Ascanio!
The most desired of all men, let me die
In these embraces! How wert thou redeem'd?
Asc. Sir, this is my preserver.
Fer. At more leisure
I will inquire the manner and the means:
I cannot spare so much time now from my
More strict embraces.—Virolet, welcome too!
This service weighs down your intended treason.
You long have been mine enemy; learn now
To be my friend, and loyal; I ask no more,
And live as free as Ferrand.—Let him have
The forty thousand crowns I gladly promised
For my Ascanio's freedom; and deliver
His father and his wife to him in safety.
Something hath pass'd which I am sorry for,
But 'twill not now be help'd.—Come, my Ascanio,
And reap the harvest of my winter-travels.
My best Ascanio, my most-loved Ascanio!
[*Flourish trumpets. Exeunt* FERRAND *and* ASCANIO.
Vir. My lord, all former passages forgot,
I am become a suitor.
Ronv. To me, Virolet?
Vir. To you; yet will not beg the courtesy,
But largely pay you for it.
Ronv. To the purpose.

Vir. The forty thousand crowns the king hath given me,
I will bestow on you, if by your means
I may have liberty for a divorce
Between me and my wife.
Ronv. Your Juliana?
That for you hath endured so much, so nobly?
Vir. The more my sorrow; but it must be so.
Ronv. I will not hinder it.—Without a bribe, [*Aside.*
For mine own ends, I would have further'd this.—
I will use all my power.
Vir. 'Tis all I ask.—
Oh, my curs'd fate, that ever man should hate
Himself for being beloved! or be compell'd
To cast away a jewel kings would buy,
Though with the loss of crown and monarchy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter Duke *of* Sessa, Master, Boatswain, *and* Gunner, *disguised.*

Duke. How do I look?
Master. You are so strangely alter'd,
We scarce can know you; so young again, and
From that you were, figure, or any favour, [utterly
Your friends cannot discern you.
Duke. I have none.
None but my fair revenge, and let that know me!
You are finely alter'd too.
Boats. To please your humour:
But we may pass without disguise; our living
Was never in their element.
Gun. This Jew sure,
That alter'd you, is a mad knave.
Duke. Oh, a most excellent fellow!
Gun. How he has mew'd your head, has rubb'd the snow off,
And run your beard into a peak of twenty!
Boats. Stopt all the crannies in your face.
Master. Most rarely!
Boats. And now you look as plump, your eyes as sparkling,
As if you were to leap into a lady's saddle.
Has he not set your nose awry?
Duke. The better.
Boats. I think it be the better, but 'tis awry sure;
North and by East, ay, there's the point it stands
Now half a point to the Southward. [in;
Duke. I could laugh,
But that my business requires no mirth now:
Thou art a merry fellow.
Boats. I would the Jew, sir,
Could steer my head right; for I have such a
Ever since I went to sea first—— [swimming in't,
Master. Take wine, and purge it.
Boats. I have had a thousand pills of sack, a
A thousand pottle-pills. [thousand,
Gun. Take more.
Boats. Good doctor,
Your patient is easily persuaded.
Master. The next fair open weather methinks this Jew,
(If he were truly known to founder'd courtiers,
And decay'd ladies, that have lost their fleeces,
On every bush,) he might pick a pretty living.
Boats. The best of all our gallants now be glad of him;
For, if you mark their marches, they are tender,
Soft, soft, and tender; then but observe their bodies,
And you shall find them cemented by a surgeon,
Or some physician, for a year or two,
And then to th' tub again, for a new pickle.
This Jew might live a Gentile here.

Enter two Citizens *at opposite doors, saluting afar off.*

Duke. What are these?
Stand close and mark.
Boats. These are no men; they are motions.
Duke. What sad and ruthful faces!
Boats. How they duck!
This senseless, silent courtesy, methinks,
Shews like two Turks saluting one another,
Upon two French porters' backs.
Duke. They are my countrymen,
And this some forced infliction from the tyrant.—
What are you? Why is this? why move thus silent,
As if you were wand'ring shadows? why so sad?
Your tongues seal'd up? Are ye of several coun-
You understand not one another? [tries,
Gun. That's an Englishman;
He looks as though he had lost his dog.
Duke. Your habits
Shew you all Neapolitans; and your faces
Deliver you oppressed things: Speak boldly!
Do you groan and labour under this stiff yoke?
Master. They shake their heads and weep.
Duke. Oh, misery!
Give plenteous sorrows, and no tongues to shew
This is a studied cruelty. ['em?
1 *Cit.* Begone, sir,
(It seems you are a stranger) and save yourself.
2 *Cit.* You wonder here at us; as much we
To hear you speak so openly and boldly, [wonder
The king's command being published to the contrary:
'Tis death here, above two to talk together;
And that must be but common salutation neither,
Short, and so part.
Boats. How should a man buy mustard,
If he be forced to stay the making of it?
Sold. [*Within.*] Clear all the streets before the king!
1 *Cit.* Get off, sir,
And shift as we must do. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
Duke. I'll see his glory. [*Flourish.*
Master. Stand fast now, and like men.

Enter Castruccio, *habited as* King, *with a* Guard *and* Colours, *and* Villio.

Cast. Begin the game, sir,
And pluck me down the row of houses there!
They hide the view o' th' hill; and sink those
Their ships are foul, and stink. [merchants;
Master. This is a sweet youth!
Cast. All that are taken in assemblies,
Their houses and their wives, their wealths, are forfeit,
Their lives at your devotion.—Villains, knaves,
I'll make you bow and shake! I'll make you kneel,
How brave 'tis to be a king! [rogues!—
Gun. Here's fine tumbling!
Cast. No man shall sit i' th' temple near another.
Boats. Nor lie with his own wife.
Cast. All, upon pain
Of present death, forget to write!
Boats. That's excellent;
Carriers and footposts will be arrant rebels.
Cast. No character, or stamp, that may deliver
This man's intention to that man i' th' country.

Gun. Nay, an you cut off, "After my hearty commendations,
Your friend and Oliver," no more!
Cast. No man smile,
And wear a face of mirth! That fellow's cunning,
And hides a double heart; he's your prize; smoke him.

Enter VIROLET, RONVERE, ASCANIO, *and* MARTIA, *passing over.*

Duke. What base abuse is this?—Ha! 'tis her face sure.
My prisoners with her too?—By heaven, wild
Now is my time! [whore,
Master. Do what you will.
Duke. Stay, hold yet!
My country should be served first; let her go!
We'll have an hour for her, to make her tremble.
Now shew ourselves, and bless you with your valours.
Guard. Here's a whole plump of rogues.
[*Exeunt* VIROLET, &c.
Duke. Now for your country!
Cast. Away with 'em, and hang 'em! know no
I say no mercy! [mercy,
Duke. Be it so; upon 'em!
[*They seize* CASTRUCCIO *and* VILLIO.
Guard. Treason, treason, treason!
Boats. Cut the slaves to giggets!
Gun. Down with the bullbeefs!
Duke. Hold, hold, I command you! Gods, look here!
Cast. A miserable thing; I am no king, sir.
Duke. Sirrah, your fool's face has preserved your life.
Wear no more king's coats; you have 'scaped a
Boats. Is't not the king? [scouring.
Duke. No, 'tis a prating rascal;
The puppy makes him mirth.
Cast. Yes, sir, I am
A puppy.
Boats. I beseech you let me hang him;
I'll do't in my belt straight.
Cast. As you are honourable!
It is enough you may hang me.
Gun. I'll hang a squib at's tail
That shall blow both his buttocks, like a petar.
Cast. Do any thing; but do not kill me, gentlemen.

Enter Citizen.

Boats. Let's flea him,
And have him fly-blown!
Cit. Away, and save your lives!
The king himself is coming on: If you stay,
You are lost for ever! Let not so much nobleness
Wilfully perish.
Duke. How near?
2 *Cit.* He's here behind you.
Duke. We thank you. Vanish!
[*Exeunt all but* CASTRUCCIO, VILLIO, *and* Guards.

Enter FERRAND *and* RONVERE. *Flourish cornets.*

Fer. Double the guards, and take in men that dare!
These slaves are frighted. Where are the proud rebels?
To what protection fled? What villain leads 'em?
Under our nose disturb our rest?
Ronv. We shall hear;
For such a search I have sent, to hunt the traitors.
Fer. Yet better men, I say! We stand too open.—
How now, Castruccio? How do you like our glory?
Cast. I must confess, 'twas somewhat more than my match, sir.
This open glory agrees not with my body;
But if it were i' th' castle, or some strength,
Where I might have my swinge——
Vil. You have been swinged, brother;
How these delights have tickled you! You itch yet.
Will you walk out again in pomp?
Cast. Good fool!
Vil. These rogues must be rebuked, they are too saucy,
These peremptory knaves. Will you walk out, sir,
And take the remnant of your coronation?
The people stay to see it.
Fer. Do not vex him;
He has grief enough in's bones. You shall to th' citadel,
And like myself command: There use your plea-
But take heed to your person. [sure;
Vil. The more danger,
Still the more honour, brother.
Cast. If I reign not then,
And like a king—And thou shalt know it, fool,
And thou shalt feel it, fool.
Vil. Fools still are free men:
I'll sue for a protection, 'till thy reign's out.
Fer. The people have abused the liberty
I late allowed; I now proclaim it straiter:
No men shall walk together, nor salute;
For they that do shall die.
Ronv. You hit the right, sir;
That liberty cut off, you are free from practice.
Fer. Renew my guards.
Ronv. I shall.
Fer. And keep strict watches.
One hour of joy I ask!
Ronv. You shall have many.
[*Exeunt. Flourish cornets.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* VIROLET'S *House.*

Enter PANDULPHO *and* JULIANA, *led by two of the* Guards, *as not yet fully recovered.*

1 *Guard.* You are now at liberty, in your own
And here our charge takes end. [house, lady,
Pand. 'Tis now a custom,
We must even woo those men deserve worst of us;
And so we thank your labours: there's to drink!
[*Gives money.*
For that and mischief are your occupations,
And to mean well to no man your chiefest harvests.
2 *Guard.* You give liberally; we hope, sir, ere't be long,
To be oftener acquainted with your bounty;
And so we leave you.
Pand. Do, for I dote not on ye.
Jul. But where's my husband? What should I do here,
Or what share have I in this joy called liberty,
Without his company? Why did you flatter me,
And tell me he was return'd, his service honour'd?
1 *Guard.* He is so, and stands high in the king's
His friends redeem'd, and his own liberty, [favour,
From which yours is derived, confirm'd: his service
To his own wish rewarded: So farewell, lady!
[*Exeunt* Guard.

Pand. Go persecute the good, and hunt, ye hell-hounds,
Ye leeches of the time, suck till ye burst, slaves!—
How does my girl?
Jul. Weak yet, but full of comfort.
Pand. Sit down and take some rest.
Jul. My heart's whole, father;
That joys and leaps to hear my Virolet,
My dear, my life, has conquer'd his afflictions.
Pand. Those rude hands, and that bloody will that did this,
That durst upon thy tender body print
These characters of cruelty, hear me, Heaven!—
Jul. Oh, sir, be sparing.
Pand. I'll speak it, though I burst;
And though the air had ears, and served the tyrant,
Out it should go. Oh, hear me, thou great justice!
The miseries that wait upon their mischiefs,
Let them be numberless! and no eye pity
Them, when their souls are loaden, and in labour,
And wounded through and through with guilt and horror,
As mine is now with grief! let men laugh at 'em!
Then, when their monstrous sins, like earthquakes, shake 'em,
And those eyes, that forgot Heaven, would look upward,
(The bloody larums of the conscience beating)
Let Mercy fly, and day, struck into darkness,
Leave their blind souls, to hunt out their own horrors!
Jul. Enough, enough! we must forget, dear father;
For then we are glorious forms of Heaven, and live,
When we can suffer, and as soon forgive.—
But where's my lord? Methinks I have seen this house,
And have been in't before.
Pand. Thine own house, jewel.
Jul. Mine, without him? or his, without my company?
I think it cannot be; it was not wont, father.
Pand. Some business with the king—Let it be good, Heaven!— [*Aside.*
Retains him, sure.

Enter Lucio.

Jul. It must be good and noble;
For all men, that he treats with, taste of virtue:
His words and actions are his own, and Honour's,
Not bought, nor compelled from him.
Pand. Here's the boy;
He can confirm us more. How sad the child looks!
Come hither, Lucio; how, and where's thy master?
Jul. Speak, gentle boy.
Pand. Is he return'd in safety?
Jul. If not, and that thou know'st is miserable,
Our hopes and happiness declined for ever,
Study a sorrow excellent as thy master,
Then if thou canst live, leave us.
Lucio. Noble madam,
My lord is safe return'd; safe to his friends and fortune,
Safe to his country, entertained with honour;
Is here within the house.
Jul. Do not mock me!
Lucio. But such a melancholy hangs on his mind,
And in his eyes inhabit such sad shadows!
But what the cause is ——
Pand. Go tell him, we are here, boy;
There must be no cause now.
Jul. Hast thou forgot me?
Lucio. No, noblest lady.
Jul. Tell him I am here;
Tell him his wife is here; sound my name to him,
And thou shalt see him start; speak "Juliana,"
And, like the sun that labours through a tempest,
How suddenly he will disperse his sadness!
Pand. Go, I command thee, instantly;
And charge him on his duty——
Jul. On his love, boy.
I would fain go to him.
Pand. Away, away; you are foolish.
Jul. Bear all my service, sweet boy——
Pand. Art thou here still?
Jul. And tell him what thou wilt, that shall become thee. [*Exit* Lucio.
Pand. I' th' house, and know we are here?
Jul. No, no, he did not;
I warrant you he did not: Could you think
His love had less than wings, (had he but seen me)
His strong affection any thing but fire,
Consuming all weak lets and rubs before it.
Till he had met my flame, and made one body?
If ever Heaven's high blessings met in one man,
And there erected to their holy uses,
A sacred mind fit for their services,
Built all of polished honour, 'twas in this man:
Misdoubt him not.
Pand. I know he's truly noble;
But why this sadness, when the general cause
Requires a jubilee of joy?
Jul. I know not.

Enter Virolet *and* Boy.

Pand. Pray Heaven you find it not!
Jul. I hope I shall not. [ness!—
Oh, here he comes, and with him all my happi-
He stays and thinks; we may be too unmannerly;
Pray give him leave. [*They stand off.*
Pand. I do not like this sadness.
Vir. Oh, hard condition of my misery!
Unheard-of plagues! when to behold that woman,
That chaste and virtuous woman, that preserved me,
That pious wife, wedded to my afflictions,
Must be more terrible than all my dangers!
Oh, Fortune, thou hast robb'd me of my making,
The noble building of a man demolish'd,
And flung me headlong on a sin so base
Man and mankind contemn; even beasts abhor it;
A sin more dull than drink, a shame beyond it;
So foul, and far from faith, I dare not name it,
But it will cry itself out loud, Ingratitude —
Your blessing, sir!
Pand. You have it in abundance;
So is our joy to see you safe.
Vir. My dear one!
Jul. He has not forgot me yet: Oh, take me to you, sir!
Vir. Must this be added to increase my misery,
That she must weep for joy, and lose that good-
My Juliana, even the best of women, [ness?
Of wives the perfectest! Let me speak this,
And with a modesty declare thy virtues,
Chaster than crystal on the Scythian clifts,
The more the proud winds court, the more the purer.
Sweeter in thy obedience than a sacrifice;
And in thy mind a saint, that even yet living,
Producest miracles; and women daily,
With crooked and lame souls, creep to thy goodness,
Which having touched at, they become examples.

The fortitude of all their sex is fable,
Compared to thine; and they that filled up glory,
And admiration in the age behind us,
Out of their celebrated urns are started,
To stare upon the greatness of thy spirit;
Wond'ring what new martyr Heaven has begot,
To fill the times with truth, and ease their stories:
Being all these, and excellent in beauty,
(For noble things dwell in the noblest buildings)
Thou hast undone thy husband, made him wretch-
A miserable man, my Juliana, [ed;
Thou hast made thy Virolet.
Jul. Now goodness keep me!
Oh, my dear lord——
Pand. She wrong you? what's the meaning?
Weep not, but speak, I charge you on obedience;
Your father charges you! She make you miserable?
That you yourself confess——
Vir. I do, that kills me;
And far less I have spoke her than her merit.
Jul. It is some sin of weakness, or of ignorance;
For sure my will——
Vir. No, tis a sin of excellence.
Forgive me, Heaven, that I profane thy blessings!
Sit still, I'll shew you all. [*Exit.*
Pand. What means this madness?
(For sure there is no taste of right man in it,)
Grieves he our liberty, our preservation?
Or has the greatness of the deed he has done
Made him forget for whom, and how he did it,
And looking down upon us, scorn the benefit?
Well, Virolet, if thou be'st proud, or treacherous—
Jul. He cannot, sir, he cannot; he will shew us,
And with that reason ground his words——

Enter VIROLET, MARTIA, RONVERE, *and* Lawyer.

Pand. He comes.—
What masque is this? what admirable beauty?
Pray Heaven his heart be true!
Jul. A goodly woman!
Vir. Tell me, my dear, and tell me without flattery;
As you are nobly honest, speak the truth!
What think you of this lady?
Jul. She is most excellent.
Vir. Might not this beauty, tell me that, (it's a sweet one)
Without more setting-off, as now it is,
Thanking no greater mistress than mere Nature,
Stagger a constant heart?
Pand. She is full of wonder!
But yet, yet Virolet——
Vir. Pray by your leave, sir!
Jul. She would amaze——
Vir. Oh, would she so? I thank you.
Say, to this beauty, she have all additions,
Wealth, noble birth——
Pand. Oh, hold there!
Vir. All virtues,
A mind as full of candour as the truth is,
Ay, and a loving lady——
Jul. She must needs
(I am bound in conscience to confess) deserve much.
Vir. Nay, say beyond all these, she be so pious,
That even on slaves condemn'd she shower her benefits,
And melt their stubborn bolts with her soft pity;
What think you then?
Pand. For such a noble office.
At these years I should dote myself. Take heed, boy!
Jul. If you be he that have received these bless-
And this the lady, love her, honour her! [ings,
You cannot do too much to shew your gratitude;
Your greatest service will shew off too slender.
Vir. This is the lady, lady of that bounty,
That wealth, that noble name, that all, I spoke of;
The prince Ascanio, and myself, the slaves
Redeemed, brought home, still guarded by her goodness;
And of our liberties you taste the sweetness.
Even you she has preserved too, lengthened your lives.
Jul. And what reward do you propose? It must be a main one.
If love will do't, we'll all so love her, serve her—
Vir. It must be my love.
Jul. Ha!
Vir. Mine, my only love,
My everlasting love.
Pand. How!
Vir. Pray, have patience!
The recompense she ask'd, and I have render'd,
Was to become her husband. Then I vow'd it,
And since I have made it good.
Pand. Thou durst not!
Vir. Done, sir.
Jul. Be what you please, this happiness yet stays with me,
You have been mine. Oh, my unhappy fortune!
Pand. Nay, break and die!
Jul. It cannot yet: I must live,
Till I see this man blest in his new love;
And then——
Pand. What hast thou done? thou base one, tell me!
Thou barren thing of honesty, and honour,
What hast thou wrought? Is not this she, (look on her,
Look on her with the eyes of gratitude,
And wipe thy false tears off) is not this she,
That three times on the rack, to guard thy safety,
When thou stood'st lost, and naked to the tyrant;
Thy aged father here, that shames to know thee,
Engaged i' th' jaws of danger; was not this she,
That then gave up her body to the torture,
That tender body, that the wind sings through?
And three times, when her sinews, crack'd and tortured,
The beauties of her body turn'd to ruins,
Even then, within her patient heart she locked thee,
Then hid thee from the tyrant, then preserved thee:
And canst thou be that slave——
Mart. This was but duty;
She did it for her husband, and she ought it;
She has had the pleasure of him many an hour;
And if one minute's pain cannot be suffered——
Mine was above all these, a nobler venture!
(I speak it boldly) for I lost a father,
She has one still; I left my friends, she has many;
Exposed my life and honour to a cruelty,
That if it had seiz'd on me—racks, and tortures?
Alas, they are triumphs to't! and had it hit,
For this man's love, it should have shew'd a triumph.

Twice lost, I freed him ; Rossana lost before him,
His fortunes with him, and his friends behind him :
Twice was I rack'd myself for his deliverance,
In honour first and name, which was a torture
The hangman never heard of ; next at sea,
In our escape, where the proud waves took pleasure
To toss my little boat up like a bubble,
Then like a meteor in the air he hung,
Then catch'd and flung him in the depth of darkness ;
The cannon from my incensed father's ship
Ringing our knell, and still as we peep'd upward
Beating the raging surge, with fire and bullet,
And I stood fixed for this man's sake, and scorn'd it :
Compare but this !

Vir. 'Tis too true. Oh, my fortune !
That I must equally be bound to either !

Jul. You have the better and the nobler lady ;
And now I am forced a lover of her goodness :
And so far have you wrought for his deliverance
That is my lord, so lovingly and nobly,
That now methinks I stagger in my title.
But how with honesty, (for I am poor, lady,
In all my duteous service but your shadow,
Yet would be just) how with fair fame and credit,
I may go off—I would not be a strumpet——
Oh, my dear sir, you know——

Vir. Oh, Truth, thou knowest too !

Jul. Nor have the world suspect I fell to mischief.

Law. Take you no care for that ; here's that has done it ;
A fair divorce ! 'tis honest too.

Pand. The devil !
Honest ? to put her off ?

Law. Most honest, sir ;
And in this point most strong.

Pand. The cause, the cause, sir !

Law. A just cause too——

Pand. As any is in Hell, lawyer !

Law. For barrenness ; she never brought him children.

Pand. Why art not thou divorced ? thou canst not get 'em ;
Thy neighbours, thy rank neighbours—Oh, base juggling !
Is she not young ?

Jul. Women at more years, sir,
Have met that blessing ; 'tis in Heaven's high power—

Law. You never can have any.

Pand. Why, quick lawyer ?
My philosophical lawyer ?

Law. The rack has spoil'd her ;
The distensions of those parts have stopp'd all fruitfulness.

Pand. Oh, I could curse !

Jul. And am I grown so miserable,
That mine own piety must make me wretched ?
No cause against me, but my love and duty ?
Farewell, sir ! Like Obedience, thus I leave you.
My long farewell ! — I do not grudge ; I grieve, sir ;
And if that be offensive, I can die ;
And then you are fairly free.—Good lady, love him :
You have a noble and an honest gentleman ;
I ever found him so, the world has spoke him,
And let it be your part still to deserve him !
Love him no less than I have done, and serve him,
And Heaven shall bless you : You shall bless my ashes.
I give you up the house, the name of Wife,
Honour, and all respect I borrow'd from him,
And to my grave I turn. One farewell more !
Nothing divide your loves, not want of children,
Which I shall pray against, and make you fruitful !
Grow like two equal flames ! rise high and glorious.
And in your honour'd age burn out together !
To all I know, farewell !

Ronv. Be not so grieved, lady !
A nobler fortune——

Jul. Away, thou parasite !
Disturb not my sad thoughts. I hate thy greatness ! [*Exit.*

Ronv. I hate not you. I am glad she's off these hinges.
Come, let's pursue. [*Exeunt* RONVERE *and* Lawyer.

Pand. If I had breath to curse thee,
Or could my great heart utter—Farewell, villain !
Thy house nor face again—— [*Exit.*

Mart. Let 'em all go ;
And now let us rejoice. Now freely take me,
And now embrace me, Virolet ! give the rites
Of a brave husband to his love.

Vir. I'll take my leave too.

Mart. How ! take your leave too ?

Vir. The house is furnished for you ;
You are mistress, may command.

Mart. Will you to bed, sir ?

Vir. As soon to Hell ; to anything I hate most !
You must excuse me ! I have kept my word :
You are my wife, you now enjoy my fortune,
Which I have done to recompence your bounty :
But to yield up those chaste delights and pleasures,
Which are not mine, but my first vow's——

Mart. You jest !

Vir. You will not find it so.—To give you those
I have divorced, and lost with Juliana,
And all fires of that nature.

Mart. Are you a husband ?

Vir. To question hers, and satisfy your flames,
That held an equal beauty, equal bounty,
Could Heaven forgive ? No, no, the strict forbearance
Of all those joys, like a full sacrifice,
I offer to the sufferings of my first love.
Honour, and wealth, attendance, state, all duty,
Shall wait upon your will, to make you happy ;
But my afflicted mind, (you must give leave, lady)
My weary trunk, must wander.

Mart. Not enjoy me ?
Go from me too ?

Vir. For ever thus I leave you :
And, howsoe'er I fare, live you still happy ! [*Exit.*

Mart. Since I am scorned, I'll hate thee, scorn thy gifts too,
Thou miserable fool, thou fool to pity !
And such a rude, demolished thing, I'll leave thee,
In my revenge—For, foolish love, farewell now,
And anger, and the spite of woman, enter !
That all the world shall say, that read this story,
My hate, and not my love, begot my glory ! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter Duke, Boatswain, Master, *and* Gunner, *habited as Switzers.*

Duke. He that fears death, or tortures, let him leave me!
The stops that we have met with crown our conquest.
Common attempts are fit for common men;
The rare, the rarest spirits. Can we be daunted?
We that have smiled at sea at certain ruins,
Which men on shore, but hazarded, would shake at?
We that have lived free, in despite of Fortune,
Laughed at the out-stretched arm of tyranny,
As still too short to reach us, shall we faint now?
No, my brave mates, I know your fiery temper,
And that you can, and dare, as much as men.
Calamity, that severs worldly friendships,
Could ne'er divide us; you are still the same,
The constant followers of my banished fortunes,
The instruments of my revenge, the hands
By which I work, and fashion all my projects.
Master. And such we will be ever.
Gun. 'Slight, sir, cram me
Into a cannon's mouth, and shoot me at
Proud Ferrand's head; may only he fall with me,
My life I rate at nothing.
Boats. Could I but get
Within my sword's length of him, and if then
He 'scape me, may th' account of all his sins
Be added unto mine!
Master. 'Tis not to die, sir,
But to die unrevenged, that staggers me·
For were your ends served, and our country free,
We would fall willing sacrifices.
Duke. To rise up
Most glorious martyrs.
Boats. But the reason why
We wear these shapes?
Duke. Only to get access.
Like honest men, we never shall approach him,
Such are his fears; but thus attired like Switzers,
And fashioning our language to our habits,
(Bold, bloody, desperate) we may be admitted
Among his guard. But if this fail, I'll try
A thousand others, out-do Proteus
In various shapes, but I will reach his heart,
And seal my anger on't.

Enter Ronvere *and the* Guard.

Master. The lord Ronvere!
Boats. Shall we begin with him?
Duke. He is not ripe yet,
Nor fit to fall; As you see me begin,
With all care imitate.
Gun. We are instructed.
Boats. 'Would we were at it once!—
Ronv. Keep a strict watch,
And let the guards be doubled: This last night
The king had fearful dreams.
Duke. 'Tis a good omen
To our attempts.
Ronv. What men are these? What seek you?
Duke. Employment.
Ronv. Of what nature?
Duke. We are soldiers:
We have seen towns and churches set on fire,
The kennels running blood, coy virgins ravish'd,
The altars ransack'd, and the holy relics,
Yea, and the saints themselves, made lawful spoils
Unto the conquerors; but these good days are past,
And we made beggars by this idle peace,
For want of action. I am, sir, no stranger
To the government of this state; I know the king
Needs men, that only do what he commands,
And search no further: 'Tis the profession
Of all our nation, to serve faithfully,
Where they're best paid; and if you entertain us,
I do not know the thing you can command,
Which we'll not put in act.
Ronv. A goodly personage!
Master. And if you have an enemy, or so,
That you would have dispatch'd——
Gun. They are here can fit you.
Boats. Or if there be an itch, though to a man—
Duke. You shall tie
Our consciences in your purse-strings.
Ronv. Gentlemen,
I like your freedom. I am now in haste;
But wait for my return.—I like the rascals;
They may be useful.
Duke. We'll attend you, sir.
Ronv. Do, and be confident of entertainment:
I hope you will deserve it.
Duke. Oh, no doubt, sir.—
[*Exeunt* Ronvere *and* Guard.
Thus far we are prosperous: We'll be his guard,
Till tyranny and pride find full reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* Juliana.

Enter Pandulpho *and* Juliana.

Pand. My blessing? No: a father's heavy curse
Pursue and overtake him!
Jul. Gentle sir!
Pand. My name, and family, end in myself,
Rather than live in him!
Jul. Dear sir, forbear!
A father's curses hit far off, and kill too;
And, like a murdering-piece, aim not at one,
But all that stand within the dangerous level.
Some bullet may return upon yourself too,
Though against Nature, if you still go on
In this unnatural course.
Pand. Thou art not made
Of that same stuff as other women are:
Thy injuries would teach patience to blaspheme,
Yet still thou art a dove.
Jul. I know not malice;
But, like an innocent, suffer.
Pand. More miraculous!
I'll have a woman chronicled, and for goodness,
Which is the greatest wonder. Let me see,
I have no son to inherit after me:
Him I disclaim.
What then? I'll make thy virtues my sole heir:
Thy story I'll have written, and in gold too,
In prose and verse, and by the ablest doers.
A word or two of a kind step-father
I'll have put in; good kings and queens shall buy it.
And if the actions of ill great women,
And of the modern times too, are remember'd,
That have undone their husbands and their families,

What will our story do? It shall be so,
And I will straight about it. [*Exit.*
Jul. Such as love
Goodness for glory, have it for reward;
I love mine for itself. Let Innocence
Be written on my tomb, though ne'er so humble,
'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I
Forget my vows.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. [*Entering.*] 'Fore me, you are not modest,
Nor is this court-like! Would you take it well,
If she should rudely press into your closet,
When from your several boxes you chuse paint,
To make a this-day's face with?
Jul. What's the matter?
Lucio. Pray know her pleasure first.
Jul. To whom speak you, boy?
Lucio. Your ladyship's pardon.—That proud lady-thief,
That stole away my lord from your embraces,
(Wrinkles at two-and-twenty on her cheeks for't,
Or mercury unallay'd make blisters on it!)
Would force a visit.
Jul. And dare you deny her,
Or any else that I call mine? No more!
Attend her with all reverence and respect:
The want in you of manners, my lord may
Construe in me for malice. I will teach you
How to esteem and love the beauty he dotes on.

Enter Martia.

Prepare a banquet.—Madam, thus my duty
Stoops to the favour you vouchsafe your servant,
In honouring her house.
Mart. Is this in scorn?
Jul. No, by the life of Virolet! (Give me leave
To swear by him, as by a saint I worship,
But am to know no further; my heart speaks that.)
My servants have been rude, and this boy, doting
Upon my sorrows, hath forgot his duty:
In which, that you may think I have no share,
Sirrah, upon your knees, desire her pardon.
Lucio. I dare not disobey you. [*Kneels.*
Mart. Pr'ythee, rise:
My anger never looks so low.—I thank you,
And will deserve it; if we may be private——
I came to see and speak with you.
Jul. Be gone. [*Exit* Lucio.
Good madam, sit.
Mart. I rob you of your place then.
Jul. You have deserved a better, in my bed,
Make use of this too. Now your pleasure, lady.
If in your breast there be a worthy pity,
That brings you for my comfort, you do nobly;
But if you come to triumph in your conquest,
Or tread on my calamities, 'twill wrong
Your other excellencies. Let it suffice,
That you alone enjoy the best of men,
And that I am forsaken.
Mart. He the best?
The scum and shame of mankind!
Jul. Virolet,
Lady?
Mart. Blest in him? I would my youth had
Consuming fevers, bed-rid age, [chosen
For my companions, rather than a thing,
To lay whose baseness open would even poison
The tongue that speaks it.
Jul. Certainly from you
At no part he deserves this: And I'll tell you,
Durst I pretend but the least title to him,
I should not hear this!
Mart. He's an impudent villain,
Or a malicious wretch, to you ungrateful,
To me beyond expression barbarous,
I more than hate him! From you he deserves
A death most horrid; from me, to die for ever,
And know no end of torments.—Would you have comfort?
Would you wash off the stain that sticks upon you,
In being refused? would you redeem your fame,
Shipwreck'd in his base wrongs? If you desire this,
It is not to be done with slavish suffering,
But by a noble anger, making way
To a most brave revenge, we may call justice.
Our injuries are equal; join with me then,
And share the honour.
Jul. I scarce understand you;
And know I shall be most unapt to learn
To hate the man I still must love and honour.
Mart. This foolish dotage in soft-hearted women
Makes proud men insolent; But, take your way;
I'll run another course.
Jul. As you are noble,
Deliver his offence.
Mart. He has denied
The rites due to a wife.
Jul. Oh me most happy!
How largely am I paid for all my sufferings!
Most honest Virolet, thou just performer
Of all thy promises! I call to mind now,
When I was happy in those joys you speak of,
In a chaste bed, and warranted by law too,
He oft would swear, that if he should survive me,
(Which then I knew he wish'd not) never woman
Should taste of his embraces; this one act
Makes me again his debtor.
Mart. And was this
The cause my youth and beauty were contemn'd?
If I sit down here——well!
Jul. I dare thy worst!
Plot what thou canst, my piety shall guard him
Against thy malice. Leave my house, and quickly!
Thou wilt infect these innocent walls. By Virtue,
I will inform him of thy bloody purpose,
And turn it on thine own accursed head;
Believe't I will! [*Exit.*
Mart. But 'tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed against him.
I'll set myself to sale, and live a strumpet,
Forget my birth, my father, and his honour,
Rather than want an instrument to help me
In my revenge.—The captain of the guard!

Enter Ronvere.

Blest Opportunity courts me.
Ronv. Sad and troubled?
How brave her anger shews! How it sets off
Her natural beauty! Under what happy star
Was Virolet born, to be beloved and sought-to,
By two incomparable women?—Noblest lady,
I have heard your wrongs, and pity them; and if
The service of my life could give me hope
To gain your favour, I should be most proud
To be commanded.
Mart. 'Tis in you, my lord,
To make me your glad servant.
Ronv. Name the means.

Mart. 'Tis not preferment, jewels, gold, or
He that desires to reap the harvest of [courtship:
My youth and beauty, must begin in blood,
And right my wrongs.
Ronv. I apprehend you, madam,
And rest assured 'tis done: I am provided
Of instruments to fit you. To the king
I'll instantly present you; if I fail,
He shall make good your aims. He's less than man,
That, to atchieve your favour, would not do
Deeds fiends would fear to put their agents to.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* VIROLET'S *House.*

Enter VIROLET, *reading.*

Vir. *Quod invitus facis, non est scelus.* 'Tis an axiom.
Now whether willingly I have departed
With that I loved; with that, above her life
Loved me again, crown'd me a happy husband;
Was full of children, her afflictions,
That I begot; that, when our age must perish,
And all our painted frailties turn to ashes,
Then shall they stand and propagate our honours.
Whether this done, and taking to protection
A new strange beauty, 'twas an useful one——
How? to my lust? If it be so, I am sinful,
And guilty of that crime I would fling from me.
Was there not in it this fair course of virtue,
This pious course, to save my friends, my country
That even then had put on a mourning garment,
And wept the desolation of her children,
Her noblest children? Did not she thrust me on,
And to my duty clapt the spur of honour?
Was there a way, without this woman, left me
To bring 'em off? the marrying of this woman?
If not, why am I stung thus? why tormented?
Or, had there been a wild desire join'd with it,
How easily both these, and all their beauties,
Might I have made mine own? Why am I touch'd
Having perform'd the great redemption [thus,
Both of my friends and family? fairly done it,
Without base and lascivious ends? Oh, Heaven,
Why am I still at war thus? why this a mischief,
That honesty and honour hath propounded,
Ay, and absolved my tender will, and chid me,
Nay, then unwillingly flung me on?

Enter JULIANA *and* LUCIO

Lucio. He's here, madam;
This is the melancholy walk he lives in,
And chuses ever to increase his sadness.
Jul. Stand by.
Vir. 'Tis she! How I shake now and tremble!
The virtues of that mind are torments to me.
Jul. Sir, if my hated face shall stir your anger,
Or this forbidden path I tread in vex you,
My love and fair obedience left behind me,
Your pardon ask'd I shall return and bless you.
Vir. Pray stay a little! I delight to see you.
May not we yet, though Fortune have divided us,
And set an envious stop between our pleasures,
Look thus one at another? sigh and weep thus?
And read in one another's eyes the legends,
And wonders of our old loves? Be not fearful;
Though you be now a saint, I may adore you!
May I not take this hand, and on it sacrifice
The sorrows of my heart! White seal of virtue!
Jul. My lord, you wrong your wedlock.
Vir. Were she here,
And with her all-severe eyes to behold us,
We might do this; I might name Juliana,
And to the reverence of that name bow thus;
I might sigh Juliana, she was mine once,
But I too weak a guard for that great treasure;
And whilst she has a name, believe me, lady,
This broken heart shall never want a sorrow.
Jul. Forget her, sir; your honour now commands you;
You are another's, keep those griefs for her;
She richly can reward 'em. I would have spoken with you.
Vir. What is your will? for nothing you can ask,
So full of goodness are your words and meanings,
Must be denied: Speak boldly.
Jul. I thank you, sir. I come not
To beg, or flatter, only to be believed;
That I desire: For I shall tell a story,
So far from seeming truth, yet a most true one;
So horrible in nature, and so horrid;
So beyond wickedness, that, when you hear it,
It must appear the practice of another,
The cast and malice of some one you have wrong'd much;
And me you may imagine, me accuse too,
Unless you call to mind my daily sufferings,
The infinite obedience I have borne you,
That hates all name and nature of revenge,
My love, that nothing but my death can sever,
Rather than hers I speak of.
Vir. Juliana,
To make a doubt of what you shall deliver,
After my full experience of your virtues,
Were to distrust a Providence; to think you can lie,
Or, being wrong'd, seek after foul repairings,
To forge a creed against my faith.
Jul. I must do so, for it concerns your life, sir;
And if that word may stir you, hear, and prosper!
I should be dumb else, were not you at stake here.
Vir. What new friend have I found, that dares
This loaden trunk from his afflictions? [deliver
What pitying hand, of all that feels my miseries,
Brings such a benefit?
Jul. Be wise and manly;
And with your honour fall, when Heaven shall
Not by a hellish mischief. [call you,
Vir. Speak, my blest one!—
How weak and poor I am, now she is from me!
Jul. Your wife——
Vir. How's that?
Jul. Your wife——
Vir. Be tender of her;
I shall believe else——
Jul. I must be true. Your ear, sir!
For 'tis so horrible, if the air catch it,
Into a thousand plagues, a thousand monsters,
It will disperse itself, and fright resistance.
[*Whispers.*
Vir. She seek my life with you? make you her
Another love? Oh, speak but truth! [agent?
Jul. Be patient;
Dear as I love you, else I leave you wretched.
Vir. Forward! 'Tis well; it shall be welcome to me!
I have lived too long, numbered too many days.
Yet never found the benefit of living;

Now when I come to reap it with my service,
And hunt for that my youth and honour aim at,
The sun sets on my fortune, red and bloody,
And everlasting night begins to close me:
'Tis time to die.

Enter MARTIA *and* RONVERE.

Jul. She comes herself.
Ronv. Believe, lady,
(And on this angel-hand your servant seals it,)
You shall be mistress of your whole desires,
And what you shall command.
Mart. Ha, minion!
My precious dame, are you there? Nay, go forward,
Make your complaints, and pour out your feign'd pities.
Slave-like to him you serve; I am the same still,
And what I purpose, let the world take witness,
Shall be so finish'd, and to such example,
'Spite of your poor preventions—My dear gentleman!
My honourable man, are you there too?
You and your hot desire? Your mercy, sir!
I had forgot your greatness.
Jul. 'Tis not well, lady.
Mart. Lord, how I hate this fellow now! how desperately
My stomach stands against him! this base fellow,
This gelded fool!
Jul. Did you never hear of modesty?
Mart. Yes, when I heard of you, and so believed it;—
Thou bloodless, brainless fool!
Vir. How!
Mart. Thou despised fool,
Thou only sign of man, how I contemn thee!
Thou woven worthy in a piece of arras,
Fit only to enjoy a wall! thou beast
Beaten to use! Have I preserved a beauty,
A youth, a love, to have my wishes blasted?
My dotings, and the joys I came to offer,
Must they be lost, and slighted by a dormouse?
Jul. Use more respect, and, woman, 'twill become you;
At least, less tongue.
Mart. I'll use all violence;
Let him look for it!
Jul. Dare you stain those beauties,
Those heavenly stamps that raise men up to wonder,
With harsh and crooked motions? Are you she,
That over-did all ages with your honour,
And in a little hour dare lose this triumph?
Is not this man your husband?
Mart. He's my halter!
Which (having sued my pardon) I fling off thus,
And with him all I brought him, but my anger;
Which I will nourish, to the desolation
Not only of his folly, but his friends,
And his whole name!
Vir. 'Tis well! I have deserved it;
And, if I were a woman, I would rail too.
Mart. Nature ne'er promised thee a thing so noble.
Take back your love, your vow; I give it freely;
I poorly scorn it; graze now where you please!
That, that the dulness of thy soul neglected,
Kings sue for now. And mark me, Virolet!
Thou image of a man observe my words well!
At such a bloody rate I'll sell this beauty,
This handsomeness thou scorn'st and fling'st away,
Thy proud ungrateful life shall shake at! Take your house;
The petty things you left me, give another;
And last, take home your trinket! Fare you well, sir.
Ronv. You have spoke like yourself; you're a brave lady!

[*Exeunt* RONVERE *and* MARTIA.

Jul. Why do you smile, sir?
Vir. Oh, my Juliana,
The happiness this woman's scorn has given me
Makes me a man again; proclaims itself,
In such a general joy, through all my miseries,
That now methinks——
Jul. Look to yourself, dear sir,
And trifle not with danger that attends you;
Be joyful when you're free.
Vir. Did you not hear her?
She gave me back my vow, my love, my freedom;
I am free, free as air! And though to-morrow
Her bloody will meet with my life, and sink it,
And in her execution tear me piecemeal,
Yet have I time once more to meet my wishes,
Once more to embrace my best, my noblest, truest;
And time that's warranted.
Jul. Good sir, forbear it!
Though I confess, equal with your desires
My wishes rise, as covetous of your love,
And to as warm alarums spur my will too:
Yet pardon me; the seal o' th' church dividing us,
And hanging like a threatening flame between us,
We must not meet; I dare not.
Vir. That poor disjointing,
That only strong necessity thrust on you,
Not crime, nor studied cause of mine, how sweetly
And nobly I will bind again and cherish!
How I will recompence! One dear embrace now,
One free affection! How I burn to meet it!
Look now upon me.
Jul. I behold you willingly,
And willingly would yield, but for my credit.
The love you first had was preserved with honour,
The last shall not cry *whore;* you shall not purchase
From me a pleasure, (that have equally
Loved your fair fame as you,) at such a rate
Your Honesty and Virtue must be bankrupt.
If I had loved your lust, and not your lustre,
The glorious lustre of your matchless goodness,
I would compel you now to bed.—Forgive me,
Forgive me, sir! How fondly still I love you!
Yet nobly too: Make the way straight before me,
And let but holy Hymen once more guide me,
Under the axe, upon the rack again,
Even in the bed of all afflictions,
Where nothing sings our nuptials but dire sorrows,
With all my youth and pleasure I'll embrace you,
Make tyranny and death stand still affrighted,
And at our meeting souls amaze our mischiefs:
Till when, high Heaven defend you, and Peace guide you!
Be wise and manly, make your fate your own,
By being master of a providence
That may controul it.
Vir. Stay a little with me:
My thoughts have chid themselves. May I not kiss you?
Upon my truth I am honest.

Jul. I believe you;
But yet what that may raise in both our fancies.
What issues such warm parents breed——
Vir. I obey you,
And take my leave as from the saint that keeps me.
I will be right again, and once more happy
In thy unimitable love.
Jul. I'll pray for you;
And when you fall, I have not long to follow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Court in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, Master, Boatswain, *and* Gunner, *at one door;* MARTIA *and* RONVERE *at another.*

Duke. Now we have got free credit with the captain——
Mast. Soft, soft! he's here again. Is not that lady—
Or have I lost mine eyes? a salt rheum seizes 'em;
But I should know that face.
Boats. Make him not madder!
Let him forget the woman; steer a-larboard.
Mast. He will not kill her.
Boats. Anything he meets;
He's like a hornet now, he hums, and buzzes
Nothing but blood and horror.
Master. I would save the lady;
For such another lady——
Boats. There's the point;
And you know there want women of her mettle.
Master. 'Tis true; they bring such children now, such demi-lances,
Their father's socks will make them christning clothes.
Gun. No more! they view us.
Duke. You shall play awhile,
And sun yourself in this felicity,
You shall, you glorious whore! I know you still.
But I shall pick an hour when most securely—
I say no more.
Ronv. Do you see those? those are they
Shall act your will.—Come hither, my good fellows!
You are now the king's.—Are they not goodly fellows?
Mart. They have bone enough, if they have stout heart to it.
Master. Still the old wench!
Duke. Pray, captain, let me ask you
What noble lady's that? 'Tis a rude question;
But I desire to know.
Ronv. She's for the king, sir;
Let that suffice for answer.
Duke. Is she so, sir? [*Aside.*
In good time may she curse it! Must I
Breed hacknies for his grace?
Ronv. What would'st thou do
To merit such a lady's favour——
Duke. Anything.
Ronv. That can supply thy wants, and raise thy fortunes?
Duke. Let her command, and see what I dare execute:
I keep my conscience here. If any man
Oppose her will, and she would have him humbled,
Whole families between her and her wishes ——
Master. We have seen bleeding throats, sir, cities sack'd,
And infants stuck upon their pikes ——
Boats. Houses on fire, and handsome mothers weeping.
Duke. Which we have heap'd upon the pile like sacrifices.
Churches and altars, priests, and all devotions,
Tumbled together into one rude chaos.
Gun. We know no fear, sir, but want of employment.
Duke. Nor other faith but what our purses preach.
To gain our ends we can do anything,
And turn our souls into a thousand figures;
But when we come to do——
Mart. I like these fellows.
Ronv. Be ready and wait here! Within this hour
I'll shew you to the king, and he shall like ye:
And if you can devise some entertainment
To fill his mirth, such as your country uses,
Present it, and I'll see it graced.
After this comic scene we shall employ you;
For one must die.
Duke. What is he, sir? Speak boldly!
For we dare boldly do.
Ronv. This lady's husband;
His name is Virolet.
Duke. We shall dispatch it.
[*Exeunt* MARTIA *and* RONVERE.
Oh, damned, damned thing! A base whore first,
And then a murderer! I'll look to you.
Boats. Can she be grown so strange?
Duke. She has an itch;
I'll scratch you, my dear daughter, I'll so claw you!
I'll curry your hot hide! Married and honour'd?
And turn those holy blessings into brothels?
Your beauty into blood? I'll hunt your hotness,
I'll hunt you like a train!
Master. We did all pity her.
Duke. Hang her! She is not worth man's memory;
She's false and base, and let her fright all stories.—
Well, though thou be'st mine enemy, I'll right thee,
And right thee nobly.
Boats. 'Faith, sir, since she must go,
Let's spare as few as may be.
Duke. We'll take all,
And like a torrent sweep the slaves before us.
You dare endure the worst?
Master. You know our hearts, sir;
And they shall bleed the last, ere we start form you.
Gun. We can but die; and ere we come to that,
We shall pick out some few examples for us.
Duke. Then wait the first occasion; and, like Curtius,
I'll leap the gulph before you, fearless leap it:
Then follow me like men! And if our virtues
May buoy our country up, and set her shining
In her first state, our fair revenges taken,
We have our noble ends, or else our ashes.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace, with a Gallery.*

Enter ASCANIO *and* MARTIA *above.*

Mart. As you are noble, keep me from discovery,
And let me only run a stranger's fortune!
For when the king shall find I am his daughter
He ever holds most ominous, and hates most,
With what eyes can he look, how entertain me,
But with his fears and cruelties?
Asc. I have found you;
Suspect not! I am bound to what you like best:
What you intend, I dare not be so curious
To question now; and what you are lies hid here.

Enter FERRAND *and* RONVERE *above.*

The king comes. Make your fortune; I shall joy in't.
Ronv. All things are ready, sir, to make you merry;
And such a king! you shall behold him now.
Fer. I long for't,
For I have need of mirth.
Ronv. The lady, sir!
Fer. Now, as I am a king, a sprightly beauty,
A goodly sweet aspect! My thanks, Ronvere,
My best thanks!—On your lips I seal your wishes;
Be what you can imagine, mine, and happy.
And now, sit down and smile. Come, my Ascanio,
And let this monarch enter.

Enter DUKE, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, *and* Sailors.

Ronv. These are the Switzers,
I told your grace of.
Fer. Goodly promising fellows,
With faces to keep fools in awe! I like 'em.—
Go guard the presence well, and do your duties;
To-morrow I shall take a further view.
Duke. You shall, sir, [*Aside.*
Or I shall lose my will. How the whore's mounted!
How she sits throned! Thou blazing muddy meteor,
That fright'st the under world with lustful flashes,
How I shall dash thy flames! Away; no word more!

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and his company. Flourish cornets.*

Enter CASTRUCCIO *in royal robes,* VILLIO, Doctor, *and a* Guard.

Fer. Now, here he comes in glory. Be merry, masters!
A banquet too? [*Meat brought in.*
Ronv. Oh, he must sit in state, sir!
Asc. How rarely he is usher'd! Can he think
He is a king indeed? [now
Ronv. Mark but his countenance.
Cast. Let me have pleasures infinite, and to the height;
And women in abundance, many women!

Enter Ladies.

I will disport my grace; stand there, and long for me!
What have ye brought me here? Is this a feast
Fit for a prince? a mighty prince? Are these
These preparations, ha? [things,
Doctor. May it please your grace——
Cast. It does not please my grace! Where are the marchpanes,
The custards double-royal, and the subtilties?
Why, what weak things are you to serve a prince thus?
Where be the delicates o' th' earth and air?
The hidden secrets of the sea? Am I a ploughman,
You pop me up with porridge? Hang the cooks!
Fer. Oh, most kingly!
What a majestic anger!
Cast. Give me some wine.
Asc. He cools again now.
Cast. Fool, where are my players?
Let me have all in pomp! Let 'em play some love-matter,
To make the ladies itch! I'll be with you anon, ladies!
You black eyes, I'll be with you!—Give me some wine, I say;
And let me have a masque of cuckolds enter,
Of mine own cuckolds;
And let them come in, peeping and rejoicing,
Just as I kiss their wives, and somewhat glorying.
Some wine, I say! Then, for an excellent night-piece,
To shew my glory to my loves and minions,
I will have some great castle burnt.
Villio. Hark you, brother!
If that be to please these ladies, ten to one
The fire first takes upon your own; look to that!
Then you may shew a night-piece.
Cast. Where's this wine?
Why, shall I choke? Do ye long all to be tortured!
Doctor. Here, sir.
Cast. [*Tastes.*] Why, what is this? Why, [Doctor!
Doctor. Wine and water, sir.
'Tis sovereign for your heat; you must endure it.
Villio. Most excellent to cool your night-piece, sir.
Doctor. You are of a high and choleric com-
And you must have allays. [plexion,
Cast. Shall I have no sheer wine then?
Doctor. Not for a world: I tender your dear
And he's no faithful subject—— [life, sir;
Villio. No, by no means:
Of this you may drink, and never hang nor quarter,
Nor never whip the fool; this liquor's merciful.
Cast. I will sit down and eat then: Kings, when they are hungry,
May eat, I hope?
Doctor. Yes, but they eat discreetly.
Cast. Come, taste this dish, and cut me liberally;
I like sauce well.
Doctor. Fy, 'tis too hot, sir;
Too deeply season'd with the spice; away with't!
You must acquaint your stomach with those diets
Are temperately nourishing.
[*The meat is taken away.*
Cast. But pray stay, doctor,
And let me have my meat again.
Doctor. By no means:
I have a charge concerns my life.
Cast. No meat neither?
Do kings never eat, doctor?
Doctor. Very little, sir,
And that too very choice.
Villio. Your king never sleeps, brother;
He must not sleep, his cares still keep him waking

Now he that eats and drinks much is a dormouse;
The third part of a wafer is a week's diet.
Cast. Appoint me something then.
Doctor. There!
Cast. This I feel good,
But it melts too suddenly; yet—how! that gone too? [*Taken away.*
Ye are not mad! I charge you—
Doctor. For your health, sir;
A little quickens nature, much depresses.
Cast. Eat nothing, for my health? that's a new diet.
Let me have something! something has some savour!
Why, thou uncourteous doctor, shall I hang thee?
Doctor. 'Tis better, sir, than I should let you
My death were nothing. [surfeit:
Villio. To lose a king were terrible.
Cast. Nay, then I'll carve myself; I'll stay no ceremonies.
This is a partridge-pie; I am sure that's nourishing,
Or Galen is an ass. 'Tis rarely season'd! [ing,
Ha, doctor, have I hit right? a mark, a mark there!
Villio. What ails thy grace? [*Taken away.*
Cast. Retrieve those partridges;
Or, as I am a king—
Doctor. Pray, sir, be patient;
They are flown too far.
Villio. These are breathed pies, an't please you,
And your hawks are such buzzards—
Cast. A king, and have nothing,
Nor can have nothing?
Villio. What think you of pudding?
A pudding royal?
Cast. To be royally starved!
Whip me this fool to death! he is a blockhead.
Villio. Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a king;
Twill be enough. [Servants *remove the table.*
Cast. As for you, dainty doctor—The table taken away?
All gone, all snatch'd away, and I unsatisfied,
Without my wits, being a king and hungry?
Suffer but this thy treason? I tell thee, doctor,
I tell it thee in earnest, and in anger,
I am damnably hungry, my very grace is hungry.
Villio. A hungry grace is fittest to no meal, sir.
Doctor. Some two hours hence you shall see more: But still, sir,
You must retain a strict and excellent diet.
Villio. It sharpens you, and makes your wit so
Your very words will kill. [poignant,
Doctor. A bit of marmalade,
No bigger than a pease—
Villio. And that well butter'd,
The air thrice purified, and three times spirited,
Becomes a king: Your rare conserve of nothing
Breeds no offence.
Cast. Am I turn'd king camelion,
And keep my court i' th' air?—
Fer. They vex him cruelly.
Asc. In two days more they'll starve him.
Fer. Now the women!
There's no food left but they.
Asc. They'll prove small nourishment;
Yet he has another stomach, and a great one,
I see by his eye.—
Cast. I'll have mine own power here,
Mine own authority: I need no tutor.
Doctor, this is no diet.
Doctor. It may be, sir.
Villio. By'r lady, it may turn to a dry diet;
And how thy grace will ward that—
Cast. Stand off, doctor!
And talk to those that want faith.
Fer. Hot and mighty.
Asc. He will cool apace, no doubt.
Cast. Fair, plump, and red,
A forehead high, an eye revives the dead;
A lip like ripest fruit, inviting still.
Vil. But oh, the rushy well, below the hill!
Take heed of that, for though it never fail!
Take heed, I say, for thereby hangs a tale.
Cast. I'll get ye all with child!
Vil. With one child, brother?
So many men in a blue coat?
Cast. Had I fed well, [all,
And drunk good store of wine, ye had been blest
Blest all with double births. Come, kiss me greedily!
And think no more upon your foolish husbands;
They are transitory things; a king's flame meets you!
Doct. Vanish away! [*Exeunt* Women.
Cast. How! they gone too? My guard there!
Take me this devil doctor, and that fool there,
And sow 'em in a sack! Bring back the women,
The lovely women! Drown these rogues, or hang [em!
Asc. He is in earnest, sir.
Fer. In serious earnest.
I must needs take him off.

Enter DUKE, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, *and* Sailors.

Duke. Now, now, be free!
Now liberty! now, countrymen, shake from ye
The tyrant's yoke!
All. Liberty, liberty, liberty!
Guard. Treason, treason, treason!
Fer. We are betray'd! Fly to the town, cry treason,
And raise our faithful friends! Oh, my Ascanio!
Asc. Make haste! we have way enough.
Guard. Treason, treason!
[*Exeunt* FERRAND, ASCANIO, MARTIA, *and* Guard.
Duke. Spare none! put all to th' sword!—A vengeance shake thee!
Art thou turn'd king again?
Cast. I am a rascal:
Spare me but this time, if ever I see king more,
Or once believe in king—
Duke. The ports are ours, [men!
The treasure and the port. Fight bravely, gentle-
Cry to the town, cry "Liberty and Honour!"
[*Exit* Boatswain, *crying Liberty and Freedom.*
Waken their persecuted souls; cry loudly!
We'll share the wealth among ye.
Cast. Do you hear, captain?
If ever you hear me name a king—
Duke. You shall not.
Cast. Or, though I live under one, obey him—
Gun. This rogue again?
Duke. Away with him, good Gunner.
Cast. Why, look ye, sir; I'll put you to no [charge;
I'll never eat.
Gun. I'll take a course you shall not.
Come, no more words.
Cast. Say nothing when you kill me.

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. He's taken to the tower's strength.
Duke. Now stand sure, gentlemen!

We have him in a pen, he cannot 'scape us ;
The rest o' th' castle's ours.
Within. "Liberty, liberty!"
Duke. What, is the city up?
Boats. They are up and glorious,
And rolling like a storm they come; their tents
Ring nothing but "Liberty and Freedom!"
The women are in arms too.
Duke. Let 'em come all.
Honour and liberty!
All. Honour and liberty! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* VIROLET'S *House.*

Enter JULIANA.

Jul. This woman's threats, her eyes, even red with fury,
Which, like prodigious meteors, foretold
Assured destruction, are still before me.
Besides, I know such natures unacquainted
With any mean, or in their love, or hatred;
And she that dared all dangers to possess him,
Will check at nothing, to revenge the loss
Of what she held so dear. I first discover'd
Her bloody purposes, which she made good,
And openly profess'd 'em: That in me
Was but a cold affection; charity
Commands so much to all; for Virolet,
Methinks, I should forget my sex's weakness,
Rise up, and dare beyond a woman's strength;
Then do, not counsel. He is too secure;
And, in my judgment, 'twere a greater service
To free him from a deadly enemy,
Than to get him a friend. I undertook too
To cross her plots; opposed my piety
Against her malice; and shall virtue suffer?
No, Martia; wert thou here equally arm'd,
I have a cause, 'spite of thy masculine breeding,
That would assure the victory. My angel
Direct and help me!

Enter VIROLET, *habited like* RONVERE. JULIANA *stands apart.*

Vir. The state in combustion,
Part of the citadel forced, the treasure seized on;
The guards, corrupted, arm themselves against
Their late protected master; Ferrand fled too,
And with small strength, into the castle's tower,
The only Aventine that now is left him?
And yet the undertakers, nay, performers,
Of such a brave and glorious enterprise,
Are yet unknown: They did proceed like men,
I like a child; and had I never trusted
So deep a practice unto shallow fools,
Besides my soul's peace in my Juliana,
The honour of this action had been mine,
In which, accursed, I now can claim no share.
Jul. Ronvere; 'tis he; a thing, next to the devil,
I most detest, and like him terrible;
Martia's right-hand; the instrument, I fear too,
That is to put her bloody will into act.
Have I not will enough, and cause too mighty?
Weak women's fear, fly from me!
Vir. Sure this habit,
This likeness to Ronvere, which I have studied,
Either admits me safe to my design,
Which I too cowardly have halted after,
And suffer'd to be ravish'd from my glory
Or sinks me and my miseries together;
Either concludes me happy.
Jul. He stands musing;
Some mischief is now hatching:
In the full meditation of his wickedness,
I'll sink his cursed soul. Guide my hand, Heaven,
And to my tender arm give strength and fortune,
That I may do a pious deed, all ages
Shall bless my name for, all remembrance crown me!
Vir. It shall be so. [*Stabs him*
Jul. It shall not! Take that token,
And bear it to the lustful arms of Martia!
Tell her, for Virolet's dear sake, I sent it.
Vir. Oh, I am happy! let me see thee, that I
May bless the hand that gave me liberty!
Oh, courteous hand! Nay, thou hast done most nobly,
And Heaven has guided thee; 'twas their great justice.
Oh, blessed wound, that I could come to kiss thee!
How beautiful and sweet thou shew'st!
Jul. Oh!
Vir. Sigh not,
Nor weep not, dear! shed not those sovereign balsams
Into my blood, which must recover me;
Then I shall live, again to do a mischief
Against the mightiness of love and virtue.
Some base unhallow'd hand shall rob thy right of—
Help me; I faint. So.
Jul. Oh, unhappy wench!
How has my zeal abused me! You that guard virtue,
Were ye asleep? or do ye laugh at innocence,
You suffer'd this mistake? Oh, my dear Virolet!
An everlasting curse follow that form
I struck thee in! his name be ever blasted!
For his accursed shadow has betray'd
The sweetness of all youth, the nobleness,
The honour, and the valour; wither'd for ever
The beauty, and the bravery of all mankind!
Oh! my dull devil's eyes!
Vir. I do forgive you; [*Kisses her.*
By this, and this, I do. I know you were cozen'd;
The shadow of Ronvere I know you aim'd at,
And not at me; but 'twas most necessary
I should be struck; some hand above directed you;
For Juliana could not shew her justice,
Without depriving high Heaven of his glory,
On any subject fit for her, but Virolet.
Forgive me too, and take my last breath, sweet one!
This the new marriage of our souls together.
Think of me, Juliana; but not often,
For fear my faults should burthen your affections.
Pray for me, for I faint.
Jul. Oh, stay a little,
A little, little, sir! [*Offers to kill herself.*
Vir. Fy, Juliana!
Jul. Shall I out-live the virtue I have murder'd?
Vir. Hold, or thou hat'st my peace! Give me the dagger;
On your obedience, and your love, deliver it!
If you do thus, we shall not meet in Heaven, sweet;
No guilty blood comes there: Kill your intentions,
And then you conquer. There, where I am going,
Would you not meet me, dear?
Jul. Yes.
Vir. And still love me?
Jul. And still behold you.
Vir. I ive then, till Heaven calls you:

Then, ripe and full of sweetness, you rise sainted;
Then I, that went before you to prepare,
Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you,
With hymns of holy love. God! I go out!
Give me your hand. Farewell! in peace, farewell!
Remember me! farewell! [*Dies.*

Jul. Sleep you, sweet glasses!
An everlasting slumber crown those crystals!
All my delight, adieu! farewell, dear Virolet,
Dear, dear, most dear! Oh, I can weep no more;
My body now is fire, and all-consuming.
Here will I sit, forget the world and all things,
And only wait what Heaven shall turn me to;
For now methinks I should not live.
[*She sits down.*

Enter PANDULPHO *with a book.*

Pand. Oh, my sweet daughter,
The work is finish'd now I promised thee:
Here are thy virtues shew'd, here register'd,
And here shall live for ever.

Jul. Blot it, burn it!
I have no virtue; hateful I am as hell is!

Pand. Is not this Virolet?

Jul. Ask no more questions!
Mistaking him, I kill'd him.

Pand. Oh, my son!
Nature turns to my heart again. My dear son!
Son of my age! wouldst thou go out so quickly?
So poorly take thy leave, and never see me?
Was this a kind stroke, daughter? Could you love him,
Honour his father, and so deadly strike him?
Oh, wither'd timeless youth! are all thy promises,
Thy goodly growth of honours, come to this?
Do I halt still i' th' world, and trouble Nature,
When her main pieces founder, and fail daily?

Enter LUCIO *and three* Servants.

Lucio. He does weep certain. What body's that
How do you, sir? [lies by him?

Pand. Oh, look there, Lucio,
Thy master, thy best master!

Lucio. Woe is me!
They have kill'd him, slain him basely! Oh, my master!

Pand. Well, daughter, well! what heart you had to do this!
I know he did you wrong; but 'twas his fortune,
And not his fault: For my sake, that have loved
But I see now you scorn me too. [you—

Lucio. Oh, mistress!
Can you sit there, and his cold body breathless?
Basely upon the earth?

Pand. Let her alone, boy:
She glories in his end.

Lucio. You shall not sit here,
And suffer him you loved—Ha! good sir, come hither,
Come hither quickly! heave her up! Oh, Heaven, sir!
Oh, God, my heart! she's cold, cold, cold, and
Stiff as a stake; she's dead! [stiff too.

Pand. She's gone; ne'er bend her:
I know her heart, she could not want his company.
Blessing go with thy soul! sweet angels shadow it!
Oh, that I were the third now! what a happiness!
But I must live to see you laid in earth both;
Then build a chapel to your memories,
Where all my wealth shall fashion out your stories;
Then dig a little grave besides, and all's done.
How sweet she looks! her eyes are open smiling:
I thought she had been alive. You are my charge, sir;
And amongst you I'll see his goods distributed.
[*To the* Servants.
Take up the bodies; mourn in heart, my friends;
You have lost two noble succours. Follow me;
And thou sad country, weep this misery!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An open Place in the City before the Citadel.*

Enter DUKE, Boatswain, Master, Gunner, Citizens, *with* Soldiers.

Duke. Keep the ports strongly mann'd, and let
But such as are known patriots. [none enter,

All. Liberty, liberty!

Duke. 'Tis a substantial thing, and not a word,
You men of Naples; which, if once taken from us,
All other blessings leave us; 'tis a jewel
Worth purchasing at the dear rate of life,
And so to be defended. Oh, remember
What you have suffer'd, since you parted with it;
And if again you wish not to be slaves,
And properties to Ferrand's pride and lust,
Take noble courage, and make perfect what
Is happily begun.

1 *Cit.* Our great preserver!
You have enfranchised us from wretched bondage.

2 *Cit.* An't might be known, to whom we owe our freedom,
We to the death would follow him.

3 *Cit.* Make him king,
The tyrant once removed.

Duke. That's not my end;
'Twas not ambition that brought me hither,
With these my faithful friends, nor hope of spoil.
For when we did possess the tyrant's treasure,
By force extorted from you, and employ'd
To load you with most miserable thraldom,
We did not make it ours; but with it purchased
The help of these, to get you liberty,
That for the same price kept you in subjection.
Nor are we Switzers, worthy countrymen,
But Neapolitans. Now eye me well;
[*Throws off his disguise.*
And though the reverend emblems of mine age
(My silver locks) are shorn, my beard cut off,
Partaking yet of an adulterate colour;
Though fourteen years you have not seen this face,
You may remember it, and call to mind
There was a Duke of Sesse, a much-wrong'd prince,
Wrong'd by this tyrant Ferrand.

1 *Cit.* Now I know him.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis he. Long live the Duke of Sesse!

Duke. I thank you.
The injuries I received, I must confess,
Made me forget the love I owed this country,
For which, I hope, I have given satisfaction,
In being the first that stirr'd to give it freedom;
And with your loves and furtherance, will call back
Long-banish'd Peace, and Plenty to this people.

2 *Cit.* Lead where you please, we'll follow.

1 *Cit.* Dare all dangers.

Enter PANDULPHO, *the bodies of* VIROLET *and* JULIANA *upon a hearse.*

Duke. What solemn funeral's this?

Pand. There rest a while,

And if't be possible there can be added
Wings to your swift desire of just revenge,
Hear (if my tears will give way to my words)
In brief a most sad story.
Duke. Speak, what are they?
I know thee well, Pandulpho.
Pand. My best lord!
As far as sorrow will give leave, most welcome!
This Virolet was, and but a son of mine,
I might say, the most hopeful of our gentry;
And, though unfortunate, never ignoble:
But I'll speak him no further. Look on this,
This face, that in a savage would move pity,
The wonder of her sex! and having said
'Tis Juliana, Eloquence will want words
To set out her deservings. This bless'd lady,
That did endure the rack to save her husband,
That husband, who, in being forced to leave her,
Endured a thousand tortures; by what practice
I know not, (but 'twas sure a cunning one)
Are made, the last I hope, but sad examples,
Of Ferrand's tyranny.—
Convey the bodies hence!
Duke. Express your sorrow
In your revenge, not tears, my worthy soldiers!
That fertile earth, that teem'd so many children
To feed his cruelty, in her wounded womb
Can hardly now receive 'em.
Boats. We are cold;
Cold walls shall not keep him from us!
Gun. Were he cover'd
With mountains, and room only for a bullet
To be sent level at him, I would speed him.
Master. Let's scale this petty tower! At sea we are falcons,
And fly unto the main-top in a moment:
What then can stop us here?
1 *Cit.* We'll tear him piece-meal!
2 *Cit.* Or eat a passage to him!
Duke. Let discretion
Direct your anger: That's a victory,
Which is got with least loss; let us make ours such!
And therefore, friends, while we hold parley here,
Raise your scalado on the other side;
But, enter'd, wreak your sufferings.
1 *Cit.* In our wrongs,
[*Exeunt* Sailors *and* Soldiers.
There was no mean——
2 *Cit.* Nor in our full revenge
Will we know any.
Duke. Be appeased, good man! [*To* PANDULPHO.
No sorrow can redeem them from Death's prison;
What his inevitable hand hath seized on,
The world cannot recover. All the comfort
That I can give to you, is to see vengeance
Pour'd dreadfully upon the author's head,
Of which their ashes may be sensible,
That have fallen by him. [*Sound a parley.*

Enter FERRAND, MARTIA, ASCANIO, *and* RONVERE *on the Ramparts of the Citadel.*

Pand. They appear.
Fer. 'Tis not that we esteem rebellious traitors
Worthy an answer to their proudest summons,
That we vouchsafe our presence, or to exchange
One syllable with 'em; but to let such know,
Though circled round with treason, all points bent
As to their centre at my heart, 'tis free,
Free from fear, villains; and in this weak tower
Ferrand commands as absolute as when
He trod upon your necks, and as much scorns you.
And when the sun of majesty shall break through
The clouds of your rebellion, every beam,
Instead of comfortable heat, shall send
Consuming plagues among you, and you call
That government which you term'd *tyrannous*,
Hereafter, *gentle*.
Duke. Flatter not thyself
With these deluding hopes, thou cruel beast!
Thou art i' th' toil, and the glad huntsman prouder,
By whom thou art taken, of his prey, than if
(Like thee) he should command, and spoil his [forest.
Fer. What art thou?
Duke. To thy horror, Duke of Sesse.
Fer. The devil!
Duke. Reserved for thy damnation.
Fer. Why shakes my love?
Mart. Oh, I am lost for ever!
Mountains divide me from him! some kind hand
Prevent our fearful meeting! or lead me
To the steep rock, whose rugged brows are bent
Upon the swelling main; there let me hide me:
And as our bodies then shall be divided,
May our souls never meet!
Fer. Whence grows this, sweetest?
Mart. There are a thousand furies in his looks;
And in his deadly silence more loud horror,
Than when in hell the tortured and tormentors
Contend whose shrieks are greater. Wretched me!
It is my father.
Duke. Yes, and I will own her, sir,
Till my revenge. It is my daughter, Ferrand,
My daughter thou hast whored.
Fer. I triumph in it!
To know she's thine, affords me more true pleasure
Than the act gave me, when even at the height,
I crack'd her virgin zone. Her shame dwell on thee,
And all thy family! May they never know
A female issue, but a whore!—Ascanio,
Ronvere, look cheerfully; be thou a man too,
And learn of me to die! That we might fall,
And in our ruins swallow up this kingdom,
Nay, the whole world, and make a second chaos:
And if from thence a new beginning rise,
Be it recorded this did end with us,
And from our dust hath embrion!
Ronv. I lived with you,
And will die with you; your example makes me
Equally bold.
Asc. And I resolved to bear
Whate'er my fate appoints me.
Duke. They are ours:
Now to the spoil!
Boats. Pity the lady; to all else be deaf.
[*Exeunt.*
Within. Kill, kill, kill!
[*Alarum, flourish trumpets, retreat.*

Re-enter DUKE, *with* FERRAND'S *head; the* Citizens, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, Soldiers *bringing in* ASCANIO *and* MARTIA.

Duke. Cruel beginnings meet with cruel ends;
And the best sacrifice to heaven for peace
Is tyrant's blood, and those that stuck fast to him,
Flesh'd instruments in his commands to mischief,
With him dispatch'd.
Boats. They are all cut off.
Duke. 'Tis well.
All. Thanks to the Duke of Sesse!
Duke. Pay that to Heaven,

r a general joy give general thanks;
ssings ne'er descend from Heaven, but when
eful sacrifice ascends from men.
r devotion! leave me: There's a scene
I would act alone. Yet you may stay;
nting just spectators, 'twill be nothing.
st forbear me!
Liberty, liberty, liberty!
rt. I would I were as far beneath the centre,
w I stand above it. How I tremble!
happy they that died! I dying live
nd the whirlwind of a father's fury.
t moves toward me.
ke. Thou—I want a name
ich to style thee: All articulate sounds
lo express the mischief of vile woman,
are, or have been, or shall be, are weak
eak thee to the height. Witch! Parricide!
ou, in taking leave of modesty,
kill'd thy father, and his honour lost:
but a walking shadow to torment thee.
ve and rob thy father, then set free
es, whose slavery he did prefer
all treasure, was a strong defeazance,
t off even the surest bonds of merty;
all this, (having given up thyself,
o a sensual beast, a slave to lust)
y the whore, and then (high Heaven, it racks
d out none to quench thy appetite [me!)
e most cruel king, whom next to hell
ther hated, and whose black embraces
shouldst have fled from, as the whips of
canst thou look for? [furies!
rt. Death! and 'tis not in you
rt me further. My old resolution,
now the place of fear! In this I lived,
s I'll die, your daughter.

PANDULPHO, *and the Bodies borne on the Hearse*

d. Look but here!
ad, I know, a guilty hand in this;
t it, lady.
rt. Juliana dead?
'iolet?

Pand. By her unwilling hand.
Mart. Fates, you are equal!—What can now fall on me,
That I will shrink at? Now unmoved I dare
Look on your anger, and not bend a knee
To ask your pardon: Let your rage run higher
Than billows raised up by a violent tempest,
And be, as that is, deaf to all entreaties!
They are dead, and I prepared; for in their fall
All my desires are summ'd up.
Duke. Impudent too?
Die in it, wretch! [*Offers to kill her.*
Boats. Stay, sir! [Boatswain *kills her.*
Duke. How darest thou, villain,
Snatch from my sword the honour of my justice?
Boats. I never did you better service, sir;
Yet have been ever faithful. I confess
That she deserved to die; but by whose hand?
Not by a father's. Double all her guilt,
It could not make you innocent, had you done it:
In me 'tis murder, in you 'twere a crime
Heaven could not pardon. Witness that I love you!
And in that love I did it.
Duke. Thou art noble;
I thank thee for't. The thought of her die with her!
Aso. My turn is next; since she could find no mercy,
What am I to expect?
Cit. With one voice, sir,
The citizens salute you with the style
Of King of Naples.
Duke. I must be excused;
The burden is too heavy for my shoulders;
Bestow it where 'tis due.—Stand forth, Ascanio!
It does belong to you; live long and wear it:
And, warn'd by the example of your uncle,
Learn that you are to govern men, not beasts;
And that it is a most improvident head,
That strives to hurt the limbs that do support it!
Give burial to the dead. For me, and mine,
We will again to sea, and never know
The place, which in my birth first gave me woe.
[*Flourish of trumpets. Exeunt.*

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALETTA, *the Grand-Master of Malta.*
MIRANDA, *an Italian Gentleman, the* KNIGHT OF MALTA.
ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, } *Two Knights of the Order.*
MOUNTFERRAT, *a Knight of the Order, but a Villain.*
PETER GOMERA, *a deserving Spanish Gentleman.*
NORANDINE, *a valiant merry Dane, Commander-in-Chief of the Gallies of Malta.*
COLONNA, *alias* ANGELO, *a Captive redeemed from the Gallies, and beloved of* MIRANDA.
ROCCA, *Servant and instrument to* MOUNTFERRAT.
Two Bishops.
Soldiers.
Corporal.
Prisoners.
Two Marshals.
Doctor *and* Surgeons.
One of the Esguard.
Servants.

ORIANA, *Sister to* VALETTA, *and Wife of* GOMERA.
VALLEDA, *Attendant on* ORIANA.
ZANTHIA, *alias* ARDELLA, *a Moor, Servant to* ORIANA.
LUCINDA, *a beautiful Turkish Woman, contracted to* ANGELO, *Prisoner to* MIRANDA.
Two Gentlewomen.

SCENE,—MALTA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—VALETTA.

A Room in MOUNTFERRAT'S *House.*

Enter MOUNTFERRAT.

Mountf. Dares she despise me thus? me, that with spoil
And hazardous exploits, full sixteen years
Have led (as hand-maids) Fortune, Victory,
Whom the Maltezzi call my servitors?
Tempests I have subdued, and fought them calm,
Out-lighten'd lightning in my chivalry,
Rid (tame as patience) billows that kick'd Heaven,
Whistled enraged Boreas 'till his gusts
Were grown so gentle, that he seem'd to sigh,
Because he could not shew the air my keel;
And yet I cannot conquer her bright eyes,
Which, though they blaze, both comfort and invite;
Neither by force, nor fraud, pass through her ear,
Whose guard is only blushing innocence,
To take the least possession of her heart.
Did I attempt her with a thread-bare name,
Un-napt with meritorious actions,
She might with colour disallow my suit:
But, by the honour of this Christian cross,
(In blood of infidels so often dyed,
Which mine own soul and sword hath fixed here,
And neither favour nor birth's, privilege)
Oriana shall confess, (although she be
Valetta's sister, our grand-master here)
The wages of scorn'd love is baneful hate,
And, if I rule not her, I'll rule her fate.——

Enter ROCCA.

Rocca, my trusty servant, welcome!

Rocca. Sir,
I wish my news deserved it! Hapless I,
That, being loved and trusted, fail to bring
The loving answer that you do expect.

Mountf. Why speak'st thou from me? thy pleased eyes send forth
Beams brighter than the star that ushers day;
Thy smiles restore sick expectation.

Rocca. I bring you, sir, her smiles, not mine.

Mountf. Her smiles?
Why, they are presents for kings' eldest sons:
Great Solyman, that wearies his hot eyes
But to peruse his deck'd seraglio,
When from the number of his concubines
He chuseth one for that night, in his pride
Of them, wives, wealth, is not so rich as I
In this one smile, from Oriana sent.

Rocca. Sir, fare you well!

Mountf. Oh, Rocca! thou art wise,
And wouldst not have the torrent of my joy
Ruin me headlong! Aptly thou conceiv'st,
If one reviving smile can raise me thus,
What trances will the sweet words which thou [bring'st
Cast me into. I felt, my dearest friend,
(No more my servant) when I employ'd thee,
That knew'st to love and speak as lovers should,
And carry faithfully thy master's sighs,
That it must work some heat in her cold heart;
And all my labours now come fraughted home
With ten-fold prize.

Rocca. Will you yet hear me?

Mountf. Yes:
But take heed, gentle Rocca, that thou dost
Tenderly by degrees assault mine ears

With her consent, now to embrace my love;
For thou well know'st I have been so plunged, so torn
With her resolved rejection, and neglect,
That to report her soft acceptance now
Will stupify sense in me, if not kill.—
Why shew'st thou this distemper?
Rocca. Draw your sword,
And when I with my breath have blasted you,
Kill me with it:
I bring you smiles of pity, not affection,
For such she sent.
Mountf. Oh! can she pity me?
Of all the paths lead to a woman's love
Pity's the straightest.
Rocca. Waken, sir, and know
That her contempt (if you can name it so)
Continues still; she bids you throw your pearl
Into strong streams, and hope to turn them so,
Ere her to foul dishonour; write your plaints
In rocks of coral grown above the sea;
Them hope to soften to compassion,
Or change their modest blush to love-sick pale,
Ere work her to your impious requests.
All your loose thoughts she chides you home again,
But with such calm behaviour and mild looks,
She gentlier denies than others grant,
For just as others love, so doth she hate.
She says, that by your order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels then
You would thus violate her, and your own faith,
That being the virgin you should now protect,
Hitherto, she professes, she has conceal'd
Your lustful batteries; but the next, she vows,
(In open hall, before the honour'd cross,
And her great brother) she will quite disclose,
Calling for justice, to your utter shame.
Mountf. Hence! find the Blackamoor that waits upon her,
Bring her unto me; she doth love me yet,
And I must her now, at least seem to do.—
Cupid, thy brands that glow thus in my veins,
I will with blood extinguish!—Art not gone?
[*Exit* ROCCA.
Shall my desires, like beggars, wait at door,
Whilst any other revel in her breast?
Sweat on, my spirits! Know, thou trick'd-up toy,
My love's a violent flood, where thou art fall'n;
Playing with which tide thou hadst been gently toss'd,
But crossing it, thou art o'erwhelm'd and lost.

Enter ASTORIUS *and* CASTRIOT.

Cast. Monsieur, good day!
Asto. Good morrow, valiant knight!
What, are you for this great solemnity
This morn intended?
Mountf. What solemnity?
Asto. The investing of the martial Spaniard,
Peter Gomera, with our Christian badge.
Cast. And young Miranda, the Italian;
Both which, with wond'rous prowess and great luck,
Have dared and done for Malta such high feats,
That not one fort in it but rings their names
As loud as any man's.
Mountf. As any man's?
Why, we have fought for Malta.
Asto. Yes, Mountferrat,
No bold knight ever past you; but we wear
The dignity of Christians on our breasts,
And have a long time triumph'd for our conquests:
These conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet.
Mountf. Astorius, you're a most indulgent knight,
Detracting from yourself, to add to others.
You know this title is the period
To all our labours, the extremity
Of that tall pyramid, where honour hangs;
Which we with sweat and agony have reach'd,
And should not then so easily impart
So bright a wreath to every cheap desert.
Cast. [*Apart to* ASTORIUS.] How is this Frenchman changed, Astorius!
Some sullen discontent possesses him,
That makes him envy what he heretofore
Did most ingenuously but emulate.
Mountf. Oh, furious desire, how like a whirlwind [*Aside*
Thou hurriest me beyond mine honour's point!
Out of my heart, base lust! or heart, I vow
Those flames that heat me thus, I'll burn thee in.
Asto. Do you observe him?
Mountf. What news of the Dane?
That valiant Captain Norandine?
Cast. He fights still,
In view o' th' town; he plays the devil with 'em,
And they, the Turks with him.
Mountf. They are well met then;
'Twere sin to sever 'em. Pish—woman—memory,
'Would one of ye would leave me! [*Aside.*
Asto. Six fresh gallies
I in St. Angelo from the promontory
This morn descried, making a girdle for him;
But our great-master doth intend relief
This present meeting. Will you walk along?
Mountf. Hum—I have read, ladies enjoy'd have been [*Aside.*
The gulphs of worthiest men, buried their names,
Their former valour, bounty, beauty, virtue,
And sent them stinking to untimely graves.
I that cannot enjoy, by her disdain,
Am like to prove as wretched. Woman then,
Checking, or granting, is the grave of men.
Asto. He's saying of his prayers, sure.
Cast. Will you go, sir?
Mountf. I cry you mercy! I am so transported
(Your pardon, noble brothers) with a business
That doth concern all Malta, that I am
(Anon you'll hear it) almost blind and deaf—
Lust neither sees nor hears aught but itself.—
[*Aside.*
But I will follow instantly. [*A cross is dropt.*]
Your cross.
Asto. Not mine.
Cast. Nor mine; 'tis yours.
Asto. Cast. Good morrow, brother. [*Exeunt.*
Mountf. White innocent sign, thou dost abhor to dwell
So near the dim thoughts of this troubled breast,
And grace these graceless projects of my heart!
Yet I must wear thee, to protect my crimes,
If not for conscience, for hypocrisy;
Some churchmen so wear cassocks.

Enter ZANTHIA, *alias* ABDELLA.

Oh, my Zanthia,
My pearl, that scorns a stain! I much repent
All my neglects; let me, Ixion-like,
Embrace my black cloud, since my Juno is

So wrathful, and averse: Thou art more soft
And full of dalliance than the fairest flesh,
And far more loving.

Zant. Ay, you say so, now;
But, like a property, when I have served
Your turns, you'll cast me off, or hang me up
For a sign somewhere.

Mountf. May my life then forsake me,
Or, from my expected bliss, be cast to hell!

Zant. My tongue, sir, cannot lisp to meet you so,
Nor my black cheek put on a feigned blush,
To make me seem more modest than I am.
This ground-work will not bear adulterate red,
Nor artificial white, to cozen love.
These dark locks are not purchased, nor these teeth,
For every night they are my bed-fellows;
No bath, no blanching water, smoothing oils,
Doth mend me up; and yet, Mountferrat, know,
I am as full of pleasure in the touch
As e'er a white-faced puppet of 'em all,
Juicy, and firm; unfledge them of their tires,
Their wires, their partlets, pins, and perriwigs,
And they appear like bald-cootes, in the nest:
I can as blithely work in my love's bed,
And deck thy fair neck with these jetty chains,
Sing thee asleep, being wearied; and refresh'd,
With the same organ, steal sleep off again.

Mountf. Oh, my black swan, silkier than cygnet's plush,
Sweeter than is the sweet of pomander,
Breath'd like curled Zephyrus, cooling lemon-trees,
Straight as young pines, or cedars in the grove!
Quickly descend, lovers' best canopy,
Still Night, for Zanthia doth enamour me
Beyond all continence! Perpetrate, dear wench,
What thou hast promised, and I vow, by Heaven,
Malta I'll leave: in it my honours here;
And in some other country, Zanthia make
My wife, and my best fortune.

Zant. From this hope,
Here is an answer to that letter, which
I lately show'd you, sent from Tripoly,
By the great basha, which importunes her
Love unto him, and treachery to the island;
Which will she undertake, by Mahomet
The Turk there vows, on his blest Alcoran,
Marriage unto her: This the Master knows,
But is resolved of her integrity,
As well he may, sweet lady; yet, for love,
For love of thee, Mountferrat, (oh! what chains
Of deity, or duty, can hold love?)
I have this answer framed, so like her hand
As if it had been moulded off, returning
The basha's letter safe into her pocket.
What you will do with it, yourself best knows.
Farewell! keep my true heart, keep true your vows.

Mountf. 'Till I be dust, my Zanthia, be confirm'd,
Sparrows, and doves, sit coupling 'twixt thy lips—
[*Exit* ZANTHIA.
It is not love, but strong libidinous will,
That triumphs o'er me; and to satiate that,
What difference 'twixt this Moor, and her fair dame?
Night makes their hues alike, their use is so;
Whose hand's so subtle he can colours name,
If he do wink, and touch 'em? Lust, being blind,
Never in women did distinction find. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Grand-master's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlewomen.

1 *Gent.* But i'faith dost thou think my lady was never in love?

2 *Gent.* I rather think she was ever in love; in perfect charity, I mean, with all the world.

1 *Gent.* A most Christian answer, I promise you. But I mean in love with a man.

2 *Gent.* With a man? what else? wouldst have her in love with a beast?

1 *Gent.* You are somewhat quick; but if she were, it were no precedent: did you never read of Europa the fair, that leapt a bull, that leapt the sea, that swam to land, and then leapt her?

2 *Gent.* Oh, heavens! a bull?

1 *Gent.* Yes, a white bull.

2 *Gent.* Lord! how could she sit him? Where did she hold?

1 *Gent.* Why, by the horn; since which time, no woman almost is contented till she have a horn of her own to hold by.

2 *Gent.* Thou art very knavish.

1 *Gent.* And thou very foolish.—But, sirrah, why dost not thou marry?

2 *Gent.* Because I would be no man's looking-glass.

1 *Gent.* As how?

2 *Gent.* As thus; there is no wife (if she be good and true, will honour and obey) but must reflect the true countenance of her husband upon him: if he look sad upon her, she must not look merrily upon him: if he look merrily, she must not sorrowfully; else she is a false glass, and fit for nothing but breaking: his anger must be her discontent, his pleasure her delight: if he weep, she must cry; if he laugh, she must shew her teeth; if he be sick, she must not be in health; if he eat candles, she must eat pottage; she must have no proper passion of her own!—And is not this a tyranny?

1 *Gent.* Yes, i' faith! marriage may well be called a yoke! wives then are but like superficial lines in geometry, that have no proper motion of their own, but as their bodies (their husbands) move. Yet I know some wives, that are never freely merry, nor truly pleased, but when they are farthest off their husbands.

2 *Gent.* That's because the moon governs 'em; which hath most light, and shines brightest, the more remote it is from the sun; and contrary, is more sullen, dim, and shews least splendour, when it is nearest.

1 *Gent.* But if I were to marry, I would marry a fair effeminate fool.

2 *Gent.* Why?

1 *Gent.* Because I would lead the blind whither I list.

2 *Gent.* And I the wisest man I could get for money, because I had rather follow the clear-sighted:—Bless me from a husband that sails by his wife's compass!

1 *Gent.* Why?

2 *Gent.* Why, 'tis ten to one but she breaks his head in her youth; and, when she is old, she'll never leave till she has broke his back too!

1 *Gent.* But what scurvy knights have we here in Malta, that when they are dubb'd take their oath of allegiance to live poor, and chastely, ever after?

ent. 'Faith, many knights in other nations
e heard) are as poor as ours; marry, where
'em has taken the oath of chastity, we want
Columbus to find out.

Enter ZANTHIA.

it. Hist, wenches! my lady calls; she's
ng the terrace to see the show.
ent. Oh, black-pudding!
ent. My little labour in vain! [*Exeunt.*

ENE III.—*A Hall in the same, with a Gallery.*

above, ORIANA, ZANTHIA, *and two* Gentlewomen;
th, VALETTA *taking the Chair of State;* MOUNTFER-
ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, GOMERA, MIRANDA, Attendants
nights, *&c.*

untf. Are you there, lady?
. Thou art a naughty man,
n mend thee!
. Our great meeting, princely brothers,
ly soldiers of the Christian-Cross,
relieve our captain Norandine,
ighting for Valetta with the Turk;
ant gentleman, a noble Dane
r the country bred, endanger'd now
sh supply of head-bound infidels.
means, much blood this warlike Dane hath spent
vance our flag above their horned moons,
ft hath brought in profitable conquest:
ust not see him perish in our view.
far off fight they?
r. Sir, within a league.
. 'Tis well. Our next occasion of conventing
ese two gentlemen, standing in your sight;
oble props of Malta!) royally
nded are they both, valiant as War,
da, and Gomera: Full ten years
have served this island, perfected exploits
less, and infinite; they are honest, wise,
mpty of one ornament of man.
eminent agents were they in that slaughter,
great marvellous slaughter of the Turks,
e St. Elme, where five-and-twenty thousand
for five thousand of our Christians.
ripe considerations moving us,
g bad your allowance on their worths,
we would call 'em to our brotherhood!
therefore can their manners tax,
faith, their chastity, any part of life,
m speak now.
o. None does.
. None can, Great-master.
. The dignity then dignify, by them,
eir reward. Tender Miranda first
use he is to succour Norandine)
acred robe of knighthood, our white cross,
holy cognizance of him we serve,)
word, the spurs.
r. Grave, and most honour'd Master,
humble duty, and my soul's best thanks
u, and all this famous conventicle,
e with modesty refuse acceptance
is high order! I, alas! am yet
rthy, and uncapable of such honour;
merit, which with favour you enlarge,
far short of this proposed reward.
takes upon him such a charge as this,

Must come with pure thoughts, and a gather'd
That time nor all occasions ever may [mind,
After disperse, or stain. Did this title here
Of knighthood, ask no other ornaments
Than other countries' glittering show, poor pride,
A jingling spur, a feather, a white hand,
A frizzled hair, powder'd, perfumes, and lust,
Drinking sweet wines, surfeits, and ignorance,
Rashly and easily should I venture on't;
But this requires another kind of man.

Mountf. A staid and mature judgment! speak on, sir.

Mir. May it please you then to allow me some
To rectify myself for that high seat, [small time
Or give my reasons to the contrary.
I' th' mean space, to dismiss me to the aid
Of Norandine: My ships ride in the bay
Ready to disembogue, tackled and mann'd
Even to my wishes.

Mountf. His request
Is fair and honest.

Val. At your pleasure go.

Mir. I humbly take my leave of all: Of you,
My noble friend Mountferrat! Gracious mistress—
Oh, that auspicious smile doth arm your soldier!
Who fights for those eyes, and this sacred cross,
Can neither meet sad accident nor loss!

Ori. The mighty master of that livery,
Conduct thee safely to these eyes again!
[*Exit* MIRANDA.

Mountf. Blows the wind that way?

Val. Equally beloved,
Equally meriting, Gomera, you
Without excuse receive that dignity,
Which our provincial chapter hath decreed you.

Gom. Great-master of Jerusalem's Hospital,
From whence to Rhodes this blest fraternity
Was driven, but now among the Maltese stands,
Long may it flourish, whilst Gomera serves it,
But dares not enter further!

All. This is strange!

Val. What do you object?

Gom. Nothing against it, but myself, fair knights;
I may not wear this robe.

Val. Express your reasons:
Doth any hid sin gore your conscience?

Asto. Are you unsteadfast in religion?

Cast. Or do you intend to forsake Malta now,
And visit your own country, fruitful Spain?

Gom. Never, good sir.

Val. Then explicate your thoughts.

Gom. This then: I should be perjured to receive
Once in Malta, your next city here, [it.
When I was younger, read I the decrees
Touching this point, being ambitious then
To approach it once. None but a gentleman
Can be admitted——

Val. That's no obstacle
In you.

Gom. I should be sorry that were it.—
No married man——

Mountf. You never felt that yoke.

Gom. None that hath been contracted——

Cast. Were you ever?

Gom. Nor married, nor contracted.—None that
Hath vow'd his love to any womankind, [ever
Or finds that secret fire within his thoughts:
Here I am cast; this article my heart
Objects against the title of my fame;
I am in love.—Laugh not! though Time hath set

Some wrinkles in this face, and these curl'd locks
Will shortly dye into another hue,
Yet, yet I am in love: (I'faith, you smile!)
What age, what sex, or what profession,
Divine or human; from the man that cries
For alms in the highway, to him that sings
At the high altar, and doth sacrifice,
Can truly say he knows not what is love?

Val. 'Tis honestly professed. With whom,
Name the lady, that with all advantage [Gomera?
We may advance your suit.

Gom. But will you, sir?

Val. Now by our holy rock! were it our sister,
Spaniard, I hold thee worthy; freely name her.

Gom. Be master of your word: It is she, sir,
The matchless Oriana.

Val. Come down, lady.
You have made her blush: Let her consent, I will
Make good my oath.

Mountf. [*Aside.*] Is't so?—Stay! I do love
So tenderly, Gomera, your bright fame,
As not to suffer your perdition.

Gom. What means Mountferrat?

Mountf. This whole Auberge hath—
(A guard upon this lady! Wonder not!)

Enter Guard.

Ta'en public notice of the basha's love
Of Tripoly unto her, and consented
She should return this answer, (as he writ
For her conversion, and betraying Malta)
She should advise him betray Tripoly,
And, turning Christian, he should marry her.
[*Showing a letter.*

All. All this was so.

Mountf. How weakly does this court then
Send vessels forth to sea, to guard the land,
Taking such special care to save one bark,
Or strive to add famed men unto our cloak,
When they lurk in our bosoms would subvert
This state and us, presuming on their blood,
And partial indulgence to their sex?

Val. Who can this be?

Mountf. Your sister, great Valetta!
Which thus I prove: Demand the Basha's letter.

Ori. 'Tis here; nor from this pocket hath been
Nor answer'd, nor perused, by—— [moved,

Mountf. Do not swear;
Cast not away your fair soul; to your treason
Add not foul perjury!—Is this your hand?

Ori. 'Tis very like it.

Mountf. May it please the Master,
Confer these letters, and then read her answer,
Which I have intercepted. Pardon me,
Reverend Valette, that am made the means
To punish this most beauteous treachery,
Even in your sister, since in it I save
Malta from ruin: I am bolder in't,
Because it is so palpable, and withal
Know our Great-master to this country firm
As was the Roman Marcus, who spared not
As dear a sister in the public cause.

Val. I am amazed! attend me.

[*Reads.*] Let your forces by the next even be ready; my brother feasts then; put in at St. Michael's; the ascent at that port is easiest; the keys of the castle you shall receive at my hands. That possessed, you are lord of Malta, and may soon destroy all by fire; than which I am hotter, till I embrace you. Farewell! Your wife, Oriana.

From this time let me never read again!

Gentlew. 'Tis certain, her hand.

Val. This letter too
So close kept by herself, could not be answer'd
To every period thus, but by herself.

Ori. Sir, hear me!

Val. Peace! thou fair sweet bank of flowers,
Under whose beauty scorpions lie, and kill!
Wert thou akin to me in some new name
Dearer than sister, mother, or all blood,
I would not hear thee speak.—Bear her to prison!
So gross is this, it needs no formal course.
Prepare thyself; to-morrow thou shalt die.

Ori. I die a martyr then, and a poor maid,
Almost, i'faith, as innocent as born!—
Thou know'st thou art wicked, Frenchman; Heaven forgive thee! [*Exit.*

All. This scene is strangely turned.

Val. Yet can nature be [*Aside.*
So dead in me? I would my charge were off!
Mountferrat should perceive my sister had
A brother, would not live to see her die
Unfought for, since the statutes of our state
Allow, in case of accusations,
A champion to defend a lady's truth.—
Peter Gomera, thou hast lost thy wife:
Death pleads a precontract.

Gom. I have lost my tongue,
My sense, my heart, and every faculty!—
Mountferrat, go not up! With reverence
To our Great-master, and this consistory
(I have consider'd it, it cannot be)
Thou art a villain and a forger,
A blood-sucker of innocence, an hypocrite,
A most unworthy wearer of our cross;
To make which good, take, if thou darest, that gage, [*Throws down his glove.*
And arm'd at all points like a gentleman,
Meet me to-morrow morning, where the master
And this fraternity shall design; where I
Will cram this slander back into thy throat,
And with my sword's point thrust it to thy heart,
The very nest where lust and slander breed.
(Pardon my passion!) I will tear those spurs
Off from thy heels, and stick 'em in thy front,
As a mark'd villain!

Mountf. [*Apart.*] This I look'd not for.—
Ten times more villain, I return my gage,
And crave the law of arms!

Gom. 'Tis that I crave!

All. It cannot be denied.

Gom. Do not I know,
With thousand gifts and importunacies,
Thou often hast solicited this lady?
(Contrary to thy oath of chastity!)
Who ne'er disclosing this thy hot-rein'd lust,
Yet tender to prevent a public scandal,
That Christendom might justly have imposed
Upon this holy institution,
Thou now hast drawn this practice 'gainst her life,
To quit her charity.

Mountf. Spaniard, thou liest!

Asto. No more, Gomera! thou art granted combat.
And you, Mountferrat, must prepare against
To-morrow morning, in the valley here,
Adjoining to St. George's Port. A lady,
In case of life, 'gainst whom one witness comes,
May have her champion.

Val. And who hath most right,
With, or against our sister, speed in fight!

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* MOUNTFERRAT.

Enter Rocca.

Mountf. Rocca, the first news of Miranda's service
Let me have notice of.
Rocca. You shall. The Moor
Waits you without.
Mountf. Admit her.—Ha, ha, ha!
Oh, how my fancies run at tilt! Gomera
Loves Oriana; she, as I should guess,
Affects Miranda; these are two dear friends,
As firm, and full of fire, as steel and flint.
To make 'em so now, one against the other—

Enter Zanthia.

Stay; let me like it better.—Zanthia,
First tell me this; did Don Gomera use
To give his visits to your mistress?
Zant. Yes,
And Miranda too, but severally.
Mountf. Which did she most apply to?
Zant. 'Faith, to neither:
Yet infinitely I have heard her praise them both,
And in that manner, that were both one man,
I think she was in love with't.
Mountf. Zanthia,
Another letter you must frame for me
Instantly, in your lady's character,
To such a purpose as I'll tell thee straight.
Go in, and stay me! Go, my tinder-box!
Cross lines I'll cross. [*Exit* Zanthia.
So, so! my after-game
I must play better: Woman, I will spread
My vengeance over Malta, for thy sake!
Spaniard, Italian, like my steel and stone,
I'll knock ye thus together, wear ye out
To light my dark deeds, whilst I seem precise,
And wink, to save the sparkles from mine eyes.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Harbour. A Sea-fight within, Alarm.*

Enter Norandine *wounded*, Miranda, Soldiers, Gentlemen, *and* Sailors.

Mir. How is it, sir?
Nor. Pray set me down! I cool,
And my wounds smart.
Mir. I hope yet,
Though there be many, there's none dangerous.
Nor. I know not, nor I care not much; I got 'em
Like a too-forward fool; but I hope the surgeons
Will take an order I shall not leave 'em so.
I make the rogues more work than all the island,
And yet they give me the hardest words for my money.
Mir. I am glad ye are so sprightly! Ye fought bravely,
(Go call the surgeons, soldiers!) [*Exeunt* Soldiers.
wondrous nobly;
Upon my life, I have not seen such valour,
Maintain'd so long, and to so large a ruin,
The odds so strong against ye.
Nor. I thank ye,
And thank ye for your help, your timely succour!
By th' mass, it came i' th' nick, sir, and well handled,
Stoutly, and strongly handled; we had duck'd else;
My Turk had turk'd me else: But he has well paid for't.
Why, what a sign for an almanack he has made me!

Enter Astorius.

Asto. I am glad to find you here, sir, of necessity
I must have come aboard else. And, brave captain,
We all joy much in your fair victory,
And all the island speaks your valour nobly.
Have you brought the Turk in that you took?
Mir. He rides there.
Nor. If he were out again, the devil should bring him:
He has truly circumcised me.
Asto. I have a business [*To* Miranda.
Which much concerns you, presently concerns you;
But not this place nor people: Pray ye draw off,
For 'tis of that weight to you—— [sir!
Mir. I'll wait on you.——
I must crave leave awhile; my care dwells with you,
And I must wait myself—— [you,
Nor. Your servant, sir.
Mir. Believe I shall, and what my love can minister—
Keep your stout heart still—— [minister—
Nor. That's my best physician!
Mir. And I shall keep your fame fair.
Nor. You are too noble.
[*Exeunt* Miranda *and* Astorius.
A brave young fellow, of a matchless spirit!
He brought me off like thunder, charged and boarded,
As if he had been shot to save mine honour:
And when my fainting men, tired with their labour
And lack of blood, gave to the Turk assurance
The day was his; when I was cut in shreds thus,
And not a corn of powder left to bless us;
Then flew his sword in, then his cannon roar'd,
And let fly blood and death, in storms amongst 'em.
Then might I hear their sleepy prophet howl too;
And all their silver crescents then I saw
Like falling meteors spent, and set for ever
Under the cross of Malta: Death so wanton
I never look'd upon, so full of revel.—

Enter Surgeon *and* Soldiers.

I will not be dress'd yet.—Methought that fellow
Was fit for no conversation, nor no Christian,
That had not half his brains knock'd out, no soldier.
Oh, valiant young man, how I love thy virtue!
1 *Sold.* Pray you, sir, be dress'd! alas! you bleed apace yet.
Nor. 'Tis but the sweat of honour. Alas! thou milksop,
Thou man of marchpane, canst thou fear to see
A few light hurts, that blush they are no bigger?
A few small scratches? Get ye a caudle, sirrah,
(Your finger aches) and let the old wives watch thee!
Bring in the booty, and the prisoners: [thee!
By Heaven, I'll see 'em, and dispose 'em first,
Before I have a drop of blood wiped from me! go.
Surg. You'll faint, sir. [*Exeunt* Soldiers

Nor. No, you lie, sir, like an ass, sir!
I have no such pig's heart in my belly.
Surg. By my life, captain,
These hurts are not to be jested with.
Nor. If thou hadst 'em;
They are my companions, fool, my family:
I cannot eat nor sleep without their company.
Dost take me for Saint Davy, that fell dead
With seeing of his nose bleed?

Enter Soldiers *with booty.*

Surg. Here they come, sir:
But 'would you would be dress'd!
Nor. Pox, dress thyself first!
Thou faint'st a great deal faster. What's all this?
1 *Sold.* The money and the merchandize ye took, sir.
Nor. A goodly purchase! Is't for this we venture
Our liberties and lives? What can all this do?
Get me some dozen surfeits, some seven fresh whores,
And twenty pot-allies, and then I am virtuous.
Lay the knights' part by, and that to pay the soldier:
This is mine own; I think I have deserved it.—
Come; now look to me, and grope me like a chambermaid;
I'll neither start nor squeak.—What's that i' th' truss there?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis cloth of tissue, sir; and this is scarlet.
Nor. I shall look redder shortly then, I fear me,
And as a captain ought, a great deal prouder.
Can ye cure me of that crack, surgeon?
Surg. Yes, when your suit's at pawn, sir.
Nor. There's for your plaister.
A very learned surgeon!—What's in that pack there?
1 *Sold.* 'Tis English cloth.
Nor. That's a good wear indeed,
Both strong and rich; but it has a virtue,
A twang of the own country, that spoils all;
A man shall ne'er be sober in't. Where are the gentlemen
That ventured with me both their lives and fortunes?
Come forward, my fair spirits! Norandine
Forgets his worth, when he forgets your valours.
You have lost an eye; I saw you face all hazards;
You have one left yet, to chuse your mistress.
You have your leg broke with a shot; yet, sitting,
I saw you make the place good with your pike still.
And your hand's gone; a good heart wants no instruments.
Share that amongst ye: There's an eye; an arm;
And that will bear you up, when your legs cannot.—
Oh, where's the honest sailor? that poor fellow,
Indeed that bold brave fellow, that with his musquet
Taught them new ways how to put their caps off,
That stood the fire of all the fight, twice blown,
And twice I gave him drown'd?—Welcome ashore, knave!
Give me thy hand, if they be not both lost.
Faith, thou art welcome! my tough knave, welcome!
Thou wilt not shrink i' th' washing.
Hold, there's a piece of scarlet; get thee handsome;
And this to buy thee buttons.
Sailor. Thank you, captain.
Command my life at all hours.
Nor. Thou durst give it.—
You have deserved too?
3 *Sold.* We have seen the fight, sir.
Nor. Yes; coil'd up in a cable, like salt eels,
Or buried low i' th' ballast: Do you call that fighting?
Where be your wounds? your knocks? your want of limbs, rogues?
Art not thou he that ask'd the master-gunner
Where thou might'st lie safest? and he strait answer'd,
Put thy head in that hole, new bored with a cannon,
For it was an hundred to one, another shot would not hit there?
Your wages you shall have; but for rewards
Take your own ways, and get ye to the taverns;
There, when ye are hot with wine, 'mongst your admirers,
Take ships, and towns, and castles at your pleasures,
And make the Great Turk shake at your valours.—
Bring in the prisoners.

Enter Lucinda *and other* Prisoners.

Now, my brave Mussulmans,
You that are lords o' th' sea, and scorn us Christians,
Which of your mangy lives is worth this hurt here?
Away to prison with 'em, see 'em safe!
You shall find we have gallies too, and slaves too.
1 *Sold.* What shall be done with this woman, sir?
Nor. Pox take her! [Surgeons *dress him.*
'Twas she that set me on to fight with these rogues!—
That ring-worm, rot it!—What can you do now,
With all your paintings, and your pouncings, lady,
To restore my blood again? you, and your Cupid,
That have made a carbonado of me—Plague take you, [*To the* Surgeon.
You are too deep, you rogue!—This is thy work, woman,
Thou lousy woman!—'Death, you go too deep still!—
The seeing of your simpering sweetness, you filly,
You tit, you tomboy! what can one night's jingling,
Or two, or ten, "sweetheart," and "oh, my dear chicken,"
Scratching my head, or fumbling with my foremast,
Do me good now? You have powder'd me for one year:
I am in souce, I thank you; thank your beauty,
Your most sweet beauty! Pox upon those goggles!
We cannot fight like honest men, for honour,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in steps one of you; the devil's holiness
And you must have a dance.—Away with her!
She stinks to me now.
1 *Sold.* Shall I have her, captain?
2 *Sold.* Or I?
3 *Sold.* I'll marry her——
4 *Sold.* Good captain, I——
3 *Sold.* And make her a good Christian. Lay hands on her
I know she's mine.
2 *Sold.* I'll give my full share for her!
Have ye no manners to thrust the woman so?
Nor. Share her among ye;
And may she give ye as many hurts as I have,
And twice as many aches!
Luc. Noble captain,

Be pleased to free me from these soldiers' wildness,
Till I but speak two words. [*Kneels.*
Nor. Now for your maidenhead!
You have your book; proceed.
Luc. Victorious sir,
'Tis seldom seen, in men so valiant,
Minds so devoid of virtue; he that can conquer,
Should ever know how to preserve his conquest;
'Tis but a base theft else: Valour's a virtue,
Crown of men's actions here; yours, as you make
And can you put so rough a foil as violence, [it.
As wronging of weak woman, to your triumph?
Nor. Let her alone!
Luc. I have lost my husband, sir;
You feel not that; him that I love; you care not:
When fortune falls on you thus, you may grieve
My liberty I kneel not for; mine honour [too.
(If ever virtuous honour touch'd your heart yet)
Make dear and precious, sir. You had a mother——
Nor. The roguy thing speaks finely, neat. Who
For he must be your guard. [took you?
Luc. I wish no better:
A noble gentleman, and nobly used me.
They called his name Miranda.
Nor. You are his then:
You have lit upon a young man worth your service.
I free you from all the rest, and from all violence;
He that doth offer't, by my head, he hangs for't!—
Go see her safe kept, till the noble gentleman
Be ready to dispose her.—Thank your tongue,
You have a good one, and preserve it good still!—
Soldiers, come wait on me: I'll see ye paid all.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter MIRANDA *and* ASTORIUS.

Asto. I knew you loved her, virtuously you loved her,
Which made me make that haste: I knew you
As all fair minds do goodness. [prized her,
Mir. Good Astorius,
I must confess I do much honour her,
And worthily I hope still.
Asto. 'Tis no doubt, sir;
For on my life she is much wrong'd.
Mir. Very likely,
And I as much tormented I was absent.
Asto. You need not fear; Peter Gomera's noble,
Of a tried faith and valour.
Mir. This I know too:
But whilst I was not there, and whilst she suffer'd,
Whilst virtue suffer'd, friend—Oh, how it loads me!
Whilst innocence and sweetness sunk together—
How cold it sits here! If my arm had fought [for] her,
My youth, though naked, stood against all treasons,
My sword here grasp'd, love on the edge, and honour,
And but a signal from her eye to seal it;
If then she had been lost—I brag too late,
And too much I decline the noble Peter.
Yet some poor service I would do her sweetness:
Alas, she needs it, my Astorius,
The gentle lady needs it.
Asto. Noble spirit!
Mir. And what I can—Pr'ythee, bear with this weakness!
Often I do not use these women's weapons,
But where true pity is—I am much troubled,
And something have to do, I cannot form yet!
Asto. I'll take my leave, sir; I shall but disturb you.
Mir. An't please you, for a while; and pray to fortune
To smile upon this lady.
Asto. All my help, sir. [*Exit.*
Mir. Gomera's old and stiff, and he may lose her,
The winter of his years and wounds upon him;
And yet he has done bravely hitherto:
Mountferrat's fury in his heat of summer,
The whistling of his sword like angry storms,
Renting up life by th' roots: I have seen him scale
As if a falcon had run up a train,
Clashing his warlike pinions, his steel'd cuirass,
And at his pitch inmew the town below him.
I must do something!

Enter COLONNA.

Col. Noble sir, for Heaven sake,
Take pity of a poor afflicted Christian,
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!
Mir. Boldly you ask that; we are bound to
From what affliction, sir? [give it.
Col. From cold and hunger,
From nakedness and stripes.
Mir. A prisoner?
Col. A slave, sir, in the Turkish prize, new taken;
That, in the heat of fight, when your brave hand
Brought the Dane succour, got my irons off,
And put myself to mercy of the ocean.
Mir. And swam to land?
Col. I did, sir; Heaven was gracious!
But now a stranger, and my wants upon me,
(Though willingly I would preserve this life, sir,
With honesty and truth) I am not look'd on;
The hand of pity, that should give for Heaven's sake,
And charitable hearts, are grown so cold, sir,
Never rememb'ring what their fortunes may be.
Mir. Thou say'st too true. Of what profession art thou.
Col. I have been better train'd, and can serve
Where trust is laid upon me. [truly,
Mir. A handsome fellow!
Hast thou e'er bore arms?
Col. I have trod full many a march, sir,
And some hurts have to shew; before me too, sir.
Mir. Pity this thing should starve, or, forced for want,
Come to a worse end.—I know not what thou mayst be,
But if thou think'st it fit to be a servant,
I'll be a master, and a good one to thee,
If you deserve, sir.
Col. Else I ask no favour.
Mir. Then, sir, to try your trust, because I like you,
Go to the Dane; of him receive a woman,
A Turkish prisoner, for me receive her;
I hear she is my prize: Look fairly to her,
For I would have her know, though now my prisoner,
The Christians need no schoolmasters for honour.
Take this to buy thee clothes; this ring, to help thee

Into the fellowship of my house; you are a stranger,
And my servants will not know you else; there keep her,
And with all modesty preserve your service!
Col. A foul example find me else! Heaven
Of Captain Norandine? [thank ye!
Mir. The same.
Col. 'Tis done, sir:
And may Heaven's goodness ever dwell about you!
Mir. Wait there till I come home.
Col. I shall not fail, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the House of* MOUNTFERRAT.

Enter MOUNTFERRAT *and* ZANTHIA.

Zan. 'Tis strange it should be so, that your high mettle
Should check thus poorly, dully, most unmanly—
Mountf. Let me alone.
Zan. Thus leadenly——
Mountf. Pox take you!
Zan. At every childish fear, at every shadow!
Are you Mountferrat, that have done such deeds?
Wrought through such bloody fields men shake to speak of?
Can you go back? is there a safety left yet,
But fore-right? is not ruin round about you?
Have you not still these arms, that sword, that heart whole?
Is't not a man you fight with, and an old man,
A man half-kill'd already? am not I here?
As lovely in my black to entertain thee,
As high and full of heat to meet thy pleasures—
Mountf. I'll be alone.
Zan. You shall: Farewell, sir!
And do it bravely! never think of conscience;
There is none to a man resolved. Be happy. [*Exit.*

Enter MIRANDA, *and stands apart.*

Mountf. No, most unhappy wretch, as thou hast made me,
More devil than thyself, I am.
Mir. Alone,
And troubled too, I take it. How he starts!
All is not handsome in thy heart, Mountferrat.—
God speed you, sir! I have been seeking of you:
They say you are to fight to-day.
Mountf. What then?
Mir. Nay, nothing, but good fortune to your sword, sir!
You have a cause requires it; the island's safety,
The order's, and your honour's.
Mountf. And do you make a question
I will not fight it nobly?
Mir. You dare fight;
You have; and with as great a confidence as justice,
I have seen you strike as home, and hit as deadly.
Mountf. Why are these questions then?
Mir. I'll tell you quickly.
You have a lady in your cause, a fair one,
A gentler never trod on ground, a nobler——
Mountf. Do you come on so fast? I have it for you. [*Aside.*
Mir. The sun ne'er saw a sweeter.
Mountf. These I grant you;
Nor dare I against beauty heave my hand up,
It were unmanly, sir, too much unmanly:
But when these excellencies turn to ruin,
To ruin of themselves, and those protect 'em;
When virtue's lost, lust and dishonour enter'd;
Loss of ourselves and souls basely projected——
Mir. Do you think 'tis so?
Mountf. Too sure.
Mir. And can it be?
Can it be thought, Mountferrat, so much sweetness,
So great a magazine of all things precious,
A mind so heavenly made—Pr'ythee observe me.
Mountf. I thought so too: Now, by my holy order
He that had told me, (till experience found it,
Too bold a proof) this lady had been vicious—
I wear no dull sword, sir, nor hate I virtue.
Mir. Against her brother? to the man has bred
Her blood and honour? [her?
Mountf. Where ambitious Lust
Desires to be above the rule prescribed her,
Takes hold, and wins, poor Chastity, cold Duty,
Like fashions old forgot, she flings behind her,
And puts on blood and mischief, death and ruin,
To raise her new-built hopes, new faith to fasten her:
Ma foy, she is as foul as Heaven is beauteous!
Mir. Thou liest, thou liest, Mountferrat, thou liest basely;
Stare not, nor swell not with thy pride! thou liest;
And this shall make it good.
Mountf. Out with your heat first!
You shall be fought withal.
Mir. By Heaven, that lady,
The virtue of that woman, were all the good deeds
Of all thy families bound in one faggot,
From Adam to this hour, but with one sparkle
Would fire that whisp, and turn it to light ashes.
Mountf. Oh, pitiful young man, struck blind with beauty!
Shot with a woman's smile! Poor, poor Miranda!
Thou hopeful young man once, but now thou lost man,
Thou naked man of all that we call noble,
How art thou cozen'd! Didst thou know what I do,
And how far thy dear honour, (mark me, fool!)
Which like a father I have kept from blasting,
Thy tender honour, is abused—But fight first,
And then, too late, thou shalt know all.
Mir. Thou liest still!
Mountf. Stay! now I'll shew thee all, and then I'll kill thee:
I love thee so dear, time shall not disgrace thee.
Read that! [*Gives him a lette*
Mir. It is her hand, it is most certain.
Good angels keep me! that I should be her agent
To betray Malta, and bring her to the basha!
That on my tender love lay all her project!
Eyes never see again, melt out for sorrow!
Did the devil do this?
Mountf. No, but his dam did it,
The virtuous lady that you love so dearly:
Come, will you fight again?
Mir. No; pr'ythee kill me,
For Heaven's sake, and for goodness' sake, dispatch me!
For the disgrace sake that I gave thee, kill me?
Mountf. Why, are you guilty?
Mir. I have lived, Mountferrat,
To see dishonour swallow up all virtue,

And now would die. By Heaven's eternal bright-
I am as clear as innocence! [ness,
Mountf. I knew it,
And therefore kept this letter from all knowledge,
And this sword from anger; you had died else—
And yet I lie, and basely lie. [*Aside.*
Mir. Oh, Virtue,
Unspotted Virtue, whither art thou vanish'd?
What hast thou left us to abuse our frailties,
In shape of goodness?
Mountf. Come, take courage, man!
I have forgiven and forgot your rashness,
And hold you fair as light in all your actions;
And by my troth I grieved your love. Take com-
There be more women. [fort!
Mir. And more mischief in 'em!
Mountf. The justice I shall do, to right these villainies,
Shall make you man again: I'll strike it sure, sir.
Come, look up bravely; put this puling passion
Out of your mind. One knock for thee, Miranda,
And for the *boy* the grave Gomera gave thee,
When she accepted thee her champion,
And in thy absence, like a valiant gentleman;
I yet remember it: "He is too young,
Too *boyish*, and too tender, to adventure:"
I'll give him one sound rap for that: I love thee;
Thou art a brave young spark.
Mir. Boy did he call me?
Gomera call me *boy*?
Mountf. It pleased his gravity,
To think so of you then: They that do service,
And honest service, such as thou and I do,
Are either knaves or boys.
Mir. Boy, by Gomera?
How look'd he when he said it? for Gomera
Was ever wont to be a virtuous gentleman,
Humane and sweet.
Mountf. Yes, when he will, he can be.
But let it go; I would not breed dissention;
'Tis an unfriendly office. And had it been
To any of a higher strain than you, sir,
The well-known, well-approved, and loved Miranda,
I had not thought on't: 'Twas happily his haste
And zeal to her. [too,
Mir. A traitor and a *boy* too?
Shame take me, if I suffer it!—Puff! farewell love!
Mountf. You know my business; I must leave
My hour grows on apace. [you, sir;
Mir. I must not leave you,
I dare not, nor I will not, till your goodness
Have granted me one courtesy: You say you love me?
Mountf. I do, and dearly; ask, and let that
Nothing concern mine honour—— [courtesy
Mir. You must do it,
Or you will never see me more.
Mountf. What is it?
It shall be great that puts you off: Pray speak it.
Mir. Pray let me fight to-day, good, dear
Let me, and bold Gomera—— [Mountferrat!
Mountf. Fy, Miranda!
Do you weigh my worth so little?
Mir. On my knees!
As ever thou hadst true touch of a sorrow
Thy friend conceived, as ever honour loved thee—
Mountf. Shall I turn recreant now?
Mir. 'Tis not thy cause;
Thou hast no reputation wounded in it;
Thine's but a general zeal: 'Death! I am tainted;
The dearest twin to life, my credit's murder'd,
Baffled and *boy'd*.
Mountf. I am glad you have swallow'd it.—
[*Aside.*
I must confess I pity you; and 'tis a justice,
A great one too, you should revenge these injuries;
I know it, and I know you fit and bold to do it,
And man as much as man may: But, Miranda—
Why do you kneel?
Mir. By Heaven, I'll grow to the ground here,
And with my sword dig up my grave, and fall in't,
Unless thou grant me—Dear Mountferrat! friend!
Is anything in my power? to my life, sir!
The honour shall be yours.
Mountf. I love you dearly;
Yet so much I should tender——
Mir. I'll preserve all;
By Heaven, I will, or all the sin fall with me!
Pray let me.
Mountf. You have won; I'll once be coward
To pleasure you.
Mir. I kiss your hands, and thank you.
Mountf. Be tender of my credit, and fight
Mir. Blow not the fire that flames. [bravely.
Mountf. I'll send mine armour:
My man shall presently attend you with it,
(For you must arm immediately; the hour calls)
I know 'twill fit you right. Be sure, and secret,
And last be fortunate! farewell!—You are fitted:
[*Aside.*
I am glad the load's off me.
Mir. My best Mountferrat! [*Exeun*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of* NORANDINE.

Enter NORANDINE *and* Doctor.

Nor. Doctor, I'll see the combat, that's the truth on't;
If I had ne'er a leg, I would crawl to see it.
Doctor. You are most unfit, if I might counse'
Your wounds so many, and the air—— [you,
Nor. The halter!
The air's as good an air, as fine an air—
Wouldst thou have me live in an oven?
Doctor. Beside, the noise, sir;
Which, to a tender body——
Nor. That's it, Doctor,
My body must be cured withal; if you'll hear me quickly,
Boil a drum-head in my broth; I never prosper
With knuckles o' veal, and birds in sorrel sops,
Caudles and cullises; they wash me away
Like a horse had eaten grains: If thou wilt cure me
A pickled herring, and a pottle of sack, Doctor,
And half a dozen trumpets!
Doctor. You are a strange gentleman——
Nor. As e'er thou knew'st. Wilt thou give me another glister,
That I may sit cleanly there like a French lady,
When she goes to a masque at court? Where's thy hautboy?
Doctor. I am glad you are grown so merry.

Enter ASTORIUS *and* CASTRIOT.

Nor. Welcome, gentlemen!
Asto. We come to see you, sir; and glad we are
To see you thus, thus forward to your health, sir.
Nor. I thank my Doctor here.

Doctor. Nay, thank yourself, sir;
For, by my troth, I know not now he's cured!
He ne'er observes any of our prescriptions.
Nor. Give me my money again then, good sweet Doctor!
Wilt thou have twenty shillings a-day for vexing me?
Doctor. That shall not serve you, sir.
Nor. Then forty shall, sir,
And that will make you speak well. Hark, the drums! [*Drums afar off: A low march.*
Cast. They begin to beat to th' field. Oh, noble Dane,
Never was such a stake, I hope, of innocence,
Play'd for in Malta, and in blood, before.
Asto. It makes us hang our heads all.
Nor. A bold villain!
If there be treason in it—Accuse poor ladies?
And yet they may do mischief too. I'll be with ye:
If she be innocent I shall find it quickly,
And something then I'll say——
Asto. Come, lean on us, sir.
Nor. I thank ye, gentlemen! and, *domine* Doctor,
Pray bring a little sneezing powder in your pocket,
For fear I swoon when I see blood.
Doctor. You are pleasant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*An open Field before the City; a Scaffold hung with Black in the Back-ground; Stairs leading up to it.*

Enter two Marshals.

1 *Marsh.* Are the combatants come in?
2 *Marsh.* Yes.
1 *Marsh.* Make the field clear there!
2 *Marsh.* That's done too.
1 *Marsh.* Then to the prisoner; the Grand-master's coming.
Let's see that all be ready there.
2 *Marsh.* Too ready.
How ceremonious our very ends are!
Alas, sweet lady, if she be innocent,
No doubt but justice will direct her champion. [*Flourish.*
Away! I hear 'em come.
1 *Marsh.* Pray Heaven she prosper!

Enter Valetta, Norandine, Astorius, Castriot, *&c.*

Val. Give captain Norandine a chair.
Nor. I thank your lordship.
Val. Sit, sir, and take your ease; your hurts require it:
You come to see a woman's cause decided;
(That's all the knowledge now, or name I have for her)
They say a false, a base, and treacherous woman,
And partly proved too.
Nor. 'Pity it should be so;
And, if your lordship durst ask my opinion,
Sure I should answer No, (so much I honour her)
And answer it with my life too. But Gomera
Is a brave gentleman; the other valiant,
And if he be not good, dogs gnaw his flesh off!
And one above 'em both will find the truth out;
He never fails, sir.
Val. That's the hope rests with me.
Nor. How nature and his honour struggle in him!
A sweet, clear, noble gentleman! [
Guard [*within*]. Make room there!

Enter Oriana, Ladies, Executioner, Zanthia, *and* Guard.

Val. Go up, and what you have to say, say there.
Ori. [*Goes up to the scaffold.*] Thus I ascend; nearer, I hope, to Heaven!
Nor do I fear to tread this dark black mansion,
The image of my grave; each foot we move
Goes to it still, each hour we leave behind us
Knolls sadly toward it. My noble brother,
(For yet mine innocence dares call you so)
And you the friends to virtue, that come hither,
The chorus to this tragic scene, behold me,
Behold me with your justice, not with pity,
(My cause was ne'er so poor to ask compassion)
Behold me in this spotless white I wear,
The emblem of my life, of all my actions;
So ye shall find my story, though I perish.
Behold me in my sex; I am no soldier;
Tender and full of fears our blushing sex is,
Unharden'd with relentless thoughts; unhatcht
With blood and bloody practice: Alas, we tremble
But when an angry dream afflicts our fancies,
Die with a tale well told. Had I been practisd,
And known the way of mischief, travell'd in it,
And given my blood and honour up to reach it;
Forgot religion, and the line I sprung on;
Oh, Heaven! I had been fit then for thy justice,
And then in black, as dark as hell, I had howl'd here.
Last, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence:
Amongst ye I was planted from an infant,
('Would then, if Heaven had so been pleased, I had perish'd!)
Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,
The honourable fruit of marriage:
And am I blasted in my bud, with treason?
Boldly and basely of my fair name ravish'd,
And hither brought to find my rest in ruin?
But he that knows all, he that rights all wrongs,
And in his time restores, knows me!—I have spoken.
Val. If ye be innocent, Heaven will protect ye
And so I leave ye to his sword strikes for ye;
Farewell!
Ori. Oh, that went deep! Farewell, dear brother.
And howsoe'er my cause goes, see my body
(Upon my knees I ask it) buried chastely;
For yet, by holy truth, it never trespass'd.
Asto. Justice sit on your cause, and Heaven fight for ye!
Nor. Two of ye, gentlemen, do me but the honour
To lead me to her; good my lord, your leave too
Val. You have it, sir.
Nor. Give me your fair hands fearless:
As white as this I see your innocence,
As spotless, and as pure; be not afraid, lady!
You are but here brought to your nobler fortune,
To add unto your life immortal story:
Virtue through hardest things arrives at happiness.
Shame follow that blunt sword that loses you!
And he that strikes against you, I shall study
A curse or two for him. Once more your fair hands!
I ne'er brought ill-luck yet; be fearless, happy.
Ori. I thank ye, noble captain.
Nor. So I leave ye.
Val. Call in the knights severally.

Enter severally, GOMERA, *and* MIRANDA *in the armour of* MOUNTFERRAT.

Ori. But two words to my champion ;
And then to Heaven and him I give my cause up.
Val. Speak quickly, and speak short.
Ori. I have not much, sir.—
Noble Gomera, from your own free virtue
You have undertaken here a poor maid's honour,
And with the hazard of your life ; and happily
You may suspect the cause, though in your true worth
You will not shew it ; therefore take this testimony,
(And, as I hope for happiness, a true one !)
And may it steel your heart, and edge your good sword !
You fight for her, as spotless of these mischiefs
As Heaven is of our sins, or Truth of errors ;
And so defy that treacherous man, and prosper !
Nor. Blessing o' thy heart, lady !
Val. Give the signal to 'em.
[*Low alarms. They fight.*
Nor. 'Tis bravely fought, Gomera, follow that blow—
Well struck again, boy !—look upon the lady,
And gather spirit ! brave again ! lie close,
Lie close, I say ! he fights aloft, and strongly ;
Close for thy life !—A pox o' that fell buffet !
Retire and gather breath ; ye have day enough, knights—
Look lovely on him, lady ! to't again, now !
Stand, stand, Gomera, stand !—one blow for all now !
Gather thy strength together ; God bless the woman !
Why, where's thy noble heart ? Heaven bless the lady !
All. Oh, oh ! [
Val. She is gone, she is gone.
Nor. Now strike it. [MIRANDA *falls.*
Hold, hold—he yields : Hold thy brave sword, he's conquer'd—
He's thine, Gomera. Now be joyful, lady !
What could this thief have done, had his cause been equal !
He made my heart-strings tremble. [
Val. Off with his casque there ;
And, executioner, take you his head next.
Zan. Oh, cursed Fortune ! [*Aside.*
Gom. Stay, I beseech you, sir ! and this one honour
Grant me, I have deserved it ; that this villain
May live one day, to envy at my justice ;
That he may pine and die, before the sword fall,
Viewing the glory I have won, her goodness.
Val. He shall ; and you the harvest of your valour
Shall reap, brave sir, abundantly. [
Gom. I have saved her,
Preserved her spotless worth from black destruction ;
(Her white name to eternity deliver'd) [
Her youth and sweetness from a timeless ruin.
Now, lord Valetta, if this bloody labour
May but deserve her favour—
Mir. Stay, and hear me first. [voice.
Val. Off with his casque ! This is Miranda's
Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or else mine eyes abuse me :
What makes he here thus ? [
Ori. The young Miranda ?
Is he mine enemy too ?
Mir. None has deserved her,
If worth must carry it, and service seek her,
But he that saved her honour.
Gom. That is I, Miranda.
Mir. No, no ; that's I, Gomera ; be not so forward !
In bargain for my love you cannot cozen me.
Gom. I fought it.
Mir. And I gave it, which is nobler.
Why, every gentleman would have done as much
As you did : Fought it ? that's a poor desert, sir ;
They are bound to that. But then to make that fight sure,
To do as I did, take all danger from it,
Suffer that coldness that must call me now
Into disgrace for ever, into pity—
Gom. I undertook first, to preserve from hazard.
Mir. And I made sure no hazard should come near her.
Gom. 'Twas I defied Mountferrat. [
Mir. 'Twas I wrought him,
(You had had a dark day else) 'twas I defied
His conscience first, 'twas I that shook him there,
Which is the brave defiance.
Gom. My life and honour
At stake I laid.
Mir. My care and truth lay by it,
Lest that stake might be lost. I have deserved her,
And none but I : The lady might have perish'd
Had fell Mountferrat struck it, from whose malice,
With cunning and bold confidence, I catch'd it ;
And 'twas high time. And such a service, lady,
For you and for your innocence—for who knows not
The all-devouring sword of fierce Mountferrat ?
I shew'd you what I could do, had I been spiteful,
Or master but of half the poison he bears :
(Hell take his heart for't !) and beshrew these hands, madam,
With all my heart, I wish a mischief on 'em !
They made you once look sad : Such another fright
I would not put you in, to own the island :
Yet, pardon me ; 'twas but to shew a soldier,
Which, when I had done, I ended your poor coward.
Val. Let some look out, for the base knight, Mountferrat—
Zan. I hope he's far enough, if his man be trusty.
[*Aside.*
This was a strange misfortune ; I must not know it.
Val. That most deboshed knight. Come down, sweet sister,
My spotless sister now ! Pray thank these gentlemen ;
They have deserved both truly, nobly of you,
Both excellently, dearly, both all the honour,
All the respect and favour—
Ori. Both shall have it ;
And as my life their memories I'll nourish.
Val. Ye are both true knights, and both most worthy lovers ;
Here stands a lady ripen'd with your service,
Young, fair, and (now I dare say) truly honourable ;
'Tis my will she shall marry, marry now,
And one of you (she cannot take more nobly :) Your deserts
Begot this will, and bred it. Both her beauty
Cannot enjoy ; dare you make me your umpire ?
Gom. Mir. With all our souls.
Val. He must not then be angry
That loses her.
Gom. Oh, that were, sir, unworthy.
Mir. A little sorrow he may find.
Val. 'Tis manly.—
Gomera, you're a brave accomplish'd gentleman ;

A braver no where lives than is Miranda.
In the white way of virtue, and true valour,
You have been a pilgrim long; yet no man farther
Has trod those thorny steps than young Miranda:
You are gentle, he is gentleness itself; Experience
Calls you her brother; this her hopeful heir.
Nor. The young man now, an't be thy will!
Val. Your hand, sir!
You undertook first, nobly undertook,
This lady's cause; you made it good, and fought it;
You must be served first, take her and enjoy her!
I give her to you: Kiss her! Are you pleased now?
Gom. My joy's so much I cannot speak.
Val. Nay, fairest sir,
You must not be displeased; you break your promise.
Mir. I never grieved at good; nor dare I now,
Though something seem strange to me. [sir,
Val. I have provided
A better match for you, more full of beauty;
I'll wed you to our order: There's a mistress
Whose beauty ne'er decays (Time stands below her);
Whose honour, ermin-like, can never suffer
Spot or black soil; whose eternal issue
Fame brings up at her breasts, and leaves them sainted;
Her you shall marry.
Mir. I must humbly thank you.
Val. Saint Thomas' Fort, a charge of no small value,
I give you too, in present, to keep waking
Your noble spirits; and, to breed you pious,
I'll send you a probation-robe; wear that,
Till you shall please to be our brother.—How now?

Enter ASTORIUS.

Asto. Mountferrat's fled, sir.
Val. Let him go a while,
Till we have done these rites, and seen these coupled;
His mischief now lies open. Come, all friends now!
And so let's march to th' temple. Sound those instruments,
That were the signal to a day of blood!
Evil beginning hours may end in good. [*Flourish.*
Nor. Come, we'll have wenches, man, and all brave things.
Pox! let her go; we'll want no mistresses;
Good swords, and good strong armours!
Mir. Those are best, captain.
Nor. And fight till queens be in love with us, and run after us.
I'll see you at the fort within these two days;
And let's be merry, pr'ythee!
Mir. By that time I shall.
Nor. Why, that's well said! I like a good heart truly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*One of the City Gates.*

Enter NORANDINE *and* Servant; Corporal *and* Soldiers *above in the Guard-room.*

Serv. The day is not yet broke, sir.
Nor. 'Tis the cooler riding.
I must go see Miranda: Bring my horse
Round to the south port; I'll out here at the beach,
And meet you at the end o' th' sycamores:
'Tis a sweet walk, and if the wind be stirring
Serves like a fan to cool.
Serv. Which walk?
Nor. Why, that, sir,
Where the fine city-dames meet to make matches.
Serv. I know it. [*Exit.*
Nor. Speed ye then!—[*Singing above.*]—What mirth is this?
The watches are not yet discharged, I take it:
These are brave careless rogues! I'll hear the song out,
And then I'll fit ye for't, merry companions!

SONG.

BY THE SOLDIERS.

1. Sit, soldiers, sit and sing, the round is clear,
And cock-a-loodle-looe tells us the day is near.
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no fellow!

2. To thee a full pot, my little lance-prisado,
And when thou hast done, a pipe of Trinidado!
Our glass of life runs wine, the vintner skinks it,
Whilst with his wife the frolic soldier drinks it.

3. The drums beat, ensigns wave, and cannons thunder it;
Our game is ruffe, and the best heart doth trump it:
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no fellow.

4. I'll pledge thee, my corporal, were it a flagon;
After, watch fiercer than George did the dragon;
What blood we lose i' th' town, we gain i' th' tune;
Furr'd gowns and flat caps give the wall to guns.
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no fellow.

Nor. Here's notable order! now for a trick to tame ye!
Owgh, owgh! [
1 *Watch.* Hark, hark! what's that below us? Who goes there?
Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh! [corporal.
2 *Watch.* 'Tis a bear broke loose; pray call the
1 *Watch.* The Dutchman's huge fat sow.
2 *Watch.* I see her now,
And five fine pigs.
Nor. Owgh, owgh!

Enter Corporal.

Corp. Now, what's the matter?
1 *Watch.* Here's the great fat sow, corporal,
The Dutchman's sow; and all the pigs, brave fat pigs:
You have been wishing long she would break loose.
Nor. Owgh, owgh!
Corp. 'Tis she indeed; there's a white pig now sucking:
Look, look! do you see it, sirs?
1 *Watch.* Yes, very well, sir.
Corp. A notable fat whoreson! Come, two of ye,
Go down with me; we'll have a tickling breakfast.
2 *Watch.* Let's eat 'em at the Cross.
Corp. There's the best liquor.
Nor. I'll liquor some of ye, ye lazy rogues!
Your minds are of nothing but eating and swilling.

What a sweet beast they have made of me! A sow?
Hog upon hog! I hear 'em come.

Enter Corporal *below, and* Watch.

Corp. Go softly,
And fall upon 'em finely, nimbly.
1 *Watch.* Bless me!
Corp. Why, what's the matter?
1 *Watch.* Oh, the devil! the devil,
As high as a steeple!
2 *Watch.* There he goes, corporal!
His feet are cloven too.
Corp. Stand, stand, I say!
'Death, how I shake! Where be your muskets?
1 *Watch.* There's no good of them:
Where be our prayers, man?
2 *Watch.* Lord, how he stalks! Speak to him, corporal.
Corp. Why, what a devil art thou?
Nor. Owgh, owgh!
Corp. A dumb devil?
The worst devil that could come, a dumb devil!
Give me a musket. He gathers in to me!
I' th' name of——Speak! what art thou? Speak,
Or I'll put a plumb in your belly. [devil,
Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh!
Corp. Fy, fy! in what a sweat I am! Lord bless me,
My musket's gone too! I am not able to stir it.
Nor. Who goes there? Stand, speak!
Corp. Sure I am enchanted!
Yet here's my halbert still. Nay, who goes there, sir?—
What, have I lost myself?—What are ye?
Nor. The guard.
Corp. Why, what are we then? He's not half so long now,
Nor he has no tail at all. I shake still damnably.
Nor. The word!
Corp. Have mercy on me! what word does he
Pr'ythee, devil, if thou be'st the devil, [mean?
Do not make an ass of me! for I remember yet,
As well as I am here, I am the corporal;
I'll lay my life on't, devil.
Nor. Thou art damn'd!
Corp. That's all one; but am not I the corporal?
I would give a thousand pound to be resolved now.
Had not I soldiers here?
Nor. No, not a man;
Thou art debosh'd, and cozen'd.
Corp. That may be,
It may be I am drunk.—Lord, where have I been?
Is not this my halbert in my hand?
Nor. No, 'tis a May-pole.
Corp. Why then, I know not who I am, nor
Nor whence I come. [what,
Nor. You are an arrant rascal!
You corporal of a watch?
Corp. 'Tis the Dane's voice!
You are no devil then?
Nor. No, nor no sow, sir.
Corp. Of that I am right glad, sir: I was ne'er
So frighted in my life, as I am a soldier.
Nor. Tall watchman!
A guard for a goose! you sing away your centries:
A careful company! Let me out o' th' port here,
(I was a little merry with your worships)
And keep your guards strong, though the devil walk.
Hold, there's to bring ye into your wits again.
Go off no more to hunt pigs; such another trick,
And you will hunt the gallows.
Corp. Pray, sir, pardon us!
And, let the devil come next, I'll make him stand,
Or make him stink.
Nor. Do, do your duty truly.
Come, let me out, and come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Gomera's *House.*

Enter Zanthia *with a Letter, and* Rocca.

Rocca. No more rage.
Zan. Write thus to me? He hath fearfully and basely
Betray'd his own cause; yet, to free himself,
He now ascribes the fault to me.
Rocca. I know not
What he hath done; but what he now desires
His letters have informed you.
Zan. Yes; he is
Too well acquainted with the power he holds
Over my mad affections!—I want time
To write; but pray you tell him, if I were
No better steel'd in my strong resolutions
Than he hath shewn himself in his, or thought
There was a hell hereafter, or a Heaven
But in enjoying him, I should stick here,
And move no further. Bid him yet take comfort;
For something I will do the devil would quake at,
But I'll untie this nuptial knot of love,
And make way for his wishes. In the meantime
Let him lie close, (for he is strictly sought for)
And practise to love her, that for his ends
Scorns fear and danger!
Rocca. All this I will tell him. [*Exit.*

Enter Oriana *and* Velleda.

Zan. Do so. Farewell!—My lady, with my
So earnest in discourse! Whate'er it be, [fellow,
I'll second it.
Vel. He is such a noble husband,
In every circumstance so truly loving,
That I might say, and without flattery, madam,
The sun sees not a lady but yourself
That can deserve him.
Zan. Of all men, I say,
That dare (for 'tis a desperate adventure)
Wear on their free necks the sweet yoke of woman,
(For they that do repine are no true husbands)
Give me a soldier!
Ori. Why? are they more loving
Than other men?
Zan. And love too with more judgment:
For, but observe, your courtier is more curious
To set himself forth richly, than his lady;
His baths, perfumes, nay paintings too, more costly
Than his frugality will allow to her;
His clothes as chargeable; and grant him but
A thing without a beard, and he may pass
At all times for a woman, and with some
Have better welcome: Now, your man of lands
For the most part is careful to manure them,
But leaves his lady fallow; your great merchant
Breaks oftner for the debt he owes his wife,
Than with his creditors: and that's the reason
She looks elsewhere for payment: Now, your sol-
Vel. Ay, marry, do him right! [dier—
Zan. First, who has one
Has a perpetual guard upon her honour:

For while he wears a sword, Slander herself
Dares not bark at it; next, she sits at home
Like a great queen, and sends him forth to fetch in
Her tribute from all parts; which, being brought home,
He lays it at her feet, and seeks no further
For his reward than what she may give freely,
And with delight too, from her own exchequer,
Which he finds ever open.

Ori. Be more modest!

Zan. Why, we may speak of that we are glad to taste of,
Among ourselves I mean.

Ori. Thou talk'st of nothing.

Zan. Of nothing, madam? You have found it something;
Or, with the raising up this pretty mount here,
My lord hath dealt with spirits.

Enter GOMERA *with a* Servant *bringing in cloths.*

Ori. Two long hours absent?

Gom. Thy pardon, sweet! I have been looking on
The prize that was brought in by the brave Dane,
The valiant Norandine, and have brought something
That may be thou wilt like of; but one kiss,
And then possess my purchase: There's a piece
Of cloth of tissue, this of purple velvet,
And (as they swear) of the right Tyrian dye,
Which others here but weakly counterfeit:
If they are worth thy use, wear them; if not,
Bestow them on thy women.

Zan. Here's the husband!

Gom. While there is any trading on the sea,
Thou shalt want nothing. 'Tis a soldier's glory,
However he neglect himself, to keep
His mistress in full lustre.

Ori. You exceed, sir.

Gom. Yet there was one part of the prize disposed of
Before I came, which I grieve that I miss'd of,
Being almost assured, it would have been
A welcome present.

Ori. Pray you say, what was it?

Gom. A Turkish captive, of incomparable beauty,
And, without question, in her country noble;
Which, as companion to thy faithful Moor,
I would have given thee for thy slave.

Ori. But was she
Of such an exquisite form?

Gom. Most exquisite.

Ori. And well descended?

Gom. So the habit promised,
In which she was taken.

Ori. Of what years?

Gom. 'Tis said
A virgin of fourteen.

Ori. I pity her,
And wish she were mine, that I might have the means
To entertain her gently.

Gom. She's now Miranda's;
And, as I have heard, made it her suit to be so.

Ori. Miranda's? then her fate deserves not pity,
But envy rather.

Gom. Envy, Oriana?

Ori. Yes, and their envy that live free.

Gom. How's this?

Ori. Why, she is fallen into the hands of one,
So full of that which in men we style goodness,
That, in her being his slave, she's happier far
Than if she were confirm'd the sultan's mistress.

Gom. Miranda is indeed a gentleman
Of fair desert, and better hopes; but yet
He hath his equals.

Ori. Where? I would go far,
As I am now, though much unfit for travels,
But to see one that without injury
Might be put in the scale, or parallel'd,
In anything that's noble, with Miranda.
His knowledge in all services of war,
And ready courage to put into act
That knowing judgment, as you are a soldier,
You best may speak of; nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better subject.
And Heaven did well, in such a lovely feature
To place so chaste a mind; for he is of
So sweet a carriage, such a winning nature,
And such a bold, yet well-disposed behaviour;
And, to all these, has such a charming tongue,
That, if he would serve under Love's fresh colours,
What monumental trophies might he raise
Of his free conquests, made in ladies' favours!

Gom. Yet you did resist him, when he was
An earnest suitor to you?

Ori. Yes, I did;
And, if I were again sought to, I should;
But must ascribe it rather to the fate
That did appoint me yours, than any power
Which I can call mine own.

Gom. Even so?

Zan. Thanks, Fortune! [*Aside.*
The plot I had to raise in him doubts of her
Thou hast effected.

Ori. I could tell you too,
What cause I have to love him: with what reason
In thankfulness he may expect from me
All due observance: but I pass that, as
A benefit for which, in my behalf,
You are his debtor.

Zan. I perceive it takes,
By his changed looks.

Ori. He is not in the city,
Is he, my lord?

Gom. Who, lady?

Ori. Why, Miranda:
Having you here, can there be any else
Worth my enquiry?

Gom. This is somewhat more [*Aside.*
Than love to virtue!

Ori. 'Faith, when he comes hither,
(As sometimes, without question, you shall meet him)
Invite him home.

Gom. To what end?

Ori. To dine with us,
Or sup.

Gom. And then to take a hard bed with you;
Mean you not so?

Ori. If you could win him to it,
'Twould be the better. For his entertainment
Leave that to me; he shall find noble usage,
And from me a free welcome.

Gom. Have you never
Heard of a Roman lady, Oriana,
Remember'd as a precedent for matrons,
(Chaste ones, I pray you understand) whose husband
Tax'd for his sour breath by his enemy,
Condemn'd his wife for not acquainting him
With his infirmity?

Ori. 'Tis a common one:

Her answer was, having kiss'd none but him,
She thought it was a general disease
All men were subject to. But what infer you
From that, my lord?
Gom. Why, that this virtuous lady
Had all her thoughts so fix'd upon her lord,
That she could find no spare time to sing praises
Of any other; nor would she employ
Her husband (though perhaps in debt to years
As far as I am) for an instrument
To bring home younger men, that might delight
With their discourse, or—— [her
Ori. What, my lord?
Gom. Their persons;
Or, if I should speak plainer——
Ori. No, it needs not;
You have said enough to make my innocence know
It is suspected.
Gom. You betray yourself
To more than a suspicion: Could you else,
To me, that live in nothing but love to you,
Make such a gross discovery, that your lust
Had sold that heart, I thought mine, to Miranda?
Or rise to such a height in impudence,
As to presume to work my yielding weakness
To play, for your bad ends, to my disgrace,
The wittol, or the pander?
Ori. Do not study
To print more wounds (for that were tyranny)
Upon a heart that is pierced through already.
Gom. Thy heart? thou hast pierced through mine honour, false one,
The honour of my house! Fool that I was,
To give it up to the deceiving trust
Of wicked woman! For thy sake, vile creature,
For all I have done well in, in my life,
I have digg'd a grave, all buried in a wife;
For thee I have defied my constant mistress,
That never fail'd her servant, glorious War;
For thee refused the fellowship of an order
Which princes, through all dangers, have been
To fetch as far as from Jerusalem: [proud
And am I thus rewarded?
Vel. By all goodness,
You wrong my lady, and deserve her not,
When you are at your best! Repent your rashness;
'Twill shew well in you.
Zan. Do, and ask her pardon.
Ori. No; I have lived too long to have my faith,
My tried faith, call'd in question, and by him
That should know true affection is too tender
To suffer an unkind touch, without ruin.
Study ingratitude, all, from my example!
For to be thankful now is to be false.
But, be it so; let me die; I see you wish it!
Yet dead, for truth and pities' sake, report
What weapon you made choice of when you kill'd
Vel. She faints! [me.
Zan. What have you done?
Ori. My last breath cannot
Be better spent, than to say I forgive you;
Nor is my death untimely, since with me
I take along what might have been hereafter
In scorn deliver'd for the doubtful issue
Of a suspected mother. [*She swoons.*
Vel. Oh, she's gone!
Zan. For ever gone!—Are you a man?
Gom. I grow here!
Zan. Open her mouth, and pour this cordial in it.
If any spark of life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her.
Vel. 'Tis all in vain!
She's stiff already. Live I, and she dead?
Gom. How like a murderer I stand!—Look up,
And hear me curse myself, or but behold
The vengeance I will take for't, Oriana,
And then in peace forsake me! Jealousy,
Thou loathsome vomit of the fiends below,
What desperate hunger made me to receive thee
Into my heart, and soul? I'll let thee forth,
And so in death find ease! And does my fault then
Deserve no greater punishment? No; I'll live
To keep thee for a fury to torment me,
And make me know what hell is on the earth!
All joys and hopes forsake me! all men's malice,
And all the plagues they can inflict, I wish it,
Fall thick upon me! let my tears be laugh'd at,
And may mine enemies smile to hear me groan
And dead, may I be pitied of none! [*Exeunt, carrying out* ORIANA.

SCENE III.—*St. Thomas's Fort. A Room in* NORANDINE'S *House.*

Enter COLONNA *and* LUCINDA.

Luc. Pray you, sir, why was the ordnance of the fort
Discharged so suddenly?
Col. 'Twas the governor's pleasure,
In honour of the Dane; a custom used,
To speak a soldier's welcome.
Luc. 'Tis a fit one.
But is my master here too?
Col. Three days since.
Luc. Might I demand without offence so much,
Is't pride in him (however now a slave)
That I am not admitted to his presence?
Col. His courtesy to you, and to mankind,
May easily resolve you, he is free
From that poor vice which only empty men
Esteem a virtue.
Luc. What's the reason then,
As you imagine, sir?
Col. Why, I will tell you:
You are a woman of a tempting beauty,
And he, however virtuous, as a man,
Subject to human frailties; and how far
They may prevail upon him, should he see you,
He is not ignorant; and therefore chuses
With care to avoid the cause that may produce
Some strange effect, which will not well keep rank
With the rare temperance which is admired
In his life hitherto.
Luc. This much increases
My strong desire to see him.
Col. It should rather
Teach you to thank the prophet that you worship,
That you are such a man's, who, though he may
Do anything which youth and heat of blood
Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them.
Your entertainment's noble, and not like
Your present fortune; and (if all those tears
Which made grief lovely in you, in the relation
Of the sad story that forced me to weep too,
Your husband's hard fate, were not counterfeit)
You should rejoice that you have means to pay
A chaste life to his memory, and bring to him

Those sweets, which while he lived he could not
But if you wantonly bestow them on [taste of:
Another man, you offer violence
To him, though dead; and his grieved spirit will
For your immodest looseness. [suffer
Luc. Why, I hope, sir,
My willingness to look on him to whom
I owe my life and service, is no proof
Of any unchaste purpose.
Col. So I wish too!
And in the confidence it is not, lady,
I dare the better tell you he will see you
This night, in which by him I am commanded
To bring you to his chamber; to what end
I easily should guess, were I Lucinda:
And therefore, though I can yield little reason
(But in a general love to women's goodness)
Why I should be so tender of your honour,
I willingly would bestow some counsel of you;
And would you follow it?
Luc. Let me first hear it,
And then I can resolve you.
Col. My advice then
Is, that you would not (as most ladies use,
When they prepare themselves for such encounters)
Study to add, by artificial dressings,
To native excellence; yours, without help,
But seen as it is now, would make a hermit
Leave his death's head, and change his after-hopes
Of endless comforts, for a few short minutes
Of present pleasures; to prevent which, lady,
Practise to take away from your perfections,
And to preserve your chastity unstain'd:
The most deformed shape that you can put on,
To cloud your body's fair gifts, or your mind's,
(It being labour'd to so chaste an end)
Will prove the fairest ornament.
Luc. To take from
The workmanship of Heaven is an offence
As great as to endeavour to add to it;
Of which I'll not be guilty. Chastity,
That lodges in deformity, appears rather
A mulct imposed by Nature, than a blessing;
And 'tis commendable only when it conquers,
Though ne'er so oft assaulted, in resistance:
For me, I'll therefore so dispose myself,
That if I hold out it shall be with honour;
Or if I yield, Miranda shall find something
To make him love his victory. [*Exit.*
Col. With what cunning
This woman argues for her own damnation!
Nor should I hold it for a miracle,
Since they are all born sophisters, to maintain
That lust is lawful, and the end and use
Of their creation. 'Would I never had
Hoped better of her, or could not believe,
Though seen, the ruin I must ever grieve! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another in the same.*

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, Servants *with lights.*

Mir. I'll see you in your chamber.
Nor. Pray you no further!
It is a ceremony I expect not:
I am no stranger here; I know my lodging,
And have slept soundly there, when the Turks' cannon
Play'd thick upon it: Oh, 'twas royal music!
And to procure a sound sleep for a soldier,
Worth forty of your fiddles. As you love me,
Press it no further!
Mir. You will overcome.—
Wait on him carefully.
Nor. I have took, since supper,
A rouse or two too much, and, by the gods,
It warms my blood.
Mir. You'll sleep the better for't.
Nor. Pox on't, I should, had but I a kind wench
To pull my boot-hose off, and warm my night-cap;
There's no charm like it. I love old Adam's way;
Give me a diligent Eve, to wait towards bed-time!
Hang up your smooth-chin page! And, now I [think on't,
Where is your Turkish prisoner?
Mir. In the castle;
But yet I never saw her.
Nor. Fy upon you!
See her, for shame! or, hark you; if you would
Perform the friend's part to me, the friend's part,
It being a fashion of the last edition,
Far from panderism, now send her to me.
You look strange on't! No entertainment's perfect
Without it, on my word, no livery like it!
I'll tell her he looks for it as duly
As for his fee. There's no suit got without it;
Gold is an ass to't.
Mir. Go to bed, to bed!
Nor. Well, if she come, I doubt not to convert her;
If not, the sin lie on your head!—Good night!
[*Exeunt* NORANDINE *and* Servants.

Enter COLONNA *and* LUCINDA.

Col. There you shall find him, lady: You know what I have said,
And if you please you may make use.
Luc. No doubt, sir.
Col. From hence I shall hear all. [*He retires.*
Mir. Come hither, young one.—
Beshrew my heart, a handsome wench!—Come nearer.
A very handsome one!—Do not you grieve, sweet,
You are a prisoner?
Luc. The loss of liberty,
No doubt, sir, is a heavy and sharp burden
To them that feel it truly: But your servant,
Your humble handmaid, never felt that rigour;
Thanks to that noble will! No want, no hunger,
(Companions still to slaves) no violence,
Nor any unbeseeming act we start at,
Have I yet met with: All content and goodness,
Civility, and sweetness of behaviour,
Dwell round about me; therefore, worthy master,
I cannot say I grieve my liberty.
Mir. Do not you fancy me too cold a soldier,
Too obstinate an enemy to youth,
That had so fair a jewel in my cabinet,
And in so long a time would ne'er look on it?
Col. What can she say now?
Luc. Sure, I desired to see you:
And with a longing wish——
Col. There's all her virtue.
Luc. Pursued that full desire, to give you thanks,
The only sacrifice I have left, and service, [sir,
For all the virtuous care you have kept me safe with.
Col. She holds well yet.
Mir. The pretty fool speaks finely.—
Come, sit down here.
Luc. Oh, sir, 'tis most unseemly.

Mir. I'll have it so; sit close. Now tell me truly,
Did you e'er love yet?
Luc. My tears will answer that, sir.
Mir. And did you then love truly?
Luc. So I thought, sir.
Mir. Can you love me so?
Col. Now!
Luc. With all my duty;
I were unworthy of those favours else,
You daily shower upon me.
Mir. What think'st thou of me?
Luc. I think you are a truly worthy gentleman,
A pattern, and a pride, to the age you live in,
Sweet as the commendations all men give you.
Mir. A pretty flattering rogue!—Dare you kiss that sweet man
You speak so sweetly of? Come.
Col. Farewell, virtue!
Mir. What hast thou got between thy lips?—
Sure thou hast a spell there! [Kiss once more.—
Luc. More than e'er I knew, sir.
Col. All hopes go now!
Mir. I must tell you a thing in your ear; and you must hear me,
And hear me willingly, and grant me so too;
'Twill not be worth my asking else.
Luc. It must be
A very hard thing, sir, and from my power,
I shall deny your goodness.
Mir. 'Tis a good wench!
I must lie with you, lady.
Luc. 'Tis something strange;
For yet in all my life I knew no bed-fellow.
Mir. You'll quickly find that knowledge.
Luc. To what end, sir?
Mir. Art thou so innocent thou canst not guess
Did thy dreams ne'er direct thee? [at it!
Luc. 'Faith, none yet, sir.
Mir. I'll tell thee then: I would meet thy youth and pleasure;
Give thee my youth for that, (by Heaven, she fires me!)
And teach thy fair white arms, like wanton ivies,
A thousand new embraces.
Luc. Is that all, sir?
And say I should try, may not we lie quietly?
Upon my conscience, I could!
Mir. That's as we make it.
Luc. Grant that that likes you best, what would you do then?
Mir. What would I do? Certainly I am no baby,
Nor brought up for a nun. Hark in thine ear!
Luc. Fy, fy, sir!
Mir. I would get a brave boy on thee,
A warlike boy.
Luc. Sure we shall get ill Christians.
Mir. We'll mend 'em in the breeding then.
Luc. Sweet master!
Col. Never belief in woman come near me more!
Luc. My best and noblest sir, if a poor virgin
(For yet, by Heaven, I am so) should chance so far
(Seeing your excellence, and able sweetness)
To forget herself, and slip into your bosom,
Or to your bed, out of a doting on you,
(Take it the best way) have you that cruel heart,
That murdering mind, to——
Mir. Yes, by my troth, sweet, have I,
To lie with her.
Luc. And do you think it well done?
Mir. That's as she'll think when 'tis done. Come to bed, wench!
For thou art so pretty, and so witty a companion,
We must not part to-night.
Luc. 'Faith, let me go,
Sir, and think better on't.
Mir. I'faith thou shalt not!
I warrant thee, I'll think on't.
Luc. I've heard 'em say here,
You are a maid too.
Mir. I am sure I am, wench,
If that will please thee.
Luc. I have seen a wonder!
And would you lose that, for a little wantonness,
(Consider, my sweet master, like a man, now)
For a few honied kisses, slight embraces,
That glory of your youth? that crown of sweetness
Can you deliver? that unvalued treasure
Would you forsake, to seek your own dishonour?
What gone, no age recovers, nor repentance,
To a poor stranger?
Col. Hold there, again thou art perfect!
Luc. I know you do but try me.
Mir. And I know
I'll try you a great deal further. Pr'ythee, to bed!
I love thee, and so well—Come, kiss me once more!
Is a maidenhead ill bestow'd o' me?
Luc. What's this, sir? [*Taking hold of his cross.*
Mir. Why, 'tis the badge, my sweet, of that holy order
I shortly must receive, the Cross of Malta.
Luc. What virtue has it?
Mir. All that we call virtuous.
Luc. Who gave it first?
Mir. He that gave all, to save us.
Luc. Why then, 'tis holy too?
Mir. True sign of holiness;
The badge of all his soldiers that profess him.
Luc. The badge of all his soldiers that profess
Can it save in dangers? [him?
Mir. Yes.
Luc. In troubles, comfort?
Mir. You say true, sweet.
Luc. In sickness, restore health?
Mir. All this it can do.
Luc. Preserve from evils that afflict our frailties?
Mir. [*Aside.*] I hope she will be Christian.—All these truly.
Luc. Why are you sick then, sick to death with lust?
In danger to be lost? no holy thought
In all that heart? Nothing but wand'ring frailties,
Wild as the wind, and blind as death or ignorance,
Inhabit there.
Mir. Forgive me Heaven! she says true.
Luc. Dare you profess that badge, prophane that goodness——
Col. Thou hast redeem'd thyself again, most rarely!
Luc. That holiness and truth you make me wonder at?
Blast all the bounty Heaven gives? that remembrance—
Col. Oh, excellent woman!
Luc. Fling it from you quickly,
If you be thus resolved; I see a virtue
Appear in't like a sword, both edges flaming,
That will consume you, and your thoughts, to ashes
Let them profess it that are pure, and noble,
Gentle, and just of thought, that build the Cross.

Not those that break it! By Heaven, if you touch me,
Even in the act, I'll make that Cross, and curse you.
Mir. You shall not, fair: I did dissemble with you,
And but to try your faith I fashion'd all this.
Yet something you provoked me. This fair Cross,
By me (if he but please to help first gave it)
Shall ne'er be worn upon a heart corrupted.
Go to your rest, my modest, honest servant,
My fair and virtuous maid, and sleep secure there;
For when you suffer, I forget this sign here.
Col. A man of men too! Oh, most perfect gentleman!
Luc. All sweet rest to you, sir! I am half a Christian,
The other half I'll pray for; then for you, sir.
Mir. This is the foulest play I'll shew. Good night, sweet! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Cave.*

MOUNTFERRAT *is discovered lying on the ground, with* ROCCA.

Mountf. The sun's not set yet?
Rocca. No, sir.
Mountf. 'Would it were,
Never to rise again to light the world!
And yet to what vain purpose do I wish it,
Since, though I were environ'd with thick mists,
Black as Cymerian darkness, or my crimes,
There is that here, upon which, as an anvil,
Ten thousand hammers strike, and every spark,
They force from it, to me's another sun
To light me to my shame!
Rocca. Take hope and comfort.
Mountf. They are aids indeed, but yet as far from me
As I from being innocent. This cave, fashion'd
By provident Nature in this solid rock,
To be a den for beasts, alone receives me;
And having proved an enemy to mankind,
All human helps forsake me.
Rocca. I'll ne'er leave you;
And wish you would call back that noble courage,
That old invincible fortitude of yours,
That used to shrink at nothing.
Mountf. Then it did not;
But 'twas when I was honest! Then, in the height
Of all my happiness, of all my glories,
Of all delights that made life precious to me,
I durst die, Rocca! Death itself then to me
Was nothing terrible, because I knew
The fame of a good knight would ever live
Fresh on my memory: But since I fell
From my integrity, and dismissed those guards,
Those strong assurances of innocence,
That constancy fled from me; and, what's worse,
Now I am loathsome to myself, and life
A burden to me; rack'd with sad remembrance
Of what I have done, and my present horrors
Unsufferable to me; tortured with despair
That I shall ne'er find mercy; hell about me,
Behind me, and before me; yet I dare not,
Still fearing worse, put off my wretched being!
Rocca. To see this would deter a doubtful man
From mischievous intents, much more the practice
Of what is wicked.

Enter ZANTHIA.

Here's the Moor; look up, sir!
Some ease may come from her.
Mountf. New trouble rather,
And I expect it.
Zan. Who is this? Mountferrat?
Rise up, for shame! and, like a river dried up
With a long drought, from me, your bounteous sea,
Receive those tides of comfort that flow to you.
If ever I look'd lovely; if desert
Could ever challenge welcome; if revenge,
And unexpected wreak, were ever pleasing,
Or could endear the giver of such blessings;
All these I come adorn'd with, and, as due,
Make challenge of those so-long-wish'd embraces,
Which you, unkind, have hitherto denied me.
Mountf. Why, what have you done for me?
Zan. Made Gomera
As truly miserable, as you thought him happy:
Could you wish more?
Mountf. As if his sickness could
Recover me! The injuries I received
Were Oriana's.
Zan. She has paid dear for them;
She's dead.
Mountf. How!
Zan. Dead; my hate could reach no further.
Taking advantage of her in a swoon,
Under pretence to give a cordial to her,
I poison'd her.—What stupid dulness is this?
What you should entertain with sacrifice,
Can you receive so coldly?
Mountf. Bloody deeds
Are grateful offerings, pleasing to the devil;
And thou, in thy black shape, and blacker actions,
Being hell's perfect character, art delighted
To do what I, though infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear. Thou hast, in this, ta'en from me
All means to make amends, with penitence,
To her wrong'd virtues, and despoil'd me of
The poor remainder of that hope was left me,
For all I have already, or must suffer.
Zan. I did it for the best.
Mountf. For thy worst ends!
And be assured, but that I think to kill thee
Would but prevent what thy despair must force
To do unto thyself, and so to add to [thee
Thy most assured damnation, thou wert dead now.
But, get thee from my sight! and if lust of me
Did ever fire thee (love I cannot call it)
Leap down from those steep rocks, or take advantage
Of the next tree to hang thyself, and then [tage
I may laugh at it.
Zan. In the mean time, I must
Be bold to do so much for you: Ha, ha!
Mountf. Why grinnest thou, devil?
Zan. That 'tis in my power
To punish thy ingratitude. I made trial
But how you stood affected, and since I know
I am used only for a property,
I can and will revenge it to the full:

For understand, in thy contempt of me,
Those hopes of Oriana, which I could
Have changed to certainties, are lost for ever.
Mountf. Why, lives she?
Zan. Yes: but never to Mountferrat,
Although it is in me, with as much ease
To give her freely up to thy possession,
As to remove this rush; which yet despair of:
For, by my much-wrong'd love, flattery, nor threats,
Tears, prayers, nor vows, shall ever win me to it:
So, with my curse, I leave thee!
Mountf. Pr'ythee, stay!
Thou know'st I dote on thee, and yet thou art
So peevish, and perverse, so apt to take
Trifles unkindly from me——
Zan. To persuade me
To break my neck, to hang, then damn myself,
With you are trifles!
Mountf. 'Twas my melancholy
That made me speak I know not what: Forgive!
I will redeem my fault.
Rocca. Believe him, lady.
Mountf. A thousand times I will demand thy pardon,
And keep the reckoning on thy lips with kisses.
Zan. There's something else that would prevail more with me.
Mountf. Thou shalt have all thy wishes: Do but bless me
With means to satisfy my mad desires
For once in Oriana, and for ever
I am thine, only thine, my best Abdella!
Zan. Were I assured of this, and that you would,
Having enjoy'd her——
Mountf. Anything! make choice of
Thine own conditions.
Zan. Swear then, that perform'd,
(To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter)
To give me leave to kill her.
Mountf. That our safety
Must of necessity urge us to.
Zan. Then know,
It was not poison, but a sleeping potion,
Which she received; yet of sufficient strength
So to bind up her senses, that no sign
Of life appeared in her; and thus thought dead,
In her best habit, as the custom is
(You know) in Malta, with all ceremonies
She's buried in her family's monument,
In the temple of St. John: I'll bring you thither,
Thus, as you are disguised. Some six hours hence
The potion will leave working.
Rocca. Let us haste then.
Mountf. Be my good angel; guide me!
Zan. But remember
You keep your oath.
Mountf. As I desire to prosper
In what I undertake!
Zan. I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Church.*

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, *and* COLONNA.

Col. Here, sir; I have got the key: I borrow'd it
Of him that keeps the church; the door is open.
Mir. Look to the horses then, and please the fellow.
After a few devotions, I'll retire.
Be not far off: there may be some use of you.
Give me the light. Come, friend, a few good prayers
Were not bestow'd in vain now, even from you, sir:
Men, that are bred in blood, have no way left 'em,
No bath, no purge, no time to wear it out
Or wash it off, but penitence and prayer.
I am to take the order; and my youth
Loaden, I must confess, with many follies,
Circled and bound about with sins as many
As in the house of memory live figures.
My heart I'll open now, my faults confess,
And rise a new man, Heaven, I hope, to a new life.
Nor. I have no great devotion, at this instant;
But, for a prayer or two, I will not out, sir.
Hold up your finger when you have pray'd enough.
Mir. Go you to that end. [*Kneels.*
Nor. I shall never pray alone, sure I have been so used to answer the clerk. 'Would I had a cushion, for I shall never make a good hermit, and kneel till my knees are horn; these stones are plaguy hard!—Where shall I begin now? for if I do not observe a method, I shall be out presently.
Ori. Oh, oh!
Nor. What's that, sir? Did you hear?
Mir. Ha? to your prayers!
Nor. 'Twas hereabouts! It has put me clean awry, now;
I shall ne'er get in again! Ha! "by land,
And water, all children and all women;"
Ay, there it was I left.
Ori. Oh, oh!
Nor. Never tell me, sir!
Here's something got amongst us.
Mir. I heard a groan,
A dismal one.
Ori. Oh, on!
Nor. Here, 'tis here, sir, 'tis here, sir!
A devil in the wall!
Mir. 'Tis some illusion
To fright us from devotion.
Ori. Oh, oh!
Nor. Why, 'tis here;
The spirit of a Dutchman choak'd with butter.
Here's a new tomb, new trickments too.
Mir. For certain,
This has not been three days here.
Nor. And a tablet,
With rhymes upon't.
Mir. I pr'ythee read 'em, Norandine.
Nor. An epi—an epi—taph, I think 'tis · ay, 'tis taph!
An epitaph upon the most excel—excel—lent—and—
Mir. Thou canst not read.
Nor. I have spoil'd mine eyes with gunpowder.
Mir. [*Reads.*] An epitaph upon the most virtuous and excellent lady,
The honour of chastity, Oriana.
Nor. The Grand-master's sister? how a devil came she here?
When slipt she out o' th' way? The stone's but half upon her.
Mir. It is a sudden change!—Certain the mischief
Mountferrat offer'd to her broke her heart-strings.
Nor. 'Would he were here! I would be the clerk myself,

And, by this little light, I would bury him alive
Here's no lamenting now. [here.
Ori. Oh, oh!
Nor. There 'tis.
Mir. Sure from
The monument! The very stone groans for her.
Oh, dear lady, blessing of women, virtue of thy sex;
How art thou set for ever, how stol'n from us!
Babbling and prating now converse with women.
Nor. Sir, it rises; it looks up;
[*She rises up from a tomb.*
Mir. Heaven bless us!
Nor. It is in woman's clothes. It rises higher.
Mir. It looks about, and wonders: Sure she
'Tis she, 'tis Oriana, 'tis that lady. [lives, sir!
Nor. Shall I go to her?
Ori. Where am I?
Mir. Stand still.
Ori. What place is this?
Nor. She is as live as I am.
Ori. What smell of earth, and rotten bones?
Lord, whither am I carried? [what dark place?
Nor. How she stares,
And sets her eyes upon him!
Mir. How is't, dear lady?
Do you know me?—how she shakes!
Ori. You are a man.
Mir. A man that honours you.
Ori. A cruel man;
Ye are all cruel! Are you in your grave too?
For there's no trusting cruel man, above ground.
Nor. By'r lady, that goes hard!
Mir. To do you service,
And to restore you to the joys you were in——
Ori. I was in joys indeed, and hope——
Mir. She sinks again!
Again she's gone, she's gone, gone as a shadow!
She sinks for ever, friend!
Nor. She is cold now!
She is certainly departed: I must cry too.
Mir. The blessed angels guide thee! Put the stone to.
Beauty, thou art gone to dust, goodness to ashes!
Nor. Pray take it well; we must all have our hours, sir.
Mir. Ay, thus we are; and all our painted glory
A bubble that a boy blows into the air,
And there it breaks.
Nor. I am glad you saved her honour yet.
Mir. 'Would I had saved her life now too! Oh, Heaven,
For such a blessing, such a timely blessing!
Oh, friend, what dear content 'twould be, what
To keep my name from worms! [story
Ori. Oh, oh!
Nor. She lives again!
'Twas but a trance.
Mir. Pray you call my man in presently.
Help with the stone first! Oh, she stirs again!
Oh, call my man! away!
Nor. I fly, I fly, sir! [*Exit.*
Mir. Upon my knees, oh, Heaven, oh, Heaven, I thank thee!
The living heat steals into every member.

Enter COLONNA *and* NORANDINE.

Come, help the coffin out softly, and suddenly!
Where is the clerk?
Col. Drunk above; he is sure sir.
Mir. Sirrah, you must be secret.
Col. As your soul, sir.
Mir. Softly, good friend! take her into your arms.
Nor. Put in the crust again.
Mir. And bring her out there. When I am a-horseback,
My man and I will tenderly conduct her
Unto the fort; stay you, and watch what issue,
And what inquiry's for the body.
Nor. Well, sir?
Mir. And when you have done, come back to me.
Nor. I will.
Mir. Softly, oh, softly!
Nor. She grows warmer still, sir.
Col. What shall I do with the key?
Mir. Thou canst not stir now;
Leave it i' the door. Go, get the horses ready.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROCCA, MOUNTFERRAT, *and* ZANTHIA *with a dark-lanthorn.*

Rocca. The door's already open, the key in it.
Mountf. What were those past by?
Rocca. Some scout of soldiers, I think.
Mountf. It may be well so, for I saw their horses:
They saw not us, I hope.
Zan. No, no, we were close;
Beside, they were far off.
Mountf. What time of night is't?
Zan. Much about twelve, I think.
Rocca. Let me go in first;
For, by the leaving open of the door here,
There may be somebody in the church. Give me the lanthorn.
Zan. You'll love me now, I hope.
Mountf. Make that good to me
Your promise is engaged for.
Zan. Why, she is there,
Ready prepared; and much about this time
Life will look up again.
Rocca. Come in; all's sure;
Not a foot stirring, nor a tongue.
Mountf. Heaven bless me!
I never enter'd, with such unholy thoughts,
This place before.
Zan. You are a fearful fool!
If men have appetites allowed 'em,
And warm desires, are there not ends too for 'em.
Mountf. Whither shall we carry her?
Rocca. Why, to the bark, sir;
I have provided one already waits us:
The wind stands wond'rous fair too for our passage.
Zan. And there, when you have enjoy'd her, (for you have that liberty)
Let me alone to send her to feed fishes!
I'll no more sighs for her.
Mountf. Where is the monument?
Thou art sure she will awake about this time?
Zan. Most sure,
If she be not knockt o' th' head. Give me the lant-horn!
Here 'tis.—How is this? the stone off?
Rocca. Ay, and nothing
Within the monument, that's worse; no body
I am sure of that, nor sign of any here,
But an empty coffin.
Mountf. No lady?
Rocca. No, nor lord, sir;
This pie has been cut up before.
Zan. Either the devil
Must do these tricks——
Mountf. Or thou, damned one, worse!

Thou black swoln pitchy cloud of all my afflictions,
Thou night-hag, gotten when the bright moon suffer'd,
Thou hell itself confined in flesh, what trick now?
Tell me, and tell me quickly, what thy mischief
Has done with her, and to what end, and whither
Thou hast removed her body; or, by this holy place,
This sword shall cut thee into thousand pieces,
A thousand thousand, strew thee o'er the temple,
A sacrifice to thy black sire, the devil!

Rocca. Tell him; you see he's angry.

Zan. Let him burst!
Neither his sword nor anger do I shake at;
Nor will yield, to feed his poor suspicions,
His idle jealousies, and mad-dogs' heats,
One thought against myself. You have done a brave deed,
A manly, and a valiant piece of service,
When you have kill'd me! reckon't amongst your battles!
I am sorry you are so poor, so weak a gentleman,
Able to stand no fortune: I dispose of her?
My mischief make her away? a likely project,
I must play booty against myself! If anything
I am the devil, and the devil's heir; [cross ye,
All plagues, all mischiefs——

Mountf. Will you leave, and do yet?

Zan. I have done too much,
Far, far too much, for such a thankless fellow!
If I be devil, you created me:
I never knew those arts, nor bloody practices,
(Plague o' your cunning heart, that mine of mis-
Before your flatteries won 'em into me.— [chief!)
Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty
About this hour to wake again.

Mountf. Where is she?
This is the last demand.

Zan. Did I now know it,
And were I sure this were my latest minute,
I would not tell thee: Strike, and then I'll curse thee.

Rocca. I see a light. Stand close, and leave
We all miscarry else. [your angers!

Enter Gomera, *and* Page *with a Torch.*

Zan. I am now careless.

Mountf. Peace, pr'ythee peace, sweet! peace!

Zan. Stand close then. [all friends!

Gom. Wait there, boy, with the light, 'till I call to thee.—
In darkness was my soul and senses clouded
When my fair jewel fell, the night of jealousy
In all her blackness drawn about my judgment;
No light was let into me, to distinguish
Betwixt my sudden anger and her honour:
A blind sad pilgrimage shall be my penance;
No comfort of the day will I look up at;
Far darker than my jealous ignorance,
Each place of my abode shall be; my prayers
No ceremonious lights shall set off more;
Bright arms, and all that carry lustre, life,
Society, and solace, I forsake ye!
And were it not once more to see her beauties,
(For, in her bed of death, she must be sweet still)
And on her cold sad lips seal my repentance,
Thou child of Heaven, fair light, I could not miss thee.

Mountf. I know the tongue: 'Would I were out again!
I have done him too much wrong to look upon him.

Zan. There is no shifting now; boldness and confidence
Must carry it now away: He's but one neither,
Naked as you are, of a strength far under.

Mountf But he has a cause above me!

Zan. That's as you handle it.

Rocca. Peace! he may go again, and never see us.

Gom. I feel I weep apace; but where's the flood,
The torrent of my tears, to drown my fault in?
I would I could now, like a loaden cloud,
Begotten in the moist south, drop to nothing!
Give me the torch, boy.

Rocca. Now he must discover us.

Zan. He has already.—Never hide your head;
Be bold and brave! If we must die, together——

Gom. Who's there? what friend to sorrow?— The tomb wide open?
The stone off too? the body gone, by Heaven!
Look to the door, boy! keep it fast!—Who are ye?
What sacrilegious villains?—False Mountferrat,
The wolf to honour! has thy hellish hunger
Brought thee to tear the body out o' th' tomb too?
Has thy foul mind so far wrought on thee?—Ha!
Are you there too? Nay, then I spy a villainy
I never dream'd of yet. Thou sinful usher,
Bred from that rottenness, thou bawd to mischief,
Do you blush through all your blackness? will not [that hide it?

Zan. I cannot speak.

Gom. You are well met, with your dam, sir.
Art thou a knight? did ever on that sword
The Christian cause sit nobly? could that hand fight,
Guided by fame and fortune? that heart inflame
With virtuous fires of valour! To fall off, [thee,
Fall off so suddenly, and with such foulness,
As the false angels did, from all their glory!
Thou art no knight! Honour thou never heardst of,
Nor brave desires could ever build in that breast!
Treason, and tainted thoughts, are all the gods
Thou worship'st, all the strength thou hast, and fortune!
Thou didst things out of fear, and false heart, villain,
Out of close traps and treacheries; they have [rais'd thee.

Mountf. Thou ravest, old man.

Gom. Before thou get'st off from me,
Hadst thou the glory of thy first fights on thee,
(Which thou hast basely lost) thy noblest fortunes,
And in their greatest lustres, I would make thee,
Before we part, confess (nay, kneel, and do it,
Nay, crying kneel, coldly, for mercy, crying)
Thou art the recreant'st rogue time ever nourish'd;
Thou art a dog, I will make thee swear, a dog staved,
A mangy cur dog! Do you creep behind the altar?
Look how it sweats, to shelter such a rascal!
First, with thy venomous tooth infect her chaste life,
And then not dare to do? next, rob her rest,
Steal her dead body out o' th' grave——

Mountf. I have not.

Gom. Pr'ythee, come out; this is no place to [quarrel in)
Valiant Mountferrat, come!

Mountf. I will not stir.

Gom. Thou hast thy sword about thee,
That good sword that ne'er fail'd thee: Pr'ythee come!
We'll have but five strokes for it. On, on, boy!
Here is one would fain be acquainted with thee,
Would wond'rous fain cleave that calf's head of yours, sir;

Come, pr'ythee let's dispatch! the moon shines finely:
Pr'ythee, be kill'd by me! thou wilt be hang'd else;
But, it may be, thou longest to be hang'd.
Rocca. Out with him, sir!
You shall have my sword too; when he's dispatch'd
We have the world before us. [once.
Gom. Wilt thou walk, fellow?
I never knew a rogue hang arse-ward so,
And such a desperate knave too.
Zan. Pray go with him!
Something I'll promise too.
Mountf. You would be kill'd then?
No remedy, I see.
Gom. If thou darest do it?
Mountf. Yes, now I dare. Lead out; I'll fol-
Under the mount I'll meet you. [low presently;
Gom. Go before me;
I'll have you in a string too.
Mountf. As I am a gentleman,
And by this holy place, I will not fail thee.
Fear not, thou shalt be kill'd, take my word for it;
I will not fail.
Gom. If thou scap'st, thou hast cats' luck.
The mount?
Mountf. The same. Make haste, I am there before else.
Gom. Go, get ye home. Now if he 'scape, I am coward.
Mountf. Well, now I am resolved; and he shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*St. Thomas's Fort.*

Enter MIRANDA, LUCINDA, *and* COLONNA.

Mir. How is it with the lady?
Luc. Sir, as well
As it can be with one, who feeling knows now
What is the curse the divine justice laid
On the first sinful woman.
Mir. Is she in travail?
Luc. Yes, sir; and yet the troubles of her mind
Afflict her more than what her body suffers;
For, in the extremity of her pain, she cries out,
"Why am I here? where is my lord Gomera?"
Then sometimes names Miranda, and then sighs,
As if to speak, what questionless she loves well,
If heard, might do her injury.
Col. Heaven's sweet mercy
Look gently on her!
Mir. Pr'ythee tell her, my prayers
Are present with her; and, good wench, provide
That she want nothing! What's thy name?
Luc. Lucinda.
Mir. Lucinda? there's a prosperous omen in it!
Be a Lucina to her, and bring word
That she is safe delivered of her burden,
And thy reward's thy liberty.—[*Exit* LUCINDA.]
—Come, Colonna,
We will go see how the engineer has mounted
The cannon the Great-master sent. Be careful
To view the works, and learn the discipline
That is used here! I am to leave the world;
And for your service, which I have found faithful,
The charge that's mine, if I have any power,
Hereafter may concern you.
Col. I still find
A noble master in you.
Mir. 'Tis but justice;
Thou dost deserve it in thy care and duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Under the Ramparts.*

Enter GOMERA, MOUNTFERRAT, ROCCA, *and* ZANTHIA.

Gom. Here's even ground; I'll stir no foot be-
Before I have thy head. [yond it
Mountf. Draw, Rocca!
Gom. Coward,
Hath inward guilt robb'd thee as well of courage
As honesty, that without odds thou darest not
Answer a single enemy?
Mountf. All advantage
That I can take, expect.
Rocca. We know you are valiant;
Nor do we purpose to make further trial
Of what you can do now, but to dispatch you.
Mountf. And therefore fight and pray together.
Gom. Villains,
Whose baseness all disgraceful words made one
Cannot express! so strong is the good cause
That seconds me, that you shall feel, with horror
To your proud hopes, what strength is in that arm,
Though old, that holds a sword made sharp by justice.
Zan. You come then here to prate? [*Fight.*
Mountf. Help, Rocca, now,
Or I am lost for ever!—How comes this?
[GOMERA *disarms* MOUNTFERRAT *and* ROCCA.
Are villainy and weakness twins?
Rocca. I am gone too.
Gom. You shall not 'scape me, wretches!
Zan. I must do it;
All will go wrong else. [*Draws a pistol and shoots him.*
Gom. Treacherous, bloody woman,
What hast thou done?
Zan. Done a poor woman's part,
And in an instant, what these men so long
Stood fooling for.
Mountf. This aid was unexpected;
I kiss thee for't.
Rocca. His right arm's only shot,
And that compell'd him to forsake his sword;
He's else unwounded.
Mountf. Cut his throat!
Zan. Forbear!—
Yet do not hope 'tis with intent to save thee,
But that thou may'st live to thy further torment,
To see who triumphs over thee. Come, Mountferrat,
Here join thy foot to mine, and let our hearts
Meet with our hands! The contract that is made
And cemented with blood, as this of ours is,
Is a more holy sanction, and much surer,
Than all the superstitious ceremonies
You Christians use.

Enter NORANDINE.

Rocca. Who's this?
Mountf. Betray'd again?
Nor. By the report it made, and by the wind,
The pistol was discharged here.
Gom. Norandine,
As ever thou loved'st valour, or wear'st arms
To punish baseness, shew it!
Nor. Oh, the devil!
Gomera wounded, and my brache, Black Beauty,
An actor in it?
Zan. If thou strikest, I'll shoot thee.
Nor. How! fright me with your pot-gun?—
What art thou?

Good Heaven, the rogue, the traitor rogue, Mountferrat!
To swinge the nest of you, is a sport unlook'd for.
Hell's plagues consume you!

Mountf. As thou art a man,
(I am wounded) give me time to answer thee!

Gom. Durst thou urge this? this hand can hold a sword yet.

Nor. Well done! to see this villain makes my hurts
Bleed fresh again; but had I not a bone whole,
In such a cause I should do thus, thus, rascals!
[*Rushes against them.*

Enter Corporal *and* Watch.

Corp. Disarm them, and shoot any that resists.

Gom. Hold corporal! I am Gomera.

Nor. 'Tis well yet, that once in an age you can
Remember what you watch for: I had thought,
You had again been making out your parties
For sucking pigs: 'Tis well. As you will answer
The contrary with your lives, see these forthcoming!

Corp. That we shall do.

[*They seize* MOUNTFERRAT, ROCCA, *and* ZANTHIA.

Nor. You bleed apace.—Good soldiers,
Go help him to a surgeon.

Rocca. [*To* MOUNTFERRAT.] Dare the worst,
As welcome as 'tis unexpected.—Corporal, [him
There's something for thy care to-night. My horse there! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Fort.*

Enter ORIANA *and* LUCINDA.

Ori. How does my boy?

Luc. Oh, wond'rous lusty, madam;
A little knight already: You shall live
To see him toss a Turk.

Ori. Gentle Lucinda,
Much must I thank thee for thy care and service;
And may I grow but strong to see Valetta,
My husband, and my brother, thou shalt find
I will not barely thank thee.

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, *and* COLONNA.

Mir. Look, captain, we must ride away this morning!
The Auberge sits to-day, and the Great-master
Writes plainly, I must or deliver in
(The year expired) my probation-weed,
Or take the cloak. You likewise, Norandine,
For your full service, and your last assistance
In false Mountferrat's apprehension,
Are here commanded to associate me,
My twin in this high honour.

Nor. I will none on't!—Do they think to bind me to live chaste, sober, and temperately, all days of my life? They may as soon tie an Englishman to live so!—I shall be a sweet Dane, a sweet captain, go up and down drinking small-beer, and swearing, *'Ods Neagues!*—No; I'll live a squire at arms still; and do thou so too, an thou be'st wise. I have found the mystery now why the gentlemen wear but three bars of the cross, and the knights the whole one.

Mir. Why, captain?

Nor. Marry, sir, to put us in remembrance, we are but three-quarters crossed in our licence and pleasures; but the poor knights crossed altogether. The brothers at arms may yet meet with their sisters at arms, now and then, in brotherly love; but the poor knights cannot get a lady for love nor money: 'tis not so in other countries, I wis. Pray haste you! for I'll along, and see what will come on't. [*Exit.*

Mir. Colonna, provide straight all necessaries
For this remove, the litter for the lady,
And let Lucinda bear her company!
You shall attend on me.

Col. With all my duties. [*Exit.*

Mir. How fare you, gracious mistress?

Ori. Oh, Miranda,
You pleased to honour me with that fair title
When I was free, and could dispose myself;
But now, no smile, no word, no look, no touch,
Can I impart to any, but as theft
From my Gomera; and who dares accept
Is an usurper.

Mir. Leave us. [*Exit* LUCINDA.] I have touch'd thee, [*Aside.*
Thou fairer virtue, than thou art beautiful!
Hold but this test, so rich an ore was never
Tried by the hand of man, on the vast earth.—
Sit, brightest Oriana! Is it sin
Still to profess I love you, still to vow
I shall do ever? Heaven my witness be,
'Tis not your eye, your cheek, your tongue, no part
That superficially doth snare young men,
Which has caught me! Read over in your thoughts
The story that this man hath made of you,
And think upon his merit.

Ori. Only thought
Can comprehend it!

Mir. And can you be
So cruel, thankless, to destroy his youth
That saved your honour, gave you double life,
Your own, and your fair infant's? that when Fortune
(The blind foe to all beauty, that is good)
Bandied you from one hazard to another,
Was even Heaven's messenger, by Providence
Call'd to the temple, to receive you there
Into these arms, to give ease to your throes,
As if't had thunder'd; take thy due, Miranda,
For she was thine! Gomera's jealousy
Struck death unto thy heart; to him be dead,
And live to me, that gave thee second life!
Let me but now enjoy thee! Oh, regard
The torturing fires of my affections!

Ori. Oh, master them, Miranda, as I mine!
Who follows his desires, such tyrants serves
As will oppress him insupportably.
My flames, Miranda, rise as high as thine,
For I did love thee 'fore my marriage;
Yet would I now consent, or could I think
Thou wert in earnest, (which, by all the souls
That have for chastity been sanctified,
I cannot) in a moment I do know

Thou wouldst call fair Temperance up to rule thy blood.
Thy eye was ever chaste, thy countenance too, honest,
And all thy wooings was like maidens' talk.
Who yieldeth unto pleasures, and to lust,
Is a poor captive, that in golden fetters
And precious, as he thinks, but holding gyves,
Frets out his life.

Mir. Find such another woman,
And take her for his labour, any man!

Ori. I was not worthy of thee, at my best,
(Heaven knew I was not; I had had thee else)
Much less now, gentle sir. Miranda's deeds
Have been as white as Oriana's fame,
From the beginning to this point of time,
And shall we now begin to stain both thus?
Think on the legend which we two shall breed,
Continuing as we are, for chastest dames
And boldest soldiers to peruse and read,
Ay, and read thorough, free from any act
To cause the modest cast the book away,
And the most honour'd captain fold it up.

Mir. Fairest, let go my hand! my pulse beats thick,
And my moved blood rides high in every vein!—
Lord of thyself now, soldier, and ever!
I would not for Aleppo, this frail bark,
This bark of flesh, no better steers-man had
Than has Mountferrat's.—May you kiss me, lady?

Ori. No; though it be no essential injury,
It is a circumstance due to my lord,
To none else; and, my dearest friend, if hands
Playing together kindle heat in you,
What may the game at lips provoke unto?

Mir. Oh, what a tongue is here! Whilst she doth teach
My heart to hate my fond unlawful love,
She talks me more in love, with love to her;
My fires she quencheth with her arguments,
But as she breathes 'em they blow fresher fires.—
Sit further! now my flame cools. Husband! wife!
There is some holy mystery in those names
That sure the unmarried cannot understand.

Ori. Now thou art straight, and dost enamour [me
So far beyond a carnal earthly love,
My very soul dotes on thee, and my spirits
Do embrace thine; my mind doth thy mind kiss;
And in this pure conjunction we enjoy
A heavenlier pleasure than if bodies met:
This, this is perfect love! the other short,
Yet languishing fruition. Every swain
And sweating groom may clasp, but ours refined
Two in ten ages cannot reach unto.
Nor is our spiritual love a barren joy;
For mark what blessed issue we'll beget,
(Dearer than children to posterity)
A great example to men's continence,
And women's chastity; that is a child
More fair and comfortable, than any heir!

Mir. If all wives were but such, Lust would [not find
One corner to inhabit; sin would be
So strange, remission superfluous.—
But one petition, I have done.

Ori. What, sweet?

Mir. To call me lord, if the hard hand of death
Seize on Gomera first.

Ori. Oh, much too worthy,
How much you undervalue your own price,
To give your unbought self for a poor woman,
That has been once sold, used, and lost her show!
I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,
A zone untied, a lily trod upon,
A fragrant flower cropt by another's hand,
My colour sullied, and my odour changed.
If when I was new-blossom'd, I did fear
Myself unworthy of Miranda's spring,
Thus over-blown, and seeded, I am rather
Fit to adorn his chimney than his bed.

Mir. Rise, miracle! save Malta with thy virtue!—
If words could make me proud, how has she spoke! [*Apart.*
Yet I will try her to the very block.—
Hard-hearted and uncivil Oriana,
Ingrateful payer of my industries,
That with a soft painted hypocrisy
Cozen'st and jeer'st my perturbation,
Expect a witty and a fell revenge!
My comfort is, all men will think thee false:
Beside, thy husband, having been thus long
(On this occasion) in my fort, and power—

Enter NORANDINE, COLONNA, *and* LUCINDA *with a* Child.

I'll hear no more words!—Captain, let's away!
With all care see to her; and you, Lucinda,
Attend her diligently: She is a wonder!

Nor. Have you found she was well delivered?
What, had she a good midwife? is all well?

Mir. You are merry, Norandine.

Luc. Why weep you, lady?

Ori. Take the poor babe along.

Col. Madam, 'tis here.

Ori. Dissembling death, why didst thou let me live
To see this change, my greatest cause to grieve? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—VALETTA. *The Hall of the Order.*

A Synnet. Enter ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, VALETTA, GOMERA, Knights; MOUNTFERRAT *guarded by* Corporal *and* Soldiers; ZANTHIA; *a* Gentleman *with a cloak, sword, and spurs.*

Val. A tender husband hast thou shew'd thyself,
My dearest brother, and thy memory,
After thy life, in brazen characters
Shall monumentally be registered
To ages consequent, till Time's running hand
Beats back the world to undistinguish'd chaos,
And on the top of that thy name shall stand
Fresh, and without decay.

Gom. Oh, honour'd sir!
If hope of this, or any bliss to come,
Could lift my load of grief off from my soul,
Or expiate the trespass 'gainst my wife,
That in one hour's suspicion I begat,
I might be won to be a man again,
And fare like other husbands, sleep and eat,
Laugh, and forget my pleasing penitence;
But 'till old Nature can make such a wife
Again, I vow ne'er to resume the order
And habits that to men are necessary;
All breath I'll spend in sighs, all sound in groans,
And know no company but my wasting moans.

Asto. This will be wilful murder on yourself,
Nor like a Christian do you bear the chance
Which the inscrutable will of Heaven admits.

Gom. What would you have my weakness do,
Suffer'd itself thus to be practised on [that

damn'd hell-hound, and his agent dam,
copious midwife to abortive births,
cruel instrument to his decrees?
rgery they first assailed her life,
en playing with us yet in that, he wrought
earest friend, the servant to her virtue,
mbat me, against his mistress' truth.
yet effectless, this enchanting witch
baneful jealousy against my lady,
most immaculate lady, which seiz'd on her
st to death. Oh, yet, not yet content,
n my hand put (to restore her life,
imagined) what did execute
r devilish malice. Further, great with child
this poor innocent: That too was lost;
doubled death upon her! Not staying there,
have done violence unto her tomb,
granting rest unto her in the grave.
h Miranda had enjoy'd my prize;
ure I am punish'd for usurping her.
what a tiger is resisted lust!
it doth forage all!
ountf. Part of this tale
nt you true; but 'twas not poison given her.
m. I would it had! we had been far enough,
had been so wise; and had not now
I curt'sing for your mercies here.
ountf. Beside,
t is become o' th' body we know not.
l. Peace, impudents!
dear Gomera, practise patience,
myself must: By some means at last
hall dissolve this riddle.
m. Wherefore comes
villain in the festival array,
he triumph'd for his treachery?
st. That is by our appointment: Give us
shall know why anon. [leave;

Enter one of the Esguard.

g. The gentlemen are come.
l. Truce then awhile
our sad thoughts!—

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *and* Colonna.

What, are ye both resolved?
or. Not I, my lord: Your downright captain still
ve, and serve you. Not that altogether
t compunction of conscience;
e enough to save me, and that's all:
ne from drink, and drabs? even hang me too!
must even make your captains capons first!
e too much flesh for this spiritual knight-
therefore do desire forbearance, sir, [hood,
am older, or more mortified;
too sound yet.
l. What say you, Miranda?
ir. With all pure zeal to Heaven, duty to you,
e to undergo it.
l. Proceed to th' ceremony.
m. Before you match with this bright honour'd title,
red Miranda, pardon that in thought
r did transgress against your virtue;
may you find more joy with your new bride,
poor Gomera e'er enjoy'd with his!
'twas mine own crime, and I suffer for't.)
wear your dignity, and worthily,
st I obscurely in some corner vanish!

Mir. Have stronger thoughts, and better.—
First, I crave,
According to the order of the court,
I may dispose my captives, and the fort,
That with a clean and purified heart
The fitlier I may indue my robe.
All. 'Tis granted.

Enter Oriana *veiled*, Ladies, Lucinda *with a* Child.

Mir. Bring the captives!—To your charge
And staid tuition, my most noble friend,
I then commend this lady. Start not off;
A fairer and a chaster never lived.
By her own choice you are her guardian;
For telling her I was to leave my fort,
And to abandon quite all worldly cares,
Her own request was, to Gomera's hands
She might be given in custody, for she had heard
He was a gentleman, wise, and temperate,
Full of humanity to women-kind,
And 'cause he had been married, knew the better
How to entreat a lady.
Val. What countrywoman is she?
Mir. Born a Greek.
Val. Gomera, 'twill be barbarous to deny
A lady, that unto your refuge flies,
And seeks to shrowd her under Virtue's wing.
Gom. Excuse me, noble sir! Oh, think me not
So dull a devil, to forget the loss
Of such a matchless wife as I possess'd,
And ever to endure the sight of woman!
Were she the abstract of her sex for form,
The only warehouse of perfection,
Were there no rose nor lily but her cheek,
No music but her tongue, virtue but here,
She must not rest near me. My vow is graven
Here in my heart, irrevocably breathed;
And when I break it——
Asto. This is rudeness, Spaniard;
Unseasonably you play the Timonist,
Put on a disposition is not yours,
Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.
Gom. Sir——
Cast. We cannot force you, but we would persuade.
Gom. Beseech you, sir, no more! I am resolved
To forsake Malta, tread a pilgrimage
To fair Jerusalem, for my lady's soul,
And will not be diverted.
Mir. You must bear
This child along with ye then.
Gom. What child?
All. How's this?
Mir. Nay, then, Gomera, thou art injurious!
This child is thine, and this rejected lady
Thou hast as often known as thine own wife;
And this I'll make good on thee, with my sword.
Gom. Thou durst as well blaspheme!—If such a scandal—
(I crave the rights due to a gentleman)
Woman, unveil!
Ori. Will you refuse me yet? [*Unveiling.*
Gom. My wife!
Val. My sister!
Gom. Somebody thank Heaven!
I cannot speak.
All. All praise be ever given!
Mountf. This saves our lives. Yet 'would she had been dead! [*Apart*

The very sight of her afflicts me more
Than fear of punishment, or my disgrace.
Val. How came you to the temple?
Mir. Sir, to do
My poor devotions, and to offer thanks
For 'scaping a temptation near perform'd
With this fair virgin.—I restore a wife
Earth cannot parallel; and, busy Nature,
If thou wilt still make women, but remember
To work 'em by this sampler!—Take heed, sir,
Henceforth you never doubt, sir.
Gom. When I do,
Death take me suddenly!
Mir. To increase your happiness,
To your best wife take this addition.
[*Shows him the child.*
Gom. Alack, my poor knave!
Val. The confession
The Moor made, it seems, was truth.
Nor. Marry was it, sir; the only truth that ever issued out of hell, which her black jaws resemble. A plague o' your bacon-face! you must be giving drinks with a vengeance! Ah, thou branded bitch!—Do you stare, goggles?—I hope to make winter-boots o' thy hide yet; she fears not damning! Hell-fire cannot parch her blacker than she is.—Do you grin, chimney-sweeper?
Ori. What is't Miranda?
Mir. That you would please Lucinda might attend you.
Col. That suit, sir, I consent not to.
[*Throws off his disguise.*
Luc. My husband?
My dearest Angelo?
Nor. More jiggam-bobs?—Is not this the fellow that swam like a duck to the shore in our sea-service?
Col. The very same. Do not you know me now, sir?
My name is Angelo, though Colonna veil'd it,
Your countryman and kinsman, born in Florence;
Who from the neighbour-island here of Goza
Was captive led, in that unfortunate day
When the Turk bore with him three thousand souls.
Since, in Constantinople have I lived,
Where I beheld this Turkish damsel first.
A tedious suitor was I for her love;
And, pitying such a beauteous case should hide
A soul prophaned with infidelity,
I labour'd her conversion, with my love,
And doubly won her: To fair faith her soul
She first betrothed, and then her faith to me.
But fearful there to consummate this contract,
We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By those same gallies 'fore Valetta fought:
Since, in your service I attended here,
Where, what I saw and heard hath joy'd me more
Than all my past afflictions grieved before.
Val. Wonders crown wonders! Take thy wife.
—Miranda,
Be henceforth call'd our Malta's better angel;
And thou her evil, Mountferrat.
Nor. We'll call him Cacodemon, with his black gib there, his Succuba, his devil's seed, his spawn of Phlegethon, that, o' my conscience, was bred o' the spume of Cocytus.—Do you snarl, you black Gill? She looks like the picture of America.
Val. Why stay we now?
Mir. This last petition to the court;
I may bequeath the keeping of my fort
To this my kinsman, toward the maintenance
Of him and his fair virtuous wife: Discreet,
Loyal, and valiant, I dare give him you.
Val. You must not ask in vain, sir.
Col. My best thanks
To you, my noble cousin, and my service
To the whole court: May I deserve this bounty!
Val. Proceed to th' ceremony. One of our
Degrade Mountferrat first! [Esguard
Mountf. I will not sue
For mercy; 'twere in vain: Fortune, thy worst!
[*Music.*

A curtain is drawn. An altar discover'd, with tapers and a book on it. The two Bishops *stand on each side of it;* MOUNTFERRAT, *as the song is singing, is led up the altar.*

See, see, the stain of honour, Virtue's foe,
Of virgins' fair fames the foul overthrow!
That broken hath his oath of chastity,
Dishonour'd much this holy dignity,
Off with his robe, expel him forth this place,
Whilst we rejoice, and sing at his disgrace!

Val. Since by thy actions thou hast made thyself
Unworthy of that worthy sign thou wear'st,
And of our sacred order, into which
For former virtues we received thee first,
According to our statutes, ordinances,
For praise unto the good, a terror to
The bad, and an example to all men;
We here deprive thee of our habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our society,
From which we do expel thee, as a rotten,
Corrupted, and contagious member.
Esg. Using th' authority the superior
Hath given unto me, I untie this knot,
And take from thee the pleasing yoke of Heaven:
We take from off thy breast this holy cross,
Which thou hast made thy burden, not thy prop;
Thy spurs we spoil thee of, leaving thy heels
Bare of thy honour, that have kick'd against
Our order's precepts; next, we reave thy sword,
And give thee armless to thy enemies,
For being foe to goodness, and to God;
Last, 'bout thy stiff neck we this halter hang,
And leave thee to the mercy of the court.
Val. Invest Miranda.

SONG.

Fair child of Virtue, Honour's bloom,
That here with burning zeal dost come,
With joy to ask the white-cross cloak,
And yield unto this pleasing yoke!
That being young, vows chastity,
And chusest wilful poverty;
As this flame mounts, so mount thy zeal! thy glory
Rise past the stars, and fix in Heaven thy story!

1 *Bishop.* What crave you, gentle sir?
Mir. Humble admittance
To be a brother of the holy hospital
Of great Jerusalem.
2 *Bishop.* Breathe out your vow.
Mir. To Heaven, and all the bench of saints
(Whose succour I implore to enable me) [above,
I vow henceforth a chaste life; not to enjoy
Anything proper to myself; obedience
To my superiors, whom religion
And Heaven shall give me; ever to defend
The virtuous fame of ladies, and to oppugn
Even unto death the Christian enemy:
This do I vow to accomplish!

Who can tell,
made other vow, or promised marriage
one, or is in servitude?
He's free from all these.
hop. Put on his spurs, and gird him with the sword,
urge of infidels, and types of speed.
t thy faith on this? [*Presenting the cross.*
On him that died
a sacred figure, for our sins.
hop. Here then we fix it on thy left side, for
crease of faith, Christian defence, and service
oor; and thus near to thy heart we plant it,
u mayst love it even with all thy heart;
y right-hand protect, preserve it whole;
ou fighting 'gainst Heaven's enemies
away, abandoning the cross,
ign of thy holy general,
ame thou justly shalt be robb'd of it,
from our company, and cut away
fectious putrified limb.

Mir. I ask no favour.
1 *Bishop.* Then receive the yoke
Of him that makes it sweet and light; in which
Thy soul find her eternal rest.
[*Puts the cross on him.*
Val. Most welcome!
All. Welcome, our noble brother!
Val. Break up the court.—Mountferrat, though your deeds,
Conspiring 'gainst the lives of innocents.
Have forfeited your own, we will not stain
Our white cross with your blood: Your doom is
To marry this co-agent of your mischiefs: [then
Which done, we banish you [to] the continent:
If either, after three days, here be found,
The hand of law lays hold upon your lives.
Nor. Away, French stallion! Now you have a Barbary mare of your own; go leap her, and engender young devilings!
Val. We will find something, noble Norandine,
To quit your merit.—So, to civil feasts,
According to our customs; and all pray
The dew of grace bless our new knight to-day!
[*Exeunt*

LOVE'S CURE; OR, THE MARTIAL MAID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ASSISTANT, *or* GOVERNOR.
VITELLI, *a young Gentleman, Enemy to* ALVAREZ.
LAMORAL, *a fighting Gallant, Friend to* VITELLI.
ANASTRO, *an honest Gentleman, Friend to* VITELLI.
DON ALVAREZ, *Enemy to* VITELLI.
SYAVEDRA, *Friend to* ALVAREZ.
LUCIO, *Son to* ALVAREZ, *a young Gentleman, in Woman's Habit.*
ALGUARIER, *a sharking panderly Constable.*
PACHECO, *a Cobler,*
MENDOSA, *a Butcher,* } *of Worship.*
MEYALDUE, *a Smith,*
FIORATO, *a Swordsman.*

LAZARILLO, PACHECO'S *hungry Servant.*
BORADILLA SPINDOLA ZANCHO, *a Witty Knave, Servant to* EUGENIA, *and Steward to* ALVAREZ.
STEPHANO, *Servant to* EUGENIA.
Herald.
Officer.

EUGENIA, *a virtuous Lady, Wife to* DON ALVAREZ.
CLARA, *Daughter to* EUGENIA, *the* MARTIAL MAID, *valiant and chaste, enamoured of* VITELLI.
GENEVORA, *Sister to* VITELLI, *in Love with* LUCIO.
MALRODA, *a Wanton Mistress of* VITELLI.

SCENE,—SEVIL.

PROLOGUE,

AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

STATUES and pictures challenge price and fame,
If they can justly boast and prove they came
From Phidias or Apelles. None deny,
Poets and Painters hold a sympathy;
Yet their works may decay, and lose their grace,
Receiving blemish in their limbs or face;
When the mind's art has this pre-eminence,
She still retaineth her first excellence.
Then why should not this dear piece be esteem'd
Child to the richest fancies that e'er teem'd?
When not their meanest offspring that came forth,
But bore the image of their fathers' worth.
Beaumont's and Fletcher's, whose desert outweighs
The best applause, and their least sprig of bays
Is worthy Phœbus; and who comes to gather
Their fruits of wit, he shall not rob the treasure.
Nor can you ever surfeit of the plenty,
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty
The more you take, the more you do them right;
And we will thank you for your own delight.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter VITELLI, LAMORAL, and ANASTRO.

Vitelli. Alvarez pardon'd?
Ana. And return'd.
Lam. I saw him land
At St. Lucar's; and such a general welcome
Fame, as harbinger to his brave actions,
Had with the easy people prepared for him,
As if by his command alone, and fortune,
Holland, with those Low Provinces that hold out
Against the arch-duke, were again compell'd
With their obedience to give up their lives
To be at his devotion.
Vit. You amaze me! [Sevil
For though I have heard, that when he fled from
To save his life (then forfeited to law
For murdering Don Pedro my dear uncle)
His extreme wants enforced him to take pay
In th' army, sat down then before Ostend;
'Twas never yet reported, by whose favour
He durst presume to entertain a thought
Of coming home with pardon.
Ana. 'Tis our nature
Or not to hear, or not to give belief
To what we wish far from our enemies.
Lam. Sir, 'tis most certain, the infanta's letters
Assisted by the arch-duke's, to King Philip,
Have not alone secured him from the rigour
Of our Castilian justice, but return'd him
A free man, and in grace.
Vit. By what cursed means

ach a fugitive arise unto
owledge of their highnesses? Much more,
h known) to stand but in the least degree
ur with them?
To give satisfaction
demand, (though to praise him I hate
d me small contentment) I will tell you,
dy; since, should I detract his worth,
argue want of merit in myself.
to pass his tedious pilgrimage
ven years, a banish'd guilty man,
forget the storms, the affrights, the horrors,
stancy, not fortune overcame,
him, with his little son, grown man,
h 'twas said here he took a daughter with
nd's bloody siege, that stage of war, [him)
n the flower of many nations acted,
whole Christian world spectators were;
y his son (or were he by adoption
ure his) a brave scene was presented,
I made choice to speak of, since from that
d success of Alvarez had beginning.
So I love virtue in an enemy,
desire in the relation of
ung man's glorious deed, you'd keep your-
to truth, and it. [self
Such was my purpose.
vn being oft assaulted, but in vain,
the proud defendants to a sally,
of ease, Don Inigo Peralta,
the general of our Castile forces,
'd, advanced within shot of their walls,
hence the musqueteers play'd thick upon
him;
brave youth, as careless of the danger
rful of his honour, drew his sword,
ving it about his head, as if
d one spirited like himself to trial,
le valour, he made his retreat,
ch a slow, and yet majestic pace,
still call'd loud, "Dare none come on?"
uddenly, from a postern of the town
llant horsemen issued, and o'ertook him,
ny looking on, yet not a man
urst relieve the rash adventurer;
Lucio, son to Alvarez, then seeing,
he vant-guard he sat bravely mounted,
re it pity of the youth's misfortune,
preserve the honour of his country,
desire to get himself a name)
de his brave horse like a whirlwind bear
the combatants; and in a moment [him
ged his petronel with such sure aim,
the adverse party from his horse
mbled dead; then wheeling round, and
drawing
ion, swift as lightning he came on
he other, and with one strong blow,
of the amazed town and camp,
ck him dead, and brought Peralta off
ouble honour to himself.
'Twas brave!
success of this?
The camp received him
clamations of joy and welcome;
addition to the fair reward,
a massy chain of gold given to him
ng Peralta's father) he was brought
infanta's presence, kiss'd her hand,
m that lady, (greater in her goodness
Than her high birth) had this encouragement:
"Go on, young man! Yet, not to feed thy valour
With hope of recompense to come from me,
For present satisfaction of what's past,
Ask anything that's fit for me to give
And thee to take, and be assured of it."

Ana. Excellent princess!

Vit. And styled worthily
The heart-blood, nay, the soul of soldiers.
But what was his request?

Lam. That the repeal
Of Alvarez makes plain: He humbly begg'd
His father's pardon, and so movingly
Told the sad story of your uncle's death,
That the infanta wept; and instantly
Granting his suit, working the arch-duke to it,
Their letters were directed to the king,
With whom they so prevailed, that Alvarez
Was freely pardon'd.

Vit. 'Tis not in the king
To make that good.

Ana. Not in the king? What subject
Dares contradict his power?

Vit. In this I dare,
And will; and not call his prerogative
In question, nor presume to limit it.
I know he is the master of his laws,
And may forgive the forfeits made to them,
But not the injury done to my honour:
And since (forgetting my brave uncle's merits,
And many services, under duke d'Alva)
He suffers him to fall, wresting from Justice
The powerful sword, that would revenge his death,
I'll fill with this Astrea's empty hand,
And in my just wreak make this arm the king's.
My deadly hate to Alvarez, and his house,
Which as I grew in years hath still increased,
(As if it call'd on Time to make me man)
Slept while it had no object for her fury,
But a weak woman, and her talk'd-of daughter;
But now, since there are quarries worth her flight,
Both in the father and his hopeful son,
I'll boldly cast her off, and gorge her full
With both their hearts: To further which, your friendship,
And oaths! Will your assistance let your deeds
Make answer to me? Useless are all words,
Till you have writ performance with your swords.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* ALVAREZ.

Enter BORADILLA *and* LUCIO *in woman's clothes.*

Lucio. Go, fetch my work. This ruff was not well starch'd,
So tell the maid; 't has too much blue in it:
And look you that the partridge and the pullen
Have clean meat and fresh water, or my mother
Is like to hear on't.

Bob. Oh, good St. Jaques, help me! Was there ever such a hermaphrodite heard of? Would any wench living, that should hear and see what I do, be wrought to believe, that the best of a man lies under this petticoat, and that a cod-piece were far fitter here than a pinn'd placket?

Lucio. You had best talk filthily, do; I have a tongue
To tell my mother, as well as ears to hear
Your ribaldry.

Bob. Nay, you have ten women's tongues that

way, I am sure!—Why, my young master, or mistress, madam, don, or what you will, what the devil have you to do with pullen or partridge? or to sit pricking on a clout all day?—You have a better needle, I know, and might make better work, if you had grace to use it.

Lucio. Why, how dare you speak this before me, sirrah?

Bob. Nay, rather, why dare not you do what I speak? Pox, though my lady, your mother, for fear of Vitelli and his faction, hath brought you up like her daughter, and has kept you these twenty years (which is ever since you were born) a close prisoner within doors; yet since you are a man, and are as well provided as other men are, methinks you should have the same motions of the flesh as other cavaliers of us are inclined unto.

Lucio. Indeed, you have cause to love those wanton motions,
They having holpe you to an excellent whipping,
For doing something (I but put you in mind of it)
With th' Indian maid, the governor sent my mother
From Mexico.

Bob. Why, I but taught her a Spanish trick in charity, and holpe the king to a subject, that may live to take Grave Maurice prisoner, and that was more good to the state, than a thousand such as you are ever like to do. And I will tell you, (in a fatherly care of the infant, I speak it) if he live (as, bless the babe, in passion I remember him!) to your years, shall he spend his time in pinning, painting, purling, and perfuming, as you do? No; he shall to the wars, use his Spanish pike, though with the danger of the lash, as his father has done; and when he is provoked, as I am now, draw his Toledo desperately, as—

Lucio. You will not kill me? Oh!

Bob. I knew this would silence him: How he hides his eyes!—If he were a wench now, as he seems, what an advantage had I, drawing two Toledos when one can do this! But—Oh me, my lady! I must put up.—Young master, I did but jest. Oh, Custom, what hast thou made of him!

Enter EUGENIA *and* STEPHANO.

Eug. For bringing this, be still my friend; no more
A servant to me.

Bob. What's the matter?

Eug. Here,
Even here, where I am happy to receive
Assurance of my Alvarez' return,
I will kneel down; and may those holy thoughts
That now possess me wholly, make this place
A temple to me, where I may give thanks
For this unhoped-for blessing, Heaven's kind hand
Hath pour'd upon me!

Lucio. Let my duty, madam,
Presume, if you have cause of joy, to entreat
I may share in it.

Bob. 'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted him yet.

Eug. Thou shalt: But first kneel with me, Lucio,
No more Posthumia now! thou hast a father,
A father living to take off that name,
Which my too-credulous fears, that he was dead,
Bestow'd upon thee. Thou shalt see him, Lucio,
And make him young again by seeing thee,
Who only hadst a being in my womb
When he went from me, Lucio. Oh, my joys
So far transport me, that I must forget
The ornaments of matrons, modesty,
And grave behaviour! But let all forgive me,
If in th' expression of my soul's best comfort,
Though old, I do a while forget mine age,
And play the wanton in the entertainment
Of those delights I have so long despaired of!

Lucio. Shall I then see my father?

Eug. This hour, Lucio;
Which reckon the beginning of thy life,
I mean that life in which thou shalt appear
To be such as I brought thee forth, a man.
This womanish disguise, in which I have
So long conceal'd thee, thou shalt now cast off,
And change those qualities thou didst learn from me
For masculine virtues; for which seek no tutor,
But let thy father's actions be thy precepts:—
And for thee, Zancho, now expect reward
For thy true service.

Bob. Shall I?—You hear, fellow Stephano? learn to know me more respectively!—How dost thou think I shall become the steward's chair? ha? will not these slender haunches shew well with a chain and a gold night-cap after supper, when I take the accounts?

Eug. Haste, and take down those blacks, with which my chamber
Hath, like the widow, her sad mistress, mourn'd,
And hang up for it the rich Persian arras,
Used on my wedding-night; for this to me
Shall be a second marriage! Send for music,
And will the cooks to use their best of cunning
To please the palate.

Bob. Will your ladyship have a potatoe-pie? 'Tis a good stirring dish for an old lady after a long Lent.

Eug. Begone, I say! Why, sir, you can go faster?

Bob. I could, madam; but I am now to practise the steward's pace; that's the reward I look for. Every man must fashion his gait according to his calling: You, fellow Stephano, may walk faster to overtake preferment; so, usher me.

Lucio. Pray, madam, let the waistcoat I last wrought
Be made up for my father! I will have
A cap, and boot-hose, suitable to it.

Eug. Of that
We'll think hereafter, Lucio; our thoughts now
Must have no object but thy father's welcome;
To which, thy help!

Lucio. With humble gladness, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Same.*

Enter ALVAREZ *and* CLARA *in man's attire.*

Alv. Where lost we Syavedra?

Clara. He was met,
Entering the city, by some gentlemen,
Kinsmen, as he said, of his own, with whom
For compliment-sake (for so I think he term'd it)
He was compell'd to stay; though I much wonder
A man that knows to do, and has done well
In the head of his troop, when the bold foe charged home,
Can learn so suddenly to abuse his time
In apish entertainment. For my part,
(By all the glorious rewards of war)
I had rather meet ten enemies in the field,

rn to fetch my head, than be brought on
ge an hour's discourse with one of these
city-fools, or tissue cavaliers,
ly gallants, as they wisely think)
a jewel, or a wanton kiss
court-lip, though painted.
My love Clara,
cio is a name thou must forget,
cio's bold behaviour) though thy breeding
amp, may plead something in the excuse
rough manners, custom having changed
not thy sex) the softness of thy nature,
rtune, then a cruel step-dame to thee,
d upon thy tender sweetness burdens
er, cold, wounds, want, such as would crack
ews of a man, not born a soldier;
w she smiles, and like a natural mother
ently on thee, Clara, entertain
ffer'd bounties with a willing bosom:
alt no more have need to use thy sword;
nty (which even Belgia hath not alter'd)
a stronger guard, to keep my Clara,
at has been (though never used but nobly:)
ow thus much——
. Sir, I know only that
s not with my duty to gain-say you
ing: I must and will put on
shion you think best, though I could wish
hat I appear.
Endeavour rather
hat you are, Clara; entering here,
were born, a woman. [*Music.*

Enter Eugenia, Lucio, *and* Servants.

Let choice music,
best voice that e'er touch'd human ear,
y hath tied my tongue up) speak your
welcome!
My soul (for thou givest new life to my
spirit) [*Embraces her.*
s of joy, though short in number of
tues, fall on thee! Oh, my Eugenia,
urance that I do embrace thee, makes
nty years of sorrow but a dream;
the nectar which I take from these
y age restored, and, like old Æson,
oung again.
My lord, long wish'd for, welcome!
weet briefness! yet in that short word
sures which I may call mine begin,
y they long increase, before they find
d period! Let mine eyes now surfeit
so-wish'd-for object, and my lips
destly pay back the parting kiss
sted with them, when you fled from Sevil,
ttle Clara, my sweet daughter! Lives she?
ould chide myself, having you here,
ng so covetous of all joys at once,
ire for her; you being alone, to me
ra, Lucio, my lord, myself,
ore than all the world!
As you to me are.
Sit down and let me feed upon the story
past dangers, now you are here in safety!
give relish, and fresh appetite
delights, if such delights can cloy me.
not, Alvarez! let me first yield you
t of my life in your absence, and
ou acquainted how I have preserved
el left lock'd up within my womb,
When you, in being forced to leave your country,
Suffer'd a civil death.
Alv. Do, my Eugenia;
'Tis that I most desire to hear.
Eug. Then know——
Alv. What noise is that? [*Within clashing of swords.*
Syav. [*Within.*] If you are noble enemies,
Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly!
Vit. [*Within.*] Stand off! I am too many of myself.

Enter Boradilla.

Bob. Murder, murder, murder! Your friend, my lord, Don Syavedra, is set upon in the streets, by your enemies, Vitelli and his faction: I am almost kill'd with looking on them. [sword,
Alv. I'll free him, or fall with him! Draw thy
And follow me! [*Exit.*
Clara. Fortune, I give thee thanks
For this occasion once more to use it. [*Exit.*
Bob. Nay, hold not me, madam! If I do any hurt, hang me.
Luc. Oh, I am dead with fear! Let's fly into
Your closet, mother.
Eug. No hour of my life
Secure of danger? Heaven be merciful,
Or עכר at once dispatch me!

Enter Vitelli, *pursued by* Alvarez *and* Syavedra, Clara *beating off* Anastro.

Clara. Follow him!
Leave me to keep these off.
Alv. Assault my friend,
So near my house?
Vit. Nor in it will spare thee,
Though 'twere a temple; and I'll make it one,
I being the priest, and thou the sacrifice,
I'll offer to my uncle.
Alv. Haste thou to him,
And say I sent thee! [*They fight.*
Clara. 'Twas put bravely by——
And that; yet he comes on, and boldly; rare!
I' th' wars, where emulation and example
Join to encrease the courage, and make less
The danger, valour, and true resolution
Never appeared so lovely—brave again!
Sure he is more than man; and if he fall,
The best of virtue, fortitude, would die with him:
And can I suffer it? forgive me, duty!
So I love valour, as I will protect it
Against my father, and redeem it, though
'Tis forfeited by one I hate.
Vit. Come on!
All is not lost yet: you shall buy me dearer
Before you have me; keep off.
Clara. Fear me not!
Thy worth has took me prisoner, and my sword
For this time knows thee only for a friend,
And to all else I turn the point of it.
Syav. Defend your father's enemy?
Alv. Art thou mad?
Clara. Are ye men rather! Shall that valour,
Begot you lawful honour in the wars, [which
Prove now the parent of an infamous bastard,
So foul, yet so long-lived, as murder will
Be to your shames? Have each of you, alone,
With your own dangers only, purchased glory
From multitudes of enemies, not allowing
Those nearest to you to have part in it,
And do you now join, and lend mutual help
Against a single opposite? Hath the mercy

Of the great king but newly wash'd away
The blood, that with the forfeit of your life
Cleaved to your name and family, like an ulcer,
In this again to set a deeper dye upon
Your infamy? You'll say he is your foe,
And by his rashness call'd on his own ruin;
Remember yet, he was first wrong'd, and honour
Spurr'd him to what he did; and next the place
Where now he is, your house, which by the laws
Of hospitable duty should protect him;
Have you been twenty years a stranger to it,
To make your entrance now in blood? or think you
Your countryman, a true-born Spaniard, will be
An offering fit to please the genius of it?
No; in this I'll presume to teach my father,
And this first act of disobedience shall
Confirm I am most dutiful.

Alv. I am pleased [*Aside.*
With what I dare not give allowance to.—
Unnatural wretch, what wilt thou do?

Clara. Set free
A noble enemy: Come not on! by Heaven,
You pass to him through me!—The way is open.
Farewell! when next I meet you, do not look for
A friend, but a vow'd foe; I see you worthy,
And therefore now preserve you, for the honour
Of my sword only.

Vit. Were this man a friend,
How would he win me, that, being my vow'd foe,
Deserves so well! I thank you for my life;
But how I shall deserve it, give me leave
Hereafter to consider. [*Exit.*

Alv. Quit thy fear;
All danger is blown over: I have letters
To the governor, in the king's name, to secure us
From such attempts hereafter; yet we need not,
That have such strong guards of our own, dread others;
And, to increase thy comfort, know, this young man,
Whom with such fervent earnestness you eye,
Is not what he appears, but such a one
As thou with joy wilt bless, thy daughter Clara.

Eug. A thousand blessings in that word!

Alv. The reason
Why I have bred her up thus, at more leisure
I will impart unto you: Wonder not
At what you have seen her do, it being the least
Of many great and valiant undertakings
She hath made good with honour.

Eug. I'll return
The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you, my Alvarez: You, in a man,
Have given to me a daughter; in a woman,
I give to you a son: This was the pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought up
Different from what he was, as you did Clara,
And with the like success; as she appears,
Alter'd by custom, more than woman, he,
Transform'd by his soft life, is less than man.

Alv. Fortune in this gives ample satisfaction
For all our sorrows past.

Lucio. My dearest sister!

Clara. Kind brother!

Alv. Now our mutual care must be
Employ'd, to help wrong'd Nature to recover
Her right in either of them, lost by custom:
To you I give my Clara, and receive
My Lucio to my charge; and we'll contend,
With loving industry, who soonest can
Turn this man woman, or this woman man.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter PACHECO *and* LAZARILLO.

Pach. Boy, my cloak, and rapier! it fits not a gentleman of my rank to walk the streets in *querpo.*

Laz. Nay you are a very rank gentleman, signor. I am very hungry; they tell me in Sevil here, I look like an eel with a man's head; and your neighbour the smith here hard by would have borrowed me the other day to have fish'd with me, because he had lost his angle-rod.

Pach. Oh, happy thou, Lazarillo, being the cause of other men's wits, as in thine own! Live lean and witty still: oppress not thy stomach too much: gross feeders, great sleepers; great sleepers, fat bodies; fat bodies, lean brains!—No, Lazarillo; I will make thee immortal, change thy humanity into deity, for I will teach thee to live upon nothing.

Laz. 'Faith, signor, I am immortal then already, or very near it, for I do live upon little or nothing. Belike that's the reason the poets are said to be immortal; for some of them live upon their wits, which is indeed as good as little or nothing. But, good master, let me be mortal still, and let us go to supper.

Pach. Be abstinent; show not the corruption of thy generation: he that feeds shall die, therefore, he that feeds not shall live.

Laz. Ay, but how long shall he live? there's the question.

Pach. As long as he can without feeding. Didst thou read of the miraculous maid in Flanders——

Laz. No, nor of any maid else; for the miracle of virginity now-a-days ceases, ere the virgin can read virginity.

Pach. She that lived three years without any other sustenance than the smell of a rose?

Laz. I heard of her, signor; but they say her guts shrunk all into lutestrings, and her nether parts clinged together like a serpent's tail; so that though she continued a woman still above the girdle, beneath yet she was monster.

Pach. So are most women, believe it.

Laz. Nay all women, signor, that can live only upon the smell of a rose.

Pach. No part of the history is fabulous.

Laz. I think rather, no part of the fable is historical. But for all this, sir, my rebellious stomach will not let me be immortal: I will be as immortal as mortal hunger will suffer. Put me to a certain stint, sir! allow me but a red herring a-day!

Pach. *O, de Dios!* Wouldst thou be gluttonous in thy delicacies?

Laz. He that eats nothing but a red herring a-day shall ne'er be broiled for the devil's rasher: a pilcher, signor, a surdiny, an olive, that I may be a philosopher first, and immortal after.

Pach. Patience, Lazarillo! let contemplation be thy food awhile: I say unto thee, one pease was a soldier's provant a whole day at the destruction of Jerusalem.

Laz. Ay, an it were anywhere but at the destruction of a place, I'll be hang'd.

Enter METALDI *and* MENDOZA.

Met. Signor Pachieco Alasto, my most ingenious cobler of Sevil, the *buenos noches* to your signory!

Pach. Signor Metaldi de Forgio! my most famous smith, and man of metal, I return your courtesy ten-fold, and do humble my bonnet beneath the shoe-sole of your congie. The like to you, signor Mendoza Pediculo de Vermini, my most exquisite hose-heeler!

Laz. Here's a greeting betwixt a cobler, a smith, and a botcher! they all belong to the foot, which makes them stand so much upon their gentry.

Mend. Signor Lazarillo!

Laz. Ah, signor, *sì!* Nay, we are all signors here in Spain, from the jakes-farmer to the grandee, or *adelantado*. This botcher looks as if he were dough-baked; a little butter now, and I could eat him like an oaten cake! his father's diet was new cheese and onions, when he got him: What a scallion-faced rascal 'tis!

Met. But why, signor Pachieco, do you stand so much on the priority and antiquity of your quality (as you call it) in comparison of ours?

Mend. Ay, your reason for that.

Pach. Why, thou iron-pated smith, and thou woollen-witted hose-heeler, hear what I will speak indifferently, and according to antient writers, of our three professions; and let the upright Lazarillo be both judge and moderator!

Laz. Still am I the most immortally hungry that may be!

Pach. Suppose thou wilt derive thy pedigree, like some of the old heroes, (as Hercules, Æneas, Achilles) lineally from the gods, making Saturn thy great-grandfather, and Vulcan thy father—Vulcan was a god——

Laz. He'll make Vulcan your godfather by-and-by.

Pach. Yet, I say, Saturn was a crabbed block-head, and Vulcan a limping horn-head; for Venus his wife was a strumpet, and Mars begat all her children: Therefore, however, thy original must of necessity spring from bastardy. Further, what can be a more deject spirit in man, than to lay his hands under every one's horses' feet, to do him service as thou dost?—For thee, I will be brief; thou dost botch, and not mend, thou art a hider of enormities, *viz.* scabs, chilblains, and kib'd heels; much prone thou art to sects, and heresies, disturbing state and government; for how canst thou be a sound member in the commonwealth, that art so subject to stitches in the ancles? blush and be silent then, oh, ye mechanics! compare no more with the politic cobler! for coblers in old time have prophesied; what may they do now then, that have every day waxed better and better? Have we not the length of every man's foot? Are we not daily menders? Yea, and what menders? Not horse-menders——

Laz. Nor manners-menders.

Pach. But sole-menders: Oh, divine coblers!—Do we not, like the wise man, spin our own threads, (or our wives for us?) Do we not, by our sowing the hide, reap the beef? Are not we of the gentle-craft, whilst both you are but craftsmen? You will say, you fear neither iron nor steel, and what you get is wrought out of the fire; I must answer you again though, all this is but forgery. You may likewise say, a man's a man, that has but a hose on his head: I must likewise answer, that man is a botcher that has a heel'd hose on his head. To conclude, there can be no comparison with the cobler, who is all in all in the commonwealth, has his politic eye and ends on every man's steps that walks, and whose course shall be lasting to the world's end.

Met. I give place: the wit of man is wonderful! Thou hast hit the nail on the head, and I will give thee six pots for't, though I ne'er clench shoe again.

Enter VITELLI *and* ALGUAZIER.

Pach. Who's this? Oh, our Alguazier; as arrant a knave as e'er wore one head under two offices; he is one side Alguazier.

Met. The other side Serjeant.

Mend. That's both sides carrion, I am sure.

Pach. This is he apprehends whores in the way of justice, and lodges 'em in his own house, in the way of profit. He with him is the grand don Vitelli, 'twixt whom and Fernando Alvarez the mortal hatred is: he is indeed my don's bawd, and does at this present lodge a famous courtezan of his, lately come from Madrid.

Vit. Let her want nothing, signor, she can ask:
What loss or injury you may sustain
I will repair, and recompense your love:
Only that fellow's coming I mislike,
And did forewarn her of him. Bear her this,
With my best love; at night I'll visit her.
[*Gives money.*

Alg. I rest your lordship's servant!

Vit. Good even, signors!
Oh, Alvarez, thou hast brought a son with thee
Both brightens and obscures our nation,
Whose pure strong beams on us shoot like the sun's
On baser fires. I would to heaven my blood
Had never stain'd thy bold unfortunate hand,
That with mine honour I might emulate,
Not persecute such virtue! I will see him,
Though with the hazard of my life; no rest
In my contentious spirits can I find,
Till I have gratified him in like kind. [*Exit.*

Alg. I know ye not! what are ye? Hence, ye base bisognios!

Pach. Marry, Cazzo! Signor Alguazier, do you not know us?—Why, we are your honest neighbours, the cobler, smith, and botcher, that have so often sat snoring cheek by joll with your signory, in rug at midnight.

Laz. Nay, good signor, be not angry; you must understand, a cat and such an officer see best in the dark.

Met. By this hand, I could find in my heart to shoe his head!

Pach. Why then we know you, signor! Thou mungril, begot at midnight, at the gaol-gate, by a

beadle on a catchpole's wife, are not you he that was whipt out of Toledo for perjury?

Mend. Next condemn'd to the gallies for pilfery, to the bull's pizzle?

Met. And after called to the inquisition for apostacy?

Pach. Are not you he that, rather than you durst go an industrious voyage, being press'd, to the islands, skulked till the fleet was gone, and then earned your rial a-day by squiring punks and punklings up and down the city?

Laz. Are not you a Portuguese born, descended o' the Moors, and came hither into Sevil with your master, an arrant tailor, in your red bonnet, and your blue jacket lousy; though now your block-head be covered with the Spanish block, and your lashed shoulders with a velvet pee?

Pach. Are not you he that have been of thirty callings, yet ne'er a one lawful; that being a chandler first, professed sincerity, and would sell no man mustard to his beef on the sabbath, and yet sold hypocrisy all your life-time?

Met. Are not you he, that were since a surgeon to the stews, and undertook to cure, what the church itself could not, strumpets? that rise to your office by being a great don's bawd?

Laz. That commit men nightly, offenceless, for the gain of a groat a prisoner, which your beadle seems to put up, when you share three-pence?

Mend. Are not you he that is a kisser of men, in drunkenness, and a betrayer in sobriety?

Alg. Diablo! They'll rail me into the gallies again.

Pach. Yes, signor, thou art even he we speak of all this while. Thou mayst, by thy place now, lay us by the heels, 'tis true; but take heed; be wiser, pluck not ruin on thine own head; for never was there such an anatomy, as we shall make thee then; be wise, therefore, Oh, thou child of the night! Be friends, and shake hands. Thou art a proper man, if thy beard were redder: remember thy worshipful function, a constable; though thou turnest day into night, and night into day, what of that?—Watch less, and pray more: gird thy bear-skin (viz. thy rug-gown) to thy loins; take thy staff in thy hand, and go forth at mid-night: let not thy mittens abate the talons of thy authority, but gripe theft and whoredom, wheresoever thou meet'st 'em; bear 'em away like a tempest, and lodge 'em safely in thine own house.

Laz. Would you have whores and thieves lodged in such a house?

Pach. They ever do so; I have found a thief or a whore there when the whole suburbs could not furnish me.

Laz. But why do they lodge there?

Pach. That they may be safe and forth-coming; for in the morning usually, the thief is sent to the gaol, and the whore prostrates herself to the justice.

Mend. Admirable Pachieco!

Met. Thou cobler of Christendom!

Alg. [*Aside.*] There is no railing with these rogues: I will close with 'em, till I can cry quittance.—Why, signors, and my honest neighbours, will ye impute that as a neglect of my friends, which is an imperfection in me? I have been sandolind from my infancy; to make you amends, you shall sup with me.

Laz. Shall we sup with ye, sir? O' my conscience, they have wrong'd the gentleman extremely.

Alg. And after supper, I have a project to employ you in, shall make you drink and eat merrily this month. I am a little knavish; why, and do not I know all you to be knaves?

Pach. I grant you, we are all knaves, and will be your knaves; but oh, while you live, take heed of being a proud knave!

Alg. On then, pass; I will bear out my staff, and my staff shall bear out me.

Laz. Oh, Lazarillo, thou art going to supper.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* ALVAREZ' *House. Arms hanging on the Wall.*

Enter LUCIO *in man's attire, and* BOBADILLA.

Lucio. Pray be not angry.

Bob. I am angry, and I will be angry. Diabolo! what should you do in the kitchen? Cannot the cooks lick their fingers without your overseeing? nor the maids make pottage, except your dog's head be in the pot? Don Lucio? Don Quot-Quean, don Spinster! wear a petticoat still, and put on your smock a' Monday; I will have a baby o' clouts made for it, like a great girl! Nay, if you will needs be starching of ruffs, and sowing of black-work, I will, of a mild and loving tutor, become a tyrant: your father has committed you to my charge, and I will make a man or a mouse on you.

Lucio. What would you have me do? This scurvy sword
So galls my thigh, I would 'twere burnt!—Pish, look,
This cloak will ne'er keep on; these boots too hide bound,
Make me walk stiff, as if my legs were frozen,
And my spurs jingle like a morris-dancer:
Lord, how my head aches with this roguish hat!
This masculine attire is most uneasy,
I am bound up in it; I had rather walk
In folio again, loose, like a woman.

Bob. In *foolio*, had you not?
Thou mock to Heaven, and Nature, and thy parents!
Thou tender leg of lamb! Oh, how he walks
As if he had bepiss'd himself, and fleers!
Is this a gait for the young cavalier,
Don Lucio, son and heir to Alvarez?
Has it a corn? or does it walk on conscience,
It treads so gingerly? Come on your ways!
Suppose me now your father's foe, Vitelli,
And spying you i' the street, thus I advance:
I twist my beard, and then I draw my sword.

Lucio. Alas!

Bob. And thus accost thee: "Traitorous brat,
How durst thou thus confront me? impious twig
Of that old stock, dewed with my kinsman's gore,
Draw! for I'll quarter thee in pieces four."

Lucio. Nay, pr'ythee, Bobadilla, leaving thy fooling,
Put up thy sword. I will not meddle with you.
Ay, justle me, I care not, I'll not draw;
Pray be a quiet man.

Bob. Do ye hear! answer me, as you would do don Vitelli, or I'll be so bold as to lay the pommel of my sword over the hilts of your head!—"My name's Vitelli, and I'll have the wall."

Lucio. "Why then,
I'll have the kennel. What a coil you keep?
Signor, what happen'd 'twixt my sire and your
Kinsman, was long before I saw the world;
No fault of mine, nor will I justify
My father's crimes: Forget, sir, and forgive,
'Tis Christianity. I pray put up your sword;
I'll give you any satisfaction,
That may become a gentleman. However,
I hope you are bred to more humanity,
Than to revenge my father's wrong on me,
That crave your love and peace." Law-you-now, Zancho,
Would not this quiet him, were he ten Vitellis?

Bob. Oh, craven-chicken of a cock o' th' game! Well, what remedy?—Did thy father see this, o' my conscience, he would cut off thy masculine gender, crop thine ears, beat out thine eyes, and set thee in one of the pear-trees for a scare-crow! as I am Vitelli, I am satisfied; but as I am Bobadilla Spindola Zancho, steward of the house, and thy father's servant, I could find in my heart to lop off the hinder part of thy face, or to beat all thy teeth into thy mouth! Oh, thou whey-blooded milksop, I'll wait upon thee no longer; thou shalt even wait upon me. Come your ways, sir; I shall take a little pains with you else.

Enter CLARA, *in female habit.*

Clara. Where art thou, brother Lucio?—Ran tan tan ta, ran tan ran tan tan, ta ran tan tan tan! —Oh, I shall no more see those golden days! These clothes will never fadge with me: A pox o' this filthy fardingale, this hip-hape!—Brother, why are women's haunches only limited, confined, hoop'd in as it were, with these same scurvy vardingales?

Bob. Because women's haunches only are most subject to display and fly out.

Clara. Bobadilla, rogue, ten ducats, I hit the prepuce of thy cod-piece!

Lucio. Hold, if you love my life, sister! I am not Zancho Bobadilla; I am your brother Lucio. What a fright you have put me in!

Clara. Brother? and wherefore thus?

Lucio. Why, master steward here, signor Zancho made me change: He does nothing but misuse me, and call me coward, and swears I shall wait upon him.

Bob. Well! I do no more than I have authority for.—'Would I were away though! [*Aside.*] For she's as much too mannish, as he too womanish: I dare not meddle with her; yet I must set a good face on it, if I had it—I have like charge of you, madam; I am as well to mollify you as to qualify him. What have you to do with armors, and pistols, and javelins, and swords, and such tools? Remember, mistress, Nature hath given you a sheath only, to signify women are to put up men's weapons, not to draw them!—Look you now, is this a fit trot for a gentlewoman? You shall see the court-ladies move like goddesses, as if they trod air; they will swim you their measures, like whiting-mops, as if their feet were fins, and the hinges of their knees oil'd. Do they love to ride great horses as you do? no; they love to ride great asses sooner. 'Faith, I know not what to say to ye both: Custom hath turn'd Nature topsy-turvy in you.

Clara. Nay, but master steward!

Bob. You cannot trot so fast, but he ambles as slowly.

Clara. Signor Spindle! will you hear me?

Bob. He that shall come to bestride your virginity had better be a-foot o'er the dragon.

Clara. Very well!

Bob. Did ever Spanish lady pace so?

Clara. Hold these a little! [*Takes a truncheon from the wall.*

Lucio. I'll not touch 'em, I.

Clara. First do I break your office o'er your pate,
You dog-skin-faced rogue, pilcher, you Poor-John!
Which I will beat to stock-fish. [*Beats him.*

Lucio. Sister!

Bob. Madam!

Clara. You cittern-head! who have you talk'd to, ha?
You nasty, stinking, and ill-countenanced cur!

Bob. By this hand I'll bang your brother for this, when I get him alone.

Clara. How! Kick him, Lucio! He shall kick you, Bob,
Spite o' thy nose; that's flat. Kick him, I say,
Or I will kick thy head off!

Bob. Softly, you had best! [LUCIO *kicks him.*

Clara. Now, thou lean, dried, and ominous-visaged knave,
Thou false and peremptory steward, pray!
For I will hang thee up in thine own chain!

Lucio. Good sister, do not choak him.

Bob. Murder! murder! [*Exit.*

Clara. Well! I shall meet with ye.—Lucio, who bought this?
'Tis a reasonable good one; but there hangs one,
Spain's champion ne'er used truer; with this staff
Old Alvarez has led up men so close,
They could almost spit in the cannon's mouth;
Whilst I with that, and this, well mounted, skirr'd
A horse-troop through and through, like swift Desire,
And seen poor rogues retire, all gore, and gash'd
Like bleeding shads.

Lucio. Bless us, sister Clara,
How desperately you talk! What do ye call
This gun? a dag?

Clara. I'll give't thee; a French petronel.
You never saw my Barbary, the Infanta
Bestow'd upon me, as yet, Lucio:
Walk down, and see it.

Lucio. What, into the stable?
Not I; the jades will kick: The poor groom there
Was almost spoil'd the other day.

Clara. Fy on thee!
Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.

Lucio. When will you be a woman?

Clara. 'Would I were none!
But Nature's privy seal assures me one.

Enter ALVAREZ *and* BOBADILLA.

Alv. Thou anger'st me! Can strong habitual custom
Work with such magic on the mind and manners,
In spite of sex and Nature? Find out, sirrah,
Some skilful fighter.

Bob. Yes, sir.

Alv. I will rectify
And redeem either's proper inclination.
Or bray 'em in a mortar, and new-mold 'em.

Bob. Believe your eyes, sir; I tell you, we wash an Ethiop. [*Exit.*

Clara. I strike it, for ten ducats.

Alv. How now, Clara,
Your breeches on still? And your petticoat
Not yet off, Lucio? art thou not gelt?
Or did the cold Muscovite beget thee,
That lay here lieger, in the last great frost?
Art not thou, Clara, turn'd a man indeed
Beneath the girdle? and a woman thou?
I'll have you search'd; by Heaven, I strongly doubt!
We must have these things mended. Come, go in! [*Exit.*

Enter VITELLI *and* BORADILLA.

Bob. With Lucio, say you? There he is for you.

Vit. And there is for thee. [*Gives money.*

Bob. I thank you. You have now bought a little advice of me: If you chance to have conference with that lady there, be very civil, or look to your head! She has ten nails, and you have but two eyes: If any foolish hot motions should chance to rise in the horizon, under your equinoctial there, qualify it as well as you can, for I fear the elevation of your pole will not agree with the horoscope of her constitution: She is Bell and the Dragon, I assure you. [*Exit.*

Vit. Are you the Lucio, sir, that saved Vitelli?

Lucio. Not I, indeed, sir; I did never brabble: There walks that Lucio metamorphosed. [*Exit.*

Vit. Do you mock me?

Clara. No, he does not: I am that
Supposed Lucio that was, but Clara
That is, and daughter unto Alvarez.

Vit. Amazement daunts me! 'Would my life
So you were still my fair expositor! [were riddles,
Protected by a lady from my death?
Oh, I shall wear an everlasting blush
Upon my cheek from this discovery!
Oh, you, the fairest soldier I e'er saw,
Each of whose eyes, like a bright beamy shield,
Conquers without blows, the contentious——

Clara. Sir, guard yourself; you are in your
And may be injured. [enemy's house,

Vit. 'Tis impossible:
Foe, nor oppressing odds, dares prove Vitelli,
If Clara side him, and will call him friend.
I would the difference of our bloods were such
As might with any shift be wiped away!
Or 'would to Heaven yourself were all your name;
That, having lost blood by you, I might hope
To raise blood from you! But my black-wing'd
Hovers aversely over that fond hope; [fate
And he whose tongue thus gratifies the daughter
And sister of his enemy, wears a sword
To rip the father and the brother up:
Thus you, that saved this wretched life of mine,
Have saved it to the ruin of your friends.
That my affections should promiscuously
Dart love and hate at once, both worthily!
Pray let me kiss your hand!

Clara. You are treacherous,
And come to do me mischief.

Vit. Speak on still;
Your words are falser, fair, than my intents,
And each sweet accent far more treacherous; for
Though you speak ill of me, you speak so well
I do desire to hear you.

Clara. Pray be gone;
Or, kill me if you please.

Vit. Oh, neither can I:
For, to be gone were to destroy my life;
And to kill you were to destroy my soul.
I am in love, yet must not be in love!
I'll get away apace. Yet, valiant lady,
Such gratitude to honour I do owe,
And such obedience to your memory,
That if you will bestow something, that I
May wear about me, it shall bind all wrath,
My most inveterate wrath, from all attempts,
Till you and I meet next.

Clara. A favour, sir?
Why, I'll give you good counsel.

Vit. That already
You have bestow'd; a ribbon, or a glove——

Clara. Nay, those are tokens for a waiting-maid
To trim the butler with.

Vit. Your feather——

Clara. Fy!
The wenches give them to the serving-men.

Vit. That little ring——

Clara. 'Twill hold you but by th' finger;
And I would have you faster.

Vit. Anything
That I may wear, and but remember you.

Clara. This smile; my good opinion; or myself!
But that, it seems, you like not.

Vit. Yes; so well,
When any smiles, I will remember yours;
Your good opinion shall in weight poize me
Against a thousand ill; lastly, yourself
My curious eye now figures in my heart,
Where I will wear you till the table break.
So, whitest angels guard you!

Clara. Stay, sir; I
Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly
May not disdain to wear.

Vit. What's that?

Clara. This sword.—
I never heard a man speak till this hour: [*Aside*
His words are golden chains, and now I fear
The lioness hath met a tamer here:
Fy, how his tongue chimes!—What was I saying?
Oh, this favour I bequeath you, which I tie
In a love-knot, fast, ne'er to hurt my friends;
Yet be it fortunate 'gainst all your foes
(For I have neither friend, nor foe, but yours)
As e'er it was to me! I have kept it long,
And value it, next my virginity.—
But, good, return it; for I now remember
I vow'd, who purchased it should have me too.

Vit. 'Would that were possible! but, alas, 'tis not:
Yet this assure yourself, most honoured Clara,
I'll not infringe an article of breath
My vow hath offer'd to you; nor from this part
Whilst it hath edge, or point, or I a heart. [*Exit.*

Clara. Oh, leave me living!—What new exer-
Is crept into my breast, that blancheth clean [cise
My former nature? I begin to find
I am a woman, and must learn to fight
A softer sweeter battle than with swords.
I am sick methinks; but the disease I feel
Pleaseth and punisheth. I warrant, love
Is very like this, that folks talk of so;
I skill not what it is, yet sure even here,
Even in my heart, I sensibly perceive
It glows, and riseth like a glimmering flame,
But know not yet the essence on't, nor name.
[*Exit*

ACT III.

I.—*A Room in the* ALGUAZIER'S *House.*

Enter MALBODA *and* ALGUAZIER.

He must not? nor he shall not? who
shall let him?
tic Diego, with your face of wisdom!
t! The pox upon your aphorisms,
ve and sage ale-physiognomy!
know thee for the Alguazier,
unghill all the parish scavengers
ver rid? Thou comedy to men
erious folly is a butt for all
their wits at; whilst thou hast not wit,
t, to answer, or be angry!
Lady!
Peace, peace, you rotten rogue, supported by
rottener office! Dare you check
cesses that I will allow?
s my friend, and visits me
sort, to espouse me as his wife;
will cross, or shall, our interviews?
w me, sirrah, for no chambermaid,
t her belly and her waistcoat lately.
nk'st thy constableship is much! not so;
offices to thee: Ay, thy house,
e and office is maintained by me.
My house-of-office is maintain'd i' th'
garden!
I know you; and I have contrived,
a delinquent) but I have contrived
, though not in the third degree:
, black's your eye, though it be grey;
nnived at this your friend, and you;
is got by this connivency?
feature well; a proper man,
discourse, fine conversation,
and a great carrier of the business,
easted as the nightingale or thrush!
st tell you, you forget yourself;
Vitelli's love, and maintenance,
no other Jack i' th' box, but he.
ugh he gather'd first the golden fruit,
your pigs-coat up into a blister,
u did wait at court upon his mother;
ot well provided for the bairn?
hat profit reap I by the other?
ll have me serve your pleasure, lady,
asure must accommodate my service;
be virtuous and poor, as not
y my knavery; all the world would be
osper'd goodness like to villainy.
king's vicegerent by my place;
lieutenant in mine own precinct.
Thou art a right rascal in all men's precincts!
my pair of twins, of fool and knave,
are friends; there's gold for thee: Admit
will have, and keep it from my don,
ll make thee richer than thou art wise:
lt be my bawd, and my officer;
lren shall eat still, my good night-owl,
old wife sell andirons to the court,
nanced by the dons, and wear a hood,
p my garden-house; I'll call her mother,
er, my good poisonous red-hair'd devil,
shall daily be thy sacrifice,
Wrought from a fertile island of mine own,
Which I will offer like an Indian queen.
Alg. And I will be thy devil, thou my flesh,
With which I'll catch the world.
Malr. Fill some tobacco,
And bring it in. If Piorato come
Before my don, admit him; if my don
Before my love, conduct him, my dear devil!
[*Exit.*
Alg. I will, my dear flesh.—First come, first served: Well said!—
Oh, equal Heaven, how wisely thou disposest
Thy several gifts! One's born a great rich fool,
For the subordinate knave to work upon;
Another's poor with wit's addition,
Which, well or ill used, builds a living up,
And that too from the sire oft descends;
Only fair virtue, by traduction
Never succeeds, and seldom meets success:
What have I then to do with't? My free will,
Left me by Heaven, makes me or good or ill.
Now since vice gets more in this vicious world
Than piety, and my stars' confluence
Enforce my disposition to affect
Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practise
War, and grow that way great; religious,
And that way good! My chief felicity
Is wealth, the nurse of sensuality:
And he that mainly labours to be rich,
Must scratch great scabs, and claw a strumpet's itch.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street before the same.*

Enter PIORATO *and* BORADILLA.

Pio. To say, sir, I will wait upon your lord,
Were not to understand myself.
Bob. To say, sir,
You will do anything but wait upon him,
Were not to understand my lord.
Pio. I'll meet him
Some half-hour hence, and doubt not but to render
His son a man again: The cure is easy;
I have done divers.
Bob. Women do you mean, sir?
Pio. Cures I do mean, sir. Be there but one
Of fire remaining in him unextinct, [spark
With my discourse I'll blow it to a flame,
And with my practice into action.
I have had one so full of childish fear,
And womanish-hearted, sent to my advice,
He durst not draw a knife to cut his meat.
Bob. And how, sir, did you help him?
Pio. Sir, I kept him
Seven days in a dark room by candle-light,
A plenteous table spread, with all good meats,
Before his eyes, a case of keen broad knives
Upon the board, and he so watch'd he might not
Touch the least modicum, unless he cut it;
And thus I brought him first to draw a knife.
Bob. Good!
Pio. Then for ten days did I diet him
Only with burnt pork, sir, and gammons of bacon
A pill of caviary now and then,
Which breeds choler adust, you know —
Bob. 'Tis true.

Malr. Do you ask?
You are marrying! having made me unfit
For any man, you leave me fit for all:
Porters must be my burdens now, to live;
And fitting me yourself for carts and beadles,
You leave me to 'em: And who, of all the world,
But the virago, your great arch-foe's daughter?
But on! I care not this poor rush! 'Twill breed
An excellent comedy; ha! ha! It makes me laugh;
I cannot chuse. The best is, some report
It is a match for fear, not love, o' your side.
Vit. Why, how the devil knows she that I saw [*Aside.*
This lady? are all whores pieced with some witch?
I will be merry.—'Faith, 'tis true, sweetheart,
I am to marry——
Malr. Are you? You base lord!
By Heaven, I'll pistol thee.
Vit. A roaring whore!—
Take heed! there's a correction-house hard by.
You ha' learn'd this o' your swordman, that I warn'd you of,
Your fencers and your drunkards. But whereas
You upbraid me with oaths, why, I must tell you
I ne'er promised you marriage, nor have vow'd,
But said I love you, long as you remain'd
The woman I expected, or you swore:
And how you have fail'd of that, sweetheart, you know.
You fain would shew your power; but, fare you well!
I'll keep no more faith with an infidel.
Malr. Nor I my bosom for a Turk. Do ye hear?
Go! and the devil take me, if ever
I see you more! I was too true.
Vit. Come; pish!
That devil take the falsest of us two!
Malr. Amen!
Vit. You're an ill clerk, and curse yourself:
Madness transports you. I confess, I drew you
Unto my will; but you must know that must not
Make me dote on the habit of my sin:
I will, to settle you to your content,
Be master of my word. And yet he lied,
That told you I was marrying but in thought:
But will you slave me to your tyranny
So cruelly, I shall not dare to look
Or speak to other women? make me not
Your smock's monopoly. Come, let's be friends!
Look, here's a jewel for thee: I will come
At night, and——
Malr. What? I'faith you shall not, sir.
Vit. I'faith and troth, and verily, but I will.
Malr. Half drunk, to make a noise, and rail?
Vit. No, no;
Sober, and dieted for the nonce. I am thine!
I have won the day.
Malr. The night, though, shall be mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* ALVAREZ' *House.*

Enter CLARA *and* BORADILLA.

Clara. What said he, sirrah?
Bob. Little, or nothing. 'Faith, I saw him not,
Nor will not: He doth love a strumpet, mistress,
Nay, keeps her spitefully, under the constable's nose:
It shall be justified by the gentleman,
Your brother's master, that is now within
A-practising. There are your letters! Come,
You shall not cast yourself away while I live;
Nor will I venture my right-worshipful place
In such a business. Here's your mother (down!)
And he that loves you; another 'gates fellow—
I wish if you had any grace——
Clara. Well, rogue! [*Sits and works.*
Bob. I'll in,
To see don Lucio manage: He will make
A pretty piece of flesh, I promise you;
He does already handle his weapon finely. [*Exit.*

Enter EUGENIA *and* SYAVEDRA.

Eug. She knows your love, sir, and the full allowance
Her father and myself approve it with;
And I must tell you, I much hope it hath
Wrought some impression, by her alteration:
She sighs, and says *forsooth*, and cries *heigh-ho!*
She'll take ill words o' th' steward, and the servants,
Yet answer affably, and modestly;
Things, sir, not usual with her. There she is;
Change some few words.
Syav. Madam, I am bound to you.—
How now, fair mistress? working?
Clara. Yes, forsooth;
Learning to live another day.
Syav. That needs not.
Clara. No, forsooth? by my truly, but it does:
We know not what we may come to.
Eug. 'Tis strange!
Syav. Come, I ha' begg'd leave for you to play.
Clara. Forsooth,
'Tis ill for a fair lady to be idle.
Syav. She had better be well busied, I know that.
Turtle, methinks you mourn; shall I sit by you?
Clara. If you be weary, sir, you had best be gone;
I work not a true stitch, now you're my mate.
Syav. If I be so, I must do more than side you.
Clara. Even what you will, but tread me.
Syav. Shall we bill?
Clara. Oh, no, forsooth.
Syav. Being so fair, my Clara,
Why do you delight in black-work?
Clara. Oh, white sir,
The fairest ladies like the blackest men:
I ever loved the colour; all black things
Are least subject to change.
Syav. Why, I do love
A black thing too; and the most beauteous faces
Have oftnest of them; as the blackest eyes,
Jet-arched brows, such hair. I'll kiss your hand.
Clara. 'Twill hinder me my work, sir; and my mother
Will chide me if I do not do my task.
Syav. Your mother, nor your father, shall chide—You
Might have a prettier task, would you be ruled,
And look with open eyes.
Clara. I stare upon you,
And broadly see you; a wond'rous proper man!
Yet 'twere a greater task for me to love you,
Than I shall ever work, sir, in seven year.
Plague o' this stitching! I had rather feel
Two, than sow one.—This rogue has given me a stitch [*Aside.*
Clean cross my heart.—Good faith, sir, I shall prick you!
Syav. In gooder faith, I would prick you again!

Clara. Now you grow troublesome! Pish, the man's foolish!
Syav. Pray wear these trifles.
Clara. Neither you, nor trifles:
You are a trifle; wear yourself, sir, out,
And here no more trifle the time away.
Syav. Come, you're deceived in me; I will not wake,
Nor fast, nor die for you.
Clara. Goose, be not you deceived!
I cannot like, nor love, nor live with you,
Nor fast, nor watch, nor pray for you.
Eug. Her old fit!
Syav. [*Aside.*] Sure this is not the way.—Nay, I will break
Your melancholy——
Clara. I shall break your pate then.
Away, you sanguine scabbard!
Eug. Out upon thee!
Thou'lt break my heart, I am sure.
Syav. She's not yet tame.

Enter ALVAREZ; PIORATO *and* LUCIO, *fencing, and* BORADILLA.

Alv. On, sir! put home! or I shall goad you here
With this old fox of mine, that will bite better.
Oh, the brave age is gone! In my young days
A chevalier would stock a needle's point
Three times together: Strait i' th' hams!
Or shall I give you new garters?
Bob. 'Faith, old master,
There's little hope; the linen sure was dank
He was begot in, he's so faint and cold!
Even send him to Toledo, there to study;
For he will never fadge with these Toledos.
Bear ye up your point there, pick his teeth! Oh, base!
Pio. Fy! you are the most untoward scholar!—Bear
Your body gracefully; what a posture's there!
You lie too open-breasted.
Lucio. Oh!
Pio. You would
Never make a good statesman.
Lucio. Pray, no more!
I hope to breathe in peace, and therefore need not
The practice of these dangerous qualities:
I do not mean to live by't, for I trust
You'll leave me better able.
Alv. Not a button!
Eugenia, let's go get us a new heir.
Eug. Ay, by my troth, your daughter's as untoward.
Alv. I will break thee bone by bone, and bake thee, ere
I will ha' such a wooden son to inherit.—
Take him a good knock; see how that will work.
Pio. Now for your life, signor!
Lucio. Oh, alas, I am kill'd!
My eye is out! Look, father! Zancho!
I'll play the fool no more thus, that I will not.
Clara. 'Heart, ne'er a rogue in Spain shall wrong my brother,
Whilst I can hold a sword. [*Thrusts at* PIORATO.
Pio. Hold, madam, madam!
Alv. Clara!
Eug. Daughter!
Bob. Mistress!
Pio. *Bradamante!*
Hold, hold, I pray.
Alv. The devil's in her, o' the other side sure!—
There's gold for you.—They have changed what-ye-call't's.
Will no cure help? Well, I have one experiment,
And if that fail, I'll hang him; then there's an end on't.
Come you along with me! and you, sir!
Bob. Now are you going to drowning.
[*Exeunt* ALVAREZ, EUGENIA, LUCIO, *and* BORADILLA.
Syav. I'll even along with ye; she's too great a lady
For me, and would prove more than my match.
[*Exit.*
Clara. You are he spoke of Vitelli to the steward?
Pio. Yes; and, I thank you, you have beat me for't.
Clara. But are you sure you do not wrong him?
Pio. Sure?
So sure, that, if you please venture yourself,
I'll shew you him and his cockatrice together,
And you shall hear 'em talk.
Clara. Will you? By Heaven, sir
You shall endear me ever; and I ask
You mercy!
Pio. You were somewhat boisterous.
Clara. There's gold to make ye amends; and for this pains,
I'll gratify you further. I'll but mask me,
And walk along with ye. 'Faith, let's make a night on't! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—NIGHT. *A Street.*

Enter ALGUAZIER, PACHECO, MENDOZA, METALDI, *and* LAZARILLO.

Alg. Come on, my brave water-spaniels! you that hunt ducks in the night, and hide more knavery under your gowns than your betters! Observe my precepts, and edify by my doctrine. At yond corner will I set you: If drunkards molest the street, and fall to brabbling, knock you down the malefactors, and take you up their cloaks and hats, and bring them to me; they are lawful prisoners, and must be ransom'd ere they receive liberty. What else you are to execute upon occasion, you sufficiently know, and therefore I abbreviate my lecture.
Met. We are wise enough, and warm enough.
Mend. Vice this night shall be apprehended!
Pach. The terror of rug-gowns shall be known, and our bills discharge us of after-reckonings.
Laz. I will do anything, so I may eat!
Pach. Lazarillo, we will spend no more; now we are grown worse, we will live better; let us follow our calling faithfully.
Alg. Away then! the commonwealth is our mistress; and who would serve a common mistres, but to gain by her? [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter VITELLI, LAMORAL, GENEVORA, ANASTRO, *and two* Pages *with Lights.*

Lam. I pray you see the masque, my lord.
Ana. 'Tis early night yet.
Gen. Oh, if it be so late, take me along;
I would not give advantage to ill tongues
To tax my being here, without your presence
To be my warrant.
Vit. You might spare this, sister,
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is,
By your allowance, and his choice, your servant,
And, may my counsel and persuasion work it,
Your husband speedily.—For your entertainment
My thanks! I will not rob you of the means
To do your mistress some acceptable service,
In waiting on her to my house.
Gen. My lord——
Vit. As you respect me, without further trouble
Retire, and taste those pleasures prepared for you,
And leave me to my own ways.
Lam. When you please, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the* ALGUAZIER'S *House with a Gallery.*

Enter MALRODA *and* ALGUAZIER.

Malr. You'll leave my chamber?
Alg. Let us but bill once,
My dove, my sparrow, and I, with my office,
Will be thy slaves for ever.
Malr. Are you so hot?
Alg. But taste the difference of a man in place:
You'll find that, when authority pricks him forward,
Your don, nor yet your Diego, comes not near him,
To do a lady right! No men pay dearer
For their stolen sweets than we; three minutes' trading
Affords to any sinner a protection
For three years after; think on that. I burn!
But one drop of your bounty——
Malr. Hence, you rogue!
Am I fit for you? is't not grace sufficient
To have your staff a bolt to bar the door
Where a don enters, but that you'll presume
To be his taster?
Alg. Is no more respect
Due to this rod of justice?
Malr. Do you dispute?
Good doctor of the dungeon, not a word more!
Pox! if you do, my lord Vitelli knows it.
Alg. Why, I am big enough to answer him,
Or any man.
Malr. 'Tis well!
Vit. [*Within.*] Malroda!
Alg. How?
Malr. You know the voice; and now crouch like a cur
Ta'en worrying sheep: I now could have you gelded
For a bawd rampant; but, on this submission,
For once I spare you.
Alg. [*Aside.*] I will be revenged!—

Enter VITELLI.

My honourable lord.
Vit. There's for thy care.
Alg. I am mad, stark mad! Proud Pagan! scorn her host? [*Aside.*
I would I were but valiant enough to kick her!
I would wish no manhood else.
Malr. What's that?
Alg. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Enter PIORATO *and* CLARA, *above.*

Pio. You see I have kept my word.
Clara. But in this object
Hardly deserved my thanks.
Pio. Is there aught else
You will command me?
Clara. Only your sword,
Which I must have. Nay, willingly! I yet know
To force it, and to use it.
Pio. 'Tis yours, lady.
Clara. I ask no other guard.
Pio. If so, I leave you.
And now, if that the constable keep his word,
A poorer man may chance to gull a lord. [*Exit.*
Malr. By this good kiss, you shall not.
Vit. By this kiss,
I must, and will, Malroda! What, do you make
A stranger of me?
Malr. I'll be so to you,
And you shall find it.
Vit. These are your old arts,
To endear the game you know I come to hunt for;
Which I have borne too coldly.
Malr. Do so still!
For if I heat you, hang me!
Vit. If you do not,
I know who'll starve for't. Why, thou shame of women,
Whose folly or whose impudence is greater
Is doubtful to determine! This to me,
That know thee for a whore?
Malr. And made me one;
Remember that!
Vit. Why, should I but grow wise,
And tie that bounty up, which nor discretion
Nor honour can give way to, thou wouldst be
A bawd ere twenty; and, within a month,
A barefoot, lowsy, and diseased whore,
And shift thy lodgings oftner than a rogue
That's whipt from post to post.
Malr. Pish! all our college
Know you can rail well in this kind.
Clara. For me
He never spake so well!
Vit. I have maintain'd thee
The envy of great fortunes; made thee shine
As if thy name were glorious; stuck thee ful.
Of jewels, as the firmament of stars;
And in it made thee so remarkable,
That it grew questionable whether Virtue poor,
Or Vice so set forth as it is in thee,
Were even by Modesty's self to be preferr'd:
And am I thus repaid?
Malr. You are still my debtor!
Can this, though true, be weigh'd with my lost honour,
Much less my faith? I have lived private to you,
And but for you had ne'er known what lust was,
Nor what the sorrow for't.

Vit. 'Tis false!
Malr. 'Tis true!
But how return'd by you? thy whole life being
But one continued act of lust, and shipwreck
Of women's chastities.
Vit. But that I know
That she that dares be damn'd dares anything,
I should admire thy tempting me; but presume not
On the power you think you hold o'er my affections;
It will deceive you! Yield, and presently,
Or by the inflamed blood, which thou must quench,
I'll make a forcible entry.
Malr. Touch me not!
You know I have a throat: By Heaven, if you do,
I will cry out a rape, or sheathe this here,
Ere I'll be kept, and used for julip-water,
To allay the heat which luscious meats and wine,
And not desire, hath raised.
Vit. A desperate devil! [*Aside.*
My blood commands my reason: I must take
Some milder way.
Malr. I hope, dear don, I fit you: [*Aside.*
The night is mine, although the day was yours!
You are not fasting now. This speeding trick
(Which I would as a principle leave to all
That make their maintenance out of their own Indies,
As I do now) my good old mother taught me:
"Daughter," quoth she, "contest not with your lover,
His stomach being empty; let wine heat him,
And then you may command him:" 'Tis a sure [one!
His looks shew he is coming.
Vit. Come, this needs not,
Especially to me: You know how dear
I ever have esteem'd you——
Clara. Lost again!
Vit. That any sigh of yours hath power to [change
My strongest resolution; and one tear
Sufficient to command a pardon from me,
For any wrong from you, which all mankind
Should kneel in vain for.
Malr. Pray you pardon those
That need your favour, or desire it.
Vit. Pr'ythee
Be better temper'd: I'll pay, as a forfeit
For my rash anger, this purse fill'd with gold.
Thou shalt have servants, gowns, attires; what not?
Only continue mine.
Malr. 'Twas this I fish'd for. [*Aside.*
Vit. Look on me, and receive it.
Malr. Well, you know
My gentle nature, and take pride to abuse it.
You see a trifle pleases me. We are friends;
This kiss, and this, confirms it.
Clara. With my ruin!
Malr. I'll have this diamond, and this pearl.
Vit. They are yours.
Malr. But will you not, when you have what you came for,
Take them from me to-morrow? 'Tis a fashion
Your lords of late have used.
Vit. But I'll not follow.
Clara. That any man at such a rate as this
Should pay for his repentance!
Vit. Shall we to-bed now?
Malr. Instantly, sweet. Yet, now I think on't better,
There's something first that in a word or two
I must acquaint you with.
Clara. Can I cry aim
To this, against myself? I'll break this match,
Or make it stronger with my blood! [*Descends.*

Enter ALGUAZIER, PIORATO, PACHIECO, METALDI, MENDOZA, LAZARILLO, *&c. and stand apart.*

Alg. I am yours!
A don's not privileged here more than yourself:
Win her, and wear her.
Pio. Have you a priest ready?
Alg. I have him for thee, lad.—And when I have
Married this scornful whore to this poor gallant,
She will make suit to me: There is a trick
To bring a high-priced wench upon her knees.
For you, my fine neat harpies, stretch your talons,
And prove yourselves true night-birds.
Pach. Take my word
For me and all the rest.
Laz. If there be meat
Or any banquet stirring, you shall see
How I'll bestow myself.
Alg. When they are drawn,
Rush in upon 'em; all's fair prize you light on.
I must away: Your officer may give way
To the knavery of his watch, but must not see it.
You all know where to find me. [*Exit.*
Met. There look for us.
Vit. Who's that?
Malr. My Piorato? Welcome, welcome!
'Faith, had you not come when you did, my lord
Had done I know not what to me.
Vit. I am gull'd!
First cheated of my jewels, and then laugh'd at!
—Sirrah, what make you here?
Pio. A business brings me,
More lawful than your own.
Vit. How's that, you slave?
Malr. He's such, that would continue her a [whore,
Whom he would make a wife of! [*Draws.*
Vit. I'll tread upon
The face you dote on, strumpet!

Enter CLARA.

Pach. Keep the peace there! [*They rush forward.*
Vit. A plot upon my life too?
Met. Down with him!
Clara. Shew your old valour, and learn from a [woman!
One eagle has a world of odds against
A flight of daws, as these are. [*She beats them off.*
Pio. Get you off;
I'll follow instantly.
Pach. Run for more help there!
[*Exeunt all but* VITELLI *and* CLARA.
Vit. Loss of my gold, and jewels, and the wench [too,
Afflicts me not so much as the having Clara
The witness of my weakness.
Clara. He turns from me!
And yet I may urge merit; since his life
Is made my second gift.
Vit. May I ne'er prosper
If I know how to thank her!
Clara. Sir, your pardon
For pressing thus, beyond a virgin's bounds,
Upon your privacies; and let my being
Like to a man, as you are, be the excuse
Of my soliciting that from you, which shall not
Be granted on my part, although desired
By any other. Sir, you understand me;
And 'twould shew nobly in you to prevent

From me a further boldness, which I must
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,
Though with my loss of blushes and good name.
Vit. Madam, I know your will, and would be
If it were possible I could affect [thankful,
The daughter of an enemy.
Clara. That fair false one,
Whom with fond dotage you have long pursued,
Had such a father; she to whom you pay
Dearer for your dishonour, than all titles
Ambitious men hunt for are worth.
Vit. 'Tis truth.
Clara. Yet, with her, as a friend, you still ex-
Health for diseases, and, to your disgrace, [change
Nourish the rivals to your present pleasures,
At your own charge; used as a property
To give a safe protection to her lust,
Yet share in nothing but the shame of it.
Vit. Grant all this so, to take you for a wife
Were greater hazard; for should I offend you
(As 'tis not easy still to please a woman)
You're of so great a spirit, that I must learn
To wear your petticoat, for you will have
My breeches from me.
Clara. Rather from this hour
I here abjure all actions of a man,
And will esteem it happiness from you
To suffer like a woman. Love, true love,
Hath made a search within me, and expell'd
All but my natural softness, and made perfect
That which my parents' care could not begin.
I will shew strength in nothing, but my duty
And glad desire to please you, and in that
Grow every day more able.
Vit. Could this be, [*Aside.*
What a brave race might I beget! I find
A kind of yielding; and no reason why
I should hold longer out; She's young and fair,
And chaste, for sure; but with her leave, the devil
Durst not attempt her.—Madam, though you have
A soldier's arm, your lips appear as if
They were a lady's
Clara. They dare, sir, from you
Endure the trial.
Vit. [*Kisses her.*] Ha! once more, I pray you!—
The best I ever tasted; and 'tis said
I have proved many. 'Tis not safe, I fear,
To ask the rest now. Well, I will leave whoring,
And luck herein send me with her!—Worthiest
I'll wait upon you home, and by the way [lady,
(If e'er I marry, as I'll not forswear it)
Tell you, you are my wife.
Clara. Which if you do,
From me, all mankind women learn to wooe!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—NIGHT. *A Street.*

Enter ALGUAZIER, PACHECO, METALDI, MENDOZA, *and* LAZARILLO.

Alg. A cloak? Good purchase! And rich hang-
We'll share ten pistolets a-man. [ers? well!
Laz. Yet still
I am monstrous hungry! Could you not deduct
So much out of the gross sum, as would purchase
Eight loins of veal, and some two dozen of capons?
Pach. Oh, strange proportion for five!
Laz. For five? I have
A legion in my stomach, that have kept
Perpetual fast these ten years: For the capons.
They are to me but as so many black birds.
May I but eat once, and be satisfied,
Let the fates call me, when my ship is fraught,
And I shall hang in peace.
Alg. Steal well to-night
And thou shalt feed to-morrow. So! now you are
Yourselves again, I'll raise another watch
To free you from suspicion: Set on any
You meet with boldly; I'll not be far off,
To assist you, and protect you. [*Exit.*
Met. Oh, brave officer!
Pach. 'Would every ward had one but so well given,
And we would watch, for rug, in gowns of velvet!

Enter ALVAREZ, LUCIO, *and* BORADILLA.

Mend. Stand close; a prize!
Met. Sattin, and gold lace, lads!
Alv. Why dost thou hang upon me?
Lucio. 'Tis so dark
I dare not see my way; for Heaven sake, father,
Let us go home!
Bob. No, even here we'll leave you.—
Let's run away from him, my lord.
Lucio. Oh, 'las!
Alv. Thou hast made me mad, and I will beat thee dead,
Then bray thee in a mortar, and new-mould thee,
But I will alter thee.
Bob. 'Twill never be:
He has been three days practising to drink,
Yet still he sips like to a waiting-woman,
And looks as he were murdering of a fart
Among wild Irish swaggerers.
Lucio. I have still
Your good word, Zancho. Father——
Alv. Milk-sop, coward!
No house of mine receives thee; I disclaim thee;
Thy mother on her knees shall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee!
Lucio. Pray you speak for me!
Bob. I would, but now I cannot with mine honour.
Alv. There's only one course left, that may redeem thee,
Which is, to strike the next man that you meet;
And if we chance to light upon a woman,
Take her away, and use her like a man,
Or I will cut thy hamstrings.
Pach. This makes for us.
Alv. What dost thou do now?
Lucio. Sir, I am saying my prayers;
For being to undertake what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.

Enter LAMORAL, GENEVORA, ANASTRO, *and* Pages *with Lights.*

Lam. Madam, I fear
You'll wish you had used your coach; your brother's
Is yet far off. [house
Gen. The better, sir; this walk
Will help digestion after your great supper,
Of which I have fed largely.
Alv. To your task!
Or else you know what follows.
Lucio. I am dying:
Now, Lord have mercy on me!—By your favour.
Sir, I must strike you.
Lam. For what cause?
Lucio. I know not

And I must likewise talk with that young lady,
An hour in private.
Lam. What you must, is doubtful;
But I am certain, sir, I must beat you.
[*Strikes him.*
Lucio. Help, help!
Alv. Not strike again?
Lam. How! Alvarez?
Ana. This for my lord Vitelli's love!
[*Strikes* ALVAREZ *down.*
Pach. Break out;
And, like true thieves, make prey on either side,
But seem to help the stronger.
Bob. Oh, my lord!
They have beat him on his knees.
Lucio. Though I want courage,
I yet have a son's duty in me, and
Compassion of a father's danger; that,
That wholly now possesses me. [*Rushes on them.*
Alv. Lucio,
This is beyond my hope.
Met. So! Lazarillo,
Take up all, boy! Well done!
Pach. And now steal off
Closely and cunningly.
Ana. How! have I found you?—
Why gentlemen, are you mad, to make yourselves
A prey to rogues?
Lam. 'Would we were off!
Bob. Thieves, thieves!
Lam. Defer our own contention, and down with them. [*They rush on the thieves.*
Lucio. I'll make you sure!
Bob. Now he plays the devil.
Gen. This place is not for me. [*Exit.*
Lucio. I'll follow her.
Half of my penance is past o'er. [*Exit.*

Enter ALGUAZIER, *with other* Watches; *and* Assistant, *who stands apart.*

Alg. What noise,
What tumult's there? Keep the king's peace, I [charge you.
Pach. I am glad he's come yet.
Alv. Oh, you keep good guard
Upon the city, when men of our rank
Are set upon in the streets.
Lam. The assistant
Shall hear of it, be assured.
Ana. And if he be
That careful governor he is reported,
You will smart for it.
Alg. Patience, good signors!
Let me survey the rascals. Oh, I know them,
And thank you for them: They are pilfering rogues
Of Andalusia, that have perused
All prisons in Castile. I dare not trust
The dungeon with them; no, I'll have them home
To my own house.
Pach. We had rather go to prison.
Alg. Had you so, dog-bolts? Yes, I know you had!
You there would use your cunning fingers on
The simple locks, you would; but I'll prevent you.
Lam. My mistress lost? good night! [*Exit.*
Bob. Your son's gone too;
What should become of him?
Alv. Come of him what will,
Now he dares fight, I care not: I'll to bed.
Look to your prisoners, Alguazier.
[*Exit with* BOBADILLO.
Alg. All's cleared.
Droop not for one disaster: let us hug,
And triumph in our knaveries.
Assist. This confirms
What was reported of him.
Met. 'Twas done bravely!
Alg. I must a little glory in the means
We officers have to play the knaves, and safely:
How we break through the toils pitch'd by the law,
Yet hang up them that are far less delinquents!
A simple shopkeeper's carted for a bawd,
For lodging, though unwittingly, a smock-gamester;
Where, with rewards, and credit, I have kept
Malroda in my house, as in a cloister,
Without taint or suspicion.
Pach. But suppose
The governor should know it?
Alg. He? Good gentleman,
Let him perplex himself with prying into
The measures in the market, and the abuses
The day stands guilty of: The pillage of
The night is only mine, mine own fee-simple,
Which you shall hold from me, tenants at will,
And pay no rent for't.
Pach. Admirable landlord!
Alg. Now we'll go search the taverns, commit such
As we find drinking, and be drunk ourselves
With what we take from them. These silly wretches,
Whom I for form-sake only have brought hither,
Shall watch without, and guard us.
Assist. And we will [*Comes forward.*
See you safe lodged, most worthy Alguazier,
With all of you, his comrades.
Met. 'Tis the governor.
Alg. We are betray'd.
Assist. My guard there!—

Enter Guard.

Bind them fast.
How men in high place and authority
Are in their lives and estimations wrong'd
By their subordinate ministers! yet such
They cannot but employ; wrong'd Justice finding
Scarce one true servant in ten officers.—
To expostulate with you, were but to delay
Your crimes' due punishment, which shall fall upon [you
So speedily, and severely, that it shall
Fright others by the example; and confirm,
However corrupt officers may disgrace
Themselves, 'tis not in them to wrong their place.—
Bring them away.
Alg. We'll suffer nobly yet,
And like to Spanish gallants.
Pach. And we'll hang so.
Laz. I have no stomach to't; but I'll endeavour.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*Another Street.*

Enter LUCIO *and* GENEVORA.

Gen. Nay, you are rude! pray you forbear! you
More than the breeding of a gentleman [offer now
Can give you warrant for.
Lucio. 'Tis but to kiss you;
And think not I'll receive that for a favour
Which was enjoin'd me for a penance, lady.
Gen. You have met a gentle confessor; and, for once,
(So then you will rest satisfied) I vouchsafe it

Lucio. Rest satisfied with a kiss? Why, can a man
Desire more from a woman? is there any
Pleasure beyond it? may I never live
If I know what it is!
Gen. Sweet innocence!
Lucio. [*Kisses her.*] What strange new motions do I feel!—My veins
Burn with an unknown fire; in every part
I suffer alteration; I am poison'd,
Yet languish with desire again to taste it,
So sweetly it works on me.
Gen. I ne'er saw
A lovely man, till now.
Lucio. How can this be?
She is a woman, as my mother is,
And her I have kissed often, and brought off
My lips unscorch'd: Yours are more lovely, lady,
And so should be less hurtful. Pray you vouchsafe
Your hand, to quench the heat ta'en from your lip!
Perhaps that may restore me.
Gen. Willingly.
Lucio. The flame increases! If to touch you burn thus,
What would more strict embraces do? I know not:
And yet, methinks, to die so were to ascend
To Heaven, through Paradise.
Gen. I am wounded too;
Though modesty forbids that I should speak
What ignorance makes him bold in.—Why do you fix
Your eyes so strongly on me?
Lucio. Pray you stand still!
There's nothing else that's worth the looking on:
I could adore you, lady.
Gen. Can you love me?
Lucio. To wait on you in your chamber, and but touch
What you, by wearing it, have made divine,
Were such a happiness!—I am resolved,
I'll sell my liberty to you for this glove,
And write myself your slave.

Enter LAMORAL.

Gen. On easier terms
Receive it, as a friend. [*Gives him her glove.*
Lam. How! giving favour?
I'll have it, with his heart.
[*Seizes the glove, and puts it in his hat.*
Gen. What will you do?
Lucio. As you are merciful, take my life rather!
[*Kneels to* LAMORAL.
Gen. Will you depart with it so?
Lucio. Does that grieve you?
Gen. I know not; but even now you appeared valiant.
Lucio. 'Twas to preserve my father; in his cause
I could be so again.
Gen. Not in your own?
Kneel to thy rival, and thine enemy?
Away, unworthy creature! I begin
To hate myself, for giving entrance to
A good opinion of thee. For thy torment,
If my poor beauty be of any power,
Mayst thou dote on it desperately! but never
Presume to hope for grace, till thou recover
And wear the favour that was ravish'd from thee.
Lam. He wears my head too then. [*Exit.*
Gen. Poor fool, farewell! [*Exit.*
Lucio. My womanish soul, which hitherto hath govern'd
This coward flesh, I feel departing from me;
And in me, by her beauty, is inspired
A new and masculine one, instructing me
What's fit to do or suffer. Powerful Love!
That hast with loud, and yet a pleasing thunder
Roused sleeping manhood in me, thy new creature,
Perfect thy work; so that I may make known,
Nature (though long kept back) will have her own!
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter LAMORAL *and* LUCIO.

Lam. Can it be possible that in six short hours,
The subject still the same, so many habits
Should be removed? or this new Lucio (he
That yesternight was baffled and disgraced,
And thank'd the man that did it; that then kneel'd
And blubber'd like a woman) should now dare
On terms of honour seek reparation,
For what he then appeared not capable of?
Lucio. Such miracles, men that dare do injuries
Live to their shames to see, for punishment
And scourge to their proud follies.
Lam. Pr'ythee leave me;
Had I my page or footman here to flesh thee,
I durst the better hear thee.
Lucio. This scorn needs not:
And offer such no more!
Lam. Why, say I should,
You'll not be angry?
Lucio. Indeed, I think I shall!
Would you vouchsafe to shew yourself a captain,
And lead a little further, to some place
That's less frequented—
Lam. He looks pale.
Lucio. If not,
Make use of this.
Lam. There's anger in his eyes too;
His gesture, voice, behaviour, all new fashion'd.
Well, if it does endure in act the trial
Of what in show it promises to make good,
Ulysses' Cyclops, Iō's transformation,
Eurydice fetch'd from hell, with all the rest
Of Ovid's fables, I'll put in my creed;
And, for proof all incredible things may be,
Write down that Lucio, the coward Lucio,
The womanish Lucio, fought.
Lucio. And Lamoral,
The still employ'd great duellist Lamoral,
Took his life from him.
Lam. 'Twill not come to that, sure!
Methinks the only drawing of my sword
Should fright that confidence.
Lucio. It confirms it rather:
To make which good, know you stand now opposed
By one that is your rival; one that wishes
Your name and title greater, to raise his;
The wrong you did less pardonable than it is,

But your strength to defend it more than ever
It was when Justice friended it; the lady
For whom we now contend, Genevora,
Of more desert, (if such incomparable beauty
Could suffer an addition;) your love
To Don Vetelli multiplied, and your hate
Against my father and his house encreased;
And lastly, that the glove which you there wear,
To my dishonour! (which I must force from you)
Were dearer to you than your life.

Lam. You'll find
It is, and so I'll guard it.

Lucio. All these meet then,
With the black infamy to be foil'd by one
That's not allow'd a man, to help your valour;
That, falling by your hand, I may or die
Or win in this one single opposition
My mistress, and such honour as I may
Enrich my father's arms with!

Lam. 'Tis said nobly;
My life with them are at the stake.

Lucio. At all then!
[*Fight.* LUCIO *disarms* LAMORAL.

Lam. She is yours! this, and my life too, follow your fortune: [*Gives up the glove.*
And give not only back that part the loser
Scorns to accept of!

Lucio. What's that?

Lam. My poor life;
Which do not leave me as a further torment,
Having despoil'd me of my sword, mine honour,
Hope of my lady's grace, fame, and all else
That made it worth the keeping.

Lucio. I take back
No more from you than what you forced from me,
And with a worser title. Yet think not
That I'll dispute this, as made insolent
By my success, but as one equal with you,
If so you will accept me. That new courage
(Or call it fortune if you please) that is
Conferred upon me by the only sight
Of fair Genevora, was not bestow'd on me
To bloody purposes; nor did her command
Deprive me of the happiness to see her,
But till I did redeem her favour from you;
Which only I rejoice in, and share with you
In all you suffer else.

Lam. This courtesy
Wounds deeper than your sword can, or mine own:
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me!

Lucio. The barbarous Turk is satisfied with spoil;
And shall I, being possessed of what I came for,
Prove the more infidel?

Lam. You were better be so
Than publish my disgrace, as 'tis the custom,
And which I must expect.

Lucio. Judge better of me:
I have no tongue to trumpet mine own praise
To your dishonour; 'tis a bastard courage
That seeks a name out that way, no true-born one.
Pray you be comforted! for, by all goodness,
But to her virtuous self (the best part of it)
I never will discover on what terms
I came by these: Which yet I take not from you,
But leave you, in exchange of them, mine own,
With the desire of being a friend; which if
You will not grant me, but on further trial
Of manhood in me, seek me when you please,
(And though I might refuse it with mine honour)
Win them again, and wear them. So, good-morrow!
[*Gives him his own hat, and exit.*

Lam. I ne'er knew what true valour was till now;
And have gain'd more by this disgrace, than all
The honours I have won: They made me proud,
Presumptuous of my fortune, a mere beast,
Fashion'd by them, only to dare and do,
Yielding no reasons for my wilful actions
But what I stuck on my sword's point, presuming
It was the best revenue. How unequal
Wrongs well maintained make us to others, which
Ending with shame, teach us to know ourselves!
I will think more on't.

Enter VITELLI.

Vit. Lamoral!

Lam. My lord?

Vit. I came to seek you.

Lam. And unwillingly
You ne'er found me till now! Your pleasure, sir?

Vit. That which will please thee, friend! Thy vow'd love to me
Shall now be put in action; means are offer'd
To use thy good sword for me, that which still
Thou wear'st as if it were a part of thee.
Where is't?

Lam. 'Tis changed for one more fortunate:
Pray you enquire not how.

Vit. Why I ne'er thought
That there was magic in it, but ascribe
The fortune of it to the arm.

Lam. Which is
Grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)
Worthy your friendship: I am one new vanquish'd,
Yet shame to tell by whom!

Vit. But I'll tell thee
'Gainst whom thou art to fight, and there redeem
Thy honour lost, if there be any such.
The king, by my long suit, at length is pleased
That Alvarez and myself, with either's second,
Shall end the difference between our houses,
Which he accepts of: I make choice of thee;
And, where you speak of a disgrace, the means
To blot it out, by such a public trial
Of thy approved valour, will revive
Thy ancient courage. If you embrace it, do;
If not, I'll seek some other.

Lam. As I am,
You may command me.

Vit. Spoke like that true friend,
That loves not only for his private end! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter GENEVORA *with a Letter, and* BOBADILLA.

Gen. This from madonna Clara?

Bob. Yes, an't please you.

Gen. Alvarez' daughter?

Bob. The same, lady.

Gen. She
That saved my brother's life?

Bob. You are still i' th' right:
She will'd me wait your walking forth, and, knowing
How necessary a discreet wise man
Was, in a business of such weight, she pleased
To think on me. It may be, in my face
Your ladyship, not acquainted with my wisdom,

Finds no such matter; what I am, I am;
Thought's free, and think you what you please.
Gen. 'Tis strange——
Bob. That I should be wise, madam?
Gen. No, thou art so.
There's for thy pains; and pr'ythee tell thy lady
I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive
Thy thanks and duty in thy present absence.
Farewell, farewell, I say! Now thou art wise.
[*Exit* BOBADILLA.
She writes here, she hath something to impart
That may concern my brother's life: I know not;
But general fame does give her out so worthy,
That I dare not suspect her; yet wish Lucio
Were master of her mind: But, fy upon't!
Why do I think on him?

Enter LUCIO.

See, I am punish'd for't,
In his unlook'd-for presence: Now I must
Endure another tedious piece of courtship,
Would make one forswear courtesy.
Lucio. Gracious madam, [*Kneels.*
The sorrow paid, for your just anger towards me,
Arising from my weakness, I presume
To press into your presence, and despair not
An easy pardon.
Gen. He speaks sense: Oh, strange!
Lucio. And yet believe, that no desires of mine,
Though all are too strong in me, had the power,
For their delight, to force me to infringe
What you commanded; it being in your part
To lessen your great rigour when you please,
And mine to suffer with an humble patience
What you'll impose upon it.
Gen. Courtly too!
Lucio. Yet hath the poor and contemn'd Lucio, madam,
(Made able only by his hope to serve you)
Recover'd what with violence, not justice,
Was taken from him; and here at your feet,
With these, he could have laid the conquer'd head
Of Lamoral ('tis all I say of him)
For rudely touching that, which, as a relic,
I ever would have worshipp'd, since 'twas yours.
[*Lays the hat and glove at her feet.*
Gen. Valiant, and everything a lady could
Wish in her servant!
Lucio. All that's good in me,
That heavenly Love, the opposite to base lust,
Which would have all men worthy, hath created;
Which being by your beams of beauty form'd,
Cherish as your own creature!
Gen. I am gone [*Aside.*
Too far now to dissemble.—Rise, or sure
I must kneel with you too: Let this one kiss
Speak the rest for me! 'tis too much I do,
And yet, if Chastity would, I could wish more.
Lucio. In overjoying me, you are grown sad!
What is it, madam? by Heaven,
There's nothing that's within my nerves (and yet,
Favour'd by you, I should as much as man)
But when you please, now, or on all occasions
You can think of hereafter, but you may
Dispose of at your pleasure.
Gen. If you break
That oath again, you lose me: Yet so well
I love you, I shall never put you to't;
And yet, forget it not. Rest satisfied
With that you have received now! there are eyes
May be upon us; till the difference
Between our friends are ended, I would not
Be seen so private with you.
Lucio. I obey you.
Gen. But let me hear oft from you, and remember
I am Vitelli's sister!
Lucio. What's that, madam?
Gen. Nay, nothing. Fare you well! who feels Love's fire,
Would ever ask to have means to desire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Court in the Castle of Saint Jago; with a Scaffolding in the back-ground.*

Enter above, Assistant, SYAVEDRA, ANASTRO, Herald, Attendants, *and* Spectators.

Assist. Are they come in?
Herald. Yes.
Assist. Read the proclamation,
That all the people here assembled may
Have satisfaction, what the king's dear love,
In care of the republic, hath ordain'd.—
Attend with silence.—Read aloud.

Herald. [*Reads.*] Forasmuch as our high and mighty master, Philip, the potent and most catholic king of Spain, hath not only in his own royal person been long and often solicited, and grieved, with the deadly and incurable hatred sprung up betwixt the two ancient and most honourably-descended houses of these his two dearly and equally-beloved subjects, Don Ferdinando de Alvarez, and Don Pedro de Vitelli (all which in vain his majesty hath often endeavoured to reconcile and qualify:) But that also, through the debates, quarrels, and outrages daily arising, falling, and flowing from these great heads, his public civil government is seditiously and barbarously molested and wounded, and many of his chief gentry, (no less tender to his royal majesty, than the very branches of his own sacred blood) spoiled, lost, and submerged, in the impious inundation and torrent of their still-growing malice; it hath therefore pleased his sacred majesty, out of his infinite affection to preserve his commonwealth, and general peace, from farther violation, (as a sweet and heartily-loving father of his people,) and on the earnest petitions of these arch-enemies, to order and ordain, that they be ready, each with his well-chosen and beloved friend, armed at all points like gentlemen, in the castle of Saint Jago, on this present Monday morning, betwixt eight and nine of the clock, where (before the combatants be allowed to commence this granted duel) this to be read aloud for the public satisfaction of his majesty's well-beloved subjects. Save the king! [*Drums within.*

Syav. Hark, how their drums speak their insatiate thirst
Of blood, and stop their ears 'gainst pious peace,
Who, gently whispering, implores their friendship!
Assist. Kings nor authority can master Fate:
Admit 'em then; and blood extinguish hate!

Enter severally, ALVAREZ *and* LUCIO, VITELLI *and* LAMORAL.

Syav. Stay! yet be pleased to think, and let not daring
(Wherein men now-a-days exceed even beasts,
And think themselves not men else) so transport you
Beyond the bounds of Christianity!
Lord Alvarez, Vitelli, gentlemen,
No town in Spain, from our metropolis
Unto the rudest hovel, but is great
With your assured valours' daily proofs:

Oh, will you then, for a superfluous fame,
A sound of honour, which, in these times, all
Like heretics profess (with obstinacy,
But most erroneously) venture your souls?
It is a hard task, through a sea of blood
To sail, and land at Heaven.
Vit. I hope not,
If Justice be my pilot. But, my lord,
You know if argument, or time, or love,
Could reconcile, long since we had shook hands:
I dare protest, your breath cools not a vein
In any one of us; but blows the fire,
Which nought but blood reciprocal can quench.
Alv. Vitelli, thou say'st bravely, and say'st right;
And I will kill thee for't, I love thee so.
Vit. Ha, ha! Old man, upon thy death I'll build
A story with this arm, for thy old wife
To tell thy daughter Clara seven years hence,
As she sits weeping by a winter-fire,
How such a time Vitelli slew her husband
With the same sword his daughter favour'd him,
And lives, and wears it yet.—Come, Lamoral,
Redeem thyself!
Lam. Lucio, Genevora
Shall on this sword receive thy bleeding heart,
For my presented hat, laid at her feet.
Lucio. Thou talk'st well, Lamoral! but 'tis thy
That I will carry to her to thy hat.— [head
Fy, father! I do cool too much.
Alv. Oh, boy! thy father's true son!—
Beat drums! And so, good-morrow to your lordship! [*Drums.*

Enter above, EUGENIA, CLARA, *and* GENEVORA.

Syav. Brave resolutions!
Ana. Brave, and Spanish, right!
Gen. Lucio!
Clara. Vitelli!
Eug. Alvarez!
Alv. How the devil
Got these cats into th' gutter? my puss too?
Eug. Hear us!
Gen. We must be heard!
Clara. We will be heard!
Vitelli, look; see Clara on her knees,
Imploring thy compassion!—Heaven, how sternly
They dart their emulous eyes, as if each scorn'd
To be behind the other in a look!
Mother, Death needs no sword here! Oh, my sister,
(Fate fain wou'd have it so) persuade, entreat!
A lady's tears are silent orators,
Or should be so at least, to move beyond
The honiest-tongued rhetorician;
Why will you fight? Why does an uncle's death,
Twenty year old, exceed your love to me,
But twenty days? whose forc'd cause, and fair manner
You could not understand, only have heard.
Custom, that wrought so cunningly on Nature
In me, that I forgot my sex, and knew not
Whether my body female were or male,
You did unweave, and had the power to charm
A new creation in me, made me fear
To think on those deeds I did perpetrate.
How little power though you allow to me,
That cannot with my sighs, my tears, my prayers,
Move you from your own loss, if you should gain!
Vit. I must forget you, Clara: Till I have
Redeem'd my uncle's blood, that brands my face
Like a pestiferous carbuncle, I am blind
To what you do, deaf to your cries, and marble
To all impulsive exorations.
When on this point I have perch'd thy father's soul,
I'll tender thee this bloody reeking hand,
Drawn forth the bowels of that murderer;
If thou canst love me then, I'll marry thee,
And, for thy father lost, get thee a son;
On no condition else!
Assist. Most barbarous!
Syav. Savage!
Ana. Irreligious!
Gen. Oh, Lucio,
Be thou more merciful; thou bear'st fewer years,
Art lately wean'd from soft effeminacy;
A maiden's manners, and a maiden's heart
Are neighbours still to thee: Be then more mild;
Proceed not to this combat! Be'st thou desperate
Of thine own life? Yet, dearest, pity mine!
Thy valour's not thine own; I gave it thee;
These eyes begot it, this tongue bred it up,
This breast would lodge it: Do not use my gifts
To mine own ruin! I have made thee rich;
Be not so thankless, to undo me for't!
Lucio Mistress, you know I do not wear a vein
I would not rip for you, to do you service:
Life's but a word, a shadow, a melting dream,
Compared to essential and eternal honour.
Why, would you have me value it beyond
Your brother? If I first cast down my sword,
May all my body here be made one wound,
And yet my soul not find Heaven through it!
Alv. You would be catterwauling too; but peace!
Go, get you home, and provide dinner for
Your son, and me; we'll be exceeding merry.—
Oh, Lucio, I will have thee cock of all
The proud Vitellis that do live in Spain!
Fy, we shall take cold! Hunch! By Heaven, I am hoarse
Already.
Lam. How your sister whets my spleen!
I could eat Lucio now.
Gen. Vitelli! brother!
Even for your father's soul, your uncle's blood,
As you do love my life; but last, and most,
As you respect your own honour and fame,
Throw down your sword! he is most valiant
That herein yields first.
Vit. Peace, you fool!
Clara. Why, Lucio,
Do thou begin: 'Tis no disparagement;
He's elder, and thy better, and thy valour
Is in his infancy.
Gen. Or pay it me,
To whom thou ow'st it. Oh, that constant Time
Would but go back a week; then, Lucio,
Thou wouldst not dare to fight!
Eug. Lucio, thy mother,
Thy mother begs it! throw thy sword down first.
Alv. I'll throw his head down after then.
Gen. Lamoral,
You have often swore you would be commanded by me.
Lam. Never to this; your spite and scorn. Genevora,
Has lost all power in me!
Gen. Your hearing for six words!
Assist. Syav. Ana. Strange obstinacy!
Alv. Vit. Lucio, Lam. We'll stay no longer
Clara. Then, by thy oath, Vitelli,

Thy dreadful oath, thou wouldst return that sword
When I should ask it, give it to me now;
This instant I require it!

Gen. By thy vow,
As dreadful, Lucio, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to strike a stroke! Now, he
Of our two brothers that loves perjury
Best, and dares first be damn'd, infringe his vow!

Syav. Excellent ladies!

Vit. Pish, you tyrannize.

Lucio. We did equivocate.

Alv. On!

Clara. Then, Lucio,
So well I love my husband, (for he is so,
Wanting but ceremony) that I pray
His vengeful sword may fall upon thy head
Successfully, for falsehood to his sister.

Gen. I likewise pray, Vitelli, Lucio's sword
(Who equally is my husband as thou hers)
May find thy false heart, that durst 'gage thy faith,
And durst not keep it!

Assist. Are you men, or stone?

Alv. Men, and we'll prove it with our swords.

Eug. Your hearing for six words, and we have done;
Zancho, come forth!—We'll fight our challenge too:
Now speak your resolutions.

Enter BOBADILLA, *with two Swords and a Pistol.*

Gen. These they are;
The first blow given betwixt you sheaths these swords
In one another's bosoms.

Eug. And, rogue, look
You at that instant do discharge that pistol
Into my breast: If you start back, or quake,
I'll stick you like a pig.

Alv. By Heaven! Hold! you are mad.

Gen. This we [have] said; and, by our hope of bliss,
This we will do! Speak your intents.

Clara. Gen. Strike!

Eug. Shoot!

Alv. Vit. Lucio, Lam. Hold, hold! all friends!

Assist. Come down. [*Exeunt above.*

Alv. These devilish women
Can make men friends and enemies when they list!

Syav. A gallant undertaking, and a happy!
Why, this is noble in you; and will be
A welcomer present to our master Philip,
Than the return from his Indies.

Enter below, CLARA, GENEVORA, EUGENIA, *and* BOBADILLA.

Clara. Father, your blessing!

Alv. Take her: If ye bring not
Betwixt you boys that will find out new worlds,
And win 'em too, I'm a false prophet.

Vit. Brother,
There is a sister. Long-divided streams
Mix now at length, by fate.

Bob. I am not regarded! I was the careful steward that provided these instruments of peace; I put the longest weapon in your sister's hand, my lord, because she was the shortest lady; for likely the shortest ladies love the longest men. And, for mine own part, I could have discharged it: my pistol is no ordinary pistol; it has two ramming bullets; but, thought I, why should I shoot my two bullets into my old lady? If they had gone, I would not have stay'd long after; I would even have died too bravely, i'faith, like a Roman steward; hung myself in mine own chain, and there had been a story of Bobadilla Spindola Zancho for after-ages to lament. Hum! I perceive, I am not only not regarded, but also not rewarded.

Alv. Pr'ythee, peace!
Shalt have a new chain, next St. Jaques' day,
Or this new gilt.

Bob. I am satisfied; let Virtue have her due
And yet I am melancholy upon this atonement; pray Heaven the state rue it not! I would my lord Vitelli's steward and I could meet; they should find it should cost 'em a little more to make us friends. Well, I will forswear wine and women for a year; and then I will be drunk tomorrow, and run a-whoring like a dog with a broken bottle at's tail; then will I repent next day, and forswear 'em again more vehemently: be forsworn next day again, and repent my repentance: for thus a melancholy gentleman doth and ought to live.

Assist. Nay, you shall dine with me; and afterward
I'll with you to the king. But first, I will
Dispatch the castle's business, that this day
May be complete. Bring forth the malefactors!

Enter ALGUAZIER, PACHIECO, METALDI, MENDOZA, LAZARILLO, PIORATO, MALRODA, *and* Guard.

You, Alguazier, the ring-leader of these
Poor fellows, are degraded from your office;
You must restore all stolen goods you received,
And watch a twelvemonth without any pay:
This, if you fail of, (all your goods confiscate)
You are to be whipt, and sent into the gallies.

Alg. I like all, but restoring; that catholic doctrine
I do dislike. Learn, all ye officers,
By this to live uprightly—if you can! [*Exit.*

Assist. You cobler, to translate your manners new,
Are doom'd to th' cloisters of the Mendicants,
With this your brother botcher there, for nothing
To cobble, and heel hose for the poor friars,
Till they allow your penance for sufficient,
And your amendment; then you shall be freed,
And may set up again.

Pach. Mendoza, come:
Our souls have trod awry in all men's sight;
We'll under-lay 'em, till they go upright.
[*Exeunt* PACHIECO *and* MENDOZA.

Assist. Smith, in those shackles you, for your hard heart,
Must lie by th' heels a year.

Met. I have shod your horse, my lord. [*Exit.*

Assist. Away! For you, my hungry white-loafed face,
You must to th' gallies, where you shall be sure
To have no more bits, than you shall have b ows.

Laz. Well; though I herrings want, I shall have rows. [*Exit.*

Assist. Signor, you have prevented us, and punish'd
Yourself severelier than we would have done:
You have married a whore; may she prove honest!

Pio. 'Tis better, my lord, than to marry
An honest woman, that may prove a whore.

. 'Tis a handsome wench, an thou canst keep her tame.
nd you what I promised.
. Joy to your lordships!
. Here may all ladies learn, to make of foes
erfect'st friends; and not the perfect'st foes
arest friends, as some do now-a-days!

Vit. Behold the power of Love! So Nature lost
By custom irrecoverably, past the hope
Of friends' restoring, Love hath here retrieved
To her own habit; made her blush to see
Her so-long-monstrous metamorphoses:
May strange affairs never have worse success!

[*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE.

Our author fears there are some rebel hearts,
Whose dullness doth oppose Love's piercing darts:
Such will be apt to say there wanted wit,
The language low, very few scenes are writ
With spirit and life; such odd things as these
He cares not for, nor ever means to please:
For if yourselves, a mistress, or Love's friends,
Are liked with this smooth play, he hath his ends.

WOMEN PLEASED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF SIENNA, *Suitor to* BELVIDERE.
SILVIO, *a Gentleman of Quality, Servant to* BELVIDERE.
CLAUDIO, SILVIO'S *Friend, Brother to* ISABELLA, *but disguised to her under the name of* RUGIO.
BARTELLO, *Captain of the Citadel, Uncle to* SILVIO.
LOPEZ, *a sordid Usurer, the jealous Husband of* ISABELLA.
PENURIO, *a hungry Servant to* LOPEZ.
SOTO, *a merry Servant to* CLAUDIO.
Lords *of Florence.*
Lords *of Sienna.*
Counsellors.
Courtiers.
A Farmer, *Father to* SOTO.
Captain.
Soldiers *of the Guard.*
A Clerk.
BOMBY, *an Enemy to Wakes and May-Poles.*
Morris-Dancers, Masquers.

DUCHESS OF FLORENCE.
BELVIDERE, *a virtuous Princess, Daughter to t* Duchess, *in Love with* SILVIO.
RODOPE, *Wife to* BARTELLO.
ISABELLA, *Wife to* LOPEZ.
JAQUENET, *Servant to* ISABELLA.
Two Gentlewomen.

SCENE,—FLORENCE, AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—FLORENCE.—*Night.—Before the Citadel.*

Enter BARTELLO *and* SILVIO.

Silvio. 'Tis true, she is a right good princess, and a just one,
And Florence, when she sets, has lost a planet.
Bart. My mistress? I tell thee, gentle nephew,
There is not such another friend to goodness,
To downright dealing, to faith, and true heart,
Within the Christian confines. Before she bless'd us,
Justice was a cheesemonger, a mere cheesemonger,
Weigh'd nothing to the world but mites and maggots,
And a main stink; law, like a horse-courser,
Her rules and precepts hung with gauds and ribbands,
And pamper'd up to cozen him that bought her,
When she herself was hackney, lame, and founder'd.
Sil. But the sweet lady Belvidere, the bright one——
Bart. Ay, there's a face indeed! Oh, my dear nephew,
Could a young fellow of thy fiery mettle
Freeze, and that lady in his arms?
Sil. I think not.
Bart. Thou hast a parlous judgment! But let that pass:
She is as truly virtuous, fair, and noble,
As her great mother's good: and that's not ordinary.
Sil. But why (so many princes, and so great ones,
Being suitors) should the duchess deny to match her?
Bart. She is a jewel, man, hangs in her b
Her only child: With her eyes she sees all t
Discourses with her tongue; and pluck her her
(So dotingly the old one loves her young one
You pluck her heart out too: Besides, of late
The duke of Milan, who could never win her
By love, nor treaty, laid a close train for he
In her own private walks, some forty horse-
So to surprise her, which we found, and dealt
And sent 'em running home to the duke thei
Like dogs with bottles at their tails.
Sil. Since that, I heard, sir,
She has sent her to your citadel to secure he
My cousin Rodope, your wife, attending he
Bart. You hear a truth; and all conv
Are there proportion'd for her. [ple
Sil. I would fain, sir,
Like one, that owes a duteous service to her
Sometimes, so please you——
Bart. Gentle cousin, pardon me!
I must not, nor you must not dare to offer:
The last edict lies on his life pursues it.
Your friend, sir, to command abroad, to lov
To lend you anything I have, to wait upon y
But, in the citadel where I stand charged,
Not a bit upon a march: No service, sir.
No, good sir, by no means! I kiss your hand
Sil. To your keeping only? none else t upon her?
None but Bartello worthy her attendance?
No faith but his to serve her? Oh, Belvide
Thou saint to whom my youth is sacrificed,
Thou point to which my life turns, and my fo

Art thou lock'd from me now? from all my comforts,
Art thou snatch'd violently? Thou hear'st me not;
Nor canst thou see, fair soul, thy servant's mournings;
Yet let thy gentle heart feel what is absence,
The great divorce of minds so truly loving,
So long, and nursed in one affection,
Even from our infant eyes suck'd in, and nourish'd
—Oh! let it feel but that, and there stand constant,
And I am blest. My dear aunt Rodope,
That is her governess, did love me dearly;
There's one hope yet to see her: When he is absent,
It may be ventured, and she may work it closely.
I know the lady's will goes equal with me,
And so the danger of the edict avoided:
Let me think more! for I must try all hazards.

Enter CLAUDIO *and* SOTO, *with a Rope Ladder.*

Soto. Will you go yonder, sir?
Clau. Yes, marry will I, sir.
Soto. And by this ladder?
Clau. By that ladder, coxcomb.
Soto. Have you any more necks at home when this is broken?
For this will crack with the best friend he has, sir.
Or, can you pitch of all four, like an ape now?
Let me see you tumble.
Clau. You are very pleasant, sir.
Soto. No, truly, sir; I should be loth to see you
Come fluttering down like a young rook, cry *squab*,
And take you up with your brains beaten into your buttocks.
Clau. Hold your peace, ass!—Who's this Silvio? [stands musing here?
Sil. Who calls me?
Clau. One most glad to see you, sir.
Sil. My dearest Claudio? What makes you thus private,
And with a preparation of this nature?
Soto. We have leave to play, and are going to climb birds' nests.
Sil. Pr'ythee what is it, friend? Why start you from me?
Is your old mistress grown so coy and cruel,
She must be scaled? It seems you are loth to tell me.
Since twenty years' continuance of our friendship
May not be worth the weight of such a secret,
'Twill be but rude to ask again, 'Save you! [*Going.*
Clau. Nay, stay, dear Silvio! if you love me, take it;
For, till you know it, never woman labour'd
As I do now.
Sil. I'll do my best to ease it.
Clau. You have heard, the lady Belvidere——
Sil. What heard, sir?
Clau. Heard, to the citadel, upon some fears,
She is confined.
Sil. Why dreams he on this beauty?— [*Aside.*
'Tis true, I have heard it.
Clau. And that no access,
No blessing from those eyes, but with much hazard,
Even hazard of a life——
Sil. He dares not love her!— [*Aside*
I have heard that too: But whither points your purpose?
Clau. Oh, Silvio, let me speak that none may hear me,
None but thy truth! I have loved this lady long,
Long given away my life to her devotion,
Long dwelt upon that beauty to my ruin.
Sil. Does she know this?
Clau. No; there begins my misery!
Ixion-like, I have only yet clasp'd clouds,
And fed upon poor empty dreams that starve me.
Sil. And what do you mean to do now?
Clau. Though I die for't,
Though all the tortures in the world hung on me,
Arm'd with imperious Love, I stand prepared now
With this to reach her chamber; there to see her,
And tell her boldly with what truth I love her.
Sil. 'Twill not be easily done, sir——
Clau. Oh, my Silvio,
The hardest things are sweetest in possession.
Sil. Nor will shew much discretion.
Clau. Love is blind, man;
And he that looks for reason there, far blinder.
Sil. Have you consider'd ripely?
Clau. All that may fall,
And arm'd against that all.
Sil. Her honour too?
What she may suffer in this rash adventure?
The beauty of her name?
Clau. I'll do it closely,
And only at her window, with that caution——
Sil. Are there no guards?
Clau. Corruption chokes their service.
Sil. Or do you hold her bred so light a woman
To hold commerce with strange tongues?
Clau. Why, this service,
This only hazard of my life, must tell her,
Though she were Vesta's self, I must deserve her.
Sil. I would not have you go; pray let it stand here,
And think a nobler way to raise your service,
A safer and a wiser!
Clau. 'Tis too late, sir.
Sil. Then I must say, you shall not go.
Clau. I shall not?
Sil. You shall not go: That part bred with you friendship,
Bids me say boldly so, and you observe me.
Clau. You stretch that tie too far.
Sil. I'll stretch it farther:
The honour that I bear that spotless virtue
You foully seek to taint, unnobly covet,
Bids me command you stay; if not, thus force you. [*Draws.*
Soto. This will be worse than climbing.
Clau. Why do you draw, sir?
Sil. To kill thee, if thy base will be thy master
Clau. I ever was your friend.
Sil. Whilst thou wert honest,
And not a night-thief of another's honour:
I never call'd a fool my friend, a madman,
That durst expose his fame to all opinions,
His life to unhonest dangers; I never loved him,
Durst know his name, that sought a virgin's ruin;
Nor ever took I pleasure in acquaintance,
With men, that give as loose reins to their fancies
As the wild ocean to his raging fluxes:
A noble soul I twin with, and my love
Follows his life dares master his affections.
Will you give off, or fight?
Clau. I will not fight with you;
The sacred name of friend ties up that anger:
Rather I'll study——
Sil. Do, to be a friend still

Clau. If this way, I shall never hold.
Sil. I'll watch you:
And, if I catch you false, by Heaven you die for't,
All love forgot!
Clau. When I fear that, I am fit for't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* LOPEZ.

LOPEZ *at a Table with Jewels and Money upon it; an Egg roasting by a Candle.*

Lopez. Whilst prodigal young gaudy fools are banqueting,
And launching out their states to catch the giddy,
Thus do I study to preserve my fortune,
And hatch with care at home the wealth that saints me.
Here's rubies of Bengala, rich, rich, glorious;
These diamonds of Ormus, bought for little,
Here vented at the price of princes' ransoms;
How bright they shine, like constellations!
The South-sea's treasure here, pearl, fair and orient,
Able to equal Cleopatra's banquet;
Here chains of lesser stones for ladies' lustres,
Ingots of gold, rings, brooches, bars of silver,
These are my studies to set off in sale well,
And not in sensual surfeits to consume 'em.—
How roasts mine egg! he heats apace; I'll turn him.—
Penurio! where, you knave, do you wait! Penurio,
You lazy knave!

Enter PENURIO.

Pen. Did you call, sir?
Lopez. Where's your mistress?
What vanity holds her from her attendance?
Pen. The very sight of this egg has made him cockish; [*Aside.*
What would a dozen butter'd do!—She is within, sir.
Lopez. Within, sir! at what thrift, you knave! what getting!
Pen. Getting a good stomach, sir, an she knew where to get meat to't;
She's praying heartily upon her knees, sir,
That Heaven would send her a good bearing dinner.
Lopez. Nothing but gluttony and surfeit thought on,
Health flung behind! had she not yesternight, sirrah,
Two sprats to supper, and the oil allowable!
Was she not sick with eating! Hadst not thou
(Thou most ungrateful knave, that nothing satisfies)
The water that I boil'd my other egg in,
To make thee hearty broth!
Pen. 'Tis true, I had, sir;
But I might as soon make the philosopher's stone on't:
You gave it me in water, and, but for manners' sake,
I could give it you again in wind, it was so hearty.
I shall turn pissing-conduit shortly.—My mistress comes, sir.

Enter ISABELLA.

Lopez. Welcome, my dove!
Isab. Pray you keep your welcome to you,
Unless it carries more than words to please me.
Is this the joy to be a wife! to bring with me,
Besides the nobleness of blood I spring from,
A full and able portion to maintain me!
Is this the happiness of youth and beauty,
The great content of being made a mistress,
To live a slave subject to wants and hungers,
To jealousies for every eye that wanders,
Unmanly jealousy!
Lopez. Good Isabella——
Isab. Too *good* for you! Do you think to famish me,
Or keep me like an alms-woman in such raiment,
Such poor unhandsome weeds! am I old, or ugly!
I never was bred thus; and if your misery
Will suffer wilful blindness to abuse me,
My patience shall be no bawd to mine own ruin.
Pen. Tickle him, mistress; to him! [*Apart to her*
Isab. Had you love in you,
Or any part of man——
Pen. Follow that, mistress!
Isab. Or had humanity but ever known you,
You would shame to use a woman of my way thus,
So poor, and basely! You are strangely jealous of me:
If I should give you cause—— [
Lopez. How, Isabella?
Isab. As do not venture this way to provoke me——
Pen. Excellent well, mistress!
Lopez. How's this, Isabella?
Isab. 'Twill stir a saint, and I am but a woman,
And by that tenure may——
Lopez. By no means, chicken!
You know I love you. Fy, take no example
By those young gadding dames, (you are noted virtuous)
That stick their husbands' wealth in trifles on 'em,
And point 'em but the way to their own miseries.
I am not jealous. Kiss me. 'Faith, I am not.
And for your diet, 'tis to keep you healthful
(Surfeits destroy more than the sword) that I am careful
Your meat should be both neat and cleanly handled;
See, sweet, I am cook myself, and mine own cater.
Pen. A pox of that cook cannot lick his fingers!
Lopez. I'll add another dish; you shall have milk to't;
'Tis nourishing and good.
Pen. With butter in't, sir?
Lopez. This knave would breed a famine in a kingdom!— [*Apart.*
And clothes that shall content you; you must be wise then,
And live sequester'd to yourself and me,
Not wand'ring after every toy comes cross you,
Nor struck with every spleen.—What's the knave doing? Penurio!
Pen. Hunting, sir, for a second course of flies here;
They are rare new sallads.
Lopez. For certain, Isabella,
This ravening fellow has a wolf in's belly.
Intemperate knave, will nothing quench thy appetite?
I saw him eat two apples, which is monstrous.
Pen. If you had given me those, 't had been more monstrous.
Lopez. 'Tis a main miracle to feed this villain.—
Come, Isabella, let us in to supper,
And think the Roman dainties at our table!
'Tis all but thought. [*Exeunt.*
Pen. 'Would all my thoughts would do it!
The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell,

To victual out a witch for the Burmoothees:
'Tis treason to any good stomach living now
To hear a tedious grace said, and no meat to't,
I have a radish yet, but that's but transitory. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Citadel.—Night.*

Enter Soto, *with a ladder.*

Soto. Can any living man, unless a rascal
That neither knows himself, nor a fashion'd gentleman,
Take me for a worse man than my master now?
I am naturally proud in these clothes: But if pride now
Should catch a fall in what I am attempting!
'Tis but a proverb sound, and a neck broken,
That's the worst can come on't; a gentleman's gone then,
A gentleman o' th' first house, there's the end on't!
My master lies most pitifully complaining,
Wringing and kicking up to th' ears in love yonder,
And such a lamentable noise he keeps, it kills me:
I have got his clothes, and if I can get to her,
By hook or crook here, such a song I'll sing her—
I think I shall be hang'd; but that's no matter!
What's a hanging among friends? I am valiant
As an elephant. I have considered what [now
To say too. Let me see now! this is the place;
'Tis plaguy high! Stay; at that lower window
Let me aim finely now, like a good gunner,
It may prove but a whipping.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. I saw somebody
Pass by me now, and, though 'twere dark, methought yet
I knew the clothes.—Ha! let me not be cozen'd!
The ladder too, ready to fling it? Monstrous!
'Tis he, 'tis Claudio! most voluptuous villain,
Scandal to woman's credit! Love, I forget thee—
[*Draws a pistol.*

Soto. What will he do, i' th' name of Heaven? What's that there?

Sil. And all the friendship that I bore thee, bury here—

Soto. What has he in's hand? I hope but a cudgel.

Sil. Thy faults forgive, oh, Heaven! Farewell, thou traitor! [*Fires.*

Soto. I am slain, I am slain! [*Falls.*

Sil. He's down, and dead, dead certain,
(It was too rash, too full of spleen) stark dead:
This is no place now to repent in; only,
'Would I had given this hand that shot the pistol
I had miss'd thee, and thou wert once more Claudio! [*Exit.*

Enter Claudio.

Clau. Why should I love thus foolishly? thus desperately?
And give away my heart where no hope's left me?
Why should not the true counsel of a friend restrain me?
The devil's mouth I run into, affright me?
The honour of the lady, charm my wildness?
I have no power, no being of myself,
No reason strong enough now left within me
To bind my will. Oh, Love, thou god, or devil,
Or what thou art, that plays the tyrant in me—

Soto. Oh!

Clau. What's that cry?

Soto. A surgeon, a surgeon,
Twenty good surgeons!

Clau. 'Tis not far from me;
Some murder, o' my life!

Soto. Will you let me die here?
No drink come, nor no surgeon?

Clau. 'Tis my man, sure,
His voice, and here he lies.—How is it with thee

Soto. I am slain, sir, I am slain.

Clau. Slain? Who has slain thee?

Soto. Kill'd, kill'd, out-right kill'd!

Clau. Where's thy hurt?

Soto. I know not;
But I am sure I am kill'd.

Clau. Canst thou sit up,
That I may find the hurt out?

Soto. I can sit up;
But, ne'ertheless, I am slain.

Clau. 'Tis not o' this side?

Soto. No, sir, I think it be not.

Clau. Nor o' this side.
Was it done with a sword?

Soto. A gun, a gun, sweet master.

Clau. The devil a bullet has been here; thou art well, man.

Soto. No, sure, I am kill'd.

Clau. Let me see thy thighs and belly:
As whole as a fish, for anything I see yet;
Thou bleed'st no where.

Soto. I think I do not bleed, sir,
But yet, I am afraid I am slain.

Clau. Stand up, fool!
Thou hast as much hurt as my nail. Who shot
A pottle, or a pint? [thee?

Soto. Signor Silvio shot me,
In these clothes, taking me for you, and seeing
The ladder in my hand here, which I stole from you,
Thinking to have gone to the lady myself, and have spoke for you.

Clau. If he had hit you home, he had served you right, sirrah,
You saucy rogue!—How poor my intent shews to
How naked now, and foolish! [me,

Soto. Are you sure he has not hit me?
It gave a monstrous bounce.

Clau. You rose o' your right side,
And said your prayers too, you had been paid else;
But what need'st thou a bullet, when thy fear kills thee?
Sirrah, keep your own counsel for all this; you'll be hang'd else,
If it be known.

Soto. If it be by my means, let me;
I am glad I am not kill'd, and far more gladder
My gentleman-like humour's out; I feel 'tis dangerous,
And to be a gentleman is to be kill'd twice a-week.

Clau. Keep yourself close i' th' country for a while, sirrah!
There's money: Walk to your friends.

Soto. They have no pistols,
Nor are no gentlemen, that is my comfort. [*Exit.*

Clau. I will retire too, and live private (for this Silvio,
Inflamed with nobleness, will be my death else;)
And, if I can, forget this love that loads me,
At least the danger.—And, now I think on't better,
I have some conclusions else invite me to it. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the Citadel.*

Enter RODOPE *and* SILVIO, *at several Doors.*

Rod. Nephew!
Sil. My dear aunt!
Rod. Would you go by thus slily,
And never see me? not once send in to me,
Your loving aunt? she that, above all those
I call my kindred, honour'd you, and placed you
Nearest my heart?
Sil. I thank you, worthy aunt;
But such at this time are my occasions——
Rod. You shall not go yet; by my faith, you shall not!
I will not be denied. Why look you sad, nephew?
Sil. I am seldom other.—Oh, this blood sits
As I walk'd this way late last night, [heavy!—
In meditation of some things concern'd me——
Rod. What, nephew?
Sil. Why, methought I heard a piece, lady,
A piece shot off, much about this place too,
(But could not judge the cause, nor what it boded)
Under the castle-wall.
Rod. We heard it too;
And the watch pursued it presently, but found
Not any track. [nothing,
Sil. I am right glad to hear it!—
The ruffians surely that command the night [*Aside.*
Have found him, stript him, and into the river
Convey'd the body.
Rod. You look still sadder, nephew.
Is anything within these walls to comfort you?
Speak, and be master of it.
Sil. You're a right courtier;
A great professor, but a poor performer.
Rod. Do you doubt my faith? You never found me that way,
(I dare well speak it boldly) but a true friend.
Sil. Continue then.
Rod. Try me, and see who falters.
Sil. I will, and presently: 'Tis in your power
To make me the most bound man to your courtesy.
Rod. Let me know how, and if I fail——
Sil. 'Tis thus then:
Get me access to the Lady Belvidere,
But for a minute, but to see her; your husband now
Is safe at court; I left him full employ'd there.
Rod. You have ask'd the thing without my power to grant you,
The law lies on the danger: If I loved you not,
I would bid you go, and there be found, and die for't.
Sil. I knew your love, and where there shew'd a danger
How far you durst step for me! Give me a true
That, where occasion is to do a benefit, [friend,
Aims at the end, and not the rubs before it.
I was a fool to ask you this! a more fool
To think a woman had so much noble nature
To entertain a secret of this burthen:
You had best to tell the duchess I persuaded you,
That's a fine course, and one will win you credit;
Forget the name of cousin, blot my blood out,
And, so you raise yourself, let me grow shorter!
A woman-friend? He that believes that weakness,
Steers in a stormy night without a compass.
Rod. What is't I durst not do might not impeach you?
Sil. Why, this you dare not do, you dare not [think of!
Rod. 'Tis a main hazard.
Sil. If it were not so,
I would not come to you to seek a favour.
Rod. You will lose yourself.
Sil. The loss ends with myself then.
Rod. You will but see her?
Sil. Only look upon her.
Rod. Not stay?
Sil. Prescribe your time.
Rod. Not traffic with her,
In any close dishonourable actions?
Sil. Stand you yourself by.
Rod. I will venture for you:
Because you shall be sure I am a touch'd friend,
I'll bring her to you. Come, walk; you know the garden,
And take this key to open the little postern;
There stand no guards.
Sil. I shall soon find it, aunt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*At the Gate of the Citadel.*

Enter two Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Is the captain come home?
2 *Sold.* No; who commands the guard to-night?
1 *Sold.* I think Petruchio.
2 *Sold.* What's the word?
1 *Sold.* None knows yet.
2 *Sold.* I would this lady were married out o' th' way once,
Or out of our custodies! I wish they would take in more companies,
For I am sure we feel her in our duties shrewdly.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis not her fault, I warrant you; she's ready for't;
And that's the plague; when they grow ripe for marriage,
They must be slipt like hawks.
2 *Sold.* Give me a mean wench!
No state-doubt lies on her, she is always ready.
1 *Sold.* Come to the guard; 'tis late, and sure the captain
Cannot be long away.
2 *Sold.* I have watch'd these three nights;
To-morrow they may keep me tame for nothing.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the same.*

Enter SILVIO; *then* BELVIDERE, *and* RODOPE *with a Light.*

Sil. This is the place, I think. What light is that there?
The lady and my cousin!
Bel. Is this the garden?
Rod. Yes, madam.
Sil. Oh, my blessed mistress,
Saint of my soul!
Bel. Speak softly!—Take me to you!
Oh, Silvio, I am thine, thine ever, Silvio!
[*They embrace.*
Rod. Is this your promise, sir?—Lady, your honour!
I am undone if this be seen, disgraced,
Fallen under all discredit!
Bel. Do you love still?
Dear, do you keep your old faith?

Sil. Ever, lady;
And, when that fails me, all that's good forsake me!
Rod. Do not you shame?—Madam, I must not suffer this,
I will not suffer it! Men call you virtuous:
What do you mean, to lose yourself thus?—Silvio,
I charge thee get away, charge you retire you;
I'll call the watch else.
Sil. Call all the world to see us!
We live in one another's happiness,
And so will die.
Bel. Here will I hang for ever!
Rod. As you respect me, as hereafter, madam,
You would enjoy his love—Nothing prevail with you?
I'll try my strength then: Get thee gone, thou villain, [*Struggles with him.*
Thou promise-breaker!
Sil. I am tied; I cannot.
Rod. I'll ring the bell then!
Sil. Ring it to death, I am fix'd here.

Enter BARTELLO *and two* Soldiers *with Lights.*

Bart. I saw a light over the garden wall,
Hard by the ladies' chamber: Here's some knavery!
As I live, I saw it twice.
Rod. The guard, the guard there!
I must not suffer this, it is too mischievous.
Bart. Light up the torch! I fear'd this. Ha!
How got he in? [young Silvio?
1 *Sold.* The devil brought him in sure;
He came not by us.
Bart. My wife between 'em bustling?
Guard, pull him off!
Rod. Now, now, ye feel the misery.
Bart. You, madam, at an hour so far undecent?
Death o' my soul! This is a foul fault in you!
Your mother's care abused too!—Lights to her chamber!—
I am sorry to see this.
Bel. Farewell, my Silvio,
And let no danger sink thee!
Sil. Nor death, lady.
[*Exeunt* BELVIDERE *and* RODOPE.
Bart. Are you so hot? I shall prepare you physic
Will purge you finely, neatly; you are too fiery:
Think of your prayers, sir, an you have not forgot 'em!
Can you fly i' th' air, or creep you in at key-holes?
I have a gin will catch you, though you conjured.—
Take him to guard to-night, to strong and sure guard;
I'll back to th' duchess presently.—No less sport serve you,
Than th' heir to a dukedom? Play at push-pin there, sir?
It was well aim'd; but, plague upon't, you shot short,
And that will lose your game.
Sil. I know the loss then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter CLAUDIO *like a Merchant.*

Clau. Now, in this habit, may I safely see
How my incensed friend carries my murder;
Who little I imagined had been wrought
To such a height of rage: And much I grieve now
Mine own blind passion had so master'd me
I could not see his love; for sure he loves her,
And on a nobler ground than I pretended.
It must be so, it is so.—

Enter PENURIO.

What, Penurio,
My shotten friend, what wind blew you?
Pen. 'Faith, 'tis true,
Any strong wind will blow me like a feather:
I am all air, nothing of earth within me,
Nor have not had this month, but that good dinner
Your worship gave me yesterday; that stays by me,
And gives me ballast, else the sun would draw me.
Clau. But does my mistress speak still of me?
Pen. Yes, sir,
And in her sleep, that makes my master mad too,
And turn and fart for anger.
Clau. Art sure she saw me?
Pen. She saw you at a window.
Clau. 'Tis most true,
In such a place I saw a gentlewoman,
A young, sweet, handsome woman——
Pen. That's she, that's she, sir.
Clau. And well she view'd me: I view'd her—
Pen. Still she, sir.
Clau. At last she blush'd, and then look'd off.
Pen. That blush, sir,
If you can read it truly——
Clau. But didst thou tell her,
Or didst thou fool me thou knew'st such a one?
Pen. I told her, and I told her such a sweet tale—
Clau. But did she hear thee?
Pen. With a thousand ears, sir,
And swallow'd what I said as greedily
As great-bellied women do cherries, stones and all, sir.
Clau. Methinks she should not love thy master?
Pen. Hang him, pilcher!
There's nothing loves him; his own cat cannot endure him.
She had better lie with a bear; for he's so hairy,
That a tame warren of fleas frisk round about him.
Clau. And wilt thou work still?
Pen. Like a miner for you.
Clau. And get access?
Pen. Or conjure you together;
'Tis her desire to meet: She is poison'd with him,
And, till she take a sweet fresh air—that's you, sir—
Clau. There's money for thee; thou art a precious varlet!
Be fat, be fat, and blow thy master backward.
Pen. Blow you my mistress, sir, as flat as a flounder,
Then blow her up again, as butchers blow their veals:

If she die upon the same,
Bury her, bury her, in God's name!

Clau. Thou art a merry knave! By this hand, I'll feed thee,
Till thou crack'st at both ends, if thou darest do this!
Thou shalt eat no fantastical porridge
Nor lick the dish where oil was yesterday,
Dust, and dead flies to-day; capons, fat capons—
Pen. Oh, hearty sound!
Clau. Cramm'd full of itching oysters——
Pen. Will you have the duchess?

Clau. And lobsters big as gauntlets;
Thou shalt despise base beef——
Pen. I do despise it!
And now, methinks, I feel a tart come sliding——
Clau. Leaping into thy mouth; but first deal [faithfully.
Pen. When will you come?
Clau. To-morrow.
Pen. I'll attend you;
For then my master will be out in business.
Clau. What news abroad?
Pen. 'Mass, as I was coming to you,
I heard that Signor Silvio, a good gentleman,
(Many a good meal I have eaten with him)——
Clau. What of him?
Pen. Was this day to be arraign'd before the [duchess;
But why, I could not hear.
Clau. Silvio arraign'd?—
Go, get you gone, and think of me.
Pen. I fly, sir. [*Exit.*
Clau. Arraign'd? for what? for my supposed death? No,
That cannot be, sure; there's no rumour of it.
Be it what it will, I will be there and see it,
And, if my help will bring him off, he has it. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Duchess, Lords, Silvio (*prisoner,*) Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, Clerk, Counsellors, *and* Attendants.

Duch. Read the edict last made; keep silence, there!
Clerk. [*Reading.*] "If any man, of what condition soever, and a subject, after the publishing of this edict, shall, without special licence from the Great Duchess, attempt, or buy, offer, or make an attempt to solicit, the love of the Princess Belvidere, the person so offending shall forfeit his life."
Coun. The reason why—My royal mistress here,
In her last treaty with Sienna's duke,
Promised her beauteous daughter there in marriage;
The Duke of Milan, rival in this fortune,
Unnobly sought by practice to betray her;
Which found, and cross'd, the citadel received her,
There to secure her mother's word; the last cause,
So many gentlemen of late enamour'd
On this most beauteous princess, and not brooking
One more than another, to deserve a favour,
Blood has been spilt, many brave spirits lost,
And more, unless she had been kept close from their violence,
Had like to have follow'd: Therefore, for due prevention
Of all such hazards and unnoble actions,
This last edict was publish'd; which thou, Silvio,
Like a false man, a bad man, and a traitor,
Hast rent a-pieces, and contemn'd; for which cause
Thou stand'st a guilty man here now.

Enter Claudio.

Clerk. Speak, Silvio!
What canst thou say to avoid the hand of justice?
Sil. Nothing, but I confess, submit, and lay my head to't.
Bel. Have ye no eyes, my lords, no understand- [ings,
The gentleman will cast himself away,
Cast himself wilfully! Are you, or you, guilty?
No more is he, no more taint sticks upon him:
I drew him thither, 'twas my way betray'd him;
I got the entrance kept, I entertain'd him,
I hid the danger from him, forc'd him to me:
Poor gentle soul, he's in no part transgressing:
I wrote unto him——
Sil. Do not wrong that honour,
Cast not upon that pureness these aspersions!
By Heaven, it was my love, my violence;
My life must answer it: I broke in to her,
Tempted the law, solicited unjustly—— [cause!
Bel. As there is truth in Heaven, I was the first
How could this man have come to me, left naked,
Without my counsel and provision?
What hour could he find out to pass the watches,
But I must make it sure first? Reverend judges,
Be not abused, nor let an innocent life lie
Upon your shaking conscience! I did it;
My love the main wheel that set him a-going;
His motion but compell'd.
Sil. Can ye believe this,
And know with what a modesty and whiteness
Her life was ever rank'd? Can ye believe this,
And see me here before ye, young and wilful?
Apt to what danger Love dares thrust me on,
And, where Law stops my way, apt to contemn it?
If I were bashful, old, or dull, and sleepy
In love's alarms, a woman might awake me,
Direct, and clew me out the way to happiness;
But I, like fire, kindled with that bright beauty,
Catch hold of all occasions, and run through 'em.
Bel. I charge ye, as your honest souls will answer it—
Sil. I charge ye, as ye are the friends to Virtue,
That has no pattern living but this lady——
Bel. Let not his blood——
Sil. Let not her wilfulness
(For then you act a scene hell will rejoice at)——
Bel. He's clear.
Sil. She is as white in this as infants.
Clau. The god of love protect your cause, and [help ye!
Two nobler pieces of affection
These eyes ne'er look'd on; if such goodness perish,
Let never true hearts meet again, but break! [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* A strange example of strong love, a rare one!
2 *Lord.* Madam, we know not what to say, to think on.
Duch. I must confess it strikes me tender too,
Searches my mother's heart. You found 'em there?
Bart. Yes, certain, madam.
Duch. And so link'd together?
Bart. As they had been one piece of alabaster.
Duch. Nothing dishonourable?
Sil. So let my soul have happiness,
As that thought yet durst never seek this bosom!
Duch. What shall I do? He has broke my law, abused me;
Fain would I know the truth:—Either confess it,
And let me understand the main offender,
Or both shall feel the torture.
Sil. Are you a mother,
The mother of so sweet a rose as this is,
So pure a flower, and dare you lose that nature?
Dare you take to yourself so great a wickedness,
(Oh, holy Heaven!) of thinking what may ruin
This goodly building? this temple, where the gods dwell?
Give me a thousand tortures,—I deserve 'em,
And shew me death in all the shapes imagined—
Bel. No death but I will answer it, meet it, seek it;
No torture but I'll laugh upon't, and kiss it.

1 *Lord.* This is no way.
2 *Lord.* They say no more, for certain,
Than their strong hearts will suffer.
Duch. I have bethought me:
No, lords, although I have a child offending,
Nature does not forget she is a child still:
Till now, I never look'd on love imperious.—
I have bethought me of a way to break you,
To separate, though not your loves, your bodies:
Silvio, attend! I'll be your judge myself now.
The sentence of your death (because my daughter
Will bear an equal part in your afflictions)
I take away, and pardon: This remains then,
An easy and a gentle punishment,
And this shall be fulfill'd: Because unnobly
You have sought the love and marriage of a princess,
The absolute and sole heir of this dukedom,
By that means, as we must imagine strongly,
To plant yourself into this rule hereafter,
We here pronounce you a man banish'd from us.
Sil. For ever banish'd, lady?
Duch. Yet more mercy!
But for a year, and then again in this place
To make your full appearance. Yet more pity!
If in that time you can absolve a question,
Writ down within this scroll, absolve it rightly,
This lady is your wife, and shall live with you;
If not, you lose your head. [*Gives him a paper.*
Sil. I take this honour,
And humbly kiss these royal hands.
Duch. Receive it.—
Bartello, to your old guard take the princess.
And so, the court break up!
Sil. Farewell to all,
And to that spotless heart my endless service!
[*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* What will this prove?
2 *Lord.* I'll tell you a year hence, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the House of* LOPEZ.

Enter PENURIO, ISABELLA, *and* CLAUDIO.

Pen. Are you pleas'd now? Have I not wrought
Non è ben fatto, signor? [this wonder?
Clau. Rarely, Penurio.
Pen. Close, close then, and work, wax!
Clau. I am studying for thee
A dinner, that shall victual thee for ten year.
Pen. Do you hear, mistress?
You know what a dunder-whelp my master is,
(I need not preach to you) how unfit and wanting
To give a woman satisfaction; how
He stinks and snores; a bull's a better bedfellow;
And, for his love, never let that deceive you.
Isab. Nay, sure he loves me not
Pen. If he could coin you,
Or turn you into metal, much might be then;
He loves not anything but what is traffic:
I have heard him swear he would sell you to the
Isab. The Turk? [grand signor.
Pen. The very Turk, and how they would use
Isab. I'll fit him for't: The Turk? [you——
Pen. I know the price too:
Now you have time to pay him, pay him home, mistress,
Pay him o' th' pate, clout him for all his courtesies:
Here's one that dances in your eyes, young, delicate,
To work this vengeance; if you let it slip now,
There is no pitying of you. Od's precious, mistress,
Were I his wife, I would so maul his mazard—
'Tis charity, mere charity, pure charity!
Are you the first? Has it not been from Eve's time,
Women would have their safe revenges this way?
And good and gracious women, excellent women?
Is't not a handsome gentleman, a sweet gentleman?
View him from head to foot, a complete gentleman?
When can you hope the like again? I leave you,
And my revenge too, with you: I know my office;
I'll not be far off. Be not long a-fumbling!
When danger shall appear, I'll give the 'larm.
[*Exit.*
Isab. You are welcome, sir! and 'would it were my fortune
To afford a gentleman of your fair seeming
A freer entertainment than this house has;
You partly know, sir——
Clau. Know, and pity, lady,
Such sweetness in the bud should be so blasted:
Dare you make me your servant?
Isab. Dare you make, sir,
That service worthy of a woman's favour
By constancy and goodness?
Clau. Here I swear to you,
By the unvalued love I bear this beauty,
(And kiss the book too) never to be recreant;
To honour you, to truly love and serve you,
My youth to wait upon you, what my wealth has—
Isab. Oh, make me not so poor to sell affection!
Those bought loves, sir, wear faster than the monies.—
A handsome gentleman! [*Apart.*
Clau. A most delicate sweet one!
Let my truth purchase then!
Isab. I should first try it;
But you may happily——
Clau. You shall not doubt me—
I hope she loves me.—When I prove false, shame
Will you believe a little? [take me!
Isab. I fear, too much, sir.
Clau. And will you love a little?
Isab. That should be your part.
Clau. Thus I begin then, thus and thus.
[*Kisses her.*
Isab. A good beginning,
We have a proverb says, makes a good ending.
Clau. Say you so? 'tis well inferr'd.
Isab. Good sir, your patience!
Methinks I have ventured now, like a weak bark,
Upon a broken billow, that will swallow me,
Upon a rough sea of suspicions,
Stuck round with jealous rocks.
Pen. [*Within.*] A-hem, a-hem there!
Isab. This is my man! my fears too soon have found me.

Enter PENURIO.

Now, what's the news?
Pen. A pox of yond old rigel,
The captain, the old captain!
Isab. What old captain?
Pen. Captain Courageous yonder, of the castle,
Captain, Don Diego, old Bartello.
Isab. Where is he?
Pen. He's coming in:
'Twould vex the devil that such an old potgun as this,
That can make no sport, should hinder them that can do't.
Isab. I would not have him see the gentleman
For all the world; my credit were undone then.

Pen. Shall I fling a piss-pot on's head as he comes in,
And take him into th' kitchen, there to dry him?
Isab. That will not do. And he's so humorous
He will come in. [too,
Clau. What is he?
Isab. One much troubles me.
Pen. And can do nothing, cannot eat.
Isab. Your sight now,
Out of a drivelling dotage he bears to me,
May make him tell my husband, and undo me.
Clau. What would you have me do?
Isab. But for a while, sir,
Step here behind this hanging; presently
I'll answer him, and then——
Clau. I will obey you. [*Retires behind the arras.*

Enter BARTELLO.

Bart. Where's my rich jeweller? I have stones
Pen. He is abroad, and sure, sir. [to set.
Bart. There's for your service!—
[*Gives him money. Exit* PENURIO.
Where's the fair lady? All alone, sweet beauty?
Isab. She's never much alone, sir, that's acquainted
With such companions as good honest thoughts are.
Bart. I'll sit down by thee, and I'll kiss thy hand too,
And in thine ear swear, by my life, I love thee.
Isab. You are a merry captain.
Bart. And a mad one, lady.
By th' mass, thou hast goodly eyes, excellent eyes, wench!
Ye twinkling rogues! look what thy captain brings
Thou must needs love me, love me heartily, [thee!
Hug me, and love me, hug me close.
Isab. Fy, captain!
Bart. Nay, I have strength, and I can strain you, sirrah,
And vault into my seat as nimbly, little one,
As any of your smooth-chinn'd boys in Florence.
I must needs commit a little folly with you;
I'll not be long; a bridling cast, and away, wench!
The hob-nail thy husband's as fitly out o' th' way now—
Isab. Do you think he keeps a bawdy-house?
Bart. That's all one.
Isab. Or did you e'er see that lightness in my carriage,
That you might promise to yourself——
Bart. Away, fool!
A good turn's a good turn; I'm an honest fellow.
Isab. You have a handsome wife, a virtuous gentlewoman——
Bart. They are not for this time o' th' year.
Isab. A lady,
That ever bore that great respect to you,
That noble constancy——
Bart. That's more than I know.

Enter Maid *and* PENURIO.

Maid. Oh, mistress, you're undone! my mas-
Pen. Coming hard by here. [ter's coming.
Bart. Plague consume the rascal!
Shall I make petty-patties of him?
Isab. Now what love, sir?
Fear of your coming made him jealous first;
Your finding here will make him mad and desperate;
And what in that wild mood he will execute——
Bart. I can think of nothing; I have no wit left me;
Certain my head's a mustard-pot!
Isab. I have thought, sir;
And, if you please to put in execution
What I conceive——
Bart. I'll do it; tell it quickly.
Isab. Draw your sword quickly, and go down enraged,
As if you had pursued some foe up hither,
And grumble to yourself extremely, terribly,
But not a word to him; and so pass by him.
Bart. I'll do it perfectly.

Enter LOPEZ.

Isab. Stand you still, good sir.
Bart. Rascal, slave, villain! take a house so poorly,
After thou hast wrong'd a gentleman, a soldier?
Base poltroon boy! you will forsake your nest, sirrah?
Lopez. The matter, good sweet captain?
Bart. Run-away rogue!
And take a house to cover thy base cowardice?
I'll whip you, I'll so scourge you—— [*Exit*
Lopez. Mercy upon me,
What's all this matter, wife?
Isab. Did you meet the madman?
Lopez. I never saw the captain so provoked yet.
Isab. Oh, he's a devil sure, a most bloody devil
He follow'd a young gentleman, his sword drawn,
With such a fury—how I shake to think on't!
And foin'd, and slash'd at him, and swore he'd kill him;
Drove him up hither, follow'd him still bloodily,
And, if I had not hid him, sure had slain him.
A merciless old man! [CLAUDIO *appears.*
Clau. Most virtuous lady,
Even as the giver of my life, I thank you!
Lopez. This fellow must not stay here, he's too handsome.—
He is gone, sir, and you may pass now with all security;
I'll be your guide myself, and such a way
I'll lead you, none shall cross, nor none shall know you.—
The doors left open, sirrah? I'll starve you for this trick!
I'll make thee fast o' Sundays: And for you, lady,
I'll have your lodgings farther off, and closer;
I'll have no street-lights to you!—Will you go, sir?
Clau. I thank you, sir!—The devil take this fortune!—
And, once more, all my service to your goodness!
[*Exeunt* LOPEZ *and* CLAUDIO.
Pen. Now could I eat my very arms for madness!
Cross'd in the nick o' th' matter? Vengeance take it,
And that old cavalier that spoil'd our cock-fight!
I'll lay the next plot surer.
Isab. I am glad, and sorry:
Glad that I got so fairly off suspicion;
Sorry, I lost my new-loved friend.
Pen. Not lost, mistress;
I'll conjure once again to raise that spirit.
In, and look soberly upon the matter!
We'll ring him one peal more; and if that fall,
The devil take the clappers, bells, and all!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUCHESS, Lords, *and* RODOPE.

Duch. Now, Rodope, how do you find my daughter?
Rod. Madam, I find her now what you would have her,
What the state wishes her; I urged her fault to her,
Open'd her eyes, and made her see the mischief
She was running with a headlong will into;
Made her start at her folly, shake and tremble
At the mere memory of such an ignorance.
She now contemns his love, hates his remembrance,
Cannot endure to hear the name of Silvio;
His person spits at——
Duch. I am glad to hear this.
Rod. And humbly now to your will, your care, madam,
Bends her affections, bows her best obedience;
Sienna's Duke with new eyes now she looks on,
And with a princely love, fit for his person,
Returns that happiness and joy he look'd for;
The general good of both the neighbour dukedoms,
Not any private end, or rash affection,
She aims at now. Hearing the Duke arrived too,
(To whom she owes all honour and all service)
She charged me kneel thus at your grace's feet,
And not to rise without a general pardon. [*Kneels.*
Duch. She has it, and my love again, my old love;
And with more tenderness I meet this penitence,
Than if she ne'er had started from her honour.
I thank you, Rodope, am bound to thank you,
And daily to remember this great service,
This honest faithful service! Go in peace,
And by this ring, deliver'd to Bartello,
Let her enjoy our favour, and her liberty;
And presently to this place, with all honour,
See her conducted.
Rod. Your grace has made me happy. [*Exit.*

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Sienna's noble Duke craves his admittance.
Duch. Go, wait upon his grace!—

Enter Duke *of* SIENNA, *with* Attendants.

Fair sir, you are welcome,
Welcome to her ever admired your virtues!
And now, methinks, my court looks truly noble.
You have taken too much pains, sir.
Duke. Royal lady,
To wait upon your grace is but my service.
Duch. Keep that, sir, for the saint you have vow'd it to.
Duke. I keep a life for her. Since your grace
To jump so happily into the matter, [pleases
I come indeed to claim your royal promise,
The beauteous Belvidere in marriage:
I come to tender her my youth, my fortune,
My everlasting love.
Duch. You are like to win, sir—

Enter BELVIDERE, BARTELLO, RODOPE, *and* Attendants.

All is forgot, forgiven too. No sadness,
My good child! you have the same heart still here.
The Duke of Sienna, child! Pray, use him nobly.
Duke. An angel beauty!
Bel. Your grace is fairly welcome!
And what in modesty a blushing maid may
Wish to a gentleman of your great goodness—
But wishes are too poor a pay for princes.
Duke. You have made me richer than all state and titles!
One kiss of this white hand's above all honours:
My faith, dear lady, and my fruitful service,
My duteous zeal——
Bel. Your grace is a great master,
And speak too powerfully to be resisted.
Once more, you are welcome, sir; to me you are welcome,
To her that honours you! I could say more, sir:
But in another's tongue 'twere better spoken.
Duke. As wise as fair! you have made your servant happy.—
I never saw so rich a mine of sweetness!
Duch. Will your grace please, after your painful journey,
To take some rest?—Are the Duke's lodgings [ready?
Lord. All, madam.
Duch. Then wait upon his grace, all!—And to-morrow, sir,
We'll shew you in what high esteem we hold you:
Till then, a fair repose!
Duke. My fairest service!
[*Exeunt* DUKE *and* Attendants.
Duch. You have so honour'd me, my dearest daughter,
So truly pleased me in this entertainment,
I mean your loving carriage to Sienna,
That both for ever I forget all trespasses,
And to secure you next of my full favour,
Ask what you will within my power to grant you,
Ask freely; and if I forget my promise—
Ask confidently!
Bel. You are too royal to me;
To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you,
So like a girl, so far forgot my virtue,
Which now appears as base and ugly to me,
As did his dream, that thought he was in Paradise
Awaked and saw the devil. How was I wander'd!
With what eyes could I look upon that poor, that coarse thing,
That wretched thing, call'd Silvio! that, now, despised thing!
And lose an object of that graceful sweetness,
That god-like presence, as Sienna is!
Darkness and cheerful day had not such difference.
But I must ever bless your care, your wisdom,
That led me from this labyrinth of folly:
How had I sunk else! what example given!
Duch. Pr'ythee, no more; and as thou art my best one,
Ask something that may equal such a goodness!
Bel. Why did you let him go so slightly from you,
More like a man in triumph, than condemn'd?
Why did you make his penance but a question,
A riddle, every idle wit unlocks?
Duch. 'Tis not so,
Nor do not fear it so; he will not find it:
I have given that (unless myself discover it)
Will cost his head.
Bel. 'Tis subject to construction?
Duch. That it is too.
Bel. It may be then absolved

And then are we both scorn'd and laugh'd at, madam:
Beside the promise you have tied upon it,
Which you must never keep——
Duch. I never mean it.
Bel. For Heaven sake, let me know it! 'tis my suit to you,
The boon you would have me ask: Let me but see it,
That, if there be a way to make't so strong
No wit nor powerful reason can run through it
For my disgrace, I may beg of Heaven to grant it.
Duch. Fear not! it has been put to sharper judgments
Than e'er he shall arrive at: My dear father,
That was as fiery in his understanding
And ready in his wit as any living,
Had it two years, and studied it, yet lost it:
This night you are my bedfellow; there, daughter,
Into your bosom I'll commit this secret,
And there we'll both take counsel.
Bel. I shall find
Some trick, I hope, too strong yet for his mind.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter PENURIO.

Pen. Methinks I am batten'd well of late, grown lusty,
Fat, high, and kicking, thanks to the bounteous Rugio!
And, now, methinks, I scorn these poor repasts,
Cheese-parings, and the stinking tongues of pilchers:
But why should I remember these? they are odious,
They are odious in mine eyes; the full fat dish now,
The bearing dish, is that I reverence,
The dish an able serving-man sweats under,
And bends i' th' hams, as if the house hung on him,
That dish is the dish; hang your bladder banquets,
Of half a dozen of turnips and two mushrooms!
These, when they breed their best, hatch but two belches:
The state of a fat turkey, the decorum
He marches in with, all the train and circumstance;
'Tis such a matter, such a glorious matter!
And then his sauce with oranges and onions,
And he display'd in all parts! for such a dish now,
And at my need, I would betray my father,
And, for a roasted conger, all my country.

Enter BARTELLO.

Bart. What, my friend Lean-gut! how does thy beauteous mistress?
And where's your master, sirrah? where's that horn-pipe?
Pen. My mistress, sir, does as a poor wrong'd gentlewoman
(Too much, Heaven knows, oppress'd with injuries)
May do, and live.
Bart. Is the old fool still jealous?
Pen. As old fools are and will be, still the same, sir.
Bart. He must have cause, he must have cause.
Pen. 'Tis true, sir;
And 'would he had with all my heart!
Bart. He shall have.
Pen. For then he had salt to his saffron porridge.
Bart. Why
Do not I see thee sometime? why, thou starved rascal?
Why do not you come to me, you precious bow-case?
I keep good meat at home, good store.
Pen. Yes, sir;
I will not fail you all next week.
Bart. Thou art welcome:
I have a secret I would fain impart to thee;
But thou'rt so thin, the wind will blow it from thee,
Or men will read it through thee.
Pen. Wrapt up in beef, sir,
In good gross beef, let all the world look on me!
The English have that trick to keep intelligence.
Bart. A witty knave! First, there's to tie your tongue up. [*Gives money.*
Pen. Dumb as a dog, sir.
Bart. Next, hark in your ear, sirrah! [*Whispers.*
Pen. Well, very well, excellent well! 'Tis done, sir;
Say no more to me.
Bart. Say, and hold.
Pen. 'Tis done, sir.
Bart. As thou lov'st butter'd eggs, swear.
Pen. Let me kiss the book first:
But here's my hand, brave captain.
Bart. Look you hold, sirrah. [*Exit.*
Pen. Oh, the most precious vanity of this world!
When such dry neats' tongues must be soak'd and larded
With young fat supple wenches? Oh, the devil,
What can he do? he cannot suck an egg off,
But his back's loose i' th' hilts: Go thy ways, captain!
Well may thy warlike name work miracles;
But if e'er thy founder'd courser win match more,
Or stand right but one train——

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Now, Signor Shadow,
What art thou thinking of? how to rob thy master?
Pen. Of his good deeds? The thief that undertakes that
Must have a hook will poze all hell to hammer.
Have you dined, gentlemen, or do you purpose?
2 *Gent.* Dined, two long hours ago.
Pen. Pray ye take me with ye.
3 *Gent.* To supper, dost thou mean?
Pen. To anything
That has the smell of meat in't. Tell me true gentlemen;
Are not you three now going to be sinful?
To jeopard a joint, or so? I have found your faces
And see *whore* written in your eyes.
1 *Gent.* A parlous rascal!
Thou art much upon the matter.
Pen. Have a care, gentlemen!
'Tis a sore age, very sore age, lewd age;
And women now are like old knights' adventures,
Full of enchanted flames, and dangerous.
2 *Gent.* Where the most danger is, there's the most honour.
Pen. I grant ye, honour most consists in sufferance;
And by that rule you three should be most honourable.

3 *Gent.* A subtle rogue! But canst thou tell,
Where we may light upon—— [Penurio,
Pen. A learned surgeon?
3 *Gent.* Pox take ye, fool! I mean good wholesome wenches.
Pen. 'Faith, wholesome women will but spoil ye too,
For you are so used to snap-haunces.—But take my counsel;
Take fat old women, fat, and five and fifty;
The Dog-days are come in.
2 *Gent.* Take fat old women?
Pen. The fatter and the older, still the better!
You do not know the pleasure of an old dame,
A fat old dame; you do not know the knack on't:
They're like our country grots, as cool as Christmas,
And sure i' th' keels.
1 *Gent.* Hang him, starved fool, he mocks us!
3 *Gent.* Penurio, thou know'st all the handsome wenches:
What shall I give thee for a merchant's wife now?
Pen. I take no money, gentlemen; that's base!
I trade in meat: A merchant's wife will cost ye—
A glorious capon, a great shoulder of mutton,
And a tart as big as a conjurer's circle.
3 *Gent.* That's cheap enough
1 *Gent.* And what a haberdasher's?
Pen. Worse meat will serve for her; a great goose-pie—
(But you must send it out o' th' country to me,
It will not do else) with a piece of bacon,
And, if you can, a pot of butter with it.
2 *Gent.* Now do I aim at horse-flesh: What a parson's?
Pen. A tithe-pig has no fellow, if I fetch her;
If she be Puritan, plumb-porridge does it,
And a fat loin of veal, well sauced and roasted.
2 *Gent.* We'll meet one night, and thou shalt have all these,
O' that condition we may have the wenches.—
A dainty rascal!
Pen. When your stomachs serve ye,
(For mine is ever ready) I'll supply ye.
1 *Gent.* Farewell! and there's to fill thy paunch. [*They give money.*
Pen. Brave gentleman——
2 *Gent.* Hold, sirrah! there.
Pen. Any young wench i' th' town, sir——
3 *Gent.* It shall go round. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.
Pen. Most honourable gentlemen!—
All these are courtiers; but they are mere cox-combs,
And only for a wench their purses open;
Nor have they so much judgment left to chuse her.
If e'er they call upon me, I'll so fit 'em—
I have a pack of wry-mouth'd mackrel ladies,
Stink like a standing ditch, and those dear damsels—
But I forgot my business; I thank you, monsieurs!
I have a thousand whimsies in my brains now. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace. A Banquet set out.*

Enter Duchess, Duke *of* Sienna, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duch. Your grace shall now perceive how much we honour you,
And in what dear regard we hold your friendship,
Will you sit, sir, and grace this homely banquet?
Duke. Madam, to your poor friend you are too magnificent.
Duch. To the Duke's health, and all the joys I wish him! [*They drink.*
Let no man miss this cup. Have we no music?
Duke. Your noble favours still you heap upon me!
But where's my virtuous mistress? Such a feast,
And not her sparkling beauty here to bless it?
Methinks, it should not be; it shews not fully.
Duch. Young ladies, sir, are long and curious
In putting on their trims, forget how day goes,
And then 'tis their good-morrow when they are ready.—
Go some and call her, and wait upon her hither;
Tell her the Duke and I desire her company.—
I warrant you a hundred dressings now
She has survey'd; this and that fashion look'd on,
For ruffs and gowns; cast this away, these jewels
Suited to these, and these knots: O' my life, sir,
She fears your curious eye will soon discover else.—
Why stand ye still? why gape ye on one another?
Did I not bid ye go, and tell my daughter?
Are you nail'd here? Nor stir, nor speak? Who am I?
And who are you?
1 *Lord.* Pardon me, gracious lady!
The fear to tell you that, you would not hear of,
Makes us all dumb: The princess is gone, madam.
Duch. Gone? whither gone? Some wiser fellow answer me!
2 *Lord.* We sought the court all over; and, believe, lady,
No news of where she is, nor how conveyed hence.
Duch. It cannot be, it must not be!
1 *Lord.* 'Tis true, madam;
No room in all the court, but we search'd through it.
Her women found her want first, and they cried to us.
Duch. Gone? stol'n away? I am abused, dishonour'd.
Duke. 'Tis I that am abused, 'tis I dishonour'd!
Is this your welcome? this your favour to me?
To foist a trick upon me? this trick too,
To cheat me of my love? Am I not worthy?
Or, since I was your guest, am I grown odious?
Duch. Your grace mistakes me; as I have a life, sir——
Duke. And I another, I will never bear this,
Never endure this dor!
Duch. But hear me patiently!
Duke. Give me my love!
Duch. As soon as care can find her;
And all care shall be used.
Duke. And all my care too,
To be revenged: I smell the trick; 'tis too rank;
Fy, how it smells o' th' mother!
Duch. You wrong me, Duke.
Duke. For this disgrace, ten thousand Florentines
Shall pay their dearest bloods, and dying curse you!
And so I turn away, your mortal enemy! [*Exit.*
Duch. Since you're so high and hot, sir, you have half arm'd us.—
Be careful of the town, of all the castles,
And see supplies of soldiers everywhere,
And musters for the field when he invites us.
For he shall know, 'tis not high words can fright us.
My daughter gone? Has she so finely cozen'd me?
This is for Silvio's sake, sure; oh, cunning false one!
—Publish a proclamation through the dukedom,
That whosoe'er can bring to th' court young Silvio,

Alive or dead, beside our thanks and favour,
Shall have two thousand ducats for his labour!
See it dispatch'd and sent in haste.—Oh, base one!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Bed-Room in the House of* LOPEZ.

Enter ISABELLA, *and* PENURIO *with a Light.*

Isab. Wast thou with Rugio?
Pen. Yes, marry was I, closely.
Isab. And does he still remember his poor mis-
Does he desire to see me? [tress?
Pen. Yes, and presently;
Puts off all business else; lives in that memory;
And will be here according to directions.
Isab. But where's thy master?
Pen. Where a coxcomb should be;
Waiting at court with his jewels:
Safe for this night, I warrant you.
Isab. I am bound to thee.
Pen. I would you were, as close as I could tie you.
Isab. Thou art my best, my truest friend——
Pen. I labour,
I moil and toil for you; I am your hackney.
Isab. If ever I be able ——
Pen. Steal the great cheese, mistress,
Was sent him out o' th' country.
Isab. Anything——
Pen. That's meat; 'tis lawful, mistress. Where's
He got at court? [the castle-custard,
Isab. He has lock'd it in his study.
Pen. Get a warrant
To search for counterfeit gold.
Isab. Give me thy candle;
I'll find a time to be thy careful cater.
Pen. And many a time I'll find to be his cook,
And dress his calf's head to the sweetest sauce, mistress!
Isab. To bed, Penurio! go, the rest is my
I'll keep the watch out. [charge!
Pen. Now if you spare him—— [*Exit.*
Isab. Peace, fool!—
I hope my Rugio will not fail; 'twould vex me.
Now to my string! so; sure he cannot miss now;
And this end to my finger. I'll lie down,
For on a sudden I am wond'rous heavy;
'Tis very late too; if he come and find this,
And pull it, though it be with easy motion,
I shall soon waken, and as soon be with him.
[*She ties a String to her Finger, lays down, and falls asleep.*

Enter LOPEZ.

Lopez. Thou secret friend, how am I bound to love thee!
And how to hug thee for thy private service!
Thou art the star all my suspicions sail by,
The fixed point my wronged honour turns to:
By thee I shall know all, find all the subtilties
Of devilish women, that torment me daily:
Thou art my conjurer, my spell, my spirit!—
All's hush'd and still, no sound of any stirring,
No tread of living thing! The light is in still;
And there's my wife; how prettily the fool lies,
How sweet and handsomely; and in her clothes too!
Waiting for me, upon my life! her fondness
Would not admit her rest till I came to her:
Oh, careful fool, why am I angry with thee?
Why do I think thou hat'st thy loving husband?
I am an ass, an over-doting coxcomb;
And this sweet soul the mirror of perfection.
How admirable fair and delicate!
And how it stirs me! I'll sing thy sweets a re-
But will not waken thee. [quiem,

SONG.

Oh, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright,
Twin stars in Heaven, that now adorn the night;
Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow;
Oh thou from head to foot divinely fair!
Cupid's most cunning net's made of that hair;
And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
"Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myself," he cries:
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes!

Now will I steal a kiss, a dear kiss from her,
And suck the rosy breath of this bright beauty.—
What a devil's this? tied to her finger too?
A string, a damned string, to give intelligence!
Oh, my loved key, how truly hast thou served me!
I'll follow this:—Soft, soft! to th' door it goes,
And through to th' other side! a damned string
I am abused, topt, cuckolded, fool'd, jaded, ['tis!
Ridden to death, to madness!—Stay; this helps
Stay, stay! and now invention help me! [not;
I'll sit down by her, take this from her easily,
And thus upon mine own.—Dog, I shall catch you;
With all your cunning, sir, I shall light on you.—
I felt it pull, sure; yes, but wond'rous softly;
'Tis there again, and harder now: Have at you!
Now an thou 'scap'st, the devil's thy ghostly father!
[*Exit*

Isab. [*Awaking.*] Sure 'twas my husband's voice! The string is gone too;
He has found the trick on't! I am undone, be-
And, if he meet my friend, he perishes; [tray'd,
What fortune follows me, what spiteful fortune!
Hoa, Jaquenet!

Enter JAQUENET.

Jaq. Here, mistress; do you call me?
Isab. Didst thou hear no noise?
Jaq. I hear my master mad yonder,
And swears, and chafes——
Isab. Dar'st thou do one thing for me?
One thing concerns mine honour? all is lost else.
Jaq. Name what you will.
Isab. It can bring but a beating,
Which I will recompense so largely——
Jaq. Name it.
Isab. Sit here as if thou wert asleep.
Jaq. Is that all?
Isab. When he comes in, whate'er he do unto thee,
(The worst will be but beating) speak not a word,
Not one word, as thou lov'st me.
Jaq. I'll run through it.
Isab. I'll carry away the candle. [*Exit.*
Jaq. And I the blows, mistress. [*Lies down.*

Enter LOPEZ.

Lopez. Have you put your light out? I shall stumble to you,
You whore, you cunning whore! I shall catch your rogue too:
He has light legs, else I had so ferret-claw'd him!
Oh, have I found you? Do you play at dog-sleep still, whore?

Do you think that can protect you? Yes, I'll kill thee,
But first I'll bring thy friends to view thy villainies,
Thy whorish villainies: And first I'll beat thee,
Beat thee to pin-dust, thou salt whore, thou varlet,
Scratch out thine eyes: I'll spoil your tempting visage!— [*Beats her.*
Are you so patient? I'll put my nails in deeper.
Is it good whoring? whoring, ye base rascal?
Is it good tempting men with strings to ride you?
So! I will fetch your kindred, and your friends, whore;
And such a justice I will act upon thee—— [*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, is he gone?
Jaq. The devil go with him, mistress;
He has harrow'd me; plough'd land was ne'er so harrow'd:
I had the most ado to save mine eyes.
Isab. He has paid thee;
But I'll heal all again with good gold, Jaquenet.
He has damned nails.
Jaq. They are tenpenny nails, I think, mistress;
I'll undertake he shall strike 'em through an inch board.
Isab. Go up and wash thyself; take my pomatum;
And now let me alone to end the tragedy.
Jaq. You had best beware.
Isab. I shall deal stoutly with him;
Reach me my book, and see the door made fast, wench;
And so, good night!—Now to the matter politic!
[*Exit* JAQUENET. LOPEZ *knocks within.*
Lopez. [*Within.*] You shall see what she is, what a sweet jewel.
Isab. Who's there? what madman knocks? is this an hour,
And in mine husband's absence?
Lopez. [*Within.*] Will you open?
You know my voice, you whore! I am that husband.—
Do you mark her subtilty? But I have paid her;
I have so ferk'd her face—Here's the blood, gentlemen;
Ecce signum! I have spoil'd her goatish beauty;
Observe her how she looks now, how she's painted!
Oh, 'tis the most wicked' st whore, and the most treacherous——

Enter LOPEZ, BARTELLO, Gentlemen *and two* Gentlewomen.

Gent. Here walks my cousin, full of meditation,
Arm'd with religious thoughts.
Bart. Is this the monster?
1 *Gentlew.* Is this the subject of that rage you talk'd of,
That naughty woman you had pull'd a-pieces?
Bart. Here's no such thing.
1 *Gentlew.* How have you wrong'd this beauty!
Are not you mad, my friend? What time o' th' moon is't?
Have not you maggots in your brains?
Lopez. 'Tis she, sure!
Gent. Where's the scratch'd face you spoke of, the torn garments,
And all the hair pluck'd off her head?
Bart. Believe me,
'Twere better far you had lost your pair of pebbles,
Than she the least adornment of that sweetness.
Lopez. Is not this blood?
1 *Gentlew.* This is a monstrous folly,
A base abuse!
Isab. Thus he does ever use me,
And sticks me up a wonder, not a woman:
Nothing I do, but subject to suspicion;
Nothing I can do, able to content him.
Bart. Lopez, you must not use this.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Twere not amiss, sir,
To give ye sauce to your meat; and suddenly—
1 *Gentlew.* You that dare wrong a woman of her goodness,
Thou have a wife? thou have a bear tied to thee,
To scratch thy jealous itch! Were all o' my mind,
I mean all women, we would soon disburthen you
Of that that breeds these fits, these dog-flaws in ye;
A sow-gelder should trim you.
Bart. A rare cure, lady,
And one as fit for him as a thief for a halter!—
You see this youth; will you not cry him quittance? [*Apart to* ISABELLA.
Body o' me, I would pine, but I would pepper him.
I'll come anon.—He, hang him, poor pompillion!
How like a wench bepist he looks!—I'll come, lady.—
Lopez, the law must teach you what a wife is,
A good, a virtuous wife——
Isab. I'll ne'er live with him!
I crave your loves all to make known my cause,
That so a fair divorce may pass between us
I am weary of my life; in danger hourly.
Bart. You see how rude you are—I will not miss you— [*Apart to her.*
Unsufferable rude—I'll pay him soundly—
You should be whipt in Bedlam—I'll reward him—
2 *Gentlew.* Whipping's too good.
Lopez. I think I am alive still,
And in my wits!
Bart. I'll put a trick upon him—
And get his goods confiscate; you shall have 'em.
I will not fail at nine—— [*Apart to her.*
Lopez. I think I am here too;
And once I would have sworn I had taken her napping;
I think my name is Lopez.
Gent. Fy, for shame, sir!
You see you have abused her, foully wrong'd her,
Hung scandalous and coarse opinions on her,
Which now you find but children of suspicion:
Ask her forgiveness, shew a penitence!
She is my kinswoman; and what she suffers
Under so base and beastly jealousies,
I will redress, else I'll seek satisfaction.
Bart. Why, every boy i' th' town will piss upon thee.
Lopez. I am sorry for't——
1 *Gentlew.* Down o' your marrow-bones!
Lopez. Even sorry from my heart: Forgive me, sweet wife! [*Kneels.*
Here I confess most freely I have wrong'd you;
As freely here I beg a pardon of you!
From this hour no debate, no cross suspicion—
Isab. To shew you, sir, I understand a wife's part,
Thus I assure my love, and seal your pardon.
[*Kisses him.*
2 *Gentlew.* 'Tis well done: Now to bed, and there confirm it!
Gent. And so good night!
Bart. Aware relapses, Lopez. [*Exeunt*
Lopez. Now, Isabella, tell me truth, and suddenly,
And do not juggle with me, nor dissemble.

(For as I have a life, you die then! I am not mad,
Nor does the devil work upon my weakness)
Tell me the trick of this, and tell me freely.
Isab. Will then that satisfy you?
Lopez. If you deal ingenuously.
Isab. I'll tell you all, and tell you true and freely.
Bartello was the end of all this jealousy;
His often visitations brought by you, first
Bred all these fits, and these suspicions;
I knew your false key, and accordingly
I framed my plot, to have you take him finely,
Too poor a penance for the wrong his wife bears,
His worthy virtuous wife! I felt it sensibly
When you took off the string, and was much pleased in't,
Because I wish'd his importunate dotage paid well;
And, had you staid two minutes more, you had [had him.
Lopez. This sounds like truth.
Isab. Because this shall be certain,
Next time he comes (as long he cannot tarry)
Yourself shall see, and hear, his lewd temptations.
Lopez. Till then I am satisfied: And if this prove true,
Henceforward mistress of yourself I give you,
And I to serve you. For my lusty captain,
I'll make him dance, and make him think the devil
Claws at his breech, and yet I will not hurt him.
Come now to bed; and prove but constant this [way,
I'll prove the man you ever wish'd.
Isab. You have blest me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Country Village.*

Enter SILVIO.

Sil. What labour and what travel have I run through,
And through what cities to absolve this riddle!
Diviners, dreamers, schoolmen, deep magicians,
All have I tried; and all give several meanings,
And from all hope of any future happiness:
To this place am I come at length, the country;
The people simple, plain, and harmless witty,
Whose honest labours Heaven rewards with plenty
Of corn, wine, oil, which they again, as thankful,
To their new crops new pastimes celebrate,
And crown their joyful harvests with new voices.
By a rich farmer here I am entertain'd,
And rank'd among the number of his servants,
Not guessing what I am, but what he would have me.
Here may be so much wit (though much I fear it)
To undo this knotty question; and 'would to Heaven
My fortunes had been hatch'd with theirs, as innocent,
And never known a pitch above their plainness!

Enter SOTO, *dressed as a Morris-dancer, with a Proclamation, from a House.*

Soto. That it is, that it is—what's this word now?
This is a plaguy word! that it is—*r*, *e*, *a*, that it is, *reason*.
By your leave, Master Soto, by your leave, you are too quick, sir;
There's a strange parlous *T* before the *reason*,
A very tall *T*, which makes the word *high-treason*.
Sil. What treason's that? does this fellow understand himself?
Soto. Pitch will infect; I'll meddle no more with this geer.—
What a devil ails this fellow? this foolish fellow?
Being admitted to be one of us too,
That are the masters of the sports proceeding,
Thus to appear before me too, unmorris'd?
——Do you know me, friend?
Sil. You are my master's son, sir.
Soto. And do you know what sports are now in season?
Sil. I hear there are some a-foot.
Soto. Where are your bells, then?
Your rings, your ribbands, friend? and your clean napkins? [here
Your nosegay in your hat, pinn'd up? Am not I
My father's eldest son? and at this time, sir,
I would have you know it, though you be ten times his servant,
A better man than my father far, lord of this harvest, sir;
And shall a man of my place want attendance?
Sil. 'Twas want of knowledge, sir, not duty, bred this;
I would have made suit else for your lordship's service.
Soto. In some sort I am satisfied now; mend your manners!
But thou art a melancholy fellow, vengeance melancholy,
And that may breed an insurrection amongst us:
Go to! I'll lay the best part of two pots now
Thou art in love, and I can guess with whom too;
I saw the wench that twired and twinkled at thee,
The other day; the wench that's new come hither,
The young smug wench.
Sil. You know more than I feel, sir.
Soto. Go to! I'll be thy friend, I'll speak a good word for thee,
And thou shalt have my lordship's countenance to her.
May be I have had a snap myself; may be ay,
We lords are allow'd a little more. [may be no;
Sil. 'Tis fit, sir;
I humbly thank you; you are too, too tender of [me.
But what, sir, I beseech you, was that paper
Your lordship was so studiously employ'd in,
When you came out a-doors?
Soto. Thou mean'st this paper?
Sil. That, sir, I think.
Soto. Why, 'tis a proclamation,
A notable piece of villainy, as ever thou heard'st [in thy life;
By mine honour, 'tis.
Sil. How, sir? or what concerns it?
Soto. It comes you from the duchess, a plaguy wise woman,
To apprehend the body of one Silvio,
(As arrant a rascal as ever piss'd against post)
And this same Silvio, or this foresaid rascal,
To bring before her, live or dead; for which good service

The man that brings him has two thousand ducats;
Is not this notable matter now?
Sil. 'Tis so indeed.—
This proclamation bears my bane about it! [*Aside.*
Can no rest find me, no private place secure me,
But still my miseries like blood-hounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from death? the country's laid round for thee.
Oh, Claudio, now I feel thy blood upon me;
Now it speaks loudly here, I am sure, against me;
Time now has found it out, and Truth proclaim'd it,
And Justice now cries out, I must die for it.
Soto. Hast thou read it?
Sil. Yes.
Soto. And dost thou know that Silvio?
Sil. I never saw him, sir.
Soto. I have, and know him too.
I know him as well as I know thee, and better;
And, if I light upon him, for a trick he play'd me once,
A certain kind of dog-trick, I'll so fiddle him!
Two thousand ducats? I'll so pepper him!
And with that money I'll turn gentleman,
Worth a brown baker's dozen of such Silvios.
Sil. There is no staying here; this rogue will know me,
And for the money's sake betray me too:
I must bethink me suddenly and safely.

Enter BOMBY *as* Hobby-horse, *and other* Morris-dancers.

Soto. Mine own dear lady, have at thy honeycomb!
Now, for the honour of our town, boys, trace sweetly! [*Cry within of,* Arm, arm!
What a vengeance ails this whobub? pox refuse 'em!
Cannot they let us dance in our defence here?

Enter FARMER *and* CAPTAIN.

Capt. Arm, honest friends, arm suddenly and bravely,
And with your ancient resolutions follow me!
Look how the beacons shew like comets; your poor neighbours
Run maddingly affrighted through the villages;
Sienna's duke is up, burns all before him,
And with his sword makes thousand mothers childless.
Soto. What's this to our morris-dancers?
Sil. This may serve my turn.
Soto. There's ne'er a duke in Christendom but loves a May-game.
Capt. At a horse you were always cess'd; put your son on him,
And arm him well! i' th' states name, I command you:
And they that dare go voluntary shall receive reward.
Soto. I dare go no way, sir. This is strange, Master Captain,
You cannot be content to spoil our sport here,
(Which I do not think your worship's able to answer)
But you must set us together by the ears, with I know not who too?
We are for the bodily part o' th' dance.
Capt. Arm him suddenly!
(This is no time to fool) I shall return you else
A rebel to the general state, and duchess;
And how you'll answer then——
Farmer. I have no more sons, sir;
This is my only boy; I beseech you, Master Captain—
Soto. I am a rank coward too, to say the truth,
I never had good luck at buffets neither. [sir;
Farmer. Here's vorty shillings, spare the child.
Capt. I cannot.
Soto. Are you a man? will you cast away a May-lord?
Shall all the wenches in the country curse you?
Sil. An't please you, captain, I'll supply his person;
('Tis pity their old custom should be frighted)
Let me have horse, and good arms, I'll serve willingly,
And, if I shrink a foot of ground, hell take me!
Capt. A promising aspect, face full of courage,
I'll take this man, and thank you too——
Farmer. There's for thee;
'Tis in a clout, but good old gold.
Sil. I thank you, sir.
Farmer. Go, saddle my forehorse, put his feather on too,
(He'll praunce it bravely, friend; he fears no colours)
And take the armour down, and see him dizen'd.
Soto. Farewell! and if thou carriest thyself well in this matter—
I say no more but this, there must be more May-
And I know who are fit. [lords,
Sil. Dance you; I'll fight, sir.
Capt. Away, away!
Sil. Farewell! I am for the captain. [*Exeunt.*
Farmer. Now to this matter again, my honest fellows!
For, if this go not forward, I foresee, friends
This war will fright our neighbours out o' th' villages:
Cheer up your hearts! we shall hear better news, boys.
Bomby. Surely I'll dance no more, 'tis most ridiculous:
I find my wife's instructions now mere verities,
My learned wife's; she often hath pronounced to me
My safety: "Bomby, defy these sports; thou art damn'd else."
This beast of Babylon I will never back again,
His pace is sure prophane, and his lewd *wi-hees,*
The songs of Hymyn and Gymyn in the wilderness.
Farmer. Fy, neighbour Bomby, in your fits again,
Your zeal-sweats. This is not careful, neighbour;
The hobby-horse is a seemly hobby-horse——
Soto. And as pretty a beast on's inches, though I say it—
Bomby. The beast is an unseemly and a lewd beast,
And got at Rome by the Pope's coach-horses;
His mother was the mare of Ignorance.
Soto. Cobler, thou liest, an thou wert a thousand coblers!
His mother was an honest mare, and a mare of good credit;
I know the mare, and, if need be, can bring wit-
And, in the way of honesty I tell thee, [ness;
Scorn'd any coach-horse the pope had; thou art foolish,
And thy blind zeal makes thee abuse the beast.

Bomby. I do defy thee, and thy foot-cloth too;
And tell thee to thy face, this profane riding,
(I feel it in my conscience, and I dare speak it)
This unedified ambling hath brought a scourge
This hobby-horse Sincerity we lived in, [upon us;
War, and the Sword of Slaughter: I renounce it,
And put the beast off, thus, the beast polluted.
[*Throws down the hobby-horse.*
And now no more shall Hope-on-high Bomby
Follow the painted pipes of worldly pleasures,
And, with the wicked, dance the devil's measures.
Away, thou pamper'd jade of vanity,
Stand at the livery of lewd delights now,
And eat the provender of prick-ear'd folly!
My dance shall be to the pipe of persecution.
Farmer. Will you dance no more, neighbour?
Bomby. Surely, no:
Carry the beast to his crib; I have renounced him,
And all his works.
Soto. Shall the hobby-horse be forgot then?
The hopeful hobby-horse, shall he lie founder'd?
If thou dost this, thou art but a cast-away cobler.
My anger's up; think wisely, and think quickly,
And look upon the *quondam* beast of pleasure!
If thou dost this (mark me, thou serious sowter,
Thou bench-whistler, of the old tribe of toe-pieces!)
If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-mending;
Every man shall have a special care of his own soal,
And in his pocket carry his two confessors,
His lingel, and his nawl. If thou dost this——
Farmer. He'll dance again, for certain.
Bomby. I cry out on't!
'Twas the fore-running sin brought in those tilt-staves
They brandish 'gainst the church, the devil calls May-poles.
Soto. Take up your horse again, and girth him to ye,
And girth him handsomely, good neighbour Bomby!
Bomby. I spit at him!
Soto. Spit in the horse' face, cobler?
Thou out-of-tune psalm-singing slave! Spit in his visnomy?
Bomby. I spit again; and thus I rise against him,
Against this beast, that signified destruction,
Fore-shew'd i' th' falls of monarchies.
Soto. I' th' face of him?
Spit such another spit, by this hand, cobler,
I'll make ye set a new piece o' your nose there.
Take't up, I say, and dance without more bidding,
And dance as you were wont; you have been excellent,
And art still, but for this new nicety,
And your wife's learned lectures: Take up the hobby-horse!
Come, 'tis a thing thou hast loved with all thy heart, Bomby,
And wouldst do still, but for the round-breech'd brothers:
You were not thus i' th' morning. Take't up, I say;
Do not delay, but do't! You know I am officer;
And I know 'tis unfit all these good fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous porridge.
Chuse whether you will dance, or have me execute:
I'll clap your neck i' th' stocks, and there I'll make ye
Dance a whole day, and dance with these at night too.
You mend old shoes well, mend your old manners better;
And suddenly see you leave off this sincereness,
This new hot batch, borrow'd from some brown baker,
Some learned brother, or I'll so bait you for't—
Take it quickly up.
Bomby. I take my persecution,
[*Takes up the hobby-horse.*
And thus I am forced, a bye-word to my brethren.
Soto. Strike up, strike up, strike merrily!
Farmer. To it roundly. [*A Morris-dance.*
Now to the harvest-feast; then sport again, boys!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Open Country.*

Enter SILVIO *armed.*

Sil. What shall I do? Live thus unknown, and base still,
Or thrust myself into the head o' th' battle?
And there, like that I am, a gentleman,
And one that never fear'd the face of Danger,
(So in her angry eyes she carried Honour)
Fight nobly, and (to end my cares) die nobly?

SONG. [*Within.*]

Silvio, go on, and raise thy noble mind
To noble ends; fling coarse base thoughts behind!
Silvio, thou son of ever-living fame,
Now aim at virtue, and a noble name.
Silvio, consider, honour is not won,
Nor virtue reach'd, till some brave thing be done.
Thy country calls thee now, she burns and bleeds,
Now raise thyself, young man, to noble deeds!
Into the battle, Silvio! there seek forth
Danger, and blood; by them stands sacred Worth.

Sil. What heavenly voice is this that follows me?
This is the second time 't has waited on me,
Since I was arm'd, and ready for the battle:
It names me often, steels my heart with courage,
And in a thousand sweet notes comforts me.

Enter BELVIDERE, *deformed as an old Woman.*

What beldam's this? How old she is, and ugly!
Why does she follow me?
Bel. Be not dismay'd, son;
I wait upon thee for thy good and honour:
'Twas I that now sung to thee, stirr'd thy mind up,
And raised thy spirits to the pitch of nobleness.
Sil. Though she be old, and of a crooked carcase,
Her voice is like the harmony of angels.
Bel. Thou art my darling; all my love dwells on thee,
The son of Virtue! therefore I attend thee.
Inquire not what I am; I come to serve thee;
For if thou be'st inquisitive, thou hast lost me.
A thousand long miles hence my dwelling is,
Deep in a cave, where, but mine own, no foot treads;
There, by mine art, I found what danger, Silvio,
And deep distress of heart, thou wert grown into;
A thousand leagues I have cut through empty air,
Far swifter than the sailing rack that gallops
Upon the wings of angry winds, to seek thee.
Sometimes o'er a swelling tide,
On a dolphin's back I ride;
Sometimes pass the earth below,
And through the unmoved centre go;

Sometimes in a flame of fire,
Like a meteor I aspire;
Sometimes in mine own shape, thus,
When I help the virtuous:
Men of honourable minds,
Command my art in all his kinds:
Pursue the noble thought of war;
From thy guard I'll not be far.
Get thee worship on thy foe;
Lasting fame is gotten so.
Single Sienna's Duke alone;
Hear thy friends, thy country groan,
And with thy manly arm strike sure;
Then thou hast wrought thine own free cure.
Sil. Some sybil sure, some soul Heaven loves, and favours,
And lends her their free powers to work their wonders!
How she incites my courage!
Bel. Silvio,
I knew thee many days ago;
Foresaw thy love to Belvidere,
The duchess' daughter, and her heir;
Knew she loved thee, and know what past,
When you were found i' th' castle fast
In one another's arms; foresaw
The taking of you, and the law;
And so thy innocence I loved,
The deepest of my skill I proved:
Be ruled by me; for, to this hour,
I have dwelt about thee with my power.
Sil. I will, and in the course of all observe thee;
For thou art sure an angel good sent to me.
Bel. Get thee gone then to the fight!
Longer stay but robs thy right:
When thou grow'st weary, I'll be near;
Then think on beauteous Belvidere!
For every precious thought of her
Will lend thine honour a new spur.
When all is done, meet here at night;
Go, and be happy in the fight! [*Exit.*
Sil. I certainly believe I shall do nobly;
And that I'll bravely reach at too, or die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—FLORENCE. *A Room in the House of* LOPEZ.

Enter CLAUDIO *with a Wallet, and* PENURIO

Clau. Is she so loving still?
Pen. She is mad with love,
As mad as ever unworm'd dog was, signor;
And does so weep, and curse, for your prevention,
Your crosses in your love—it frets me too;
I am fall'n away to nothing, to a spindle,
Grown a mere man of mat, no soul within me:
For o' my master! Sir, will that content you?
Claus. This rogue but cozens me, and she neglects me; [*Aside.*
Upon my life, there are some other gamesters,
Nearer the wind than I, and that prevents me.—
Is there no other holds acquaintance with her?
(Pr'ythee be true, be honest; do not mock me;
Thou know'st her heart) no former interest
She has vow'd a favour to, and cannot handsomely
Go off, but by regaining such a friendship?
There are a thousand handsome men, young, wealthy,
That will not stick at any rate, nor danger,
To gain so sweet a prize; nor can I blame her,
If, where she finds a comfort, she deal cunningly:
I am a stranger yet.
Pen. You are all she looks for;
And, if there be any other, she neglects all,
And all for you: I would you saw how grievously
And with what hourly lamentations——
Clau. I know thou flatter'st me; tell me but truth—
Look here, look well; the best meat in the duke-dom,
The rarest, and the choicest of all diets!
This will I give thee, but to satisfy me,
(That is, not to dissemble) this rare lobster,
This pheasant of the sea, this dish for princes,
And all this thou shalt enjoy, eat all thyself;
Have good Greek wine, or anything belongs to't,
A wench, if it desire one.
Pen. All this, signor?
Clau. All, and a greater far than this——
Pen. A greater?
Clau. If thou deserve by telling truth.
Pen. A wench too?
Clau. Or anything; but if you play the knave now,
The cozening knave, besides the loss of this,
(In which thou hast parted with a paradise)
I ne'er will give thee meat more, not a morsel;
No smell of meat, by my means, shall come near thee,
Nor name of anything that's nourishing;
But to thy old part, Tantalus, again
Thou shalt return, and there snap at a shadow!
Pen. Upon this point, had I intended treason,
Or anything might call my life in question,
Follow'd with all the tortures time could think on,
(Give me but time to eat this lovely lobster,
This alderman o' th' sea, and give me wine to him)
I would reveal all; and if that all were too little,
More than I knew. Bartello holds in wich her,
The captain of the citadel; but you need not fear him,
His tongue's the stiffest weapon that he carries.
He's old and out of use: There are some other,
Men young enough, handsome, and bold enough,
Could they come to make their game once; but they want, sir,
They want the *unde quare*, they're laid by then.
You only are the man shall knock the nail in——

Enter BARTELLO.

Bart. How now, Penurio?
Pen. Your worship's fairly met, sir.—
You shall hear further from me: Steal aside, sir.
Clau. Remember your master for those chains. [*Exit.*
Pen. They are ready, sir.
Bart. What young thing's this? By his habit he's a merchant;
I fear he trades my way too.—You dried dog-fish,
What bait was that?
Pen. Who, sir? the thing went hence now?
A notable young whelp——
Bart. To what end, sirrah?
Pen. Came to buy chains and rings, is to be married;
An ass, a coxcomb! has nothing in his house, sir.
I warrant, you think he came to see my mistress?
Bart. I doubt it shrewdly.
Pen. Away, away, 'tis foolish!
He has not the face to look upon a gentlewoman
A poor skimm'd thing! his mother's maids are fain, sir,

To teach him how to kiss; and, against he's married,
To shew him on which side the stirrop stands.
Bart. That is a fine youth.
Pen. Thou wouldst hang thyself, [*Aside.*
That thou hadst half his power, thou empty pot-
Bart. Am I come fit, Penurio? [gun.
Pen. As fit as a fiddle;
My master's now abroad about his business.
Bart. When thou camest to me home to-day, I half suspected
My wife was jealous, that she whisper'd to thee.
Pen. You deserve well the whilst.—There's no such matter;
She talk'd about some toys my master must bring
You must not know of. [to her,
Bart. I'll take no note, Penurio.
Pen. No, nor you shall not, till you have it soundly. [*Aside.*
This is the bravest *capitano pompo!*
But I shall pump you anon, sir.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Oh, my Bartello!
Bart. You pretty rogue, you little rogue, you sweet rogue!—
Away, Penurio; go and walk i' th' Horse-Fair.
Isab. You do not love me.
Bart. Thou liest, thou little rascal!—
There, sirrah; to your centry! [*Gives money.*
Pen. How the colt itches!
I'll help you to a curry-comb shall claw you.
[*Exit.*
Isab. And how much dost thou love me?
Bart. Let's go in quickly;
I'll tell thee presently, I'll measure it to thee.
Isab. No busses first? Sit o' my knee, my brave boy,
My valiant boy! Do not look so fiercely on me;
Thou wilt fright me with thy face. Come, buss
Smile in my face, you mad thing! [again, chick!
Bart. I am mad indeed, wench;
'Precious! I am all o' fire.
Isab. I'll warm thee better.
Bart. I'll warm thee too, or I'll blow out my bellows:
Ha, you sweet rogue, you loving rogue, a boy
A soldier I will get, shall prove a fellow. [now,

Enter Jaquenet *and* Penurio.

Jaq. Mistress, look to yourself; my master's coming!
Bart. The devil come and go with him!
Pen. The devil's come indeed; he brings your
Isab. We are undone, undone then! [wife, sir.
Bart. My wife with him?
Why, this is a dismal day.
Pen. They are hard by too, sir.
Bart. I must not, dare not see her.
Isab. Nor my husband,
For twenty thousand pound.
Bart. That I were a cat now,
Or anything could run into a bench-hole!
Saint Anthony's fire upon the rogue has brought her!
Where shall I be?—Just in the nick o' th' matter!
When I had her at my mercy!—Think, for Heaven's sake!
My wife? All the wild furies hell has——
Pen. Up the chimney!
Bart. They'll smoke me out there presently.
Isab. There, there, it must be there,
We are all undone else; it must be up the chim
Bart. Give me a ladder.
Isab. You must use your art, sir;
Alas, we have no ladders.
Bart. Pox o' thy husband!
Does he never mend his house?
Pen. No, nor himself neither.
Up nimbly, sir, up nimbly!
Bart. Thou know'st I am fat,
Thou merciless lean rogue.
Pen. Will you be kill'd?
For if he take you——
Bart. Lend me thy shoulder.
[*Creeps up the chi*
Pen. Soft, sir!
You'll tread my shoulder-bones into my sides
Have you fast hold o' th' bars?
Bart. A vengeance bar 'em!
Isab. Patience, good captain, patience; qui quickly!
Bart. Do you think I am made of smoke?
Pen. Now he talks of smoke,
What if my master should call for fire?
Bart. Will you martyr me?
Isab. He must needs have it.
Bart. Will you make me bacon?
Isab. We'll do the best we can.—Are all t
Pen. All, all; I have 'em all. [re
Isab. Go let 'em in then. [*Exit Pe*
Not a word now on your life!
Bart. I hang like a meteor.

Enter Lopez *and* Rodope.

Lopez. You are welcome, lady.
Rod. You are too, too courteous;
But I shall make amends. Fair Isabella——
Isab. Welcome, my worthy friend, most k welcome!
Rod. I hear on't, and I'll fit him for his too
Lopez. Some sweet-meats, wife; some s meats presently!
Bart. Oh, my sour sauce!
Lopez. Away quick, Isabella. [*Exit Isa*
Did you hear him?
Rod. Yes, yes, perfectly; proceed, sir.
Lopez. Speak loud enough.—Dare you at le but pity me?
Rod. 'Faith, sir, you have used so many re
And those so powerfully—— [to
Lopez. Keep this kiss for me.
Bart. And do I stand and hear this?
Rod. This for me, sir.
This is some comfort now: Alas, my husban
But why do I think of so poor a fellow,
So wretched, so debosh'd?
Bart. That's I: I am bound to hear it.
Rod. I dare not lie with him, he is so ra whore-master——
Lopez. And that's a dangerous point.
Rod. Upon my conscience, sir,
He would stick a thousand base diseases on m
Bart. And now must I say nothing!
Lopez. I am sound, lady.
Rod. That's it that makes me love you.
Lopez. Let's kiss again then!
Rod. Do, do!
Bart. Do? the devil
And the grand pox do with you!
Lopez. Do you hear him? well——

Enter PENURIO *and* ISABELLA.

Now, what's the news with you?
Pen. The sound of war, sir,
Comes still along: The duke will charge the city;
We have lost, they say.
Lopez. What shall become of me, then,
And my poor wealth?
Bart. Even hang'd, I hope.
Rod. Remove your jewels presently and what
You have of wealth, into the citadel;
There all's secure.
Lopez. I humbly thank you, lady.—
Penurio, get me some can climb the chimney,
For there my jewels are, my best, my richest;
I hid 'em, fearing such a blow.
Pen. Most happily
I have two boys that used to sweep fouled chimnies;
Truly I brought 'em, sir, to mock your worship,
For the great fires you keep, and the full diet.
Lopez. I forgive thee, knave. Where are they?
Pen. Here, sir, here.

Enter two Boys.

Monsieur Black, will your small worship mount?
1 *Boy.* Madam, è be com to creep up into your chimney, and make you
Cleane as any lady in de world: Ma litla, litla frera, and è.
Chanta, frere, chanta. [Boy *sings.*
Pen. Come, monsieur, mountè, mountè! mount, Monsieur Mustard-pot! [Boy *sings.*
1 *Boy.* Monsieur, è have dis for votra barba, ple ta vou, monsieur.
Pen. Mountè, monsieur, mountè; dere be some fine tings——
1 *Boy.* Me will creep like de ferret, monsieur. [*Creeps up.*
Pen. Dere in de chimney. [*The* Boy *above singing.*
1 *Boy.* Here be de sheilde due shanson, madam. [Boy *goes in behind the arras.*
Pen. There's a bird's nest; I would have you climb it, monsieur:
Up, my fine singing monsieur. That's a fine
Lopez. Watch him, he do not steal. [monsieur!
Pen. I warrant you, sir.
Lopez. These boys are knavish.
Pen. I'll look to him tithly.
Boy. [*Within.*] Madam, here be de rat, de rat, madam!

Enter BARTELLO, *with the* Boy *singing on his shoulder.*

Lopez. Lord! what comes here?
A walking apparition?
Isab. Saint Christopher!
Rod. Mercy o' me, what is it?
How like my husband it looks!
Bart. Get you down, devil;
I'll break your neck else. Was ever man thus chimnied?
Lopez. Go, pay the boys well; see them satisfied.
Pen. Come, Monsieur Devils; come, my black-
I'll butter you o' both sides, [berries!
Boy. Adieu, madame! adieu, madame! [*Exeunt* PENURIO *and* Boys.
Isab. Nay, even look, sir, Are you cool'd now, captain?
Bart. I am cuckolded, and fool'd to boot too!
Fool'd fearfully, fool'd shamefully.
Lopez. You are welcome, sir.
I am glad I have anything within these doors, sir,
To make you merry. You love my wife, I thank
You have shew'd your love. [you;
Bart. Wife, am I this? this odd matter,
This monstrous thing?
Rod. You ought, but yet you are not:
I have been bold with you, sir, but yet not basely;
As I have faith, I have not.
Lopez. Sir, believe it.
'Twas all meant but to make you feel your trespass:
We knew your hour, and all this fashion'd for it.
Bart. Were you o' th' plot too?
Isab. Yes, by my troth, sweet captain.
Bart. You will forgive me, wife?
Rod. You will deserve it?
Bart. Put that to th' venture.
Rod. Thus am I friends again then;
And, as you ne'er had gone astray, thus kiss you.
Bart. And I'll kiss you; and you, too, ask forgiveness.
Kiss my wife, Lopez: 'tis but in jest, remember.
And now, all friends together to my castle,
Where we'll all dine, and there discourse these stories;
And let him be chimney-swept, in's lust that glories! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Country*

Enter SILVIO *and* BELVIDERE *severally.*

Sil. Hail, reverend dame! Heaven wait upon thy studies!
Bel. You are well met, son. What, is the battle
Sil. Mother, 'tis done. [ended?
Bel. How has thy honour prosper'd?
Sil. The duchess has the day; Sienna's prisoner;
Arm'd with thy powerful art, this arm dismounted him,
Received him then on foot, and in fair valour
Forced him mine own: This jewel I took from him,
(It hung upon his casque) the victor's triumph;
And to the duchess now a prisoner
I have rendered him! come off again unknown, mother.
Bel. 'Tis well done: Let me see the jewel, son!
'Tis a rich one, curious set,
Fit a prince's burgonet.
This rich token late was sent
By the duchess, with intent
The marriage next day to begin.
Dost thou know what's hid within? [*Opens the jewel.*
Wipe thine eyes, and then come near;
See the beauteous Belvidere!
Now behold it.
Sil. Oh, my saint!
Bel. Wear it nobly; do not faint.
Sil. How blest am I in this rich spoil, this picture!
For ever will I keep it here, here, mother,
For ever honour it: How oft, how chastely
Have I embraced the life of this, and kiss'd it!
Bel. The day draws on that thou must home return,
And make thy answer to the duchess' question;
I know it troubles thee: for if thou fail in't——
Sil. Oh, I must die!
Bel. Fear not, fear not; I'll be nigh!
Cast thy trouble on my back!
Art nor cunning shall not lack,

To preserve thee, still to keep
What thy envious foemen seek.
Go boldly home, and let thy mind
No distrustful crosses find !
All shall happen for the best ;
Souls walk through sorrows that are blest.
Sil. Then I go confident.
Bel. But, first, my son,
A thankful service must be done :
The good old woman for her pain,
When every thing stands fair again,
Must ask a poor boon, and that granting,
There's nothing to thy journey wanting.
Sel. Except the trial of my soul to mischief,
And, as I am a knight, and love mine honour,
I grant it, whatsoever——
Bel. Thy pure soul
Shall never sink for me, nor howl.
Sil. Then anything.
Bel. When I shall ask, remember !
Sil. If I forget, Heaven's goodness forget me !
Bel. On thy journey then awhile !
To the next cross-way and stile
I'll conduct thee ; keep thee true,
To thy mistress and thy vow,
And, let all their envies fall !
I'll be with thee, and quench all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—FLORENCE. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUCHESS, Duke *of* SIENNA *prisoner, and* Lords.

Duke. Lady, the stubborn war's more mild than you are.
That allows ransom, and, the prisoner taken——
Duch. We must not be too hasty : Remember,
The wrong and violence you have offer'd us ; [sir,
Burnt up our frontier towns, made prey before you
Both of our beasts and corn ; slain our dear subjects ;
Open'd the fountain eyes of thousand widows,
That daily fling their curses on your fury :
What ordinary satisfaction can salve this ?
What hasty-thought-on ransom give a remedy ?
You must excuse us yet ; we'll take more counsel :
In the mean time, not as a prisoner,
But as a noble prince, we entertain you.
Duke. I am at your mercy, lady ; 'tis my fortune,
My stubborn fate ! the day is yours, you have me ;
The valour of one single man has cross'd me,
Cross'd me and all my hope ; for when the battles
Were at the hottest game of all their furies,
(And conquest ready then to crown me victor)
One single man broke in, one sword, one virtue,
(And by his great example thousands follow'd)
Oh, how I shame to think on't ! how it shakes me !
Nor could our strongest head then stop his fury,
But, like a tempest, bore the field before him,
Till he arrived at me ; with me he buckled ;
A while I held him play ; at length his violence
Beat me from my saddle, then on foot pursued me,
There triumph'd once again, then took me prisoner :
When I was gone, a fear possess'd my people.
Duch. One single arm, in a just cause, Heaven prospers.—
Is not this stranger-knight as yet discover'd,
That we may give his virtue a due honour ?
Lord. Not yet, that we hear, madam ; but to that purpose
Two days ago we publish'd proclamations.

Enter SOTO *with a Trumpet, and* SILVIO.

Soto. Oh, dainty Duchess, here I bring that knight
Before thy fragrant face, that warlike wight,
He that Sienna's duke, and all his louts,
Beat (as the proverb seemly says) to clouts ;
He that unhorsed the man of fame to boot,
And bootless taught his grace to walk a-foot ;
He that your writings, pack'd to every pillar,
Promised promotion to, and store of siller ;
That very man I set before thy grace,
And once again pronounce, this man it was.
Duch. A pretty foolish squire ! what must the knight be ?
Duke. Some juggler, or some madman.
Sil. I was not so,
When thy faint troops in flocks I beat before me ;
When, through the thickest of thy warlike horse,
I shot myself even to thy standard, Duke,
And there found thee, there singled thee, there shew'd thee
The temper of my sword. 'Tis true, thou stood'st
And, like a noble soldier, bidst me welcome ; [me,
And this I'll say, more honour in that arm
I found and tried, than all thy army carried ;
What follows, thy imprisonment can tell thee.
Duke. His fair relation carries truth and virtue ;
And by those arms I see, (for such were his,
So old, so rusty) this may be he that forced me.
Sil. Do you know this jewel ? from your casque I rent it,
Even as I closed, and forced you from your saddle :
Do you now remember me ?
Duke. This is the valour,
Madam ; for certain he ; it must be he ;
That day I wore this jewel : You remember it ?
Duch. Yes, very well : Not long before, I sent it.
Duke. That day I lost this jewel, in fight I lost it ;
I felt his strokes, and felt him take it from me ;
I wore it in my casque. Take it again, sir ;
You won it nobly, 'tis the prize of honour.
Soto. My father and myself are made for ever !
Duch. Kneel down, brave sir. Thus, my knight first I raise you ;—
Gird on a sword—next, general of my army ;—
Give him a staff—last, one in counsel near me.
Now, make us happy with your sight.—How ! Silvio ? [SILVIO *discovers himself.*
Have I on thee bestow'd this love, this honour ?
The treasons thou hast wrought set off with favours ?
Unarm him presently !—Oh, thou foul traitor,
Traitor to me, mine honour, and my country,
Thou kindler of these wars—— [*They seize him.*
Sil. Mistake not, madam !
Duch. Away with him to prison,
See him safe kept.—The law shall shortly, sirrah,
Find fitter titles for you than I gave you.
Soto. This is the youth that kill'd me ; I'll be quit with him.
What a blind rogue was I, I could never know him !
An't please your grace, I claim the benefit

Of the proclamation that proclaim'd him traitor;
I brought him in.
Duch. Thou shalt have thy reward for't.
Soto. Let him be hang'd or drown'd then.
Duch. Away with him!
Sil. Madam, I crave your promise first; you are
You have pass'd your princely word. [tied to it,
Duch. Prove it, and take it.
Sil. This is the day appointed,
Appointed by your grace, for my appearance,
To answer to the question.
Duch. I remember it.
Sil. I claim it then.
Duch. If you perform it not,
The penalty you claim too.
Sil. I not repent it.
If I absolve the words——
Duch. Your life is free then,
You have drawn a speedy course above my wishes,
To my revenge: Be sure you hit it right,
Or I'll be sure you shall not 'scape the danger.
Sil. My rest is up now, madam.
Duch. Then play it cunningly.
Sil. Now, where's the hag? where now are all her promises
She would be with me, strengthen me, inform me?
My death will now be double death, ridiculous.
She was wont still to be near, to feel my miseries,
And with her art—I see her no where now!
What have I undertaken? Now she fails me;
No comfort now I find; how my soul staggers!
Till this hour never fear nor doubt possess'd me:
She cannot come, she will not come, she has fool'd me;
Sure she's the devil, has drawn me on to ruin,
And now to death bequeaths me in my danger!
Duke. He stands distracted, and his colour changes.
Duch. I have given him that will make his blood
Shortly his life. [forsake him,
Duke. His hands and contemplation
Have motion still; the rest is earth already.
Duch. Come, will you speak, or pray? Your time grows out, sir.—
How every where he looks! He's at last cast.

Enter BELVIDERE, *disguised, who secretly gives him a Paper, and exit.*

Duke. His colour comes again fresh.
Duch. 'Tis a flash, sir,
Before the flame burns out.—Can you yet answer?
Sil. Yes, madam, now I can.
Duch. I fear you'll fail in't.
Sil. And do not think my silence a presage,
Or omen to my end; you shall not find it;
I am bred a soldier, not an orator.
Madam, peruse this scroll; let that speak for me,
And, as you are royal, wrong not the construction!
Duch. By Heaven, you shall have fair play!
Sil. I shall look for't. [*Reads.*

QUESTION.

Tell me what is that only thing,
For which all women long;
Yet having what they most desire,
To have it does them wrong?

ANSWER.

'Tis not to be chaste, nor fair,
(Such gifts malice may impair)
Richly trimm'd, to walk or ride,
Or to wanton unespied;
To preserve an honest name,
And so to give it up to fame;
These are toys. In good or ill,
They desire to have their will:
Yet, when they have it, they abuse it,
For they know not how to use it.

Duch. You have answer'd right, and gain'd your life; I give it.
Sil. Oh, happy hag!—But, my most gracious madam,
Your promise tied a nobler favour to me.
Duch. 'Tis true; my daughter too.
Sil. I hope you'll keep it.
Duch. 'Tis not in my power now; she is long since wander'd,
Stol'n from the court and me; and what I have not
I cannot give. No man can tell me of her,
Nor no search find her out; and if not Silvio,
Which strongly I believe——
Sil. Mock me not, lady!
For, as I am a servant to her virtue,
Since my first hour of exile, I ne'er saw her!
Lord. That she is gone, 'tis too, too true, and
Our last hope was in you. [lamentable:
Sil. What do I hear then,
And wherefore have I life bestow'd and honour?
To what end do I walk, for men to wonder at,
And fight, and fool! Pray you take your honours from me,
(My sorrows are not fit companions for 'em)
And, when you please, my life.—Art thou gone, mistress?
And wander'st Heaven knows where? This vow I make thee,
That till I find thee out, and see those fair eyes,
Those eyes that shed their lights and life into me,
Never to know a friend, to seek a kindred,
To rest where pleasure dwells, and painted glory;
But through the world, the wide world, thus to wander,
The wretched world, alone, no comfort with me;
But the mere meditations of thy goodness!
Honour and greatness, thus adieu!

Enter BELVIDERE, *disguised as before.*

Bel. Stay, Silvio!
And, lady, sit again! I come for justice.
Sil. What would she now?
Bel. To claim thy promise, Silvio;
The boon thou swor'st to give me.
Duke. What may this be?
A woman or a devil?
Duch. 'Tis a witch, sure;
And by her means he came to untwist this riddle.
Sil. That I am bound to her for my life, mine honour,
And many other thousand ways for comfort,
I here confess; confess a promise too,
That what she would ask me to requite these favours,
Within the endeavour of my life to grant,
I would; and here I stand, my word's full master.
Bel. I wish no more!—Great lady, witness with me;
The boon I crave for all my service to thee,
Is now to be thy wife, to grant me marriage.
Sil. How! for to marry thee? Ask again, woman;—
Thou wilful woman, ask again!
Bel. No more, sir.
Sil. Ask land, and life!

Bel. I ask thee, for a husband.
Soto. Marry her, and beat her into gunpowder;
She would make rare crackers.
Sil. Ask a better fortune;
Thou art too old to marry; I a soldier,
And always married to my sword.
Bel. Thy word, fool!
Break that, and I'll break all thy fortunes yet!
Duch. He shall not;
I am witness to his faith, and I'll compel it.
Duke. 'Tis fit you hold your word, sir.
Sil. Oh, most wretched!
Duch. This was a fortune now beyond my wishes;
For now my daughter's free, if e'er I find her.
Duke. But not from me.
Duch. You are sharer in this happiness.
Myself will wait upon this marriage,
And do the old woman all the honour possible.
Duke. I'll lead the knight; and what there wants in dalliance,
We'll take it out in drink.
Sil. Oh, wretched Silvio! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* LOPEZ.

Enter LOPEZ *and* ISABELLA.

Lopez. Hast thou sent for him?
Isab. Yes.
Lopez. A young man, say'st thou?
Isab. Yes, very young, and very amorous.
Lopez. And handsome?
Isab. As the town affords.
Lopez. And dar'st thou
Be so far good, and mistress of thine honour,
To slight these?
Isab. For my husband's sake, to curse 'em:
And, since you have made me mistress of my fortune,
Never to point at any joy, but husband.
I could have cozen'd you; but so much I love you,
And now so much I weigh the estimation
Of an unspotted wife——
Lopez. I dare believe thee;
And never more shall doubt torment my spirit.

Enter PENURIO, *drunk.*

Isab. How now, Penurio?
Pen. The thing is coming, mistress.
Lopez. I'll take my standing. [*Exit.*
Pen. Do, and I'll take mine.
Isab. Where didst thou leave him?
Pen. I left him in a cellar,
Where he has paid me tightly, paid me home, mistress;
We had an hundred and fifty healths to you, sweet mistress,
And threescore and ten damnations to my master.
Mistress, shall I speak a foolish word to you?
Isab. What's that, Penurio?—
The fellow's drunk.
Pen. I would fain know your body.
Isab. How's that? how's that, pr'ythee?
Pen. I would know it carnally;
I would conglutinate.
Isab. The reason, sirrah?
Pen. Lobster, sweet mistress, lobster!
Isab. Thy master hears.
Pen. Lobster, sweet master, lobster!
Isab. Thou'rt the most precious rogue.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Pen. Most precious lobster!
Isab. Do you see who's here? Go sleep, you drunken rascal!
Pen. Remember you refuse me, arm'd in lobster! [*Exit.*
Isab. Oh, my lost Rugio! welcome, welcome, welcome!
A thousand welcomes here I'll seal.
Clau. Pray you stay, lady:
Do you love me ever at this rate? or is the fit now,
By reason of some wrong done by your husband,
More fervent on you?
Isab. Can I chuse but love thee?
Thou art my martyr; thou hast suffered for me.
My sweet, sweet Rugio!
Clau. Do you do this seriously?
'Tis true, I would be entertain'd thus.
Isab. These are nothing,
No kisses, no embraces, no endearments,
To those——
Clau. Do what you will.
Isab. Those that shall follow,
Those I will crown our love withal. Why sigh you?
Why look you sad, my dear one?
Clau. Nay, 'faith, nothing;
But methinks so sweet a beauty as yours shew to me,
And such an innocence as you may make it,
Should hold a longer siege.
Isab. Ha! you speak truth, sir.
Clau. I would not have it so.
Isab. And now methinks,
Now I consider truly what becomes me,
I have been cozen'd, fearfully abused,
My reason blinded——
Clau. Nay, I did but jest with you.
Isab. I'll take you at your word, and thank you for't, sir;
And now, I see no sweetness in that person,
Nothing to stir me to abuse a husband,
To ruin my fair fame——
Clau. Good Isabella!
Isab. No handsome man, no anything to dote on;
No face, no tongue to catch me? poor at all points,
And I an ass!
Clau. Why do you wrong me, lady?
If I were thus, and had no youth upon me;
My service of so mean a way to win you;
(Which you yourself are conscious must deserve you,
If you had thrice the beauty you possess, must reach you)
If in my tongue your fame lay wreck'd, and ruin'd
With every cup I drink; if in opinion
I were a lost, defamed man—But this is common,
Where we love most, where most we stake our fortunes,
There least and basest we're rewarded! Fare you well!
Know now, I hate you too as much, contemn you,
And weigh my credit at as high a value——
Isab. May be I did but jest.
Clau. You are a woman;
And now I see your wants, and mine own follies,
And task myself with indiscretion,
For doting on a face so poor!
Isab. Say you so, sir? [*Aside.*
I must not lose my end.—I did but jest with you.

Only fool'd thus to try your faith: My Rugio,
Do you think I could forget?
Clau. Nay, 'tis no matter.
Isab. Is't possible I should forsake a constancy,
So strong, so good, so sweet?
Clau. A subtle woman!
Isab. You shall forgive me; 'twas a trick to try
And, were I sure you loved me—— [you:
Clau. Do you doubt now?
Isab. I do not doubt; but he that would profess this,
And bear that full affection you make show of,
Should do——
Clau. What should I do?
Isab. I cannot shew you.
Clau. [*Apart.*] I'll try thee, damned'st devil!—Hark ye, lady!
No man shall dare do more, no service top me;
I'll marry you.
Isab. How, sir?
Clau. Your husband's sentenced,
And he shall die——
Isab. Die?
Clau. Die for ever to you;
The danger is mine own.
Isab. Die, did you tell me?
Clau. He shall die; I have cast the way.
Isab. Oh, foul man,
Malicious, bloody man!

Enter LOPEZ.

Lopez. When shall he die, sir?
By whom, and how?
Clau. Hast thou betray'd me, woman?
Isab. Base man, thou wouldst have ruin'd me, my name too,
And, like a toad, poison'd my virtuous memory!
Further than all this, dost thou see this friend here,
This only friend?—Shame take thy lust and thee,
And shake thy soul!—His life, the life I love thus,
My life in him, my only life, thou aim'st at!
Clau. Am I catch'd thus?
Lopez. The law shall catch you better.
Isab. You make a trade of betraying women's honours,
And think it noble in you to be lustful!
Report of me hereafter——
Clau. Fool'd thus finely?
Lopez. I must entreat you walk, sir, to the jus-
Where, if he'll bid you kill me—— [tice;
Clau. Pray stay a while, sir;
I must use a player's shift—[*Throws off his disguise.*]—Do you know me now, lady?
Lopez. Your brother Claudio, sure!
Isab. Oh me, 'tis he, sir!—
Oh, my best brother!
Clau. My best sister now too!
I have tried you, found you so: and now I love
Love you so truly, nobly—— [you,
Lopez. Sir, I thank you;
You have made me a most happy man.
Clau. Thank her, sir;
And from this hour preserve that happiness;
Be no more fool'd with jealousy!
Lopez. I have lost it;
And take me now, new-born again, new-natured!
Isab. I do; and to that promise tie this faith,
Never to have a false thought tempt my virtue.
Lopez. Enough, enough! I must desire your presence;
My cousin Rodope has sent in all haste for us:
I am sure you will be welcome.
Clau. I'll wait on you.
Lopez. What the project is—
Isab. We shall know when we are there, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUCHESS, SIENNA, Lords, *and* SILVIO.

Duch. Joy to you, Silvio, and your young fair bride!
You have stol'n a day upon us; you cannot woo, sir!
Sil. The joys of hell hang over me; Oh, mischief!
To what a fortune has the devil driven me!
Am I reserved for this?
Duke. Beshrew me, sir,
But you have gotten you a right fair bedfellow;
Let you alone to chuse!
Sil. I beseech your grace—
'Tis misery enough to have met the devil,
Not men's reproaches too.
Duke. How old is she?
Duch. A very girl; her eye delivers it.
Duke. Her teeth are scarce come yet.
Lord. What goodly children
Will they two have now! She is rarely made to
What a sweet-timber'd body! [breed on;
Duch. Knotty i' th' back;
But will hold out the stronger. What a nose!
Duke. Ay, marry, such a nose, so rarely mounted
Upon my conscience, 'twas the part he doted on.
Duch. And that fine little eye to it, like an elephant's!
Lord. Yes, if her feet were round, and her ears
Duke. For any thing we know—— [sachels—
Sil. Have ye no mercy?
No pity in your bloods, to use a wretch thus?
You princes, in whose hearts the best compassions,
Nearest to those in Heaven, should find fit places,
Why do you mock at misery? fling scorns and baseness
Upon his broken back, that sinks with sorrows?
Heaven may reward you too; and an hour come,
When all your great designs shall shew ridiculous,
And your hearts pinch'd like mine——
Duch. Fy, sir! so angry
Upon your wedding-day? go smug yourself;
The maid will come anon. What music's this?
[*Music in divers places.*
Duke. I warrant you some noble preparation.
Duch. Let's take our places then.
Sil. More of these devil's dumps?
Must I be ever haunted with these witchcrafts?

Enter two Presenters; *then a Masquerade of several shapes, and dances; among the Masquers* BARTELLO LOPEZ, CLAUDIO, ISABELLA, RODOPE, SOTO, PENURIO, *and* JAQUENET.

1 *Pre.* Room, room for merry spirits, room!
Hither on command we come;
From the good old beldam sent,
Cares and sorrows to prevent.
2 *Pre.* Look up, Silvio, smile, and sing!
After winter comes a spring.
1 *Pre.* Fear not, faint fool, what may follow;
Eyes, that now are sunk and hollow,
By her art may quick return
To their flames again, and burn.

2 *Pre.* Art commands all youth and blood;
Strength and beauty it makes good.
1 *Pre.* Fear not then, despair not, sing,
Round about as we do spring;
Cares and sorrows cast away!
This is the old wife's holiday.
[*Dance here, then enter* BELVIDERE *in her proper figure, and disperses the masquers.*
Duch. Who's this?
Duke. The shape of Belvidere!
Bel. Now, Silvio,
How dost thou like me now?
Sil. Thus I kneel to thee.
Bel. Stand up, and come no nearer; mark me, well too:
For if thou troublest me, I vanish instantly:
Now chuse wisely, or chuse never,
One thou must enjoy for ever!
Dost thou love me thus?
Sil. Most dearly.
Bel. Take heed, fool! it concerns thee nearly.
If thou wilt have me young and bright,
Pleasing to thine eye and sight,
Courtly, and admired of all,
Take heed, lest thy fame do fall
I shall then be full of scorn,
Wanton, proud, (beware the horn!)
Hating what I loved before,
Flattery apt to fall before,
All consuming, nothing getting;
Thus thy fair name comes to setting!
But if old, and free from these,
Thou shalt chuse me, I shall please;
I shall then maintain thee still,
With my virtue and my skill,
Still increase and build thy name;
Chuse now, Silvio, here I am.
Sil. I know not what to say, which way to turn
Into thy sovereign will I put my answer. [me;
Bel. I thank you, sir, and my will thus rewards you;
Take your old love, your best, your dearest, Silvio!
No more spells now, nor further shapes to alter me;
I am thy Belvidere indeed.—Dear mother,
There is no altering this, Heaven's hand is with it;
And now you ought to give me; he has fairly won
Sil. But why that hag? [me.
Bel. In that shape most secure still,
I follow'd all your fortunes, served, and counsell'd you.
I met you at the farmer's first, a country wench;
Where, fearing to be known, I took that habit,
And, to make you laughing-sport at this mad marriage,
By secret aid of my friend Rodope,
We got this masque.
Sil. And I am sure I have you?
Bel. For ever now, for ever.
Duch. You see it must be;
The wheel of Destiny hath turn'd it round so.
Duke. It must, it is; and curs'd be he that breaks it!
Duch. I'll put a choice to you, sir: You are my prisoner——
Duke. I am so, and I must be so, till it please you——
Duch. Chuse one of these; either to pay a ransom
At what rate I shall set it, (which shall be high enough)
And so return a free-man, and a bachelor;
Or give me leave to give you a fit wife,
In honour every way your grace's equal,
And so your ransom's paid.
Duke. You say most nobly!
Silvio's example's mine; pray chuse you for me.
Duch. I thank you, sir! I have got the mast'ry too:
And here I give your grace a husband's freedom.
Give me your hand, my husband!
Duke. You much honour me;
And I shall ever serve you for this favour.
Bart. Come, Lopez, let us give our wives the breeches too!
For they will have 'em.
Lopez. Whilst they rule with virtue,
I'll give 'em skin and all.
Isab. We'll scratch it off else.
Sil. [*Turning to* CLAUDIO.] I am glad you live; more glad you live to honour;
And from this hour a stronger love dwell with us!
Pray you take your man again.
Clau. He knows my house, sir.
Duch. 'Tis sin to keep you longer from your loves:
We'll lead the way. And you, young men, that know not
How to preserve a wife, and keep her fair,
Give 'em their sovereign wills, and pleased they are. [*Exeunt.*

THE WOMAN'S PRIZE;

OR

THE TAMER TAMED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

so, *an old rich doating Citizen, suitor to* LIVIA.
CLES, } *two Gentlemen, friends to* PETRUCHIO.
IO, }
UCHIO, *an Italian Gentleman, husband to* MARIA.
AND, *a young Gentleman, in love with* LIVIA.
ONIUS, *Father to* MARIA *and* LIVIA.
S, } *two witty Servants to* PETRUCHIO.
O, }
R.

Apothecary.
Watchmen.
Porters.

MARIA, *a chaste witty Lady,* } *the two masculine Daugh*
LIVIA, *Mistress to* ROWLAND, } *ters of* PETRONIUS.
BIANCA, *their Cousin, and Commander-in-chief.*
City Wives, } *who come to the relief of the Ladies, o*
Country Wives, } *which two were drunk.*
Maids.

SCENE,— LONDON.

PROLOGUE.

IES, to you, in whose defence and right
her's brave muse prepared herself to fight
ttle without blood, ('twas well fought too;
victory's yours, though got with much ado,)
lo present this Comedy; in which
ulet of pure wit flows, strong and rich
ncy, language, and all parts that may
grace and ornament to a merry play:
ch this may prove! Yet not to go too far
romises from this our female war.

We do entreat the angry men would not
Expect the mazes of a subtle plot,
Set speeches, high expressions, and, what's worse
In a true Comedy, politic discourse.
The end we aim at, is to make you sport;
Yet neither gall the city nor the court.
Hear, and observe his comic strain, and when
Ye are sick of melancholy, see't again.
'Tis no dear physic, since 'twill quit the cost,
Or his intentions, with our pains, are lost.

ACT I.

NE I.—*A Hall in the House of* PETRUCHIO.

er MOROSO, SOPHOCLES, *and* TRANIO, *with Rosemary, as from a wedding.*

Mor. God give 'em joy!
Tra. Amen!
Soph. Amen, say I too!
pudding's now i' the proof. Alas, poor wench,
ough what a mine of patience must thou work,
thou know'st good hour more!
Tra. 'Tis too true: Certain,
hinks her father has dealt harshly with her,
eeding harshly, and not like a father,
natch her to this dragon: I protest
y the poor gentlewoman.
Mor. Methinks now,
not so terrible as people think him.

Soph. [*To* TRANIO.] This old thief flatters, out of mere devotion,
To please the father for his second daughter.
Tra. But shall he have her?
Soph. Yes, when I have Rome;
And yet the father's for him.
Mor. I'll assure you,
I hold him a good man.
Soph. Yes, sure, a wealthy;
But whether a good woman's man is doubtful.
Tra. 'Would 'twere no worse!
Mor. What though his other wife,
Out of her most abundant soberness,
Out of her daily hue and cries upon him,
(For sure she was a rebel) turn'd his temper,
And forced him blow as high as she; does't follow

He must retain that long-since-buried tempest,
To this soft maid?
Soph. I fear it.
Tra. So do I too;
And so far, that if God had made me woman,
And his wife that must be——
Mor. What would you do, sir?
Tra. I would learn to eat coals with an angry cat,
And spit fire at him; I would, to prevent him,
Do all the ramping roaring tricks, a whore
Being drunk, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
There is no safety else, nor moral wisdom,
To be a wife, and his.
Soph. So I should think too.
Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his first wife
(I tell you on my knowledge, and a truth too)
Will make him start in's sleep, and very often
Cry out for cudgels, colestaves, any thing;
Hiding his breeches, out of fear her ghost
Should walk, and wear 'em yet. Since his first [marriage,
He is no more the still Petruchio,
Than I am Babylon.
Soph. He's a good fellow,
And on my word I love him; but to think
A fit match for this tender soul——
Tra. His very frown, if she but say her prayers
Louder than men talk treason, makes him tinder;
The motion of a dial, when he's testy,
Is the same trouble to him as a water-work;
She must do nothing of herself, not eat,
Drink, say, "Sir, how do you?" make her ready,
Unless he bid her. [unready,
Soph. He will bury her,
Ten pounds to twenty shillings, within these three [weeks.
Tra. I'll be your half.

Enter JAQUES, *with a pot of wine.*

Mor. He loves her most extremely,
And so long 'twill be honey-moon.—Now, Jaques!
You are a busy man, I am sure.
Jaques. Yes, certain;
This old sport must have eggs,——
Soph. Not yet this ten days.
Jaques. Sweet gentlemen, with muskadel.
Tra. That's right, sir.
Mor. This fellow broods his master.—Speed you,
Soph. We shall be for you presently. [Jaques!
Jaques. Your worships
Shall have it rich and neat; and, o' my conscience,
As welcome as our Lady-day. Oh, my old sir,
When shall we see your worship run at ring?
That hour, a standing were worth money.
Mor. So, sir!
Jaques. Upon my little honesty, your mistress,
If I have any speculation,
Must think this single thrumming of a fiddle,
Without a bow, but even poor sport.
Mor. You're merry.
Jaques. 'Would I were wise too! So, God bless your worship! [*Exit.*
Tra. The fellow tells you true.
Soph. When is the day, man?
Come, come; you'll steal a marriage.
Mor. Nay, believe me:
But when her father pleases, I am ready,
And all my friends shall know it.
Tra. Why not now?
One charge had served for both.
Mor. There's reason in't.
Soph. Call'd Rowland.
Mor. Will you walk?
They'll think we are lost: Come, gentlemen! [*Exit.*
Tra. You have wiped him now.
Soph. So will he ne'er the wench, I hope.
Tra. I wish it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the same.*

Enter ROWLAND *and* LIVIA.

Rowl. Now, Livia, if you'll go away to-night,
If your affections be not made of words——
Livia. I love you, and you know how dearly, Rowland:
(Is there none near us?) My affections ever
Have been your servants; with what superstition
I have ever sainted you——
Rowl. Why, then take this way.
Livia. 'Twill be a childish, and a less prosperous course
Than his that knows not care; why should we do
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,
To over-run our fortunes?
Rowl. Then you flatter!
Livia. Alas! you know I cannot.
Rowl. What hope's left else
But flying, to enjoy ye?
Livia. None, so far.
For let it be admitted, we have time,
And all things now in other expectation,
My father's bent against us; what but ruin,
Can such a bye-way bring us? If your fears
Would let you look with my eyes, I would shew you,
And certain, how our staying here would win us
A course, though somewhat longer, yet far surer.
Rowl. And then Moroso has ye.
Livia. No such matter:
For hold this certain; begging, stealing, whoring,
Selling (which is a sin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit cods, or musty English crocus,
Switches, or stones for th' tooth-ach, sooner finds [me,
Than that drawn fox Moroso.
Rowl. But his money;
If wealth may win you——
Livia. If a hog may be
High-priest among the Jews! His money, Rowland?
Oh, Love forgive me! What faith hast thou!
Why, can his money kiss me——
Rowl. Yes.
Livia. Behind,
Laced out upon a petticoat.—Or grasp me,
While I cry, oh, good thank you! (O my troth,
Thou makest me merry with thy fear!) or lie with me
As you may do? Alas, what fools you men are!
His mouldy money? Half a dozen riders,
That cannot sit, but stampt fast to their saddles?
No, Rowland, no man shall make use of me;
My beauty was born free, and free I'll give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt [me?
Rowl. I cannot say I doubt you.
Livia. Go thy ways;
Thou art the prettiest puling piece of passion——
I' faith, I will not fail thee.
Rowl. I had rather——
Livia. Pr'ythee, believe me! If I do not carry it,
For both our goods——
Rowl. But——
Livia. What *but?*
Rowl. I would tell you.

Livia. I know all you can tell me: All's but this;
You would have me, and lie with me: is't not so?
Rowl. Yes.
Livia. Why, you shall; will that content you?
Rowl. I am very loth to go. [Go.

Enter BIANCA *and* MARIA *conversing in the back-ground.*

Livia. Now, o' my conscience,
Thou art an honest fellow! Here's my sister!
Go, pr'ythee go! this kiss, and credit me,
Ere I am three nights older, I am for thee:
You shall hear what I do. Farewell!
Rowl. Farewell! [*Exit.*
Livia Alas, poor fool, how it looks!
It would even hang itself, should I but cross it.
For pure love to the matter, I must hatch it.
Bianca. Nay, never look for merry hour, Maria,
If now you make it not: Let not your blushes,
Your modesty, and tenderness of spirit,
Make you continual anvil to his anger!
Believe me, since his first wife set him going,
Nothing can bind his rage: Take your own council;
You shall not say that I persuaded you.
But if you suffer him——
Maria. Stay! shall I do it?
Bianca. Have you a stomach to't?
Maria. I never shew'd it.
Bianca. 'Twill shew the rarer and the stronger
But do not say I urged you. [in you.
Maria. I am perfect.
Like Curtius, to redeem my country, have I leap'd
Into this gulph of marriage; and I'll do it.
Farewell, all poorer thoughts, but spite and anger,
Till I have wrought a miracle!—Now, cousin,
I am no more the gentle, tame Maria:
Mistake me not; I have a new soul in me,
Made of a north-wind, nothing but tempest;
And, like a tempest, shall it make all ruins,
Till I have run my will out!
Bianca. This is brave now,
If you continue it: But, your own will lead you!
Maria. Adieu, all tenderness! I dare continue.
Maids that are made of fears, and modest blushes,
View me, and love example!
Bianca. Here's your sister.
Maria. Here's the brave old man's love——
Bianca. That loves the young man.
Maria. Ay, and hold thee there, wench! What a grief of heart is't,
When Paphos' revels should up-rouse old Night,
To sweat against a cork, to lie and tell
The clock o' th' lungs, to rise sport-starved!
Livia. Dear sister,
Where have you been, you talk thus?
Maria. Why at church, wench;
Where I am tied to talk thus: I'm a wife now.
Livia. It seems so, and a modest!
Maria. You're an ass:
When thou art married once, thy modesty
Will never buy thee pins.
Livia. 'Bless me!
Maria. From what?
Bianca. From such a tame fool as our cousin
Livia. You are not mad? [Livia!
Maria. Yes, wench, and so must you be,
Or none of our acquaintance, (mark me, Livia,)
Or indeed fit for our sex. 'Tis bed-time:
Pardon me, yellow Hymen, that I mean
Thine offerings to protract, or to keep fasting
My valiant bridegroom!
Livia. Whither will this woman?
Bianca. You may perceive her end.
Livia. Or rather fear it.
Maria. Dare you be partner in't?
Livia. Leave it, Maria!
(I fear I have mark'd too much) for goodness leave it!
Devest you with obedient hands; to bed!
Maria. To bed? No, Livia; there are comets
Prodigious over that yet; there's a fellow [hang
Must yet, before I know that heat—(ne'er start,
Be made a man, for yet he is a monster; [wench,)
Here must his head be, Livia.
Livia. Never hope it:
'Tis as easy with a sieve to scoop the ocean, as
To tame Petruchio.
Maria. Stay!—Lucina, hear me!
Never unlock the treasure of my womb,
For human fruit to make it capable;
Nor never with thy secret hand make brief
A mother's labour to me; if I do
Give way unto my married husband's will,
Or be a wife in anything but hopes,
Till I have made him easy as a child,
And tame as fear! He shall not win a smile,
Or a pleased look, from this austerity,
Though it would pull another jointure from him,
And make him ev'ry day another man.
And when I kiss him, till I have my will,
May I be barren of delights, and know
Only what pleasures are in dreams and guesses!
Livia. A strange exordium!
Bianca. All the several wrongs
Done by imperious husbands to their wives
These thousand years and upwards, strengthen
Thou hast a brave cause. [thee!
Maria. And I'll do it bravely,
Or may I knit my life out ever after!
Livia. In what part of the world got she this
Yet pray, Maria, look before you, truly! [spirit?
Besides the disobedience of a wife,
(Which you will find a heavy imputation,
Which yet I cannot think your own) it shews
So distant from your sweetness——
Maria. 'Tis, I swear.
Livia. Weigh but the person, and the hopes you
To work this desperate cure! [have
Maria. A weaker subject
Would shame the end I aim at. Disobedience?
You talk too tamely: by the faith I have
In mine own noble will, that childish woman
That lives a prisoner to her husband's pleasure,
Has lost her making, and becomes a beast,
Created for his use, not fellowship!
Livia. His first wife said as much.
Maria. She was a fool,
And took a scurvy course: Let her be named
'Mongst those that wish for things, but dare not
I have a new dance for him. [do 'em;
Livia. Are you of this faith?
Bianca. Yes, truly; and will die in't.
Livia. Why then, let's all wear breeches!
Maria. Now thou comest near the nature of a woman:
Hang these tame-hearted eyasses, that no sooner
See the lure out, and hear their husband's holla,
But cry like kites upon 'em: The free haggard
(Which is that woman that hath wing, and knows it,
Spirit and plume) will make an hundred checks,

To shew her freedom, sail in every air,
And look out every pleasure, not regarding
Lure nor quarry till her pitch command
What she desires; making her founder'd keeper
Be glad to fling out trains, and golden ones,
To take her down again.
Livia. You're learned, sister;
Yet I say still, take heed!
Maria. A witty saying!
I'll tell thee, Livia; had this fellow tired
As many wives as horses under him,
With spurring of their patience; had he got
A patent, with an office to reclaim us,
Confirm'd by parliament; had he all the malice
And subtilty of devils, or of us,
Or anything that's worse than both——
Livia. Hey, hey, boys! this is excellent!
Maria. Or could he
Cast his wives new again, like bells, to make 'em
Sound to his will; or had the fearful name
Of the first breaker of wild women; yet,
Yet would I undertake this man, thus single;
And, spite of all the freedom he has reach'd to,
Turn him and bend him as I list, and mould him
Into a babe again, that aged women,
Wanting both teeth and spleen, may master him.
Bianca. Thou wilt be chronicled.
Maria. That's all I aim at.
Livia. I must confess I do with all my heart
Hate an imperious husband, and in time
Might be so wrought upon——
Bianca. To make him cuckold?
Maria. If he deserve it.
Livia. Then I'll leave ye, ladies.
Bianca. Thou hast not so much noble anger in thee.
Maria. Go sleep, go sleep! What we intend to do
Lies not for such starved souls as thou hast, Livia.
Livia. Good night! The bridegroom will be with you presently.
Maria. That's more than you know.
Livia. If you work upon him
As you have promised, you may give example,
Which no doubt will be follow'd.
Maria. So!
Bianca. Good night!
We'll trouble you no further.
Maria. If you intend no good, pray do no harm!
Livia. None, but pray for you! [*Exit.*
Bianca. Cheer, wench!
Maria. Now, Bianca,
Those wits we have, let's wind them to the height!
My rest is up, wench, and I pull for that
Will make me ever famous. They that lay
Foundations are half-builders, all men say.

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. My master, forsooth——
Maria. Oh, how does thy master?
Pr'ythee commend me to him.
Jaques. How is this?——
My master stays, forsooth——
Maria. Why, let him stay!
Who hinders him, forsooth?
Jaques. The revel's ended now,—
To visit you.
Maria. I am not sick.
Jaques. I mean
To see his chamber, forsooth.
Maria. Am I his groom?
Where lay he last night, forsooth?
Jaques. In the low matted parlour.
Maria. There lies his way, by the long gallery.
Jaques. I mean your chamber. You are very merry, mistress.
Maria. 'Tis a good sign I am sound-hearted, Jaques.
But, if you'll know where I lie, follow me;
And what thou seest, deliver to thy master.
Bianca. Do, gentle Jaques. [*Exeunt.*
Jaques. Ha! is the wind in that door?
By'r lady, we shall have foul weather then!
I do not like the shuffling of these women;
They are mad beasts, when they knock their heads together:
I have observed them all this day, their whispers
One in another's ear; their signs and pinches,
And breaking often into violent laughters,
As if the end they purposed were their own.
Call you this weddings? Sure this is a knavery,
A very trick, and dainty knavery;
Marvellous finely carried, that's the comfort.
What would these women do in ways of honour,
That are such masters this way? Well, my sir
Has been as good at finding out these toys,
As any living; if he lose it now,
At his own peril be it! I must follow. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Court before the House of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter Servants *with lights*, PETRUCHIO, PETRONIUS, MOROSO, TRANIO, *and* SOPHOCLES.

Petru. You that are married, gentlemen, have
For a round wager now! [at ye,
Soph. Of this night's stage?
Petru. Yes.
Soph. I am your first man: A pair of gloves
Of twenty shillings.
Petru. Done! Who takes me up next?
I am for all bets.
Mor. Well, lusty Lawrence, were but my night now,
Old as I am, I would make you clap on spurs,
But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot
I would, gallants. [too;
Petru. Well said, Good-will; but where's the staff, boy, ha?
Old father Time, your hour-glass is empty.
Tra. A good tough train would break thee all to pieces;
Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.
Petron. See how these boys despise us!—Will
This pride will have a fall. [you to bed, son?
Petru. Upon your daughter;
But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In eggs, and butter'd parsnips.
Petron. Will you to bed, son, and leave talking?
To-morrow morning we shall have you look,
For all your great words, like St. George at Kingston,
Running a foot-back from the furious dragon,
That with her angry tail belabours him
For being lazy.
Tra. His courage quench'd, and so far quench'd—
Petru. 'Tis well, sir.
What then?
Soph. *Fly, fly, quoth then the fearful dwarf;*
Here is no place for living man

Petru. Well, my masters,
If I do sink under my business, as I find
'Tis very possible, I am not the first
That has miscarried so; that is my comfort;
What may be done without impeach or waste,
I can and will do.

Enter JAQUES.

How now! Is my fair bride a-bed?
Jaques. No truly, sir.
Petron. Not a-bed yet? Body o' me, we'll up
And rifle her! Here's a coil with a maidenhead!
'Tis not entailed, is it?
Petru. If it be,
I'll try all the law i' th' land, but I'll cut it off.
Let's up, let's up; come!
Jaques. That you cannot neither.
Petru. Why?
Jaques. Unless
You will drop thro' the chimney like a daw,
Or force a breach i' th' windows; you may untile
The house, 'tis possible.
Petru. What dost thou mean?
Jaques. A moral, sir; the ballad will express it:

The wind and the rain
Has turn'd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there.

The truth is, all the doors are barricadoed;
Not a cat-hole, but holds a murderer in't:
She's victuall'd for this month.
Petru. Art not thou drunk?
Soph. He's drunk, he's drunk! Come, come;
Jaques. Yes, yes, [let's up.
I am drunk! Ye may go up, ye may, gentlemen;
But take heed to your heads: I say no more.
Soph. I'll try that. [*Exit.*
Petron. How dost thou say? the door fast lock'd, fellow?
Jaques. Yes, truly, sir, 'tis lock'd, and guarded too;
And two as desperate tongues planted behind it,
As e'er yet batter'd: They stand upon their honours,
And will not give up without strange composition,
I will assure you; marching away with
Their pieces cock'd, and bullets in their mouths,
Will not satisfy them.
Petru. How's this? how's this?
They are? Is there another with her?
Jaques. Yes, marry is there, and an engineer.
Mor. Who's that, for Heaven's sake?
Jaques. Colonel Bianca; she commands the works;
Spinola's but a ditcher to her. There's a half-moon!
I'm but a poor man, but if you'll give me leave,
I'll venture a year's wages, draw all your force before it,
And mount your ablest piece of battery,
You shall not enter it these three nights yet.

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Petru. I should laugh at that, good Jaques.
Soph. Beat back again!
She's fortified for ever.
Jaques. Am I drunk now, sir?
Soph. He that dares most, go up now, and be
I have 'scaped a pretty scouring. [cool'd.
Petru. What, are they mad? have we another
They do not talk, I hope? [bedlam?
Soph. Oh, terribly,
Extremely fearful; the noise at London Bridge
Is nothing near her.
Petru. How got she tongue?
Soph. As you got tail; she was born to't.
Petru. Lock'd out a-doors, and on my wedding-
Nay, an I suffer this, I may go graze. [night?
Come, gentlemen, I'll batter. Are these virtues?
Soph. Do, and be beaten off with shame, as I was:
I went up, came to th' door, knock'd, nobody answer'd;
Knock'd louder, yet heard nothing; would have
By force; when suddenly a water-work [broke in
Flew from the window with such violence,
That, had I not duck'd quickly like a friar,
Cætera quis nescit?
The chamber's nothing but a mere Ostend;
In every window pewter cannons mounted,
You'll quickly find with what they are charged, sir.
Petru. Why then, *tantara* for us!
Soph. And all the lower works lined sure with small shot,
Long tongues with firelocks, that at twelve-score blank
Hit to the heart. Now, an ye dare go up——

Enter MARIA *and* BIANCO *above.*

Mor. The window opens! Beat a parley first.
I am so much amazed, my very hair stands.
Petron. Why, how now, daughter? What, intrench'd?
Maria. A little guarded for my safety, sir.
Petru. For your safety, sweetheart? Why, who
I come not to use violence. [offends you?
Maria. I think
You cannot, sir; I am better fortified.
Petru. I know your end; you would fain reprieve
A night, or two. [your maidenhead
Maria. Yes, or ten, or twenty,
Or say an hundred; or, indeed, till I list lie with you.
Soph. That's a shrewd saying! From this pre-
I never will believe a silent woman; [sent hour
When they break out they are bonfires.
Petron. Till you list lie with him? Why, who are you, madam?
Bianca. That trim gentleman's wife, sir.
Petru. 'Cry you mercy! do you command too?
Maria. Yes, marry does she, and in chief.
Bianca. I do command, and you shall go with-
(I mean your wife,) for this night. [out
Maria. And for the next too, wench; and so
Petron. Thou wilt not, wilt 'a? [as't follows.
Maria. Yes, indeed, dear father;
And till he seal to what I shall set down,
For anything I know, for ever.
Soph. Indeed these are bugs-words.
Tranio. You hear, sir, she can talk, God be
Petru. I would I heard it not, sir! [thanked!
Soph. I find that all the pity bestow'd upon this
Makes but an anagram of an ill wife, [woman
For she was never virtuous.
Petru. You'll let me in, I hope, for all this
Maria. Hope still, sir. [jesting?
Petron. You will come down, I am sure.
Maria. I am sure I will not.
Petron. I'll fetch you then.
Bianca. The power of the whole county cannot, sir,

Unless we please to yield; which yet I think
We shall not: Charge when you please, you shall
Hear quickly from us.
Mor. Heaven bless me from
A chicken of thy hatching! Is this wiving?
Petru. Pr'ythee, Maria, tell me what's the reason,
And do it freely, you deal thus strangely with me?
You were not forced to marry: your consent
Went equally with mine, if not before it:
I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle
A man should have, to keep a woman waking;
I would be sorry to be such a saint yet:
My person, as it is not excellent,
So 'tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with physic,
But well enough to please an honest woman,
That keeps her house, and loves her husband.
Maria. 'Tis so.
Petru. My means and my conditions are no shamers
Of him that owes 'em, (all the world knows that,)
And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.
Maria. All this I believe, and none of all these parcels
I dare except against; nay more, so far
I am from making these the ends I aim at,
These idle outward things, these women's fears,
That were I yet unmarried, free to chuse
Through all the tribes of man, I would take Petruchio
In's shirt, with one ten groats to pay the priest,
Before the best man living, or the ablest
That e'er leap'd out of Lancashire: and they are right ones.
Petron. Why do you play the fool then, and stand prating
Out of the window, like a broken miller?
Petru. If you will have me credit you, Maria,
Come down, and let your love confirm it.
Maria. Stay
There, sir; that bargain s yet to make.
Bianca. Play sure, wench!
The pack's in thine own hand.
Soph. Let me die lousy,
If these two wenches be not brewing knavery
To stock a kingdom!
Petru. Why, this is a riddle;
"I love you, and I love you not."
Maria. It is so;
And till your own experience do unty it,
This distance I must keep.
Petru. If you talk more,
I am angry, very angry!
Maria. I am glad on't, and I will talk.
Petru. Pr'ythee, peace!
Let me not think thou'rt mad. I tell thee, woman,
If thou goest forward, I am still Petruchio.
Maria. And I am worse, a woman that can fear
Neither Petruchio Furius, nor his fame,
Nor anything that tends to our allegiance:
There's a short method for you: now you know me.
Petru. If you can carry 't so, 'tis very well.
Bianca. No, you shall carry it, sir.
Petru. Peace, gentle low-bell!
Petron. Use no more words, but come down
I charge thee, by the duty of a child! [instantly;
Petru. Pr'ythee come, Maria! I forgive all.
Maria. Stay there! That duty, that you charge
(If you consider truly what you say,) [me by,
Is now another man's; you gave't away
I' th' church, if you remember, to my husband;
So all you can exact now, is no more
But only a due reverence to your person,
Which thus I pay: Your blessing, and I am gone
To bed for this night.
Petron. This is monstrous!
That blessing that St. Dunstan gave the devil,
If I were near thee, I would give thee, whore;
Pull thee down by th' nose!
Bianca. Saints should not rave, sir:
A little rhubarb now were excellent.
Petru. Then, by that duty you owe to me,
Open the door, and be obedient! [Maria,
I am quiet yet.
Maria. I do confess that duty:
Make your best on't.
Petru. Why, give me leave, I will.
Bianca. Sir, there's no learning
An old stiff jade to trot; you know the moral.
Maria. Yet, as I take it, sir, I owe no more
Than you owe back again.
Petru. You will not article?
All I owe, presently—let me but up—I'll pay.
Maria. You are too hot, and such prove jades at length.
You do confess a duty, or respect to me from you again,
That's very near, or full the same with mine?
Petru. Yes.
Maria. Then, by that duty, or respect, or what
You please to have it, go to bed and leave me,
And trouble me no longer with your fooling;
For know, I am not for you.
Petru. Well, what remedy? [*To his Friends.*
Petron. A fine smart cudgel.—Oh, that I were near thee!
Bianca. If you had teeth now, what a case were we in!
Mor. These are the most authentic rebels, next
Tyrone, I ever read of.
Maria. A week hence, or a fortnight, as you bear you,
And as I find my will observed, I may,
With intercession of some friends, be brought
May be to kiss you; and so quarterly
To pay a little rent by composition.
You understand me?
Soph. Thou, boy, thou!
Petru. Well.
There are more maids than Maudlin; that's my comfort.
Maria. Yes; and more men than Michael.
Petru. I must not
To bed with this stomach, and no meat, lady.
Maria. Feed where you will, so it be sound and wholesome;
Else, live at livery, for I'll none with you.
Bianca. You had best back one o' th' dairy maids; they'll carry:
But take heed to your girths, you'll get a bruise else.
Petru. Now, if thou wouldst come down, and tender me
All the delights due to a marriage-bed;
Study such kisses as would melt a man;
And turn thyself into a thousand figures,
To add new flames unto me; I would stand
Thus heavy, thus regardless, thus despising
Thee, and thy best allurings: All the beauty
That's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,

vithout doubt your minds are miserable,
ıave no masks for them.) all this rare beauty,
ut the painter and the silk-worm by,
'octor with his diets, and the tailor,
'ou appear like flea'd cats; not so handsome.
ria. And we appear, like her that sent us hither,
only excellent and beauteous Nature,
ourselves, for men to wonder at,
o divine to handle: We are gold,
r own natures pure; but when we suffer
usband's stamp upon us, then allays,
ase ones, of you men, are mingled with us,
nake us blush like copper!
ru. Then, and never
ıen, are women to be spoken of;
ll that time you have no souls, I take it.
night!—Come, gentlemen! I'll fast for this night;
y this hand—Well, I shall come up yet?
ria. No.
ru. There will I watch thee like a withe 'd jury;
shalt neither have meat, fire, nor candle,
nything that's easy. Do you rebel so soon?
ake mercy.
nca. Put up your pipes; to bed, sir! I'll
nth's siege will not shake us. [assure you
r. Well said, coloned!
ria. To bed, to bed, Petruchio! Good night, gentlemen!
l make my father sick with sitting up.
you shall find us any time these ten days,
s we may march off with our contentment.
ru. I'll hang first!
ria. And I'll quarter, if I do not!
ake you know, and fear a wife, Petruchio;
my cause lies.
ave been famous for a woman-tamer,
ear the fear'd name of a brave wife-breaker:
nan now shall take those honours off, and tame you.
never look so big! she shall, believe me,
am she. What think ye?—Good night to
all find centinels—— [all.
nca. If ye dare sally. [*Exeunt above.*
ron. The devil's in 'em, even the very devil,
own-right devil!
ru. I'll devil 'em; by these ten bones, I will!
ing it to th' old proverb, 'No sport, no pie.'
taken down i' th' top of all my speed?
s fine dancing! Gentlemen, stick to me:
ee our freehold's touch'd; and, by this light,
ill beleaguer 'em, and either starve 'em out,
ake 'em recreant.
ron. I'll see all passages stopt, but those about 'em.
good women of the town dare succour 'em,
all have wars indeed.
h. I'll stand perdue upon 'em.
r. My regiment shall lie before.
ues. I think so;
rown too old to stand.
ru. Let's in, and each provide his tackle!
fire 'em out, or make 'em take their pardons
what I say) on their bare knees.
Petruchio, fear'd, and spoken of,
n my wedding-night am I thus jaded?
E II. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter ROWLAND *and* PEDRO, *at several doors.*

Rowl. Now, Pedro?
Pedro. Very busy, Master Rowland.
Rowl. What haste, man?
Pedro. I beseech you pardon me,
I am not mine own man.
Rowl. Thou art not mad?
Pedro. No; but, believe me, as hasty——
Rowl. The cause, good Pedro?
Pedro. There be a thousand, sir. You are not
Rowl. Not yet. [married?
Pedro. Keep yourself quiet then.
Rowl. Why?
Pedro. You'll find a fiddle
That never will be tuned else: From all women—
[*Exit.*
Rowl. What ails the fellow, tro?—Jaques?

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. Your friend, sir;
But very full of business.
Rowl. Nothing but business?
Pr'ythee the reason! is there any dying?
Jaques. I would there were, sir!
Rowl. But thy business?
Jaques. I'll tell you in a word: I am sent to
An imposition upon souse and puddings, [lay
Pasties, and penny custards, that the women
May not relieve yon rebels. Fare you well, sir!
Rowl. How does my mistress?
Jaques. Like a resty jade;
She's spoil'd for riding. [*Exit.*
Rowl. What a devil ail they?
Custards, and penny pasties, fools and fiddles!
What's this to th' purpose?—Oh, well met.

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Soph. Now, Rowland!
I cannot stay to talk long.
Rowl. What's the matter?
Here's stirring, but to what end? Whither go you?
Soph. To view the works.
Rowl. What works?
Soph. The women's trenches.
Rowl. Trenches? Are such to see?
Soph. I do not jest, sir.
Rowl. I cannot understand you.
Soph. Do not you hear
In what a state of quarrel the new bride
Stands with her husband?
Rowl. Let him stand with her
And there's an end.
Soph. It should be; but, by'r lady,
She holds him out at pike's end, and defies him,
And now is fortified. Such a regiment of rutters
Never defied men braver: I am sent
To view their preparation.
Rowl. This is news,
Stranger than armies in the air. You saw not
My gentle mistress?
Soph. Yes, and meditating
Upon some secret business; when she had found it,
She leap'd for joy, and laugh'd, and straight retired
To shun Moroso.
Rowl. This may be for me.
Soph. Will you along?
Rowl. No.
Soph. Farewell. *p*

Rowl. Farewell, sir!—
What should her musing mean, and what her joy in't
If not for my advantage? Stay you! may not
That bob-tail jade Moroso, with his gold,
His gew-gaudes, and the hope she has to send him
Quickly to dust, excite this?

Enter LIVIA *at one door, and* MOROSO *at another, hearkening.*

Here she comes;
And yonder walks the stallion to discover!
Yet I'll salute her.—Save you, beauteous mistress!
Livia. The fox is kennell'd for me.—Save you, sir!
Rowl. Why do you look so strange?
Livia. I use to look, sir,
Without examination.
Mor. Twenty spur-ryals for that word!
Rowl. Belike then
The object discontents you?
Livia. Yes, it does.
Rowl. Is't come to this? You know me, do you not?
Livia. Yes, as I may know many, by repentance.
Rowl. Why do you break your faith?
Livia. I'll tell you that too:
You are under age, and no band holds upon you.
Mor. Excellent wench!
Livia. Sue out your understanding,
And get more hair to cover your bare knuckle!
(For boys were made for nothing but dry kisses)
And, if you can, more manners!
Mor. Better still!
Livia. And then, if I want Spanish gloves, or stockings,
A ten-pound waistcoat, or a nag to hunt on,
It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.
Rowl. Farewell! and when I credit women more,
May I to Smithfield, and there buy a jade
(And know him to be so) that breaks my neck.
Livia. Because I have known you, I'll be thus kind to you:
Farewell, and be a man! and I'll provide you,
Because I see you're desperate, some staid chambermaid,
That may relieve your youth with wholesome doctrine.
Mor. She's mine from all the world!—Ha, wench!
Livia. Ha, chicken!
[*Gives him a box on the ear, and exit.*
Mor. How's this? I do not love these favours.—Save you!
Rowl. The devil take thee!
[*Wrings him by the nose.*
Mor. Oh!
Rowl. There's a love-token for you! thank me now!
Mor. I'll think on some of ye; and, if I live,
My nose alone shall not be play'd withal. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* PETRONIUS.

Enter PETRONIUS *and* MOROSO.

Petron. A box o' th' ear, do you say?
Mor. Yes, sure, a sound one;
Beside my nose blown to my hand. If Cupid
Shoot arrows of that weight, I'll swear devoutly,
He has sued his livery, and is no more a boy.
Petron. You gave her some ill language?
Mor. Not a word.
Petron. Or might be you were fumbling!
Mor. 'Would I had, sir!
I had been aforehand then; but, to be baffled,
And have no feeling of the cause——
Petron. Be patient;
I have a medicine clapp'd to her back will cure her.
Mor. No, sure 't must be afore, sir.
Petron. O' my conscience,
When I got these two wenches (who till now
Ne'er shew'd their riding) I was drunk with bastard,
Whose nature is to form things like itself,
Heady and monstrous. Did she slight him too?
Mor. That's all my comfort! A mere hobby-horse
She made child Rowland: 'Sfoot, she would not know him,
Not give him a free look, not reckon him
Among her thoughts; which I held more than wonder,
I having seen her within these three days kiss him,
With such an appetite as though she would eat him.
Petron. There is some trick in this. How did he take it?
Mor. Ready to cry, he ran away.
Petron. I fear her:
And yet I tell you, ever to my ange
She is as tame as innocency. It may be
This blow was but a favour.
Mor. I'll be sworn
'Twas well tied on then.
Petron. Go to! pray forget it:
I have bespoke a priest, and within these two hours
I'll have you married; will that please you?
Mor. Yes.
Petron. I'll see it done myself, and give the lady
Such a sound exhortation for this knavery,
I'll warrant you, shall make her smell this month on't.
Mor. Nay, good sir, be not violent.
Petron. Neither——
Mor. It may be
Out of her earnest love there grew a longing
(As you know women have such toys) in kindness,
To give me a box o' th' ear, or so.
Petron. It may be.
Mor. I reckon for the best still. This night
I shall enjoy her? [then
Petron. You shall handsel her.
Mor. Old as I am, I'll give her one blow for't,
Shall make her groan this twelvemonth.
Petron. Where's your jointure?
Mor. I have a jointure for her.
Petron. Have your counsel
Perused it yet?
Mor. No counsel but the night, and your sweet daughter,
Shall e'er peruse that jointure.
Petron. Very well, sir.
Mor. I'll no demurrers on't, nor no rejoinders.
The other's ready seal'd.

ron. Come then, let's comfort
n Petruchio: He's like little children
ose their baubles, crying ripe.
r. Pray tell me,
stern woman still upon the flaunt
d defiance?
ron. Still, and still she shall be,
e be starved out: You shall see such justice,
women shall be glad, after this tempest,
their husbands' shoes, and walk their horses.
r. That were a merry world!—Do you hear the rumour?
say the women are in insurrection,
nean to make a——
ron. They'll sooner
upon walls as we do. Let 'em, let 'em!
ship 'em out in cuck-stools; there they'll
ave Columbus did, till they discover [sail
appy islands of obedience.
ay too long; come!
r. Now, St. George be with us! [*Exeunt.*

ENE II.—*The Court before the House of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter LIVIA *alone.*

ia. Now, if I can but get in handsomely,
, I shall deceive you; and this night,
l your private plotting, I'll no wedlock:
shifted sail, and find my sister's safety
e retirement. Pray to Heaven that Rowland
t believe too far what I said to him!
n old foxcase forced me; that's my fear.
let me see! this quarter fierce Petruchio
with his myrmidons: I must be sudden;
eize on me, I can look for nothing
artial-law; to this place have I 'scaped him.
there!

Enter MARIA *and* BIANCA *above.*

ria. Qui va là?
ia. A friend.
nca. Who are you?
ia. Look out and know!
ria. Alas, poor wench, who sent thee?
weak fool made thy tongue his orator?
you come to parley.
ia. You're deceived.
by the goodness of your cause, I come
as you do.
ria. You're too weak, too foolish,
at us with your smoothness: Do not we know
hast been kept up tame?
ia. Believe me!
ria. No; pr'ythee, good Livia,
thy eloquence somewhere else.
nca. Good cousin,
your pipes; we are not for your palate:
we know who sent you.
ia. O' my word——
nca. Stay there; you must not think your word,
your maidenhead, or such Sunday oaths,
after even-song, can inveigle us
ose our hand-fast: Did their wisdoms think
ent you hither, we would be so foolish
tertain our gentle sister Sinon,
ive her credit, while the wooden jade
chio stole upon us? No, good sister!
me, and tell the merry Greeks that sent you,
Ilium shall burn, and I, as did Æneas,
Will on my back, 'spite of the myrmidons,
Carry this warlike lady, and through seas
Unknown, and unbelieved, seek out a land,
Where, like a race of noble Amazons,
We'll root ourselves, and to our endless glory
Live, and despise base men!
Livia. I'll second you.
Bianca. How long have you been thus?
Livia. That's all one, cousin;
I stand for freedom now.
Bianca. Take heed of lying!
For, by this light, if we do credit you,
And find you tripping, his infliction
That killed the prince of Orange, will we sport
To what we purpose.
Livia. Let me feel the heaviest!
Maria. Swear by thy sweetheart Rowland, (for by your maidenhead
I fear 'twill be too late to swear) you mean
Nothing but fair and safe, and honourable
To us, and to yourself.
Livia. I swear!
Bianca. Stay yet!
Swear as you hate Moroso, (that's the surest)
And as you have a certain fear to find him
Worse than a poor dried Jack; full of more aches
Than Autumn has; more knavery, and usury,
And foolery, and brokery, than Dog's-Ditch;
As you do constantly believe he's nothing
But an old empty bag with a grey beard,
And that beard such a bob-tail, that it looks
Worse than a mare's tail eaten off with flies;
As you acknowledge, that young handsome wench
That lies by such a Bilboa blade, that bends
With ev'ry pass he makes, to th' hilts, most mise-
A dry-nurse to his coughs, a fewterer [rable,
To such a nasty fellow, a robbed thing
Of all delights youth looks for; and, to end,
One cast away on coarse beef, born to brush
That everlasting cassock that has worn
As many servants out, as the North-East passage
Has consumed sailors: If you swear this, and truly,
Without the reservation of a gown,
Or any meritorious petticoat,
'Tis like we shall believe you.
Livia. I do swear it.
Maria. Stay yet a little! Came this wholesome motion
(Deal truly, sister) from your own opinion,
Or some suggestion of the foe?
Livia. Ne'er fear me!
For, by that little faith I have in husbands,
And the great zeal I bear your cause, I come
Full of that liberty you stand for, sister!
Maria. If we believe, and you prove recreant, Livia,
Think what a maim you give the noble cause
We now stand up for! Think what women shall,
An hundred years hence, speak thee, when examples
Are look'd for, and so great ones, whose relations,
Spoke, as we do 'em, wench, shall make new customs!
Bianca. If you be false, repent, go home, and
And to the serious women of the city [pray,
Confess yourself; bring not a sin so heinous
To load thy soul to this place. Mark me, Livia;
If thou be'st double, and betray'st our honours,
And we fail in our purpose, get thee where

There is no women living, nor no hope
There ever shall be!
Maria. If a mother's daughter,
That ever heard the name of stubborn husband,
Find thee, and know thy sin——
Bianca. Nay if old age,
One that has worn away the name of woman,
And no more left to know her by but railing,
No teeth, nor eyes, nor legs, but wooden ones,
Come but i' the windward of thee, for sure she'll smell thee,
Thou'lt be so rank; she'll ride thee like a night-mare,
And say her prayers backward to undo thee;
She'll curse thy meat and drink, and, when thou marriest,
Clap a sound spell for ever on thy pleasures.
Maria. Children of five year old, like little fairies,
Will pinch thee into motley; all that ever
Shall live and hear of thee, I mean all women,
Will (like so many furies) shake their keys,
And toss their flaming distaffs o'er their heads,
Crying, revenge! Take heed; 'tis hideous,
Oh, 'tis a fearful office! If thou hadst
(Though thou be'st perfect now) when thou camest
A false imagination, get thee gone, [hither
And, as my learned cousin said, repent!
This place is sought by soundness.
Livia. So I seek it,
Or let met me be a most despised example!
Maria. I do believe thee; be thou worthy of it!
You come not empty?
Livia. No, here's cakes and cold meat,
And tripe of proof; behold here's wine and beer!
Be sudden, I shall be surprised else.
Maria. Meet at the low parlour-door; there lies a close way;
What fond obedience you have living in you,
Or duty to a man, before you enter
Fling it away; 'twill but defile our offerings.
Bianca. Be wary as you come.
Livia. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Three Maids.

1 *Maid.* How goes your business, girls?
2 *Maid.* A-foot, and fair.
3 *Maid.* If fortune favour us. Away to your strength!
The country forces are arrived. Be gone!
We are discover'd else.
1 *Maid.* Arm, and be valiant!
2 *Maid.* Think of our cause!
3 *Maid.* Our justice!
1 *Maid.* 'Tis sufficient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Street.*

Enter Rowland *and* Tranio, *severally.*

Tra. Now, Rowland?
Rowl. How do you?
Tra. How dost thou, man?
Thou look'st ill.
Rowl. Yes. Pray can you tell me, Tranio,
Who knew the devil first?
Tra. A woman.
Rowl. So.
Were they not well acquainted?
Tra. May be so,
For they had certain dialogues together.
Rowl. He sold her fruit, I take it?
Tra. Yes, and cheese
That choak'd all mankind after.
Rowl. Canst thou tell me
Whether that woman ever had a faith,
After she had eaten?
Tra. That is a school-question.
Rowl. No, 'tis no question; for believe Tranio,
That cold fruit, after eating, bred nought in h
But windy promises, and cholic vows,
That broke out both ways. Thou hast heard, I
Of Esculapius, a far-famed surgeon, [s
One that could set together quarter'd traitors
And make 'em honest men.
Tra. How dost thou, Rowland?
Rowl. Let him but take (if he dare do a cu
Shall get him fame indeed) a faithless woman,
(There will be credit for him that will speak h
A broken woman, Tranio, a base woman,
And if he can cure such a wreck of honour,
Let him come here and practise!
Tra. Now, for honour's sake,
Why, what ail'st thou, Rowland?
Rowl. I am ridden, Tranio,
And spur-gall'd to the life of patience,—
Heaven keep my wits together!—by a thing
Our worst thoughts are too noble for, a woma
Tra. Your mistress has a little frown'd, it
Rowl. She was my mistress.
Tra. Is she not?
Rowl. No, Tranio:
She has done me such disgrace, so spitefully,
So like a woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth a good horse shall be my mist
A good sword, or a book. And if you see her
Tell her, I do beseech you, even for love's sak
Tra. I will, Rowland.
Rowl. She may sooner count the good
I have thought her, our old love and our friend
Shed one true tear, mean one hour constantly
Be old and honest, married and a maid,
Than make me see her more, or more believe
And now I have met a messenger, farewell, si
[
Tra. Alas, poor Rowland! I will do it for
This is that dog Moroso; but I hope
To see him cold i' th' mouth first, ere he enjoy
I'll watch this young man; desperate thou may seize him,
And, if my purse or counsel can, I'll ease him
[

SCENE V.—*A Room in the House of* Petruchio.

Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso, *and* Sothoc

Petru. For, look you, gentlemen, say th grant her,
Out of my free and liberal love, a pardon,
Which you and all men else know, she deserves
(*Tenealis, amici*) can all the world leave laugh
Petron. I think not.
Petru. No, by Heaven, they cannot!
For pray consider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any man imagine

So stiff a Tom-boy, of so set a malice,
And such a brazen resolution,
As this young crab-tree? and then answer me!
And mark but this too, friends, without a cause,
Not a foul word come cross her, not a fear
She justly can take hold on; and d'ye think
I must sleep out my anger, and endure it,
Sow pillows to her ease, and lull her mischief?
Give me a spindle first! No, no, my masters,
Were she as fair as Nell-a-Greece, and housewife
As good as the wise sailor's wife, and young still,
Never above fifteen, and these tricks to it,
She should ride the wild-mare once a-week, she should,
Believe me, friends, she should! I would tabor her,
'Till all the legions that are crept into her,
Flew out with fire i' th' tails.

Soph. Methinks you err now;
For to me seems, a little sufferance
Were a far surer cure.

Petru. Yes, I can suffer,
Where I see promises of peace and amendment,

Mor. Give her a few conditions.

Petru. I'll be hang'd first!

Petron. Give her a crab-tree cudgel!

Petru. So I will;
And after it a flock-bed for her bones,
And hard eggs, till they brace her like a drum,
She shall be pamper'd with;
She shall not know a stool in ten months, gentlemen.

Soph. This must not be.

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. Arm, arm! out with your weapons!
For all the women in the kingdom's on ye;
They swarm like wasps, and nothing can destroy 'em,
But stopping of their hive, and smothering of 'em.

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Stand to your guard, sir! all the devils extant
Are broke upon us like a cloud of thunder;
There are more women marching hitherward,
In rescue of my mistress, than e'er turn'd tail
At Sturbridge-fair, and I believe as fiery.

Jaques. The forlorn-hope's led by a tanner's wife,
(I know her by her hide) a desp'rate woman;
She flead her husband in her youth, and made
Reins of his hide to ride the parish. Take 'em all together,
They are a genealogy of jennets, gotten
And born thus, by the boisterous breath of husbands;
They serve sure, and are swift to catch occasion
(I mean their foes or husbands) by the forelocks,
And there they hang like favours: cry they can,
But more for noble spite than fear; and crying
Like the old giants that were foes to Heaven,
They heave ye stool on stool, and fling main pot-lids
Like massy rocks, dart ladles, tossing irons,
And tongs like thunderbolts, till overlaid,
They fall beneath the weight; yet still aspiring
At those imperious codsheads, that would tame 'em.
There's ne'er a one of these, the worst and weakest,
(Choose where you will) but dare attempt the
Against the sovereign peace of Puritans, [raising,
A May-pole and a morris, maugre mainly
Their zeal, and dudgeon-daggers; and yet more,
Dares plant a stand of batt'ring ale against 'em,
And drink 'em out o' th' parish.

Soph. Lo you, fierce
Petruchio! this comes of your impatience.

Pedro. There's one brought in the bears, against the canons
Of the town, made it good, and fought 'em.

Jaques. Another, to her everlasting fame, erected
Two ale-houses of ease, the quarter sessions
Running against her roundly; in which business
Two of the disanullers lost their night-caps;
A third stood excommunicate by th' cudgel;
The constable, to her eternal glory,
Drunk hard, and was converted, and she victor.

Pedro. Then are they victualled with pies and puddings,
(The trappings of good stomachs) noble ale
(The true defender,) sausages, and smoked ones,
If need be, such as serve for pikes; and pork
(Better the Jews ne'er hated) here and there
A bottle of metheglin, a stout Briton
That will stand to 'em;
What else they want, they war for.

Petru. Come to council!

Soph. Now you must grant conditions, or the kingdom
Will have no other talk but this.

Petron. Away then,
And let's advise the best!

Soph. Why do you tremble?

Mor. Have I lived thus long to be knockt o' th' head
With half a washing beetle? Pray be wise, sir.

Petru. Come; something I'll do; but what it is, I know not.

Soph. To council then, and let's avoid their follies!
Guard all the doors, or we shall not have a cloak left. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—*The Court before the House.*

Enter PETRONIUS, PETRUCHIO, MOROSO, SOPHOCLES, *and* TRANIO.

Petron. I am indifferent, though, I must confess,
I had rather see her carted.

Tra. No more of that, sir.

Soph. Are ye resolved to give her fair conditions?
'Twill be the safest way.

Petru. I am distracted!
'Would I had run my head into a halter
When I first woo'd her! if I offer peace,
She'll urge her own conditions; that's the devil.

Soph. Why, say she do?

Petru. Say, I am made an ass then!
I know her aim: May I with reputation,
(Answer me this) with safety of mine honour,
After the mighty manage of my first wife,
Which was indeed a fury to this filly,
After my twelve strong labours to reclaim her,
Which would have made Don Hercules horn-mad,
And hid him in his hide, suffer this Cicely,
Ere she have warm'd my sheets, ere grappled with me,
This pink, this painted foist, this cockle-boat,
To hang her fights out, and defy me, friends,
A well-known man of war? If this be equal,
And I may suffer, say, and I have done.

Petron. I do not think you may.

Tra. You'll make it worse, sir.

Soph. Pray hear me, good Petruchio. But even
You were contented to give all conditions, [now,
To try how far she would carry: 'Tis a folly
(And you will find it so) to clap the curb on,
Ere you be sure it proves a natural wildness,
And not a forced. Give her conditions;
For, on my life, this trick is put into her——
Petron. I should believe so too.
Soph. And not her own.
Tra. You'll find it so.
Soph. Then, if she flounder with you,
Clap spurs on; and in this you'll deal with tem-
Avoid the hurry of the world—— [perance,
Tra. And lose——
Mor. No honour on my life, sir.
Petru. I will do it. [*Music above.*
Petron. It seems they are very merry.

Enter JAQUES.

Petru. Why, God hold it!
Mor. Now, Jaques?
Jaques. They are i' th' flaunt, sir.
Soph. Yes, we hear 'em.
Jaques. They have got a stick of fiddles, and they firk it
In wond'rous ways: The two grand capitanoes
(They brought the auxiliary regiments)
Dance with their coats tuck'd up to their bare breeches,
And bid the kingdom kiss 'em; that's the burden.
They have got metheglin, and audacious ale,
And talk like tyrants.
Petron. How know'st thou?
Jaques. I peep'd in
At a loose lansket.
Tra. Hark!
Petron. A song! Pray silence.

SONG.

A health for all this day,
To the woman that bears the sway,
And wear the breeches;
Let it come, let it come.
Let this health be a seal,
For the good of the common-weal,
The woman shall wear the breeches!
Let's drink then and laugh it,
And merrily, merrily quaff it,
And tipple, and tipple a round:
Here's to thy fool,
And to my fool;
Come, to all fools,
Though it cost us, wench, many a pound.

Mor. They look out.
[*All the* Women *appear above*, Citizens, *and* Country Women.
Petru. Good even, ladies!
Maria. Good you good even, sir!
Petru. How have you slept to-night?
Maria. Exceeding well, sir.
Petru. Did you not wish me with you?
Maria. No, believe me,
I never thought upon you.
Coun. Is that he?
Bianca. Yes.
Coun. Sir!
Soph. She has drank hard: Mark her hood.
Coun. You are——
Soph. Learnedly drunk, I'll hang else. Let her utter.
Coun. And I must tell you *viva voce*, friend,
A very foolish fellow.
Tra. There's an ale-figure.
Petru. I thank you, Susan Brotes.
Cit. Forward, sister.
Coun. You have espoused here a hearty woman,
A comely, and courageous——
Petru. Well, I have so.
Coun. And, to the comfort of distressed damsels,
Women out-worn in wedlock, and such vessels,
This woman has defied you.
Petru. It should seem so.
Coun. And why?
Petru. Yes, can you tell?
Coun. For thirteen causes.
Petru. Pray, by your patience, mistress——
Cit. Forward, sister!
Petru. Do you mean to treat of all these?
Cit. Who shall let her?
Petron. Do you hear, velvet-hood? we come
To hear your doctrine. [not now
Coun. For the first, I take it,
It doth divide itself into seven branches.
Petru. Hark you, good Maria,
Have you got a catechiser here?
Tra. Good zeal!
Soph. Good three-piled predication, will you
And hear the cause we come for? [peace,
Coun. Yes, bob-tails,
We know the cause you come for; here's the cause:— [*Pointing to* MARIA.
But never hope to carry her, never dream
Or flatter your opinions with a thought
Of base repentance in her.
Cit. Give me sack!
By this, and next, strong ale——
Coun. Swear forward, sister!
Cit. By all that's cordial, in this place we'll bury
Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs, and then
That ever yet was chronicled of woman, [all
But this brave wench, this excellent despiser,
This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit
Her liberal will, and march off with conditions
Noble and worth herself.
Coun. She shall, Tom Tilers,
And brave ones too. My hood shall make a hearse-
And I'll lie under it like Joan o'Gaunt, [cloth,
Ere I go less; my distaff stuck up by me,
For the eternal trophy of my conquests,
And loud Fame at my head with two main bottles
Shall fill to all the world, the glorious fall
Of old Don Gillian.
Cit. Yet a little further.
We have taken arms in rescue of this lady,
Most just and noble: If ye beat us off,
Without conditions, and we recant,
Use us as we deserve; and first degrade us
Of all our ancient chambering, next that
The symbols of our secresy, silk stockings
Hew off our heels; our petticoats of arms
Tear off our bodies, and our bodkins break
Over our coward heads.
Coun. And ever after,
To make the tainture most notorious,
At all our crests (*videlicet*, our plackets)
Let laces hang, and we return again
Unto our former titles, dairy-maids!
Petru. No more wars! Puissant ladies, shew
And freely I accept 'em. [conditions,
Maria. Call in Livia;
She's in the treaty too.

Enter LIVIA *above.*

Mor. How! Livia?
Maria. Hear you that, sir?
There's the conditions for you; pray peruse 'em.
[*Throws down a paper.*
Petron. Yes, there she is: It had been no right rebellion,
Had she held off. What think you, man?
Mor. Nay, nothing:
I have enough o' th' prospect. O' my conscience,
The world's end and the goodness of a woman
Will come together.
Petron. Are you there, sweet lady?
Livia. 'Cry you mercy, sir! I saw you not: Your blessing!
Petron. Yes, when I bless a jade that stumbles with me.
How are the articles?
Livia. This is for you, sir;
And I shall think upon't.
[*Throws a paper to* MONOSO.
Mor. You have used me finely!
Livia. There is no other use of thee now extant,
But to be hung up, cassock, cap, and all,
For some strange monster at Apothecaries.
Petron. I hear you, whore!
Livia. I must be his then, sir;
For need will then compel me.
Cit. Blessing on thee!
Livia. He will undo me in mere pans of coals,
To make him lusty.
Petron. There is no talking to 'em.—
How are they, sir?
Petru. As I expected: Liberty and clothes,
[*Reads.*
When, and in what way she will; continual monies,
Company, and all the house at her dispose;
No tongue to say, *why is this:* or, *whither will it?*
New coaches, and some buildings, she appoints here;
Hangings, and hunting-horses; and for plate
And jewels, for her private use, I take it,
Two thousand pound in present; then for music
And women to read French——
Petron. This must not be.
Petru. And at the latter end a clause put in,
That Livia shall by no man be importuned,
This whole month yet, to marry.
Petron. This is monstrous!
Petru. This shall be done; I'll humour her awhile;
If nothing but repentance and undoing
Can win her love, I'll make a shift for one.
Soph. When you are once a-bed, all these conditions
Lie under your own seal.
Maria. Do you like 'em?
Petru. Yes;
And, by that faith I gave you 'fore the priest,
I'll ratify 'em.
Coun. Stay! what pledges?
Maria. No, I'll take that oath.
But have a care you keep it!
Cit. 'Tis not now
As when Andrea lived.
Coun. If you do juggle,
Or alter but a letter of these articles
We have set down, the self-same persecution—
Maria. Mistrust him not.
Petru. By all my honesty——
Maria. Enough; I yield.
Petron. What's this inserted here?
Soph. That the two valiant women that command here
Shall have a supper made 'em, and a large one,
And liberal entertainment without grudging,
And pay for all their soldiers.
Petru. That shall be too;
And if a tun of wine will serve to pay 'em,
They shall have justice. I ordain ye all
Paymasters, gentlemen.
Tra. Then we shall have sport, boys!
Maria. We'll meet you in the parlour.
Petru. Ne'er look sad, sir;
For I will do it.
Soph. There's no danger in't.
Petru. For Livia's article, you shall observe it;
I have tied myself.
Petron. I will.
Petru. Along then!—Now
Either I break, or this stiff plant must bow.
[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter TRANIO *and* ROWLAND.

Tra. Come, you shall take my counsel.
Rowl. I shall hang first!
I'll no more love, that's certain; 'tis a bane,
Next that they poison rats with, the most mortal.
No, I thank Heaven, I have got my sleep again,
And now begin to write sense; I can walk ye
A long hour in my chamber like a man,
And think of something that may better me,
Some serious point of learning or my state:
No more *ah-me*'s, and *misereri*'s, Tranio,
Come near my brain. I'll tell thee; had the devil
But any essence in him of a man,
And could be brought to love, and love a woman,
'Twould make his head ache worser than his horns do,
And firk him with a fire he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee; there is nothing
(It may be thy case, Tranio, therefore hear me)
Under the sun (reckon the mass of follies
Crept into th' world with man) so desperate,
So mad, so senseless, poor and base, so wretched,
Roguy, and scurvy——
Tra. Whither wilt thou, Rowland?
Rowl. As 'tis to be in love.
Tra. And why, for Virtue sake?
Rowl. And why, for Virtue's sake! Dost thou not conceive me?
Tra. No, by my troth.
Rowl. Pray then, and heartily,
For fear thou fall into't. I'll tell thee why too,
For I have hope to save thee: When thou lovest,
And first beginn'st to worship the gilt calf,
Imprimis, thou hast lost thy gentry,
And, like a 'prentice, flung away thy freedom:
Forthwith thou art a slave.

Tra. That's a new doctrine.
Rowl. Next, thou'rt no more man.
Tra. What then?
Rowl. A frippery;
Nothing but braided hair, and penny ribband,
Glove, garter, ring, rose, or at best a swabber;
If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt lose thy language.
Tra. Why?
Rowl. Oh, Tranio!
Those things in love ne'er talk as we do.
Tra. No?
Rowl. No, without doubt; they sigh, and shake
And sometimes whistle dolefully. [the head,
Tra. No tongue?
Rowl. Yes, Tranio, but no truth in't, nor no reason:
And when they cant (for 'tis a kind of canting)
You shall hear, if you reach to understand 'em,
(Which you must be a fool first, or you cannot,)
Such gibb'rish; such, *believe me—I protest, sweet—*
And, *oh, dear Heavens, in which such constellations*
Reign at the births of lovers—This is too well!
And, *deign me, lady, deign me. I beseech you.*
Your poor unworthy lump—and then she licks him.
Tra. A pox on't, this is nothing!
Rowl. Thou hast hit it.
Then talks she ten times worse, and wries, and wriggles,
As though she had the itch (and so it may be).
Tra. Why thou art grown a strange discoverer.
Rowl. Of mine own follies, Tranio.
Tra. Wilt thou, Rowland,
Certain ne'er love again?
Rowl. I think so, certain;
And, if I be not dead-drunk, I shall keep it.
Tra. Tell me but this; what dost thou think of women?
Rowl. Why, as I think of fiddles; they delight
Till their strings break. [me,
Tra. What strings?
Rowl. Their modesties,
Faiths, vows, and maidenheads; for they are like
They have but four strings to 'em. [kits,
Tra. What wilt thou
Give me for ten pounds now, when thou next
And the same woman still? [lovest,
Rowl. Give me the money;
A hundred, and my bond for't.
Tra. But pray hear me;
I'll work all means I can to reconcile ye?
Rowl. Do, do; give me the money.
Tra. There!
Rowl. Work, Tranio.
Tra. You shall go sometimes where she is.
Rowl. Yes, straight.
This is the first good I e'er got by woman.
Tra. You would think it strange now, if another
As good as hers, say better—— [beauty
Rowl. Well?
Tra. (Conceive me,
This is no point o' th' wager.)
Rowl. That's all one.
Tra. Love you as much, or more, than she now hates you.
Rowl. 'Tis a good hearing! Let 'em love: Ten pound more,
I never love that woman.
Tra. There it is;
And so an hundred, if you lose.
Rowl. 'Tis done!
Have you another to put in?
Tra. No, no, sir.
Rowl. I'm very sorry. Now will I erect
A new game, and go hate for th' bell; I'm sure
I am in excellent case to win.
Tra. I must have leave
To tell you, and tell truth too, what she is,
And how she suffers for you.
Rowl. Ten pound more,
I ne'er believe you.
Tra. No, sir; I am stinted.
Rowl. Well, take your best way then.
Tra. Let's walk. I am glad
Your sullen fever's off.
Rowl. 'Shalt see me, Tranio,
A monstrous merry man now. Let's to the wed-
And, as we go, tell me the general hurry [ding;
Of these mad wenches, and their works.
Tra. I will.
Rowl. And do thy worst.
Tra. Something I'll do——
Rowl. Do, Tranio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter PEDRO *and* JAQUES.

Pedro. A pair of stocks bestride 'em! are they gone?
Jaques. Yes, they are gone; and all the pans i' th' town
Beating before 'em. What strange admonitions
They gave my master, and how fearfully
They threaten'd, if he broke 'em!
Pedro. O' my conscience,
He has found his full match now.
Jaques. That I believe too.
Pedro. How did she entertain him?
Jaques. She look'd on him——
Pedro. But scurvily.
Jaques. With no great affection
That I saw: And I heard some say he kiss'd her,
But 'twas upon a treaty; and some copies
Say, but her cheek.
Pedro. Jaques, what wouldst thou give
For such a wife now?
Jaques. Full as many prayers
As the most zealous Puritan conceives
Out of the meditation of fat veal,
Or birds of prey, cramm'd capons, against players,
And to as good a tune too; but against her,
"That Heaven would bless me from her!" Mark it, Pedro;
If this house be not turn'd within this fortnight
With the foundation upward, I'll be carted.
My comfort is yet, that those Amorites
That came to back her cause, those heathen whores,
Had their hoods hallowed with sack.
Pedro. How devilish drunk they were!
Jaques. And how they tumbled, Pedro! Didst
The country cavaliero? [thou mark
Pedro. Out upon her,
How she turn'd down the bragget!
Jaques. Ay, that sunk her.
Pedro. That drink was well put to her: What a somersalt,
When the chair fell, she fetch'd with her heels upward!

Jaques. And what a piece of landskip she discover'd!
Pedro. Didst mark her when her hood fell in the posset?
Jaques. Yes, and there rid, like a Dutch hoy.
When she had got her ballast—— [The tumbrel,
Pedro. That I saw too.
Jaques. How fain she would have drawn on Sophocles
To come aboard, and how she simper'd it——
Pedro. I warrant her, she has been a worthy striker.
Jaques. I' th' heat of summer, there had been
Pedro. Hang her! [some hope on't.
Jaques. She offer'd him a Harry-groat, and belch'd out,
Her stomach being blown with ale, such courtship,
Upon my life, has given him twenty stools since.
Believe my calculation, these old women,
When they are tippled, and a little heated,
Are like new wheels; they'll roar you all the town
Till they be greased. [o'er
Pedro. The city cinque-pace,
Dame Toast-and-Butter, had the bob too.
Jaques. Yes:
But she was sullen drunk, and giv'n to filching;
I see her offer at a spoon.—My master!
I do not like his look; I fear he has fasted,
For all this preparation: Let's steal by him.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* SOPHOCLES.

Soph. Not let you touch her all this night?
Petru. Not touch her.
Soph. Where was your courage?
Petru. Where was her obedience?
Never poor man was shamed so; never rascal
That keeps a stud of whores was used so basely.
Soph. Pray you tell me one thing truly; do you love her?
Petru. I would I did not; upon that condition
I pass'd thee half my land.
Soph. It may be then,
Her modesty required a little violence:
Some women love to struggle.
Petru. She had it,
And so much that I sweat for't, so I did;
But to no end; I wash'd an Ethiop.
She swore my force might weary her, but win her
I never could, nor should, till she consented;
And I might take her body prisoner,
But for her mind or appetite——
Soph. 'Tis strange!
This woman is the first I ever read of,
Refused a warranted occasion,
And standing on so fair terms.
Petru. I shall quit her.
Soph. Used you no more art?
Petru. Yes; I swore to her,
And by no little ones, if presently,
Without more disputation on the matter,
She grew not nearer to me, and dispatch'd me
Out of the pain I was, (for I was nettled,)
And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,
I would to her chamber-maid, and in her hearing
Begin her such a hunts-up——
Soph. Then she started?
Petru. No more than I do now: Marry, she answer'd,
If I were so disposed, she could not help it;
But there was one call'd Jaques, a poor butler,
One that might well content a single woman.
Soph. And he should tilt her?
Petru. To that sense. And last,
She bade me yet these six nights look for nothing,
Nor strive to purchase it, but fair good-night,
And so good-morrow, and a kiss or two
To close my stomach; for her vow had seal'd it,
And she would keep it constant.
Soph. Stay you, stay you!
Was she thus when you woo'd her?
Petru. Nothing, Sophocles,
More keenly eager: I was oft afraid
She had been light and easy, she would shower
Her kisses so upon me.
Soph. Then I fear
Another spoke's i' th' wheel.
Petru. Now thou hast found me!
There gnaws my devil, Sophocles. Oh, Patience,
Preserve me! that I make her not example
By some unworthy way; as flaying her,
Boiling, or making verjuice, drying her——
Soph. I hear her.
Petru. Mark her then, and see the heir
Of spite and prodigality! She has studied
A way to beggar us both, and by this hand
She shall be, if I live, a doxy.

[MARIA *appears at the door, with a* Servant *and* Woman.

Soph. Fy, sir!
Maria. I do not like that dressing; 'tis too poor:
Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy,
And betwixt every lace a rich embroidery;
Line the gown through with plush perfumed, and
All the sleeves down with pearl! [purfle
Petru. What think you, Sophocles?
In what point stands my state now?
Maria. For those hangings,
Let 'em be carried where I gave appointment,
They are too base for my use; and bespeak
New pieces, of the civil wars of France:
Let 'em be large and lively, and all silk-work,
The borders gold.
Soph. Ay, marry, sir, this cuts it.
Maria. That fourteen yards of sattin give my
I do not like the colour, 'tis too civil; [woman;
There's too much silk i' th' lace too. Tell the Dutchman,
That brought the mares, he must with all speed send me
Another suit of horses; and, by all means,
Ten cast of hawks for th' river: I much care not
What price they bear, so they be sound, and flying;
For the next winter I am sure for the country,
And mean to take my pleasure. Where's the horseman?
Petru. She means to ride a great-horse.
Soph. With a side-saddle?
Petru. Yes; and she'll run a-tilt within this twelvemonth.
Maria. To-morrow I'll begin to learn: But pray,
Have a great care he be an easy doer; [sir,
'Twill spoil a scholar else.
Soph. An easy doer!
Did you hear that?
Petru. Yes; I shall meet her morals
Ere it be long, I fear not.
Maria. [*Entering.*] Oh, good morrow!
Soph. Good morrow, lady! How is't now?
Maria. 'Faith, sickly;
This house stands in an ill air——
Petru. Yet more charges?

Maria. Subject to rots and rheums; out on't!
But a tiled fog. ['tis nothing
Petru. What think you of the Lodge then?
Maria. I like the seat, but 'tis too little.—
Sophocles,
Let me have thy opinion; thou hast judgment.
Petru. 'Tis very well!
Maria. What if I pluck it down,
And build a square upon it, with two courts
Still rising from the entrance?
Petru. And i' th' midst
A college for young scolds.
Maria. And to the southward
Take in a garden of some twenty acres,
And cast it of the Italian fashion, hanging?
Petru. An you could cast yourself so too—Pray,
Will not this cost much money? [lady,
Maria. Some five thousand;
Say six. I'll have it battled too——
Petru. And gilt?—Maria,
This is a fearful course you take! Pray think on't:
You are a woman now, a wife, and his
That must in honesty and justice look for
Some due obedience from you.
Maria. That bare word
Shall cost you many a pound more. Build upon't!
Tell me of due obedience? What's a husband?
What are we married for? to carry sumpters?
Are we not one piece with you, and as worthy
Our own intentions as you yours?
Petru. Pray hear me!
Maria. Take two small drops of water, equal
weigh'd,
Tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought
First to descend in duty?
Petru. You mistake me;
I urge not service from you, nor obedience
In way of duty, but of love and credit:
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I have brought you, and of what I am,
And what our name may be.
Maria. That's in my making.
Petru. 'Tis true, it is so.
Maria. Yes, it is, Petruchio;
For there was never man without our moulding,
Without our stamp upon him, and our justice,
Left anything, three ages after him,
Good, and his own.
Soph. Good lady, understand him.
Maria. I do too much, sweet Sophocles: He's
Of a most spiteful self-condition, [one
Never at peace with anything but age,
That has no teeth left to return his anger:
A bravery dwells in his blood yet, of abusing
His first good wife; he's sooner fire than powder,
And sooner mischief.
Petru. If I be so sudden,
Do not you fear me?
Maria. No, nor yet care for you;
And, if it may be lawful, I defy you!
Petru. Does this become you now?
Maria. It shall become me.
Petru. Thou disobedient, weak, vain-glorious
woman,
Were I but half so wilful as thou spiteful,
I should now drag thee to thy duty.
Maria. Drag me?
Petru. But I am friends again; take all your
pleasure!
Maria. Now you perceive him, Sophocles.
Petru. I love thee
Above thy vanity, thou faithless creature!
Maria. [*To* SOPHOCLES.] 'Would I had been so
happy, when I married,
But to have met an honest man like thee,
(For I am sure thou art good, I know thou art
A handsome hurtless man, a loving man, [honest)
Though never a penny with him, and those eyes,
That face, and that true heart!—Wear this for my
sake, [*Gives him a ring.*
And when thou think'st upon me, pity me;
I'm cast away! [*Exit.*
Soph. Why, how now, man?
Petru. Pray leave me;
And follow your advices.
Soph. The man's jealous.
Petru. I shall find a time, ere it be long, to ask
One or two foolish questions. [you
Soph. I shall answer
As well as I am able, when you call me.——
If she mean true, 'tis but a little killing,
And if I do not venture, it's—
Farewell, sir! [*Exit.*
Petru. Pray, farewell!—Is there no keeping
A wife to one man's use? no wintering
These cattle without straying? 'Tis hard dealing,
Very hard dealing, gentlemen, strange dealing!
Now, in the name of madness, what star reign'd,
What dog-star, bull, or bear-star, when I married
This second wife, this whirlwind that takes all
Within her compass? Was I not well warn'd,
(I thought I had, and I believe I know it,)
And beaten to repentance, in the days
Of my first doting? had I not wife enough
To turn my love too? did I want vexation,
Or any special care to kill my heart?
Had I not every morning a rare breakfast,
Mix'd with a learned lecture of ill language,
Louder than Tom o' Lincoln? and at dinner,
A diet of the same dish? Was there evening
That e'er past over us, without *thou knave*,
Or *thou whore*, for digestion? had I ever
A pull at this same poor sport men run mad for,
But like a cur I was fain to shew my teeth first,
And almost worry her? And did Heaven forgive
And take this serpent from me, and am I [me,
Keeping tame devils now again? My heart aches!
Something I must do speedily: I'll die,
If I can handsomely, for that's the way
To make a rascal of her. I am sick,
And I'll go very near it, but I'll perish. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* PETRONIUS.

Enter LIVIA, BIANCA, TRANIO, *and* ROWLAND.

Livia. Then I must be content, sir, with my
Rowl. And I with mine. [fortune.
Livia. I did not think a look,
Or a poor word or two, could have displanted
Such a fix'd constancy, and for your end too.
Rowl. Come, come, I know your courses! There's
your gewgaws,
Your rings, and bracelets, and the purse you gave
The money's spent in entertaining you [me:
At plays, and cherry-gardens.
Livia. There's your chain too.
But, if you'll give me leave, I'll wear the hair still;
I would yet remember you.

Bianca. Give him his love, wench;
The young man has employment for't.
Tra. Fy, Rowland!
Rowl. You cannot *fy* me out a hundred pound
With this poor plot.—Yet, let me ne'er see day more,
If something do not struggle strangely in me!
Bianca. Young man, let me talk with you.
Rowl. Well, young woman?
Bianca. This was your mistress once.
Rowl. Yes.
Bianca. Are you honest?
I see you are young and handsome.
Rowl. I am honest.
Bianca. Why, that's well said. And there's no doubt your judgment
Is good enough, and strong enough, to tell you
Who are your foes, and friends: Why did you leave her?
Rowl. She made a puppy of me.
Bianca. Be that granted:
She must do so sometimes, and oftentimes;
Love were too serious else.
Rowl. A witty woman!
Bianca. Had you loved me——
Rowl. I would I had!
Bianca. And dearly,
And I had loved you so.—You may love worse, sir;
But that is not material.
Rowl. I shall lose!
Bianca. Some time or other, for variety,
I should have call'd you fool, or boy, or bid you
Play with the pages; but have loved you still,
Out of all question, and extremely too:
You are a man made to be loved.
Rowl. This woman
Either abuses me, or loves me deadly.
Bianca. I'll tell you one thing; if I were to choose
A husband to mine own mind, I should think
One of your mother's making would content me;
For o' my conscience she makes good ones.
Rowl. Lady,
I'll leave you to your commendations.—
I am in again, the devil take their tongues!
Bianca. You shall not go.
Rowl. I will. Yet thus far, Livia;
Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again.—If I stay longer,
I have lost two hundred pound. [*Apart.*
Livia. Good sir, but thus much——
Tra. Turn, if thou be'st a man.
Livia. But one kiss of you;
One parting kiss, and I am gone too.
Rowl. Come; [*Kisses her.*
I shall kiss fifty pound away at this clap,
We'll have one more, and then farewell.
Livia. Farewell
Bianca. Well, go thy ways! thou bear'st a kind heart with thee.
Tra. He has made a stand.
Bianca. A noble, brave young fellow,
Worthy a wench indeed!
Rowl. I will—I will not. [*Exit.*
Tra. He's gone; but shot again. Play you but your part,
And I will keep my promise; forty angels
In fair gold, lady (wipe your eyes!) he's yours,
If I have any wit.
Livia. I'll pay the forfeit.
Bianca. Come then; let's see your sister, how she fares now,
After her skirmish; and be sure Moroso
Be kept in good hand: Then all's perfect Livia.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the House of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter JAQUES *and* PEDRO.

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques, what becomes of us?
Oh, my sweet master!
Jaques. Run for a physician,
And a whole peck of 'pothecaries, Pedro.
He will die, didle, didle, die, if they come not
Quickly; and bring all people that are skilful
In lungs and livers; raise the neighbours,
And all the *aquavitæ*-bottles extant;
And, oh, the parson, Pedro, oh, the parson!
A little of his comfort, ne'er so little—
Twenty to one you find him at the Bush;
There's the best ale.
Pedro. I fly! [*Exit.*

Enter MARIA *and* Servants.

Maria. Out with the trunks, ho!
Why are you idle? Sirrah, up to th' chamber,
And take the hangings down, and see the linen
Pack'd up, and sent away within this half-hour.
What, are the carts come yet? Some honest body
Help down the chests of plate, and some the wardrobe;
Alas, we are undone else!
Jaques. Pray, forsooth,
And I beseech you, tell me, is he dead yet?
Maria. No, but he's drawing on. Out with the armour!
Jaques. Then I'll go see him.
Maria. Thou art undone then, fellow;
No man that has been near him come near me!

Enter SOPHOCLES *and* PETRONIUS.

Soph. Why, how now, lady? what means this?
Petron. Now, daughter!
How does my son?
Maria. Save all you can, for Heaven sake!

Enter LIVIA, BIANCA, *and* TRANIO.

Livia. Be of good comfort, sister.
Maria. Oh, my casket!
Petron. How does thy husband, woman?
Maria. Get you gone,
If you mean to save your lives: The sickness—
Petron. Stand further off, I pr'ythee!
Maria. Is i' th' house, sir. My husband has it now:
Alas, he is infected; and raves extremely:
Give me some counsel, friends.
Bianca. Why, lock the doors up,
And send him in a woman to attend him.
Maria. I have bespoke two women, and the city
Hath sent a watch by this time: Meat nor money
He shall not want, nor prayers.
Petron. How long is't
Since it first took him?
Maria. But within this three hours.

Enter Watch.

I am frighted from my wits!—Oh, here's the watch.
Pray do your office; lock the doors up, friends:
And patience be his angel!
Tra. This comes unlook'd for.

Maria. I'll to the Lodge: Some that are kind, and love me,
I know will visit me.
Petru. [*Within.*] Do you hear, my masters?
Ho, you that lock the doors up!
Petron. 'Tis his voice.
Tra. Hold, and let's hear him.
Petru. Will ye starve me here?
Am I a traitor, or an heretic?
Or am I grown infectious?
Petron. Pray, sir, pray!
Petru. I am as well as you are, goodman puppy.
Maria. Pray have patience!
You shall want nothing, sir.
Petru. I want a cudgel,
And thee, thou wickedness!
Petron. He speaks well enough.
Maria. He had ever a strong heart, sir.
Petru. Will ye hear me? First, be pleased
To think I know ye all, and can distinguish
Every man's several voice: You that spoke first,
I know my father-in-law; the other, Tranio;
And I heard Sophocles; the last, pray mark me,
Is my damn'd wife Maria.
If any man misdoubt me for infected,
There is mine arm, let any man look on't!
[*Thrusts his arm out of a window.*

Enter Doctor *and* Apothecary.

Doctor. Save ye, gentlemen!
Petron. Oh, welcome, doctor!
You come in happy time. Pray, your opinion!
What think you of his pulse?
Doctor. It beats with busiest, [*Feels his pulse.*
And shews a general inflammation,
Which is the symptom of a pestilent fever.
Take twenty ounces from him.
Petru. Take a fool!
Take an ounce from mine arm, and doctor Deuzace,
I'll make a close-stool of your velvet costard!—
Pox, gentlemen, do you make a May-game on me?
I tell ye once again, I am as sound,
As well, as wholesome, and as sensible,
As any of ye all. Let me out quickly,
Or, as I am a man, I'll beat the walls down,
And the first thing I light upon shall pay for't.
[*Exeunt* Doctor *and* Apothecary.
Petron. Nay, we'll go with you, doctor.
Maria. 'Tis the safest.
I saw the tokens, sir.
Petron. Then there's but one way.
Petru. Will it please you open?
Tra. His fit grows stronger still.
Maria. Let's save ourselves, sir:
He's past all worldly cure.
Petron. Friends, do your office!
And what he wants, if money, love, or labour,
Or any way, may win it, let him have it.
Farewell, and pray, my honest friends. [*Exeunt.*
Petru. Why, rascals!
Friends! gentlemen! thou beastly wife! Jaques!
None hear me? Who's at the door there?
1 *Watch.* Think, I pray, sir,
Whither you are going, and prepare yourself.
2 *Watch.* These idle thoughts disturb you: The good gentlewoman,
Your wife, has taken care you shall want nothing.
Petru. Shall I come out in quiet? Answer me!
Or shall I charge a fowling-piece, and make
Mine own way? two of ye I cannot miss,
If I miss three. Ye come here to assault me!
I am as excellent well, I thank Heaven for't,
And have as good a stomach at this instant——
2 *Watch.* That's an ill sign!
1 *Watch.* He draws on; he's a dead man!
Petru. And sleep as soundly—Will you look upon me?
1 *Watch.* Do you want pen and ink? While you have sense, sir,
Settle your state.
Petru. Sirs, I am well as you are,
Or any rascal living.
2 *Watch.* 'Would you were, sir!
Petru. Look to yourselves, and, if you love your lives,
Open the door, and fly me! for I shoot else;
By Heaven, I'll shoot, and presently, chain-bullets;
And under four I will not kill.
1 *Watch.* Let's quit him!
It may be 'tis a trick. He's dangerous.
2 *Watch.* The devil take the hindmost, I cry!
[*Exeunt* Watch *running.*
Petru. Have among ye!
The door shall open too; I'll have a fair shoot.
[*Bursts the door open, and enters with a fowling-piece.*
Are ye all gone?—Tricks in my old days! crackers
Put now upon me? And by Lady Green-sleeves?
Am I grown so tame after all my triumphs?
But that I should be thought mad, if I rail'd,
As much as they deserve, against these women,
I would now rip up, from the primitive cuckold,
All their arch-villainies, and all their doubles;
Which are more than a hunted hare e'er thought on.
When a man has the fairest and the sweetest
Of all their sex, and as he thinks the noblest,
What has he then? and I'll speak modestly;
He has a quartern-ague, that shall shake
All his estate to nothing, never cured,
Nor never dying: he has a ship to venture
His fame and credit in, which if he man not
With more continual labour than a galley,
To make her tith, either she grows a tumbrel,
Not worth the cloth she wears, or springs more leaks
Than all the fame of his posterity
Can ever stop again. Out on 'em, hedge-hogs!
He that shall touch 'em has a thousand thorns
Runs through his fingers: If I were unmarried,
I would do any thing below repentance,
Any base dunghill slavery; be a hangman,
Ere I would be a husband. Oh, the thousand,
Thousand, ten thousand ways they have to kill us!
Some fall with too much stringing of the fiddles,
And those are fools; some, that they are not suffer'd,
And those are maudlin-lovers; some, like scorpions,
They poison with their tails, and those are martyrs;
Some die with doing good, those benefactors,
And leave 'em land to leap away; some few,
For those are rarest, they are said to kill
With kindness and fair usage; but what they are
My catalogue discovers not, only 'tis thought
They're buried in old walls, with their heels upward.
I could rail twenty days together now!
I'll seek 'em out; and if I have not reason,
And very sensible, why this was done,
I'll go a-birding yet, and some shall smart for't!
[*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* PETRONIUS.

Enter MOROSO *and* PETRONIUS.

Mor. That I do love her is without all question,
And most extremely, dearly, most exactly!
And that I would even now, this present Monday,
Before all others, maids, wives, women, widows,
Of what degree, or calling, marry her,
As certain too; but to be made a whim-wham,
A jib-crack, and a gentleman o' th' first house,
For all my kindness to her——
Petron. How you take it!
Thou get a wench? thou get a dozen night-caps!
Wouldst have her come and lick thee like a calf,
And blow thy nose, and buss thee?
Mor. Not so, neither.
Petron. What wouldst thou have her do?
Mor. Do as she should do;
Put on a clean smock, and to church, and marry,
And then to bed a' God's name! This is fair play,
And keeps the king's peace. Let her leave her bobs
(I have had too many of them) and her quillets,
She is as nimble that way as an eel;
But in the way she ought, to me especially,
A sow of lead is swifter.
Petron. Quote your griefs down.
Mor. Give fair quarter: I am old and crazy,
And subject to much fumbling, I confess it;
Yet something I would have that's warm, to hatch [me:
But understand me, I would have it so,
I buy not more repentance in the bargain
Than the ware's worth I have. If you allow me
Worthy your son-in-law and your allowance,
Do it a way of credit, let me shew so;
And not be troubled in my visitations
With blows, and bitterness, and downright railings,
As if we were to couple like two cats,
With clawing and loud clamour.
Petron. Thou fond man,
Hast thou forgot the ballad, "Crabbed Age?"
Can May and January match together,
And never a storm between 'em? Say she abuse [thee,
Put case she do!
Mor. Well?
Petron. Nay, believe she does.
Mor. I do believe she does.
Petron. And devilishly:
Art thou a whit the worse?
Mor. That's not the matter;
I know, being old, 'tis fit I am abused;
I know 'tis handsome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for't.
Petron. Now you come to me.
Mor. Nay, more than this; I find too, and find certain,
What gold I have, pearl, bracelets, rings, or ouches,
Or what she can desire, gowns, petticoats,
Waistcoats, embroider'd stockings, scarfs, cawls, feathers,
Hats, five-pound garters, muffs, masks, ruffs, and [ribbands,
I am to give her for't.
Petron. 'Tis right, you are so.
Mor. But when I have done all this, and think [it duty,
Is't requisite another bore my nostrils?
Riddle me that!
Petron. Go, get you gone, and dream
She's thine within these two days, for she is so.
The boy's beside the saddle! Get warm broths,
And feed apace! think not of worldly business,
It cools the blood; leave off your tricks, they are hateful,
And mere forerunners of the ancient measures;
Contrive your beard o' th' top cut, like Verdugo's,
It shews you would be wise; and burn your night-cap,
It looks like half a winding sheet, and urges [cap,
From a young wench nothing but cold repentance;
You may eat onions, so you'll not be lavish.
Mor. I am glad of that.
Petron. They purge the blood and quicken;
But after 'em, conceive me, sweep your mouth,
And where there wants a tooth, stick in a clove.
Mor. Shall I hope once again? say it!
Petron. You shall, sir;
And you shall have your hope.
Mor. Why, there's a match then!

Enter BIANCA *and* TRANIO.

Bianca. You shall not find me wanting; get you gone!
Here's the old man; he'll think you are plotting else
Something against his new son. [*Exit* TRANIO.
Mor. Fare you well, sir! [*Exit.*

Bianca. An' ev'ry buck had his doe,
And ev'ry cuckold a bell at his toe;
Oh, what sport should we have then, boys, then,
Oh, what sport should we have then!

Petron. This is the spirit that inspires 'em all.
Bianca. Give you good even!
Petron. A word with you, sweet lady!
Bianca. I am very hasty, sir.
Petron. So you were ever.
Bianca. Well, what's your will?
Petron. Was not your skilful hand
In this last stratagem? Were not your mischiefs
Eking the matter on?
Bianca. In his shutting up?
Is that it?
Petron. Yes.
Bianca. I'll tell you.
Petron. Do.
Bianca. And truly.
Good old man, I do grieve exceeding much,
I fear too much.
Petron. I am sorry for your heaviness.
Belike you can repent then?
Bianca. There you are wide too:
Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)
Does any way molest me.
Petron. What then, lady?
Bianca. But that I was not in it, there's my sorrow,
There; now you understand me! for I'll tell you,
It was so sound a piece, and so well carried,
And if you mark the way, so handsomely,
Of such a height, and excellence, and art,
I have not known a braver; for, conceive me,
When the gross fool her husband would be sick—
Petron. Pray stay!
Bianca. Nay, good, your patience!—And no [sense for't,
Then stept your daughter in——
Petron. By your appointment?
Bianca. I would it had, on that condition

I had but one half-smock, I like it so well!—
And, like an excellent cunning woman, cured me
One madness with another; which was rare,
And to our weak beliefs, a wonder.
Petron. Hang you!
For surely, if your husband look not to you,
I know what will.
Bianca. I humbly thank your worship!
And so I take my leave.
Petron. You have a hand I hear too—
Bianca. I have two, sir.
Petron. In my young daughter's business.
Bianca. You will find there
A fitter hand than mine, to reach her frets,
And play *down-diddle* to her.
Petron. I shall watch you.
Bianca. Do.
Petron. And I shall have justice.
Bianca. Where?
Petron. That's all one;
I shall be with you at a turn henceforward.
Bianca. Get you a posset too; and so good even, sir! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter PETRUCHIO, JAQUES, *and* PEDRO.

Jaques. And, as I told your worship, all the hangings,
Brass, pewter, plate, even to the very looking-glasses.
Pedro. And that, that hung for our defence, the armour,
And the March-beer was going too: Oh, Jaques,
What a sad sight was that!
Jaques. Even the two rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of muskadel,
Better ne'er tongue tript over, these two cannons,
To batter brawn withal at Christmas, sir,
Even those two lovely twins, the enemy
Had almost cut off clean.
Petru. Go trim the house up,
And put the things in order as they were!
[*Exeunt* PEDRO *and* JAQUES.
I shall find time for all this!—Could I find her
But constant any way, I had done my business:
Were she a whore directly, or a scold,
An unthrift, or a woman made to hate me,
I had my wish, and knew which way to reign her;
But while she shews all these, and all their losses,
A kind of linsey-wolsey, mingled mischief
Not to be guess'd at, and whether true or borrow'd
Not certain neither—What a hap had I,
And what a tidy fortune, when my fate
Flung me upon this bear-whelp! Here she comes.

Enter MARIA.

Now, if she have a colour, (for the fault is
A cleanly one) upon my conscience
I shall forgive her yet, and find a something
Certain I married for, her wit: I'll mark her.
Maria. Not let his wife come near him in his sickness?
Not come to comfort him? she that all laws
Of Heaven, and nations, have ordain'd his second,
Is she refused? and two old paradoxes,
Pieces of five and fifty, without faith,
Clapt in upon him? Has a little pet,
That all young wives must follow necessary,
Having their maidenheads——
Petru. This is an axiom
I never heard before.
Maria. Or say rebellion,
If we durst be so foul, (which two fair words,
Alas, win us from in an hour, an instant,
We are so easy) make him so forgetful
Both of his reason, honesty, and credit,
As to deny his wife a visitation?
His wife, that, though she was a little foolish,
Loved him, oh, Heaven, forgive her for't! nay doted,
Nay, had run mad, had she not married him?
Petru. Though I do know this falser than the devil,
I cannot choose but love it.
Maria. What do I know
But those that came to keep him, might have kill'd him?
In what a case had I been then! I dare not
Believe him such a base debosh'd companion,
That one refusal of a tender maid
Would make him feign this sickness out of need,
And take a keeper to him of fourscore
To play at billiards; one that mew'd content
And all her teeth together. Not come near him?
Petru. This woman would have made a most rare Jesuit;
She can prevaricate on any thing;
There was not to be thought a way to save her,
In all imagination, beside this.
Maria. His unkind dealing, which was worst of all,
In sending, who knows whither, all the plate,
And all the household-stuff, had I not cross'd it,
By a great providence, and my friends' assistance,
Which he will one day thank me for—Alas,
I could have watch'd as well as they, have served him
In any use, better, and willinger:
The law commands me to do it, Love commands me,
And my own duty charges me.
Petru. Heaven bless me!
And, now I have said my prayers, I'll go to her.—
Are you a wife for any man?
Maria. For you, sir,
If I were worse, I were better: That you are well,
At least that you appear so, I thank Heaven,
Long may it hold! and that you are here, I am glad too:
But that you have abused me wretchedly,
And such a way that shames the name of husband,
Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled—
Never look strangely on me; I dare tell you—
With breach of honesty, care, kindness, manners—
Petru. Holla! you kick too fast.
Maria. Was I a stranger?
Or had I vow'd perdition to your person?
Am I not married to you? Tell me that!
Petru. I would I could not tell you!
Maria. Is my presence,
The stock I come of, which is worshipful,—
If I should say right worshipful I lied not,
My grandsire was a knight—
Petru. O' the shire?
Maria. A soldier,
Which none of all thy family e'er heard of,
But one conductor of thy name, a grasier
That ran away with pay!—Or am I grown,
Because I have been a little peevish to you,
Only to try your temper, such a dog-leech,
I could not be admitted to your presence?

Petru. If I endure this, hang me!
Maria. And two death's heads,
Two Harry-groats that had their faces worn,
Almost their names away too——
Petru. Now hear me!
For I will stay no longer.
Maria. This you shall!
However you shall think to flatter me
For this offence, (which no submission
Can ever mediate for, you'll find it so)
Whatever you shall do by intercession,
What you can offer, what your land can purchase,
What all your friends or families can win,
Shall be but this, not to forswear your knowledge,
But ever to forbear it. Now your will, sir!
Petru. Thou art the subtlest woman I think living,
I am sure the lewdest! Now be still, and mark me!
Were I but any way addicted to the devil,
I should now think I had met a play-fellow
To profit by, and that way the most learned
That ever taught to murmur. Tell me, thou,
Thou most poor, paltry, spiteful whore—Do you [cry?
I'll make you roar, before I leave.
Maria. Your pleasure!
Petru. Was it not sin enough, thou fruiterer,
Full of the fall thou eat'st, thou devil's broker,
Thou seminary of all sedition,
Thou sword of vengeance with a thread hung o'er [us,
Was it not sin enough, and wickedness
In full abundance, was it not vexation
At all points, *cap-a-piè*—Nay, I shall pinch you!—
Thus like a rotten rascal to abuse
The name of Heaven, the tie of marriage,
The honour of thy friends, the expectation
Of all that thought thee virtuous, with rebellion,
Childish and base rebellion? but, continuing
After forgiveness too, and worse, your mischief?
And against him, setting the hope of Heaven by,
And the dear reservation of his honour,
Nothing above-ground could have won to hate [thee?
Well, go thy ways!
Maria. Yes.
Petru. You shall hear me out first:
What punishment mayst thou deserve, thou thing,
Thou idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd primrose,
That two hours after art a weed, and wither'd,
For this last flourish on me? Am I one
Selected out of all the husbands living,
To be so ridden by a tit of ten-pence?
Am I so blind, and bed-rid? I was mad,
And had the plague, and no man must come near me!
I must be shut up, and my substance 'bezzled,
And an old woman watch me!
Maria. Well, sir, well;
You may well glory in't.
Petru. And when it comes to opening, 'tis my plot,
I must undo myself, forsooth! Dost hear me?
If I should beat thee now, as much may be,
Dost thou not well deserve it? O' thy conscience,
Dost thou not cry, *Come beat me?*
Maria. I defy you! [stroke,
And, my last loving tears, farewell! The first
The very first you give me, if you dare strike,
(Try me, and you shall find it so) for ever,
Never to be recall'd, (I know you love me,
Mad till you have enjoy'd me,) I do turn
Utterly from you; and what man I meet first,
That has but spirit to deserve a favour,
Let him bear any shape, the worse the better,
Shall kill you, and enjoy me. What I have said
About your foolish sickness, ere you have me
As you would have me, you shall swear is certain,
And challenge any man that dares deny it;
And in all companies approve my actions.
And so, farewell for this time! [*Exit.*
Petru. Grief go with thee!
If there be any witchcrafts, herbs, or potions,
Saying my prayers backward, fiends, or fairies,
That can again unlove me, I am made. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* BIANCA.

Enter BIANCA *and* TRANIO.

Tra. Mistress, you must do't.
Bianca. Are the writings ready
I told you of?
Tra. Yes, they are ready;
But to what use I know not.
Bianca. You are an ass,
You must have all things construed.
Tra. Yes, and pierced too,
Or I find little pleasure.
Bianca. Now you are knavish;
Go to! Fetch Rowland hither presently;
Your twenty pound lies bleeding else; she's married
Within these twelve hours, if we cross it not.
And see the papers of one size!
Tra. I have you,
Bianca. And for disposing of 'em——
Tra. If I fail you,
Now I have found the way, use martial law,
And cut my head off with a hand-saw!
Bianca. Well, sir!
Petronius and Moroso I'll see sent for.
About your business; go! [*Exit.*
Tra. I am gone.
Bianca. Ho, Livia!

Enter LIVIA.

Livia. Who's that?
Bianca. A friend of yours. Lord, how you look [now,
As if you had lost a carrack!
Livia. Oh, Bianca!
I am the most undone, unhappy woman——
Bianca. Be quiet, wench! thou shalt be done, and done,
And done, and double done, or all shall split for't.
No more of these minced passions! they are mangy,
And ease thee of nothing, but a little wind:
An apple will do more. Thou fear'st Moroso?
Livia. Even as I fear the gallows.
Bianca. Keep thee there still!
And you love Rowland? say.
Livia. If I say not,
I am sure I lie.
Bianca. What wouldst thou give that woman
In spite of all his anger, and thy fear,
And all thy father's policy, that could
Clap ye within these two nights quietly
Into a bed together.
Livia. How?
Bianca. Why, fairly,
At half-sword, man and wife:—Now the red blood [comes!
Ay, marry, now the matter's changed.
Livia. Bianca,
Methinks you should not mock me.

Bianca. Mock a pudding!
I speak good honest English, and good meaning.
Livia. I should not be ungrateful to that woman.
Bianca. I know thou wouldst not: Follow but my counsel,
And if thou hast him not, despite of fortune,
Let me never know a good night more! You must
Be very sick o' th' instant.
Livia. Well, what follows?
Bianca. And in that sickness send for all your friends,
Your father and your fever, old Moroso;
And Rowland shall be there too.
Livia. What of these?
Bianca. Do you not twitter yet? Of this shall follow
That which shall make thy heart leap, and thy lips
Venture as many kisses as the merchants
Do dollars to the East-Indies: You shall know all;
But first walk in and practise; pray be sick.
Livia. I do believe you, and I am sick.
Bianca. Do.
To bed then; come!—I'll send away your servants
Post for your fool, and father: And, good Fortune,
As we mean honesty, now strike an up-shot!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter TRANIO *and* ROWLAND.

Tra. Nay, on my conscience, I have lost my money;
But that's all one: I'll never more persuade you;
I see you are resolute, and I commend you.
Rowl. But did she send for me?
Tra. You dare believe me?
Rowl. I cannot tell; you have your ways for profit
Allow'd you, Tranio, as well as I
Have to avoid 'em fear.
Tra. No, on my word, sir,
I deal directly with you.

Enter Servant *hastily.*

Rowl. How now, fellow?
Whither post you so fast?
Serv. Oh, sir, my master!
Pray did you see my master?
Rowl. Why your master?
Serv. Sir, his jewel——
Rowl. With the gilded button?
Serv. My pretty mistress Livia——
Rowl. What of her?
Serv. Is fallen sick o' the sudden——
Rowl. How, o' th' sullens?
Serv. O' th' sudden, sir, I say; very sick.
Rowl. It seems she hath got the tooth-ache with raw apples.
Serv. It seems you have got the head-ache: Fare you well, sir!
You did not see my master?
Rowl. Who told you so?
Tra. No, no; he did not see him.
Rowl. Farewell, blue-bottle.— [*Exit* Servant.
What should her sickness be?
Tra. For you, it may be.
Rowl. Yes, when my brains are out, I may believe it;
Never before, I am sure. Yet I may see her;
'Twill be a point of honesty.
Tra. It will so.
Rowl. It may be not too; you would fain be fingering
This old sin-offering of two hundred, Tranio:
How daintily and cunningly you drive me
Up like a deer to th' toil! yet I may leap it;
And what's the woodman then?
Tra. A loser by you.
Speak, will you go or not? To me 'tis equal.
Rowl. Come, what goes less?
Tra. Nay, not a penny, Rowland.
Rowl. Shall I have liberty of conscience,
Which, by interpretation, is ten kisses?
Hang me, if I affect her; yet, it may be,
This whoreson manners will require a struggling,
Of two and twenty, or, by'r Lady, thirty.
Tra. By'r Lady, I'll require my wager then.
For if you kiss so often, and no kindness,
I have lost my speculation:—I'll allow you——
Rowl. Speak like a gamester now.
Tra. It may be two.
Rowl. Under a dozen, Tranio, there's no setting:
You shall have forty shillings, wink at small faults.
Say I take twenty, come, by all that's honest,
I do it but to vex her.
Tra. I'll no by-blows.
If you can love her, do; if you can hate her,
Or any else that loves you——
Rowl. Pr'ythee, Tranio!
Tra. Why, farewell, twenty pound! 'twill not undo me;
You have my resolution.
Rowl. And your money:
Which, since you are so stubborn, if I forfeit,
Make me a Jack o' Lent, and break my shins
For untagg'd points and counters! I'll go with you;
But if thou gett'st a penny by the bargain—
A parting kiss is lawful?
Tra. I allow it.
Rowl. Knock out my brains with apples. Yet, a bargain?
Tra. I tell you, I'll no bargains; win and wear it.
Rowl. Thou art the strangest fellow!
Tra. That's all one.
Rowl. Along then! Twenty pound more, if thou darest,
I give her not a good word!
Tra. Not a penny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the House of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter PETRUCHIO, JAQUES, *and* PEDRO.

Petru. Pr'ythee, entreat her come; I will not trouble her
Above a word or two. [*Exit* PEDRO.
Ere I endure
This life, and with a woman, and a vow'd one
To all the mischiefs she can lay upon me,
I'll go to plough again, and eat leek-porridge!
(Begging's a pleasure to't, not to be number'd.)
No, there be other countries, Jaques, for me,
And other people; yea, and other women:
If I have need, "here's money," "there's your ware,"
Which is fair dealing; and the sun, they say,
Shines as warm there as here; and till I have lost
Either myself or her—I care not whether,
Nor which first——
Jaques. Will your worship hear me?

Petru. And utterly outworn the memory
Of such a curse as this, none of my nation
Shall ever know me more.
Jaques. Out, alas, sir,
What a strange way do you run!
Petru. Any way,
So I out-run this rascal.
Jaques. Methinks now,
If your good worship could but have the patience—
Petru. The patience? why the patience?
Jaques. Why, I'll tell you;
Could you but have the patience—
Petru. Well, the patience.
Jaques. To laugh at all she does, or, when she rails,
To have a drum beaten o' the top o' th' house,
To give the neighbours warning of her larum,
As I do when my wife rebels——
Petru. Thy wife?
Thy wife's a pigeon to her, a mere slumber;
The dead of night's not stiller——
Jaques. Nor an iron-mill.
Petru. But thy wife is certain——
Jaques. That's false doctrine;
You never read of a certain woman.
Petru. Thou know'st her way.
Jaques. I should do, I am sure;
I have ridden it night and day, this twenty year.
Petru. But mine is such a drench of balderdash,
Such a strange carded cunningness, the rainbow,
When she hangs bent in Heaven, sheds not her colours
Quicker, and more, than this deceitful woman
Weaves in her dyes of wickedness.

Enter PEDRO.

What says she?
Pedro. Nay, not a word, sir; but she pointed to me,
As though she meant to follow. Pray, sir, bear it
Even as you may: I need not teach your worship
The best men have their crosses, we are all mortal——
Petru. What ails the fellow?
Pedro. And no doubt she may, sir——
Petru. What may she? or what does she? or what is she?
Speak and be hang'd!
Pedro. She's mad, sir.
Petru. Heaven continue it!
Pedro. Amen, if't be his pleasure.
Petru. How mad is she?
Pedro. As mad as heart can wish, sir: She has dress'd herself
(Saving your worship's reverence) just i' th' cut
Of one of those that multiply i' th' suburbs
For single money, and as dirtily:
If any speak to her, first she whistles,
And then begins her compass with her fingers,
And points to what she would have.
Petru. What new way's this?
Pedro. There came in master Sophocles——
Petru. And what
Did master Sophocles, when he came in?
Get my trunks ready, sirrah! I'll be gone straight.
Pedro. He's here to tell you.—
She's horn mad, Jaques.

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Soph. Call you this a woman?
Petru. Yes, sir, she is a woman.
Soph. Sir, I doubt it.
Petru. I had thought you had made experience
Soph. Yes, I did so,
And almost with my life.
Petru. You rid too fast, sir.
Soph. Pray, be not mistaken: By this hand,
Your wife's as chaste and honest as a virgin,
For anything I know! 'Tis true, she gave me
A ring——
Petru. For rutting.
Soph. You are much deceived still:
Believe me, I ne'er kiss'd her since; and now
Coming in visitation like a friend,
(I think she's mad, sir) suddenly she started,
And snatch'd the ring away, and drew her knife out,
To what intent I know not.
Petru. Is this certain?
Soph. As I am here, sir.
Petru. I believe you honest;
And pray continue so.

Enter MARIA.

Soph. She comes.
Petru. Now, damsel,
What will your beauty do, if I forsake you? *[She makes signs.*
Do you deal by signs and tokens? As I guess then,
You'll walk abroad this summer, and catch captains;
Or hire a piece of holy ground i' th' suburbs,
And keep a nest of nuns?
Soph. Oh, do not stir her!
You see in what a case she is.
Petru. She's dogged,
And in a beastly case, I am sure.—I'll make her.
If she have any tongue, yet tattle.—Sophocles,
Pr'ythee observe this woman seriously,
And eye her well; and when thou hast done, but tell me
(For thou hast understanding) in what case
My sense was, when I chose this thing.
Soph. I'll tell you,
I have seen a sweeter——
Petru. An hundred times, cry oysters.
There's a poor beggar-wench about Black-Friars,
Runs on her breech, may be an empress to her.
Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.
Petru. Never a whit, sir.—
I'll tell thee, woman, for now I have day to see thee,
And all my wits about me, and I speak
Not out of passion neither (leave your mumping;
I know you are well enough.)—Now would I give *[Apart.*
A million but to vex her!—When I chose thee
To make a bedfellow, I took more trouble
Than twenty terms can come to; such a cause,
Of such a title and so everlasting,
That Adam's genealogy may be ended
Ere any law find thee: I took a leprosy,
Nay worse, the plague, nay worse yet, a possession,
And had the devil with thee, if not more;
And yet worse, was a beast, and like a beast
Had my reward, a jade to fling my fortunes:
For who that had but reason to distinguish
The light from darkness, wine from water, hunger
From full satiety, and fox from fern-bush,
That would have married thee?
Soph. She's not so ill.
Petru. She's worse than I dare think of; she's so lewd

No court is strong enough to bear her cause;
She hath neither manners, honesty, behaviour,
Wifehood, nor womanhood; nor any mortal
Can force me think she had a mother: No,
I do believe her stedfastly, and know her,
To be a woman-wolf by transmigration:
Her first form was a ferret's under-ground;
She kills the memories of men.—Not yet?
Soph. Do you think she's sensible of this?
Petru. I care not!
Be what she will, the pleasure I take in her,
Thus I blow off; the care I took to love her,
Like this point, I unty, and thus I loose it;
The husband I am to her, thus I sever:
My vanity, farewell! Yet, for you have been
So near me, as to bear the name of wife,
My unquench'd charity shall tell you thus much,
Though you deserve it well, you shall not beg:
What I ordain'd your jointure, honestly
You shall have settled on you, and half my house;
The other half shall be employ'd in prayers,
(That meritorious charge I'll be at also)
Yet to confirm you christian; your apparel,
And what belongs to build up such a folly,
Keep, I beseech you, it infects our uses:
And now I am for travel.
Maria. Now I love you;
And now I see you are a man, I'll talk to you;
And I forget your bitterness.
Soph. How now, man?
Petru. Oh, Pliny, if thou wilt be ever famous,
Make but this woman all thy wonders!
Maria. Sure, sir,
You have hit upon a happy course, a blessed,
And what will make you virtuous.
Petru. She'll ship me.
Maria. A way of understanding I long wish'd for;
And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back, sir!
Methinks you look a new man to me now,
A man of excellence; and now I see
Some great design set in you. You may think now
(And so may most that know me) 'twere my part
Weakly to weep your loss, and to resist you;
Nay, hang about your neck, and, like a dotard,
Urge my strong tie upon you: But I love you,
And all the world shall know it, beyond woman;
And more prefer the honour of your country,
Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect
The uses you may make of other nations,
The ripening of your knowledge, conversation,
The full ability and strength of judgment,
Than any private love, or wanton kisses.
Go, worthy man, and bring home understanding.
Soph. This were an excellent woman to breed schoolmen.
Maria. For if the merchant through unknown seas plough
To get his wealth, then, dear sir what must you
To gather wisdom? Go, and go alone,
Only your noble mind for your companion;
And if a woman may win credit with you,
Go far, too far you cannot, still the farther
The more experience finds you: And go sparing;
One meal a-week will serve you, and one suit,
Through all your travels; for you'll find it certain,
The poorer and the baser you appear,
The more you look through still.
Petru. Dost hear her?
Soph. Yes.
Petru. What would this woman do, if she were
Upon a new religion? [suffer'd
Soph. Make us Pagans.
I wonder that she writes not.
Maria. Then when time,
And fulness of occasion, have new-made you,
And squared you from a sot into a signor,
Or nearer, from a jade into a courser;
Come home an aged man, as did Ulysses,
And I, your glad Penelope ——
Petru. That must have
As many lovers as I languages:
And what she does with one i' th' day, i' th' night
Undo it with another.
Maria. Much that way, sir;
For in your absence it must be my honour,
That, that must make me spoken of hereafter,
To have temptations, and not little ones,
Daily and hourly offer'd me, and strongly,
Almost believed against me, to set off
The faith and loyalty of her that loves you.
Petru. What should I do?
Soph. Why, by my soul, I would travel;
Did not you mean so?
Petru. Alas, no; nothing less, man;
I did it but to try, sir. She's the devil!
And now I find it, (for she drives me) I must go.—
Are my trunks down there, and my horses ready?
Maria. Sir, for your house, and, if you please to trust me
With that you leave behind——
Petru. Bring down the money!
Maria. As I am able, and to my poor fortunes
I'll govern as a widow. I shall long
To hear of your well-doing, and your profit;
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the Indies, or Cataya,
Those are the climes must make you.
Petru. How's the wind?—
She'll wish me out o' th' world anon!
Maria. For France
'Tis very fair: Get you aboard to-night, sir,
And lose no time; you know the tide stays no [man.
I have cold meats ready for you.
Petru. Fare thee well!
Thou hast fool'd me out o' th' kingdom with a vengeance!
And thou canst fool me in again.
Maria. Not I, sir;
I love you better; take your time, and pleasure.
I'll see you horsed.
Petru. I think thou would'st see me hang'd too,
Were I but half as willing.
Maria. Anything
That you think well of, I dare look upon.
Petru. You'll bear me to the land's end, Sophocles?
And other of my friends, I hope.
Maria. Ne'er doubt, sir;
You cannot want companions for your good.
I am sure you'll kiss me ere I go; I have business,
And stay long here I must not.
Petru. Get thee going!
For if thou tarriest but another dialogue,
I'll kick thee to thy chamber.
Maria. Fare you well, sir!
And bear yourself, I do beseech you once more,
Since you have undertaken doing wisely.

Manly and worthily; 'tis for my credit.
And for those flying fames here of your follies,
Your gambols, and ill-breeding of your youth,
For which I understand you take this travel,
(Nothing should make me leave you else) I'll deal
So like a wife that loves your reputation,
And the most large addition of your credit,
That those shall die. If you want limon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o' th' sea off,
Pray speak, and be provided.
Petru. Now the devil,
That was your first good master, shower his bless-
Upon ye all! into whose custody—— [ing
Maria. I do commit your reformation;
And so I leave you to your *stilo novo.* [*Exit.*
Petru. I will go!—Yet I will not!—Once more,
I'll put her to the test. [Sophocles.
Soph. You had better go.
Petru. I will go then!—Let's seek my father
And all my friends to see me fair aboard: [out,
Then, women, if there be a storm at sea
Worse than your tongues can make, and waves more broken
Than your dissembling faiths are, let me feel
Nothing but tempests till they crack my keel!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* PETRONIUS. *A Table set out with ink and paper.*

Enter PETRONIUS *and* BIANCA.

Bianca. Now whether I deserve that blame you
Let all the world discern, sir. [gave me,
Petron. If this motion,
I mean this fair repentance of my daughter,
Spring from your good persuasion, as it seems so,
I must confess I have spoke too boldly of you,
And I repent.
Bianca. The first touch was her own,
Taken no doubt from disobeying you;
The second I put to her, when I told her
How good and gentle yet, with free contrition,
Again you might be purchased: Loving woman!
She heard me, and, I thank her, thought me worthy
Observing in this point. Yet all my counsel
And comfort in this case could not so heal her,
But that grief got his share too, and she sicken'd.
Petron. I am sorry she's so ill; yet glad her
Has got so good a ground. [sickness

Enter MOROSO.

Bianca. Here comes Moroso.
Petron. Oh, you are very welcome;
Now you shall know your happiness.
Mor. I am glad on't.
What makes this lady here?
Bianca. A dish for you, sir,
You'll thank me for hereafter.
Petron. True, Moroso:
Go, get you in, and see your mistress.
Bianca. She is sick, sir;
But you may kiss her whole.
Mor. How?
Bianca. Comfort her.
Mor. Why am I sent for, sir?
Petron. Will you in and see?
Bianca. May be she needs confession.
Mor. By Saint Mary,
She shall have absolution then and penance;
But not above her carriage.
Petron. Get you in, fool! [*Exit* MOROSO.
Bianca. Here comes the other too.

Enter ROWLAND *and* TRANIO.

Petron. Now, Tranio!—
Good even to you too! and you are welcome.
Rowl. Thank you.
Petron. I have a certain daughter——
Rowl. 'Would you had, sir!
Petron. No doubt you know her well.
Rowl. Nor never shall, sir:
She is a woman; and the ways unto her
Are like the finding of a certain path
After a deep-fall'n snow.
Petron. Well, that's by th' bye still.
This daughter that I tell you of is fall'n
A little crop-sick, with the dangerous surfeit
She took of your affection.
Rowl. Mine, sir?
Petron. Yes, sir:
Or rather, as it seems, repenting. And there
She lies within, debating on it.
Rowl. Well, sir?
Petron. I think 'twere well you would see her.
Rowl. If you please, sir;
I am not squeamish of my visitation.
Petron. But this I'll tell you, she is alter'd
You'll find her now another Livia. [much;
Rowl. I have enough o' th' old, sir.
Petron. No more fool,
To look gay babies in your eyes, young Rowland,
And hang about your pretty neck——
Rowl. I am glad on't,
And thank my fates I have 'scaped such execution.
Petron. And buss you till you blush again.
Rowl. That's hard, sir;
She must kiss shamefully ere I blush at it;
I never was so boyish. Well, what follows?
Petron. She's mine now, as I please to settle her,
At my command, and where I please to plant her:
Only she would take a kind farewell of you,
And give you back a wand'ring vow or two,
You left in pawn; and two or three slight oaths
She lent you too, she looks for.
Rowl. She shall have 'em,
With all my heart, sir; and, if you like it better,
A free release in writing.
Petron. That's the matter;
And you from her shall have another, Rowland,
And then turn tail to tail, and peace be with you!
Rowl. So be't.—Your twenty pound sweats, Tranio.
Tra. 'Twill not undo me, Rowland; do your worst!
Rowl. Come, shall we see her, sir? [worst!
Bianca. Whate'er she says
You must bear manly, Rowland; for her sickness
Has made her somewhat teatish.

Rowl. Let her talk
'Till her tongue ache, I care not. By this hand,
Thou hast a handsome face, wench, and a body
Daintily mounted!—Now do I feel an hundred
Running directly from me, as I piss'd it.

LIVIA *brought in on a bed; Moroso by her.*

Bianca. Pray draw her softly! the least hurry,
Puts her to much impatience. [sir,
Petron. How is't, daughter?
Livia. Oh, very sick, very sick; yet somewhat
Better, I hope, a little lightsomer,
Because this good man has forgiven me.
Pray set me higher: Oh, my head!
Bianca. Well done, wench!
Livia. Father, and all good people that shall
I have abused this man perniciously; [hear me,
Was never old man humbled so: I have scorn'd him,
And call'd him nasty names; I have spit at him,
Flung candles' ends in his beard, and call'd him Harrow,
That must be drawn to all he does; contemn'd him,
For methought then he was a beastly fellow,—
Oh, God, my side!—a very beastly fellow;
And gave it out his cassock was a barge-cloth,
Pawn'd to his predecessor by a sculler,
The man yet living; I gave him purging comfits
At a great christning once,
That spoil'd his camblet breeches; and one night
I strew'd the stairs with pease, as he pass'd down;
And the good gentleman, (woe worth me for't!)
Even with his reverend head, this head of wisdom,
Told two and twenty stairs, good and true,
Miss'd not a step, and, as we say, *verbatim*
Fell to the bottom, broke his casting bottle,
Lost a fair toad-stone of some eighteen shillings,
Jumbled his joints together, had two stools,
And was translated. All this villainy
Did I: I, Livia: I alone, untaught.
Mor. And I, unask'd, forgive it.
Livia. Where's Bianca?
Bianca. Here, cousin.
Livia. Give me drink.
Bianca. There.
Livia. Who's that?
Mor. Rowland.
Livia. Oh, my dissembler, you and I must part.
Come nearer, sir.
Rowl. I am sorry for your sickness.
Livia. Be sorry for yourself, sir: You have wrong'd me;
But I forgive you.—Are the papers ready?
Bianca. I have 'em here:—Will't please you
Petron. Yes. [view 'em?
Livia. Shew 'em the young man too; I know he's willing
To shift his sails too; 'tis for his more advancement:
Alas, we might have beggar'd one another;
We are young both, and a world of children
Might have been left behind to curse our follies;
We had been undone, Bianca, had we married,
Undone for ever. I confess I loved him
(I care not who shall know it) most entirely;
And once, upon my conscience, he loved me:
But farewell that! we must be wiser, cousin;
Love must not leave us to the world. Have you
Rowl. Yes, and am ready to subscribe. [done?
Livia. Pray stay then.
Give me the papers, (and let me peruse them,)
And so much time as may afford a tear
At our last parting.
Bianca. Pray retire, and leave her;
I'll call ye presently.
Petron. Come, gentlemen;
The shower must fall.
Rowl. 'Would I had never seen her! [*Exeunt.*
Bianca. Thou hast done bravely, wench.
Livia. Pray Heaven, it prove so!
Bianca. There are the other papers: When they come,
Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
Hard by your side; give 'em as little light
As drapers do their wares.
Livia. Didst mark Moroso,
In what an agony he was? and how he cried most
When I abused him most?
Bianca. That was but reason.
Livia. Oh, what a stinking thief is this!
Though I was but to counterfeit, he made me
Directly sick indeed; Thames-street to him
Is a mere pomander.
Bianca. Let him be hang'd!
Livia. Amen!
Bianca. And lie you still;
And once more to your business!
Livia. Call 'em in.—
Now, if there be a power that pities lovers,
Help now, and hear my prayers!

Enter PETRONIUS, ROWLAND, TRANIO, *and* MOROSO.

Petron. Is she ready?
Bianca. She has done her lamentations: Pray go to her.
Livia. Rowland, come near me; and, before you seal,
Give me your hand: Take it again; now kiss me!
This is the last acquaintance we must have!
I wish you ever happy! There's the paper.
Rowl. Pray stay a little!
Petron. Let me never live more,
But I do begin to pity this young fellow;
How heartily he weeps!
Bianca. There's pen and ink, sir.
Livia. Even here, I pray you: 'Tis a little
How near you have been to me. [emblem
Rowl. [*Signs.*] There.
Bianca. Your hands too,
As witnesses.
Petron. By any means; to the book, son.
Mor. With all my heart. [*Signs.*
Bianca. You must deliver it.
Rowl. There, Livia; and a better love light on
I can no more. [thee!
Bianca. To this you must be witness too.
Petron. We will. [*They sign.*
Bianca. Do you deliver it now.
Livia. Pray set me up.
There, Rowland, all thy old love back; and may
A new to come exceed mine, and be happy!
I must no more.
Rowl. Farewell!
Livia. A long farewell! [*Exit* ROWLAND.
Bianca. Leave her by any means, till this wild passion
Be off her head. Draw all the curtains close.
A day hence you may see her; 'twill be better:
She's now for little company.

Petron. Pray tend her.
I must to horse straight; you must needs along too,
To see my son aboard: Were but his wife
As fit for pity as this wench, I were happy.
Bianca. Time must do that too. Fare ye well!
To-morrow
You shall receive a wife to quit your sorrow,
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* PETRUCHIO'S *House*

Enter JAQUES, PEDRO, *and* Porters, *with a chest and hampers.*

Jaques. Bring 'em away, sirs!
Pedro. Must the great trunks go too?
Jaques. Yes, and the hampers. Nay, be speedy,
He'll be at sea before us else. [masters!
Pedro. Oh, Jaques!
What a most blessed turn hast thou——
Jaques. I hope so.
Pedro. To have the sea between thee and this woman!
Nothing can drown her tongue but a storm.
Jaques. By your leave,
We'll get us up to Paris with all speed;
For, on my soul, as far as Amiens
She'll carry blank. Away to Lyon-key,
And ship 'em presently! we'll follow ye.
Pedro. Now could I wish her in that trunk.
Jaques. God shield, man!
I had rather have a bear in't.
Pedro. Yes, I'll tell you:
For in the passage, if a tempest take you,
As many do, and you lie beating for it,
Then, if it pleased the fates, I would have the
Out of a powerful providence, to cry, [master,
"Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish;"
Then this for one, as best spared, should by all
Over-board presently. [means
Jaques. O' that condition,
So we were certain to be rid of her,
I would wish her with us. But, believe me, Pedro,
She would spoil the fishing on this coast for ever;
For none would keep her company but dog-fish,
As currish as herself, or porpoises,
Made to all fatal uses: The two Fish-Streets,
Were she but once arrived among the whitings,
Would sing a woful *miscreri*, Pedro,
And mourn in Poor-John, till her memory
Were cast o' shore again, with a strong sea-breach;
She would make god Neptune, and his fire-fork,
And all his demi-gods and goddesses,
As weary of the Flemish channel, Pedro,
As ever boy was of the school; 'tis certain,
If she but meet him fair, and were well anger'd,
She would break his god-head.
Pedro. Oh, her tongue, her tongue!
Jaques. Rather her many tongues!
Pedro. Or rather strange tongues!
Jaques. Her lying tongue!
Pedro. Her lisping tongue!
Jaques. Her long tongue!
Pedro. Her lawless tongue!
Jaques. Her loud tongue!
Pedro. And her liquorish——
Jaques. Many other tongues, and many stranger tongues
Than ever Babel had to tell his ruins,
Were women raised withal; but never a true one.

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Soph. Home with your stuff again! the journey's ended.
Jaques. What does your worship mean?
Soph. Your master—Oh, Petruchio! Oh, poor [fellows!
Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques!
Soph. Oh, your master's dead,
His body coming back! His wife, his devil,
The grief of her——
Jaques. Has kill'd him?
Soph. Kill'd him, kill'd him!
Pedro. Is there no law to hang her?
Soph. Get ye in,
And let her know her misery: I dare not,
For fear impatience seize me, see her more;
I must away again. Bid her for wife-hood,
For honesty, if she have any in her,
Even to avoid the shame that follows her,
Cry if she can. Your weeping cannot mend it.
The body will be here within this hour, (so tell her,)
And all his friends to curse her. Farewell, fellows!
[*Exit.*
Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques!
Jaques. Oh, my worthy master!
Pedro. Oh, my most beastly mistress! Hang her—
Jaques. Split her——
Pedro. Drown her directly——
Jaques. Starve her——
Pedro. Stink upon her——
Jaques. Stone her to death! May all she eat be
'Till she run kicking-mad for men! [eggs.
Pedro. And he,
That man that gives her remedy, pray Heaven
He may even *ipso facto* lose his longings!
Jaques. Let's go discharge ourselves; and he that serves her,
Or speaks a good word of her from this hour,
A Sedgly curse light on him; which is, Pedro,
"The fiend ride through him booted and spurr'd, with a scythe at his back!" [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter ROWLAND *with a deed, and* TRANIO *stealing behind him.*

Rowl. What a dull ass was I to let her go thus!
Upon my life, she loves me still. Well, paper,
Thou only monument of what I have had,
Thou all the love now left me, and now lost,
Let me yet kiss her hand, yet take my leave
Of what I must leave ever. Farewell, Livia!
Oh, bitter words, I'll read you once again,
And then for ever study to forget ye.— [*Reads.*
How's this? let me look better on't! A contract?
By Heaven, a contract, seal'd and ratified,
Her father's hand set to it, and Moroso's!
I do not dream sure! Let me read again;
The same still; 'tis a contract!
Tra. 'Tis so, Rowland;
And, by the virtue of the same, you pay me
An hundred pound to-morrow.
Rowl. Art sure, Tranio,
We are both alive now?
Tra. Wonder not; you have lost.
Rowl. If this be true, I grant it.
Tra. 'Tis most certain!
There's a ring for you too; you know it?
Rowl. Yes.

Tra. When shall I have my money?
Rowl. Stay you, stay you!
When shall I marry her?
Tra. To-night.
Rowl. Take heed now
You do not trifle with me: If you do,
You'll find more payment than your money comes
Come, swear, (I know I am a man, and find [to!
I may deceive myself,) swear faithfully,
Swear me directly, am I Rowland?
Tra. Yes.
Rowl. Am I awake?
Tra. You are.
Rowl. Am I in health?
Tra. As far as I conceive.
Rowl. Was I with Livia?
Tra. You were, and had this contract.
Rowl. And shall I enjoy her?
Tra. Yes, if you dare.
Rowl. Swear to all these.
Tra. I will.
Rowl. As thou art honest; as thou hast a conscience,
As that may wring thee if thou liest; all these
To be no vision, but a truth, and serious!
Tra. Then, by my honesty, and faith, and
All this is certain. [conscience,
Rowl. Let's remove our places.
Swear it again.
Tra. By Heaven, it is true.
Rowl. I have lost then, and Heaven knows I am glad on't.
Let's go; and tell me all, and tell me how,
For yet I am a pagan in it.
Tra. I have a priest too;
And all shall come as even as two testers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in* PETRUCHIO'S *House.*

Enter PETRONIUS, SOPHOCLES, MOROSO, *and* PETRUCHIO *borne in a coffin.*

Petron. Set down the body, and one call her out!

Enter MARIA *in black, weeping, and* JAQUES.

You are welcome to the last cast of your fortunes!
There lies your husband; there, your loving husband;
There he that was Petruchio, too good for you!
Your stubborn and unworthy way has killed him,
Ere he could reach the sea: If you can weep,
Now you have cause, begin, and after death
Do something yet to the world, to think you ho-
So many tears had saved him, shed in time; [nest.
And as they are (so a good mind go with 'em)
Yet they may move compassion.
Maria. Pray ye all hear me.
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me yet more miserable:
Tis true, I have cause to grieve, and mighty cause;
And truly and unfeignedly I weep it.
Soph. I see there's some good nature yet left in her.
Maria. But what's the cause? Mistake me not; not this man,
As he is dead, I weep for; Heaven defend it!
I never was so childish: But his life,
His poor, unmanly, wretched, foolish life,
Is that my full eyes pity; there's my mourning.
Petron. Dost thou not shame?
Maria. I do, and even to water,
To think what this man was; to think how simple
How far below a man, how far from reason,
From common understanding, and all gentry,
While he was living here, he walked amongst us.
He had a happy turn, he died! I'll tell ye,
These are the wants I weep for, not his person;
The memory of this man, had he lived
But two years longer, had begot more follies,
Than wealthy Autumn flies. But let him rest,
He was a fool, and farewell he! not pitied,
I mean in way of life, or action,
By any understanding man that's honest,
But only in his posterity, which I,
Out of the fear his ruins might out-live him
In some bad issue, like a careful woman,
Like one indeed born only to preserve him,
Denied him means to raise.
Petru. [*Rising.*] Unbutton me!
By Heaven, I die indeed else!—Oh, Maria,
Oh, my unhappiness, my misery!
Petron. Go to him, whore! By Heaven, if he perish,
I'll see thee hang'd myself!
Petru. Why, why, Maria——
Maria. I have done my worst, and have my end: Forgive me!
From this hour make me what you please: I have tamed you,
And am now vow'd your servant. Look not strangely,
Nor fear what I say to you. Dare you kiss me?
Thus I begin my new love. [*They kiss.*
Petru. Once again!
Maria. With all my heart.
Petru. Once again, Maria!—
Oh, gentlemen, I know not where I am.
Soph. Get ye to bed then; there you'll quickly know, sir.
Petru. Never no more your old tricks?
Maria. Never, sir.
Petru. You shall not need; for, as I have a faith.
No cause shall give occasion.
Maria. As I am honest,
And as I am a maid yet, all my life
From this hour, since you make so free profession,
I dedicate in service to your pleasure.
Soph. Ay, marry, this goes roundly off!
Petru. Go, Jaques,
Get all the best meat may be bought for money,
And let the hogsheads blood: I am born again!
Well, little England, when I see a husband
Of any other nation, stern or jealous,
I'll wish him but a woman of thy breeding;
And if he have not butter to his bread
Till his teeth bleed, I'll never trust my travel.

Enter ROWLAND, LIVIA, BIANCA, *and* TRANIO.

Petron. What have we here?
Rowl. Another morris, sir,
That you must pipe to.
Tra. A poor married couple
Desire an offering, sir.
Bianca. Never frown at it;
You cannot mend it now: There's your own hand,
And yours, Moroso, to confirm the bargain.
Petron. My hand?
Mor. Or mine?
Bianca. You'll find it so.

Petron. A trick,
By Heaven, a trick!
Bianca. Yes, sir, we trick'd you.
Livia. Father——
Petron. Hast thou lain with him? Speak!
Livia. Yes, truly, sir.
Petron. And hast thou done the deed, boy?
Rowl. I have done, sir,
That that will serve the turn, I think.
Petru. A match then!
I'll be the maker-up of this.—Moroso,
There's now no remedy, you see: Be willing;
For be, or be not, he must have the wench.
Mor. Since I am over-reach'd, let's in to dinner;
And, if I can, I'll drink't away.
Tra. That's well said!
Petron. Well, sirrah, you have play'd a trick:
Look to't,
And let me be a grandsire within this twelvemonth,
Or, by this hand, I'll curtail half your fortunes!
Rowl. There shall not want my labour, sir.
Your money
Here's one has undertaken.
Tra. Well, I'll trust her;
And glad I have so good a pawn.
Rowl. I'll watch you.
Petru. Let's in, and drink of all hands, and be jovial!
I have my colt again, and now she carries:
And, gentlemen, whoever marries next,
Let him be sure he keep him to his text.

[*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE.

THE Tamer's Tamed; but so, as nor the men
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider, in their lives
They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives:
Nor can the women, from this precedent,
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both sexes due equality,
And, as they stand bound, to love mutually.
If this effect, arising from a cause
Well laid and grounded, may deserve applause,
We something more than hope, our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF TIDORE,
KING OF BAKAM,
PRINCE OF SYANA,
ARMUSIA, } *Portuguese.*
RUY DIAS, } *Portuguese.*
} *Suitors to* QUISARA.
GOVERNOR OF TERNATA, *an Ill Man,*
PINIERO, *Nephew to* RUY DIAS, *a merry Captain.*
SOZA, } *Companions to* ARMUSIA *and his*
EMANUEL, } *valiant Followers.*
CHRISTOPHERO, } *Soldiers and Friends to* PINIERO.
PEDRO, } *Soldiers and Friends to* PINIERO.
Keeper.

Moors.
Guard.
Captain.
Citizens *and* Townsmen.

QUISARA, *the* ISLAND PRINCESS, *Sister to the* King *of* TIDORE.
QUISANA, *Aunt to the* Princess.
PANURA, *Waiting-Woman to the* Princess QUISARA.
Citizens' Wives.

SCENE,—TIDORE, EXCEPTING DURING THE GREATER PART OF THE SECOND ACT, WHEN IT IS TERNATA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—TIDORE. *The Ramparts of the Portuguese Fort. A bell rings.*

Enter PINIERO, CHRISTOPHERO, *and* PEDRO.

Piniero. Open the ports, and see the watch reliev'd,
And let the guards be careful of their business,
Their vigilant eyes fix'd on these islanders!
They are false and desperate people; when they find
The least occasion open to encouragement,
Cruel and crafty souls. Believe me, gentlemen,
Their late attempt, which is too fresh amongst us,
In which, against all arms and honesty,
The Governor of Ternata made surprise
Of our confederate, the king of Tidore,
(As for his recreation he was rowing
Between both lands) bids us be wise and circumspect.

Chris. It was a mischief suddenly imagined,
And as soon done: That governor's a fierce knave,
Unfaithful as he's fierce too; there's no trusting.
But I wonder much, how such poor and base pleasures
As tugging at an oar, or skill in steerage,
Should become princes.

Pin. Base breedings love base pleasure:
They take as much delight in a baratto,
(A little scurvy boat) to row her tithly,
And have the art to turn and wind her nimbly,
Think it as noble too, (though it be slavish,
And a dull labour that declines a gentleman)
As we Portugals, or the Spaniards, do in riding,
In managing a great horse, (which is princely)
The French in courtship, or the dancing English
In carrying a fair presence.

Pedro. He was strangely taken;
But where no faith is, there's no trust; he has paid for't.
His sister yet, the fair and great Quisara,
Has shew'd a noble mind, and much love in't
To her afflicted brother; and the nobler
Still it appears, and seasons of more tenderness,
Because his ruin styles her absolute,
And his imprisonment adds to her profit.
Feeling all this, which makes all men admire her
The warm beams of this fortune that fall on her,
Yet has she made divers and noble treaties,
And propositions for her brother's freedom,
If wealth or honour——

Pin. Peace, peace! you are fool'd, sir:
Things of these natures have strange outsides, Pedro,
And cunning shadows, set 'em far from us;
Draw 'em but near, they are gross, and they abuse us:
They that observe her close shall find her nature,
Which, I doubt mainly, will not prove so excellent.
She is a princess, and she must be fair,
That's the prerogative of being royal;
Let her want eyes and nose, she must be beauteous,
And she must know it too, and the use of it,
And people must believe it, they are damn'd else:
Why, all the neighbouring princes are mad for her.

Chris. Is she not fair then?

Pin. But her hopes are fairer.
And there's a haughty master, the King of Bakam,
That lofty sir, that speaks far more and louder,
In his own commendations, than a cannon;
He is strucken dumb with her.

Pedro. Beshrew me, she is a sweet one!

Pin. And there's that hopeful man of Syana,

That sprightly fellow, he that's wise and temperate,
He is a lover too.
Chris. 'Would I were worth her looking!
For, by my life, I hold her a complete one:
The very sun, I think, affects her sweetness,
And dares not, as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tawny livery.
Pin. She dares not see him,
But keeps herself at distance from his kisses,
And wears her complexion in a case: Let him but like it
A week, or two, or three, she would look like a lion.
But the main sport on't is, or rather wonder,
The Governor of Ternata, her mortal enemy,
He that has catch'd her brother-king, is struck
And is arrived under safe conduct also, [too,
And hostages of worth deliver'd for him;
And he brought a letter from his prisoner,
(Whether compell'd, or willingly deliver'd)
From the poor king; or what else dare be in't—
Chris. So it be honourable, anything, 'tis all
For I dare think she'll do the best. [one;
Pin. 'Tis certain
He has admittance, and solicits hourly.
Now if he have the trick——
Pedro. What trick?
Pin. The true one,
To take her too: If he be but skill'd in bat-fowl-
And lime his bush right—— [ing,
Chris. I'll be hang'd when that hits:
For 'tis not a compell'd or forced affection
That must take her: I guess her stout and virtuous.—
But where's your uncle, sir, our valiant captain,
The brave Ruy Dias, all this while?
Pin. Ay, marry,
He is amongst 'em too.
Pedro. A lover?
Pin. Nay,
I know not that; but sure he stands in favour,
Or would stand stiffly; he's no Portugal else.
Chris. The voice says, in good favour; in the list too
Of the privy wooers. How cunningly of late
(I have observed him) and how privately
He has stolen at all hours from us, and how readily
He has feign'd a business to bid the fort farewell
For five or six days, or a month together!
Sure there is something——
Pin. Yes, yes, there is a thing in't,
A thing would make the best on's all dance after it,
A dainty thing! Lord, how this uncle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for wenching,
And told me in what desperate case 'twould leave
And how 'twould stew my bones—— [me,
Pedro. You cared not for it.
Pin. I'faith, not much; I ventured on still easily,
And took my chance; danger's a soldier's honour.
But that this man, this herb of grace, Ruy Dias,
This father of our faculties, should slip thus!
(For sure he is a-ferreting) that he
That would drink nothing, to depress the spirit,
But milk and water, eat nothing but thin air,
To make his blood obedient; that his youth,
In spite of all his temperance, should tickle,
And have a love-mange on him——
Chris. 'Tis in him, sir, [too.
But honourable courtship, and becomes his rank
Pin. In me it were abominable lechery, or would be;
For when our thoughts are on't, and miss their [level,
We must hit something.
Pedro. Well, he's a noble gentleman;
And, if he be a suitor, may he speed in't!
Pin. Let him alone; our family ne'er fail'd yet.
Chris. Our mad lieutenant still, merry Piniero!
Thus would he do, if the surgeon were searching of him.
Pedro. Especially if a warm wench had shot him.
Pin. But hark, Christophero; come hither, Pedro;
When saw you our brave countryman, Armusia,
He that's arrived here lately, and his gallants?
A goodly fellow, and a brave companion
Methinks he is, and no doubt truly valiant;
For he that dares come hither dares fight anywhere.
Chris. I saw him not of late. A sober gentleman
I am sure he is; and no doubt bravely sprung,
And promises much nobleness.
Pin. I love him,
And by my troth would fain be inward with him,
Pray let's go seek him.
Pedro. We'll attend you, sir.
Pin. By that time, we shall hear the burst of business. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of* QUISANA.

Enter RUY DIAS, QUISARA, QUISANA, *and* PANURA.

Quisar. Aunt, I much thank you for your courtesy,
And the fair liberty you still allow me,
Both of your house and service. Though I be
A princess, and by that prerogative stand free
From the poor malice of opinion,
And no ways bound to render up my actions,
Because no power above me can examine me;
Yet, my dear brother being still a prisoner,
And many wandering eyes upon my ways,
Being left alone a sea-mark, it behoves me
To use a little caution, and be circumspect.
Quisan. You are wise and noble, lady.
Quisar. Often, aunt,
I resort hither, and privately to see you,
It may be to converse with some I favour:
I would not have it known as oft, nor construed;
It stands not with my care.
Quisan. You speak most fairly;
For even our pure devotions are examined.
Quisar. So mad are men's minds now.
Ruy. Or rather monstrous;
They are thick dreams bred in fogs, that know no fairness.
Quisan. Madam, the house is yours, I am yours, (pray, use me)
And at your service all I have lies prostrate;
My care shall ever be to yield you honour,
And, when your fame falls here, 'tis my fault, lady.
A poor and simple banquet I have provided,
Which if you please to honour with your presence—
Quisar. I thank you, aunt! I shall be with you
A few words with this gentleman! [instantly
Quisan. I'll leave you;
And, when you please retire, I'll wait upon you.
[*Exeunt* QUISANA *and* PANURA

Quisar. Why, how now, captain? What, afraid to speak to me?
A man of arms, and daunted with a lady?
Commanders have the power to parle with princes.
Ruy. Madam, the favours you have still shower'd on me,
(Which are so high above my means of merit,
So infinite, that nought can value 'em
But their own goodness; no eyes look up to 'em
But those that are of equal light and lustre)
Strike me thus mute! You are my royal mistress,
And all my services, that aim at honour,
Take life from you, the saint of my devotions.
Pardon my wish! it is a fair ambition,
And well becomes the man that honours you:
I would I were of worth, of something near you,
Of such a royal piece! a king I would be,
A mighty king that might command affection,
And bring a youth upon me might bewitch you,
And you a sweet-soul'd Christian.
Quisar. Now you talk, sir!
You Portugals, though you be rugged soldiers,
Yet, when you list to flatter, you are plain courtiers.
And could you wish me Christian, brave Ruy Dias?
Ruy. At all the danger of my life, great lady,
At all my hopes, at all——
Quisar. Pray you stay a little;
To what end runs your wish?
Ruy. Oh, glorious lady,
That I might—But I dare not speak.
Quisar. I dare then;
That you might hope to marry me: Nay, blush [not;
An honourable end needs no excuse.
And would you love me then?
Ruy. My soul not dearer! [me that way,
Quisar. Do some brave thing that may entice
Something of such a meritorious goodness,
Of such an unmatch'd nobleness, that I may know
You have a power beyond ours that preserves you.
'Tis not the person, nor the royal title,
Nor wealth, nor glory, that I look upon;
That inward man I love that's lined with virtue,
That well-deserving soul works out a favour,
I have many princes suitors, many great ones,
Yet above these I love you; you are valiant,
An active man, able to build a fortune;
I do not say I dote, nor mean to marry;
Only the hope is, something may be done
That may compel my faith, and ask my freedom,
And leave opinion fair.
Ruy. Command, dear lady!
And let the danger be as deep as hell,
As direful to attempt——
Quisar. You are too sudden;
I must be ruled by you: Find out a fortune,
Wisely and handsomely; examine Time,
And court Occasion that she may be ready;
A thousand uses for your forward spirit
You may find daily; be sure you take a good one!
A brave and worthy one, that may advance you!
Forced smiles reward poor dangers: You're a soldier,
(I would not talk so else) and I love a soldier,
And that that speaks him true and great, his valour;
Yet for all these, which are but women's follies,
You may do what you please; I shall still know
And though you wear no sword—— [you,
Ruy. Excellent lady!
When I grow so cold, and disgrace my nation,
That from their hardy nurses suck adventures,
'Twere fit I wore a tombstone. You have read to
The story of your favour: If I mistake it, [me
Or grow a truant in the study of it,
A great correction, lady——
Quisar. Let's to th' banquet,
And have some merrier talk, and then to court,
Where I give audience to my general suitors!
Pray Heaven my woman's wit hold! There, brave captain,
You may perchance meet something that may startle you:
I'll say no more: Come, be not sad! I love you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Royal Castle.*

Enter PINIERO, ARMUSIA, SOZA, CHRISTOPHERO, *and* EMANUEL.

Pin. You are welcome, gentlemen, most worthy welcome!
And know, there's nothing in our power may serve
But you may freely challenge. [ye
Arm. Sir, we thank you,
And rest your servants too.
Pin. Ye are worthy Portugals;
You shew the bravery of your minds and spirits,
The nature of our country too, that brings forth
Stirring unwearied souls to seek adventures,
Minds never satisfied with search of honour:
Where time is, and the sun gives light, brave countrymen,
Our names are known; new worlds disclose their riches,
Their beauties and their prides, to our embraces,
And we the first of nations find these wonders.
Arm. These noble thoughts, sir, have enticed us forward,
And minds unapt for ease, to see these miracles,
In which we find report a poor relater:
We are arrived among the blessed islands,
Where every wind that rises blows perfumes,
And every breath of air is like an incense;
The treasure of the sun dwells here; each tree,
As if it envied the old Paradise,
Strives to bring forth immortal fruit; the spices
Renewing nature, though not deifying;
And when that falls by time, scorning the earth,
The sullen earth, should taint or suck their beauties
But as we dreamed, for ever so preserve us:
Nothing we see, but breeds an admiration;
The very rivers, as we float along,
Throw up their pearls, and curl their heads to court us;
The bowels of the earth swell with the births
Of thousand unknown gems, and thousand riches;
Nothing that bears a life, but brings a treasure.
The people they shew brave too, civil-manner'd,
Proportion'd like the masters of great minds;
The women, which I wonder at——
Pin. You speak well.
Arm. Of delicate aspects, fair, clearly beauteous,
And, to that admiration, sweet and courteous.
Pin. And is not that a good thing? Brave Ar-
You never saw the court before? [musia,
Arm. No, certain;
But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,
The government exact——
Chris. You shall see anon
That that will make you start indeed! such beau-
Such riches, and such form—— [ties,

Soza. We are fire already;
The wealthy magazine of Nature sure
Inhabits here.

Enter BAKAM, SYANA, *and* Governor of Ternata.

Arm. These sure are all islanders.
Pin. Yes, and great princes too, and lusty lovers.
Arm. They are goodly persons. What might he
That bears so proud a state? [be, signor,
Pin. King of Bakam,
A fellow that farts terror.
Eman. He looks highly;
Sure he was begot o' th' top of a steeple.
Chris. It may well be;
For you shall hear him ring anon.
Pin. That is Syana,
And a brave-temper'd fellow, and more valiant.
Soza. What rugged face is that?
Pin. That's the great governor,
The man surprised our friend; I told you of him.
Arm. He has dangerous eyes.
Pin. A perilous thief, and subtle!
Chris. And, to that subtilty, a heart of iron.
Pin. Yet the young lady makes it melt.
Arm. They start all,
And thunder in the eyes.—
Bakam. Away, ye poor ones!
Am I in competition with such bubbles?
My virtue and my name rank'd with such trifles?
Syana. You speak loud.
Bakam. Young man, I will speak louder!
Can any man but I deserve her favour,
You petty princes?
Pin. He will put 'em all in's pocket.
[Princes *fly at one another.*
Syana. Thou proud mad thing, be not so full of
So full of vanity! [glory,
Bakam. How! I contemn thee,
And that fort-keeping fellow!—
Pin. How the dog looks,
The bandog governor!—
Gov. Ha! Why?
Bakam. Away, thing,
And keep your rank with those that fit your roy-
Call out the princess. [alty!
Gov. Dost thou know me, bladder,
Thou insolent imposthume?
Bakam. I despise thee.
Gov. Art thou acquainted with my nature, baby?
With my revenge for injuries? Darest thou hold
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee? [me
What canst thou merit?
Bakam. Merit? I am above it;
I am equal with all honours, all atchievements,
And what is great and worthy; the best doer
I keep at my command; Fortune's my servant:
'Tis in my power now to despise such wretches,
To look upon ye slightly, and neglect ye;
And, but she deigns at some hours to remember ye,
And people have bestow'd some titles on ye,
I should forget your names.
Syana. Mercy of me!
What a blown fool has self-affection
Made of this fellow! Did not the queen your mother
Long for bellows and bagpipes when she was great
She brought forth such a windy birth? [with you,
Gov. 'Tis ten to one
She eat a drum, and was deliver'd of a larum;
Or else he was swaddled in an old sail when he was young.
Syana. He swells too mainly with his meditations:—
'Faith, talk a little handsomer, ride softly
That we may be able to hold way with you! We are princes;
But those are but poor things to you: Talk wiser!
'Twill well become your mightiness: Talk less,
That men may think you can do more!
Gov. Talk truth,
That men may think you are honest, and believe you!
Or talk yourself asleep, for I am weary of you.
Bakam. Why, I can talk and do——
Gov. That would do excellent.
Bakam. And tell you, only I deserve the princess,
And make good *only I*, if you dare, you, sir;
Or you, Syana's prince!
Pin. Here's a storm toward;
Methinks it sings already. To him, governor!
Gov. Here lies my proof. [*Draw.*
Syana. And mine.
Gov. I'll be short with you;
For these long arguments I was never good at.
Pin. How white the boaster looks!

Enter RUY DIAS, QUISARA, QUISANA, *and* PANURA.

Arm. I see he lacks faith.
Ruy. For shame, forbear, great princes; rule your angers!
You violate the freedom of this place,
The state and royalty——
Gov. He's well contented,
It seems; and so I have done.
Arm. Is this she, signor?
Pin. This is the princess, sir.
Arm. She is sweet and goodly,
An admirable form; they have cause to justle.
Quisar. Ye wrong me and my court, ye froward princes!
Comes your love wrapt in violence to seek us?
Is it fit, though you be great, my presence should be
Stained and polluted with your bloody rages?
My privacies affrighted with your swords?
He that loves me, loves my command: Be tem per'd,
Or be no more what ye profess, my servants!
Bakam, Syana, and *Gov.* We are calm as peace.
Arm. What command she carries!
And what a sparkling majesty flies from her!
Quisar. Is it ye love to do? Ye shall find danger,
And danger that shall start your resolutions:
But not this way. 'Tis not contention
Who loves me to my face best, or who can flatter most,
Can carry me: He that deserves my favour,
And will enjoy what I bring, love and majesty,
Must win me with his worth, must travail for me,
Must put his hasty rage off, and put on
A well-confirmed, temperate, and true valour.
Bakam, Syana, and *Gov.* But shew the way.
Quisar. And will; and then shew you
A will to tread the way, I'll say ye are worthy.
Pin. What task now will she turn 'em to? These hot youths
I fear will find a cooling card: I read in her eyes,
Something that has some swinge must fly amongst
By this hand, I love her a little now! ['em
Quisar. 'Tis not unknown to you
I had a royal brother, now miserable,
And prisoner to that man; if I were ambitious,

prosody

Gaped for that glory was ne'er born with me,
There he should lie, his miseries upon him;
If I were covetous, and my heart set
On riches, and those base effects that follow
On pleasures uncontroul'd, or safe revenges,
There he should die, his death would give me all
For then stood I up absolute to do all: [these;
Yet all these flattering shows of dignity,
These golden dreams of greatness, cannot force
To forget nature and my fair affection: [me]
Therefore, that man that would be known my lover
Must be known his redeemer, and must bring him,
Either alive or dead, to my embraces,
(For even his bones I scorn shall feel such slavery)
Or seek another mistress. 'Twill be hard
To do this, wond'rous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a spirit of an equal greatness!
But, being done, the reward is worthy of it.

Chris. How they stand gaping all!

Quisar. Ruy Dias cold? [*Apart to him.*
Not fly like fire into it? May be, you doubt me:
He that shall do this is my husband, prince,
By the bright Heavens, he is! by whose justice
I openly proclaim it: If I lie,
Or seek to set you on with subtilty,
Let that meet with me, and reward my falsehood!
No stirring yet? No start into a bravery?

Ruy. Madam, it may be; but being a main danger,
Your Grace must give me leave to look about me,
And take a little time: The cause will ask it;
Great acts require great counsels.

Quisar. Take your pleasure!—
I fear the Portugal. [*Aside.*

Bakam. I'll raise an army
That shall bring back his island, fort and all,
And fix it here.

Gov. How long will this be doing?
You should have begun in your grandfather's days.

Syana. What may be,
And what my power can promise, noblest lady—
My will I am sure stands fair.

Quisar. Fair be your fortune!
Few promises are best, and fair performance.

Gov. These cannot do; their power and arts are weak ones.
'Tis in my will; I have this king your brother,
He is my prisoner; I accept your proffer,
And bless the fair occasion that atchieved him:
I love you, and I honour you, But speak,
Whether alive or dead he shall be render'd,
And see how readily, how in an instant,
Quick as your wishes, lady——

Quisar. No; I scorn you,
You and your courtesy! I hate your love, sir:
And ere I would so basely win his liberty,
I would study to forget he was my brother.
By force he was taken; he, that shall enjoy me,
Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me.

Pin. As I live, a rare wench!

Arm. She has a noble spirit.

Gov. By force?

Quisar. Yes, sir, by force, and make you glad
To let him go. [too

Gov. How! You may look nobler on me,
And think me no such boy: By force he must not;
For your love much may be.

Quisar. Put up your passion,
And pack you home! I say, by force, and suddenly;
He lies there till he rots else! Although I love him
Most tenderly and dearly, as a brother,
And out of these respects would joy to see him,
Yet, to receive him as thy courtesy,
With all the honour thou couldst add unto him,
From his hands that most hates him, I had rather
(Though no condition were propounded for him)
See him far sunk i' th' earth, and there forget him!

Pin. Your hopes are gelt, good governor.

Arm. A rare woman!

Gov. Lady,
I'll pull this pride, I'll quench this bravery,
And turn your glorious scorn to tears and howlings;
I will, proud princess! This neglect of me
Shall make thy brother-king most miserable,
Shall turn him into curses 'gainst thy cruelty:
For where before I used him like a king,
And did those royal offices unto him,
Now he shall lie a sad lump in a dungeon,
Loaden with chains and fetters; cold and hunger,
Darkness, and ling'ring death, for his companions.
And let me see who dare attempt his rescue,
What desperate fool! Look toward it! Farewell,
And when thou know'st him thus, lament thy follies!
Nay, I will make thee kneel to take my offer:
Once more farewell, and put thy trust in puppets!
[*Exit*

Quisar. If none dare undertake't, I'll live a mourner.

Bakam. You cannot want.

Syana. You must not.

Ruy. 'Tis most dangerous,
And wise men would proceed with care and counsel;
Yet some way 'would I knew! Walk with me, gentlemen.—
[*Exeunt all but* ARMUSIA, SOZA, *and* EMANUEL.

Arm. How do you like her spirit?

Soza. 'Tis a clear one,
Clogg'd with no dirty stuff; she is all pure honour.

Eman. The bravest wench I ever look'd upon.
And of the strongest parts! She is most fair;
Yet her mind such a mirror——

Arm. What an action
Would this be to put forward on, what a glory,
And what an everlasting wealth to end it!
Methinks my soul is strangely raised.

Soza. To step into it,
Just while they think; and, ere they have determined,
To bring the king off!

Arm. Things have been done as dangerous.

Eman. And prosper'd best, when they were least consider'd.

Arm. Bless me, my hopes! and you, my friends, assist me!
None but our companions——

Soza. You deal wisely,
And, if we shrink, the name of slaves die with us!

Eman. Stay not for second thoughts

Arm. I am determined:
And, though I lose, it shall be sung, I was valiant,
And my brave offer shall be turned to story,
Worthy the princess' tongue. A boat! that's all
That's unprovided; and habits like to merchants!
The rest we'll counsel as we go.

Soza. Away then!
Fortune looks fair on those make haste to win her.
[*Exeunt.*

So fearful to give way to so much poverty,
How I should curse her heart, if she consented!
Gov. You shall write, and entreat, or——
King. Do thy utmost,
And, e'en in all thy tortures, I'll laugh at thee.
I'll think thee no more valiant, but a villain;
Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a thief,
Atchieved by craft, and kept by cruelty;
Nothing thou canst deserve, thou art unhonest;
Nor no way live to build a name, thou art barbarous.
Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him murmur!
And see his diet be so light and little,
He grow not thus high-hearted on't!—I'll cool you,
And make you cry for mercy, and be ready
To work my ends, and willingly: And your sister taken down,
Your scornful, cruel sister, shall repent too,
And sue to me for grace.—Give him no liberty,
But let his bands be doubled, his ease lessen'd,
Nothing his heart desires, but vex and torture him!
Let him not sleep; nothing that's dear to Nature
Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he die not;
Keep him as near death, and as willing to embrace it,
But see he arrive not at it! I will humble him,
And her stout heart that stands on such defiance:
And let me see her champions that dare venture,
Her high and mighty wooers! Keep your guards close,
And, as you love your lives, be diligent,
And what I charge observe!
All. We shall be dutiful.
Gov. I'll pull your courage, King, and all your bravery! [*Exit. The* KING *retires.*
1 *Moor.* Most certain he's resolved, nothing can stir him;
For, if he had but any part about him
Gave way to fear or hope, he durst not talk thus,
And do thus stoutly too: As willingly,
And quietly he sunk down to his sorrows,
As some men to their sleeps.
Keeper. Yes, and sleeps with 'em,
(So little he regards them, there's the wonder)
And often soundly sleeps. 'Would I durst pity him,
Or 'would 'twere in my will—But we are servants,
And tied unto command.
2 *Moor.* I wish him better,
But much I fear he has found his tomb already.
We must observe our guards.
1 *Moor.* He cannot last long;
And when he's dead he's free.
Keeper. That's the most cruelty,
That we must keep him living.
2 *Moor.* That's as he please;
For that man that resolves needs no physician.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street in the chief Town.*

Enter ARMUSIA, SOZA, EMANUEL, *and a* Guide, *disguised as* Merchants, *armed underneath.*

Arm. Our prosperous passage was an omen to us,
A lucky and fair omen.
Eman. and *Soza.* We believe it.
Arm. The sea and wind strove who should most befriend us;
And as they favour'd our design, and loved us,
So lead us forth—Where lies the boat that brought us?
Soza. Safe lodged within the reeds, close by the castle,
That no eye can suspect, nor thought come near it.
Eman. But where have you been, brave sir?
Arm. I have broke the ice, boys,
I have begun the game; fair Fortune guide it!
Suspectless have I travell'd all the town through,
And in this merchant's shape won much acquaintance,
Survey'd each strength and place that may befriend us,
View'd all his magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the prison is, and what power guards it.
Soza. These will be strong attempts.
Arm. Courage is strong:
What we began with policy, my dear friends,
Let's end with manly force! There's no retiring,
Unless it be with shame.
Eman. Shame his that hopes it.
Arm. Better a few, and clearer fame will follow us,
However, lose or win, and speak our memories,
Than if we led out armies: Things done thus,
And of this noble weight, will style us worthies.
Soza. Direct, and we have done; bring us to execute,
And if we flinch, or fail——
Arm. I am sure ye dare not:
Then further know, and let no ear be near us
That may be false——
Eman. Speak boldly on; we are honest,
Our lives and fortunes yours.
Arm. Hard by the place then
Where all his treasure lies, his arms, his women,
Close by the prison too where he keeps the king,
I have hired a lodging, as a trading merchant;
A cellar to that too, to stow my wares in,
The very wall of which joins to his storehouse.
Soza. What of all this?
Arm. Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not.
Into that cellar, elected friends, I have convey'd,
And unsuspected too, that that will do it,
That that will make all shake, and smoke too.
Eman. Ha!
Arm. My thoughts have not been idle, nor my practice:
The fire I brought here with me shall do something.
Shall burst into material flames, and bright ones,
That all the island shall stand wond'ring at it,
As if they had been stricken with a comet.
Powder is ready, and enough, to work it;
The match is left a-fire, all, all hush'd, and lock'd close,
No man suspecting what I am, but merchant.
An hour hence, my brave friends, look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honour'd purpose;
For by that time 'twill take!
Soza. What are our duties?
Arm. When all are full of fear or fright, the governor
Out of his wits to see the flames so imperious,
Ready to turn to ashes all he worships,
And all the people there to stop these ruins,
No man regarding any private office,
Then fly we to the prison suddenly!
Here's one has found the way, and dares direct us

Eman. Then to our swords and good hearts! I long for it.
Arm. Certain we shall not find much opposition;
But what is, must be forced.
Soza. 'Tis bravely cast, sir;
And surely too, I hope.
Arm. If the fire fail not,
And powder hold his nature. Some must pre-
Upon the first cry of the amazed people, [sently,
(For nothing will be mark'd then but the misery)
Be ready with the boat upon an instant;
And then all's right and fair.
Eman. Bless us, dear Fortune!
Arm. Let us be worthy of it in our courage,
And Fortune must befriend us. Come, all sever;
But keep still within sight: When the flame rises,
Let's meet, and either do or die!
Soza. So be it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Castle of the* Governor.

Enter Governor *and* Captain.

Gov. No, captain, for those troops, we need 'em not,
The town is strong enough to stand their furies:
I would see them come, and offer to do something.
They are high in words.
Capt. 'Tis safer, sir, than doing.
Gov. Dost think they dare attempt?
Capt. May be by treaty,
But sure by force they will not prove so forward.
Gov. No, 'faith, I warrant thee, they know me well enough,
And know they have no child in hand to play with.
They know my nature too; I have bit some of 'em,
And to the bones; they have reason to remember
It makes me laugh to think how glorious [me.
The fools are in their promises, and how pregnant
Their wits and powers are to bring things to pass.
Am I not grown lean with loss of sleep, and care
To prevent these threat'nings, captain?
Capt. You look well, sir:
Upon my conscience, you are not like to sicken
Upon any such conceit.
Gov. I hope I shall not.—
Well, 'would I had this wench! for I must have her,
She must be mine: And there's another charge, captain;
What betwixt love and brawling, I get nothing;
All goes in maintenance—Hark! What was that,
[*The train takes, an explosion within.*
That noise there? It went with a violence.
Capt. Some old wall belike, sir,
That had no neighbour-help to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly.
Gov. I must discard these rascals,
That are not able to maintain their buildings;
They blur the beauty of the town.
Within. Fire, fire!
Gov. I hear another tune, good captain!
It comes on fresher still; 'tis loud and fearful.
Look up into the town; how bright the air shews!
Upon my life, some sudden fire! The bell too?
[*Exit* Captain. *Bell rings.*
I hear the noise more clear.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Fire, fire!
Gov. Where? where?
Cit. Suddenly taken in a merchant's house, sir,
Fearful and high it blazes. Help, good people!
[*Exit.*
Gov. Pox o' their paper-houses! how they smother!
They light like candles! How the roar still rises!

Re-enter Captain.

Capt. Your magazine's a-fire, sir; help, help suddenly!
The castle too is in danger, in much danger:
All will be lost! Get the people presently,
And all that are your guard! and all help, all hands, sir!
Your wealth, your strength, is burnt else, the [town perish'd.
The castle now begins to flame.
Gov. My soul shakes!
Capt. A merchant's house next joining? Shame light on him!
That ever such a neighbour, such a villain——

Enter other Citizens.

Gov. Raise all the garrison and bring 'em up,
And beat the people forward!—Oh! I have lost all
In one house, all my hopes. Good worthy citizens,
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me!
I will reward you all.—Oh, cursed fortune!
The flame's more violent!—Arise still! help, help, citizens!
Freedom and wealth to him that helps! Follow, oh, follow!
Fling wine, or anything; I'll see it recompensed.
Buckets, more buckets! Fire, fire, fire! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armusia, *and his* Company.

Arm. Let it flame on! a comely light it gives up
To our discovery. [*Cries within.*
Soza. Hark, [fairly!
What a merry cry these hounds make! Forward
We are not seen i' th' mist, we are not noted.
Away, away! Now if we lose our fortune——
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain *and* Citizens.

Capt. Up, soldiers, up, and deal like men!
Cit. More water, more water! all is consumed else.
Capt. All's gone, unless you undertake it straight; your wealth too,
That must preserve, and pay your labour bravely.
Up, up, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. The Dungeon in the Castle of the* Governor.

Enter Armusia *and his* Company, *breaking open a door.*

Arm. So, thou art open. Keep the way clear behind still!
Now for the place!
Sold. 'Tis here, sir.
Arm. Sure this is it.
Force ope the door! [*The* King *discovered.*
A miserable creature!
Yet, by his manly face——
King. Why stare ye on me?
You cannot put on faces to affright me;
In death I am a king still, and contemn ye.
Where is that governor? Methinks his manhood
Should be well pleased to see my tragedy,
And come to bathe his stern eyes in my sorrows:

I dare him to the fight; bring his scorns with him,
And all his rugged threats. Here's a throat, sol-
Come, see who can strike deepest! [diers:
Eman. Break the chain there.
King. What does this mean?
Arm. Come, talk of no more governors!
He has other business, sir. Put your legs forward,
And gather up your courage, like a man!
We'll carry off your head else. We are friends,
And come to give your sorrows ease.
Soza. On bravely!
Delays may lose again.

Enter Guard.

Arm. The guard.
Soza. Upon 'em!
Arm. Make speedy and sure work.
Eman. They fly. [*Fight. The* Guard *fly.*
Arm. Up with him,
And to the boat. Stand fast! Now be speedy!
When this heat's past, we'll sing our history.
Away, like thoughts! sudden as desires, friends!
Now, sacred Chance, be ours!
Soza. Pray when we have done, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter three or four Citizens, *severally.*

1 *Cit.* What, is the fire allay'd?
2 *Cit.* 'Tis out, 'tis out.
Or past the worst. I never did so stoutly,
I'll assure you, neighbours, since I was a man:
I have been burnt at both ends like a squib;
I lived two hours i' th' fire. 'Twas a hideous matter;
But when men of understanding come about it,
Men that judge of things—My wife gave me over,
And took her leave a hundred times; I bore up
And toss'd the buckets, boys! [still,
3 *Cit.* We are all mere martins. [hurry,—
1 *Cit.* I heard a voice at latter end o' th'
Or else I dream'd I heard it – that said *treason.*
2 *Cit.* 'Tis like enough.
It might cry *murder* too; for there was many
Without a joint: But what is that to us?
Let's home and fright our wives! for we look like devils.

Enter three Women.

3 *Cit.* Here come some of 'em to fright us.
1 *Wom.* Mine's alive, neighbour.—O, sweet honey husband!
1 *Cit.* Thou liest! I stink abominably: An thou hadst [ends.
Been in my place, thou wouldst have stunk at both
Get me some drink, give me whole tuns of drink,
Whole cisterns! for I have four dozen of fine fire-brands
In my belly: I have more smoke in my mouth
Would blote a hundred herrings. [than
2 *Wom.* Art thou come safe again?
3 *Wom.* I pray what became of my man? Is he well?
2 *Cit.* At heart's ease in a weil; is very well, neighbour:
We left him drinking of a new dozen of buckets.
Thy husband's happy, he was thorough roasted,
And now he's basting of himself at all points:
The clerk and he are cooling their pericraniums.—
Body o' me, neighbours, there's fire in my cod-piece.
1 *Wom.* Bless my husband!
2 *Cit.* Blow it out, wife! Blow, blow, the gable end o' the store-house!
Women. Some water, water, water!
3 *Cit.* Peace! 'tis but a sparkle;
Raise not the town again; 'twill be a great hinderance.
I'm glad 'tis out; an't had ta'en in my hay-loft—
What frights are these? marry, Heaven bless thy modicum!
3 *Wom.* But is 'a drown'd outright? pray put
Out of fear, neighbour. [me
2 *Cit.* Thou wouldst have it so:
But after a hundred fires more, he'll live to see
For brewing musty liquor. [thee burnt
1 *Cit.* Come, let's go, neighbour!
2 *Cit.* For I would very fain turn down this liquor.
Come, come; I fry like a burnt marrow-bone.
Women, get you afore, and draw upon us!
Run, wenches, run, and let your taps run with ye;
Run as the fire were in your tails, cry ale, ale!
Women. Away, let's nourish the poor wretches
2 *Cit.* We'll rally up the rest of the burnt regiment. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle of the* Governor.

Enter Governor, Captain, Soldiers, *and* Guard.

Gov. The fire's quench'd, captain, but the mischief hangs still:
The king's redeem'd and gone too! A trick, a damn'd one!
Oh, I am overtaken poorly, tamely!
Capt. Where were the guard that waited upon the prison?
Sold. Most of 'em slain; yet some 'scaped, sir, and they deliver,
They saw a little boat ready to receive him,
And those redeem'd him, making such haste and fighting,
Fighting beyond the force of men——
Gov. I am lost, captain,
And all the world will laugh at this, and scorn me
Count me a heavy sleepy fool, a coward,
A coward past recovery, a confirm'd coward,
One without carriage, or common sense!
Sold. He's gone, sir,
And put to sea amain, past our recovery,
Not a boat ready to pursue; If there were any,
The people stand amazed so at their valour,
And the sudden fright of fire, none knows to execute.
Gov. Oh, I could tear my limbs, and knock my boys' brains
'Gainst every post I meet! Fool'd with a fire?
Capt. It was a crafty trick.
Gov. No, I was lazy,
Confident, sluggish lazy: Had I but met 'em,
And changed a dozen blows, I had forgiven 'em.
By both these hands held up, and by that brightness
That gilds the world with light, by all our wor-
The hidden ebbs and flows of the blue ocean, [ships,
I will not rest; no mirth shall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my mouth, nor any thing refresh me,
Till I be wholly quit of this dishonour!
Make ready my barratos instantly,
And what I shall intend——
Capt. We are your servants. [*Exeunt.*

VII.—TIDORE. *An open Place before the Royal Castle.*

Enter QUISARA *and* RUY DIAS.

ra. Never tell me! you never cared to win
me;
r my sake, to attempt a deed
aw me to a thought you sought my favour:
r love of me, for love of arms, sir,
cause you profess, for love of honour,
you style yourself the mighty master,
ht have stept out nobly, and made an offer;
had intended something excellent,
forward face—
Dear lady, hold me—
r. I hold you, as I find you, a faint ser- [vant.
By heaven, I dare do—
r. In a lady's chamber,
elieve you; there's no mortal danger:
the man that dares do, to deserve that!
t you Portugals had been rare wonders,
those haughty courages and credits
things were confined within your promises;
ls of Fate and Fortune I believed you;
I see I am deceived, Ruy Dias,
me, too late, my much belief!
I am ashamed, lady,
dull, so stupid to your offer:
u have once more school'd me, I am right,
nething shall be thought on suddenly,
t in act as soon, some preparation—
r. And give it out?
Yes, lady, and so great too;
h, the noise of all my countrymen—
r. Those will do well, for they are all
approved ones;
ough he be restored alive—
I have you.
ar. For then we are both servants.
I conceive you;
adam, give me leave to turn my fancies.
ar. Do, and make all things fit, and then
I'll visit you. [*Exit.*
. Myself, my cousin, and the garrison,
ighbours of the out-isles of our nation,
strength, (for I can humour him,)
oud Bakamus, I shall deceive his glory—
[*A shout.*
inging sound of joy is this? whence comes
the princes are in sport. [it?

Enter PINIERO *and* CHRISTOPHERO.

Where are you?
. Now, Piniero, what's the haste you seek
Do you know this sign, sir? [me?
. Ha!
Do you know this emblem?
ose is bored.
Bored? what is that!
You are topt, sir:
ng's come home again, the king!
. The devil!
. Nay, sure he came a' God's name home;
eturn'd, sir.
is. And all this joy you hear—
r. Who durst attempt him?
inces are all here.
is. They are worthy princes,
re special princes all! they love by ounces.
it, sir, 'tis done, and done most bravely
And easily. What fortune have you lost, sir!
What justice have you now unto this lady?
Pin. How stands your claim? That e'er man should be fool'd so,
When he should do and prosper! stand protesting,
Kissing the hand, and farting for a favour,
When he should be about his business sweating!
She bid you go, and picked you out a purpose,
To make yourself a fortune by, a lady,
A lady, and a lusty one, a lovely,
That now you may go look; she pointed you,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
And bid you fly: You have made a fair flight on't;
You have caught a goose.
Ruy. How dare you thus molest me? [*A shout within.*
It cannot be!
Chris. Hark how the general joy rings!
Pin. Have you your hearing left? is not that drunk too?
For, if you had been sober, you had been wise sure.
Ruy. Done? who dares do?
Pin. It seems an honest fellow,
That has ended his market before you be up.
Chris. The shame on't, he's a stranger too.
Pin. 'Tis no shame;
He took her at her word and tied the bargain,
Dealt like a man indeed, stood not demurring,
But clapt close to the cause, as he will do to the lady:
He is a fellow of that speed and handsomeness,
He will get her with child too, ere you shall come to know him.
Is it not brave, a gentleman scarce landed,
Scarce eating of the air here, not acquainted,
No circumstance of love depending on him,
Nor no command to shew him, must start forth,
At the first sight too——
Ruy. I am undone!
Pin. Like an oyster.—
She neither taking view, nor value of him,
Unto such deeds as these?—Pox o' these,
These wise delayings! they make men cowards.
You are undone, as a man would undo an egg,
A hundred shames about you!

Enter QUISARA, PANURA, *and* Train.

Quisar. Can it be possible?
A stranger that I have not known, not seen yet,
A man I never graced? Oh, captain, captain,
What shall I do? I am betray'd by fortune;
It cannot be, it must not be.
Pin. It is, lady;
And, by my faith, a handsome gentleman!
'Tis his poor scholar's prize.
Quisar. Must I be given
Unto a man I never saw, ne'er spoke with,
I know not of what nation?
Pin. He's a Portugal,
And of as good a pitch—He will be given to you,
For he's given much to handsome flesh. [lady,
Quisar. Oh, Ruy Dias,
This was your sloth, your sloth, your sloth, Ruy Dias!
Pin. Your love-sloth, uncle; do you find it now?
You should have done at first, and faithfully,
And then the other had laid ready for you.—
[*A shout within*
Madam, the general joy comes.
Quisar. We must meet it;
But with what comfort?

Enter Citizens *carrying boughs*, Boys *singing after them; then the* KING, ARMUSIA, SOZA, EMANUEL; *the* Princes *and* Train *following*.

Quisar. Oh, my dear brother, what a joy runs through me, [*Kneels.*
To see you safe again, yourself, and mighty!
What a blest day is this!
King. Rise up, fair sister!
I am not welcome till you have embraced me.
Ruy. A general gladness, sir, flies through the city,
And mirth possesses all to see your grace arrived,
Thus happily arrived again, and fairly.
'Twas a brave venture, whosoe'er put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much honour;
And had it fail'd, we had not fail'd, great sir,
And in short time too, to have forced the governor,
In spite of all his threats——
King. I thank ye, gentlemen.
Ruy. And all his subtilties, to set you free,
With all his heart and will too.
King. I know ye love me.
Pin. This had been good, with something done before it,
Something set off to beautify it;
Now it sounds empty, like a barber's bason.
Pox, there's no metal in't, no noble marrow!
Bakam. I have an army, sir, (but that the governor,
The foolish fellow, was a little provident,
And wise in letting slip no time; 'became him too)
That would have scour'd him else, and all his confines;
That would have rung him such a peal——
Pin. Yes, backward,
To make dogs howl. I know thee to a farthing;
Thy army's good for hawks; there's nothing but sheeps' hearts in it.
Syana. I have done nothing, sir: therefore I think it
Convenient I say little what I purposed,
And what my love intended.
King. I like your modesty.
And, thank ye, royal friends! I know it grieved ye
To know my misery: But this man, princes,
I must thank heartily, indeed, and truly,
For this man saw me in it, and redeem'd me:
He look'd upon me sinking, and then caught me.
This, sister, this, this all man, this all valour,
This pious man——
Ruy. My countenance, it shames me!
One scarce arrived, not harden'd yet, not read
In dangers and great deeds, sea-sick, not season'd—
Oh, I have boy'd myself! [*Apart.*
King. This noble bulwark,
This lance and honour of our age and kingdom,
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the name of friend to,
This, this man from the bowels of my sorrows
Has new-begot my name, and once more made me!
Oh, sister, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing near recompense invented——
Arm. You are too noble, sir; there is reward,
Above my action too by millions:
A recompense so rich and glorious,
I durst not dream it mine, but that 'twas promised;
But that it was propounded, sworn and sealed
Before the face of Heaven, I durst not hope it;
For nothing in the life of man or merit
(It is so truly great) can else embrace it.
King. Oh, speak it, speak it; bless mine ears to hear it!
Make me a happy man, to know it may be!
For still methinks I am a prisoner,
And feel no liberty before I find it.
Arm. Then know, it is your sister; she is mine, sir;
I claim her by her own word, and her honour.
It was her open promise to that man
That durst redeem you: Beauty set me on,
And fortune crowns me fair, if she receive me.
King. Receive you, sir?—Why, sister! ha! so backward?
Stand as you knew me not? nor what he has ventured?
My dearest sister!
Arm. Good sir, pardon me!
There is a blushing modesty becomes her,
That holds her back: Women are nice to woo, sir.
I would not have her forced; give her fair liberty!
For things compell'd and frighted, of soft natures,
Turn into fears, and fly from their own wishes.
King. Look on him, my Quisara: Such another,
(Oh, all ye powers!) so excellent in nature
In honour so abundant——
Quisar. I confess, sir;
Confess my word is past too; he has purchased:
Yet, good sir, give me leave to think, but time
To be acquainted with his worth and person;
To make me fit to know it: We are both strangers.
And how we should believe so suddenly,
Or come to fasten our affections——
Alas, Love has his compliments.
King. Be sudden
And certain in your way; no woman's doubles,
Nor coy delays! you are his, and so assure it,
Or cast from me and my remembrance ever.
Respect your word! I know you will. Come, sister,
Let's see what welcome you can give a prisoner.
And what fair looks a friend.—Oh, my most noble
Princes, no discontents, but all be lusty!
He that frowns this day is an open enemy.—
Thus in my arms, my dear!
Arm. You make me blush, sir.
King. And now lead on, our whole court crown'd with pleasure!—
Ruy. Madam, despair not; something shall be done yet, [*Aside to her.*
And suddenly, and wisely.
Quisar. Oh, Ruy Dias!
[*Exeunt all but* PINIERO, SOZA, *and* CHRISTOPHERO.
Pin. Well, he's a brave fellow, and he has deserved her richly.
And you have had your hands full I dare swear, gentlemen.
Soza. We have done something, sir, if it hit right.
Chris. The woman has no eyes else, nor no honesty;
So much I think.
Pin. Come, let's go bounce amongst 'em,
To the king's health, and my brave countryman's!
My uncle looks as though he were sick o' th' worms, friends. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Royal Castle.*

Enter PINIERO.

Pin. My uncle haunts me up and down, looks melancholy,
Wond'rous proof-melancholy; sometimes swears,
Then whistles, starts, cries, and groans as if he had the bots,
(As, to say truth, I think he has little better)
And would fain speak; bids me good-morrow at midnight,
And good-night when 'tis noon: He has something hovers
About his brains, that would fain find an issue,
But cannot out, or dares not. Still he follows.

Enter RUY DIAS.

How he looks still, and how he beats about,
Like an old dog at a dead scent!—Ay, marry,
There was a sigh would set a ship a-sailing!
These winds of love and honour blow at all ends.
Now speak, an't be thy will.—Good-morrow, uncle!
Ruy. Good-morrow, sir!
Pin. This is a new salute! [*Aside.*
Sure he has forgot me; this is pur-blind Cupid!
Ruy. My nephew?
Pin. Yes, sir, if I be not changed.
Ruy. I would fain speak with you.
Pin. I would fain have you, sir;
For to that end I stay.
Ruy. You know I love you,
And I have loved you long, my dear Piniero,
Bred and supplied you——
Pin. Whither walks this preamble? [*Aside.*
Ruy. You may remember, though I am but your uncle,
I sure had a father's care, a father's tenderness—
Pin. Sure he would rap me into something now suddenly, [*Aside.*
He doubts my nature in, (for mine is honest)
He winds about me so.
Ruy. A father's diligence.
My private benefits I have forgot, sir,
But those you might lay claim to as my follower;
Yet some men would remember——
Pin. I do daily.
Ruy. The place which I have put you in, which is no weak one:
Next to myself you stand in all employments,
Your counsels, cares, assignments with me equal;
So is my study still to plant your person:
These are small testimonies I have not forgot you,
Nor would not be forgotten.
Pin. Sure you cannot.
Ruy. Oh, Piniero——
Pin. Sir, what hangs upon you?
What heavy weight oppresses you? You have lost
(I must confess, in those that understand you)
Some little of your credit; but time will cure that;
The best may slip sometimes.
Ruy. Oh, my best nephew——
Pin. It may be, you fear her too, (that disturbs you)
That she may fall herself, or be forced from you.
Ruy. She is ever true, but I undone for ever!
Oh, that Armusia, that new thing, that stranger,
That flag stuck up to rob me of mine honour,
That murd'ring chain-shot at me from my country,
That goodly plague, that I must court to kill me!
Pin. Now it comes flowing from him: I fear'd this, [*Aside.*
Knew, he that durst be idle durst be ill too.—
Has he not done a brave thing?
Ruy. I must confess it, nephew, must allow it:
But that brave thing has undone me, has sunk me,
Has trod me, like a name in sand, to nothing,
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens my ruin;
And, if he rise and blaze, farewell my fortune!
And when that's set, where's thy advancement, cousin?—
That were a friend, that were a noble kinsman,
That would consider these: that man were grateful;
And he that durst do something here, durst love me.
Pin. You say true; 'tis worth consideration;
Your reasons are of weight: And, mark me, uncle,
(For I'll be sudden, and to th' purpose with you)
Say this Armusia then were taken off,
(As it may be easily done: how stands the woman?
Ruy. She is mine for ever;
For she contemns his deed and him.
Pin. Pox on him! [*Aside.*
Or, if the single pox be not sufficient,
The hogs', the dogs', and devils' pox possess him!
'Faith, this Armusia stumbles me; 'tis a brave fellow;
And if he could be spared, uncle—— [
Ruy. I must perish:
Had he set up at any rest but this,
Done anything but what concern'd my credit,
The everlasting losing of my worth——
Pin. I understand you now, who set you on too; [*Aside.*
I had a reasonable good opinion of the devil
Till this hour; and I see he is a knave indeed,
An arrant, stinking knave, for now I smell him.—
I'll see what may be done then; you shall know
You have a kinsman—but no villain, uncle, [*Aside.*
Nor no betrayer of fair Fame, I scorn it;
I love and honour Virtue.—I must have
Access unto the lady, to know her mind too:
A good word from her mouth, you know, may stir me!
A lady's look at setting on—— [
Ruy. You say well!
Here, cousin, here's a letter ready for you,
And you shall see how nobly she'll receive you.
And with what care direct.
Pin. Farewell then, uncle!
After I have talk'd with her, I am your servant—
To make you honest, if I can, else hate you.— [*Aside*
Pray you no more compliments! my head is busy. [*Exit* RUY DIAS
Heaven bless me,
What a malicious soul does this man carry!
And to what scurvy things this love converts us,
What stinking things; and how sweetly they become us!
Murder's a moral virtue with these lovers,
A special piece of divinity, I take it.
I may be mad, or violently drunk,
Which is a whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,

And learn to murder men's estates, that's base too;
Or proud, but that's a paradise to this;
Or envious, and sit eating of myself
At others' fortunes; I may lie, and damnably,
Beyond the patience of an honest hearer;
Cozen, cut purses, sit i' th' stocks for apples:
But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy!
These are poor pelting sins, or rather plagues:
Love and Ambition draw the devil's coach.

Enter QUISANA *and* PANURA.

How now! who are these! Oh, my great lady's followers,
Her riddle-founders, and her fortune-tellers,
Her readers of her love-lectures, her inflamers.
These doors I must pass through: I hope they are wide.—
Good-day to your beauties!—How they take it to 'em! [*Aside.*
As if they were fair indeed!
Quisan. Good-morrow to you, sir!
Pin. That's the old hen, the brood-bird; how she bustles! [*Aside.*
How like an inventory of lechery she looks!
Many a good piece of iniquity
Has past her hands, I warrant her.—I beseech you,
Is the fair princess stirring?
Pan. Yes, marry is she, sir,
But somewhat private: Have you a business with her?
Pin. Yes, forsooth have I, and a serious business.
Pan. May not we know?
Pin. Yes, when you can keep counsel.
Pan. How prettily he looks! he's a soldier sure,
His rudeness sits so handsomely upon him.
Quisan. A good blunt gentleman!
Pin. Yes, marry am I:
Yet for a push or two at sharp, an't please you—
Pan. My honest friend, you know not who you speak to;
This is the princess' aunt.
Pin. I like her the better;
An she were her mother, lady, or her grandmother,
I am not so bashful, but I can buckle with her.
Pan. Of what size is your business?
Pin. Of the long sixteens,
And will make way, I warrant you.
Pan. How fine he talks!
Pin. Nay, in troth I talk but coarsely, lady;
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding.—
How fain they would draw me into ribaldry! [*Aside.*
These wenches that live easily, live high,
And love these broad discourses, as they love possets;
These dry delights serve for preparatives.
Pan. Why do you look so on me?
Pin. I am guessing,
By the cast of your face, what the property of your place should be;
For I presume you turn a key, sweet beauty;
And you another, gravity, under the princess:
And, by my soul, I warrant you, good places,
Comely commodious seats!
Quisan. Pr'ythee let him talk still,
For methinks he talks handsomely!
Pin. And truly,
As near as my understanding shall enable me.
You look as if you kept my lady's secrets—
Nay, do not laugh! for I mean honestly—
How these young things tattle, when they get a toy by th' end! [*Aside*
And how their hearts go pit-a-pat, and look for't!
Would it not dance too, if it had a fiddle?—
Your gravity, I guess, to take the petitions,
And hear the ling'ring suits in love disposed,
Their sighs and sorrows in their proper place;
You keep the Ay-me office.
Quisan. Pr'ythee suffer him,
For, as I live, he is a pretty fellow!
I love to hear sometimes what men think of us;
And thus deliver'd freely, tis no malice—
Proceed, good honest man!
Pin. I will, good madam.
According to men's states and dignities,
Monies and moveables, you rate their dreams,
And cast the nativity of their desires.
If he reward well, all he thinks is prosperous;
And if he promise place his dreams are oracles:
Your antient practique art too in these discoveries,
Who loves at such a length, who a span further,
And who draws home, yields you no little profit:
For these you milk by circumstance.
Quisan. You are cunning.
Pin. And as they oil you, and advance your spindle,
So you draw out the lines of love. Your doors too,
The doors of Destiny, that men must pass through.
These are fair places!
Pan. He knows all.
Pin. Your trap-doors,
To pop fools in it, that have no providence;
Your little wickets, to work wise men, like wires, through at,
And draw their states and bodies into cobwebs;
Your postern-doors, to catch those that are cautelous,
And would not have the world's eye find their knaveries;
Your doors of danger (some men hate a pleasure,
Unless that may be full of fears); your hope-doors,
And those are fine commodities, where fools pay
For every new encouragement a new custom:
You have your doors of honour, and of pleasure;
But those are for great princes, glorious vanities,
That travel to be famous through diseases.
There be the doors of poverty and death too,
But these you do the best you can to dam up,
For then your gain goes out.
Quisan. This is a rare lecture!
Pin. Read to them that understand.
Pan. Beshrew me,
I dare not venture on you; you cut too keen, sir.
Quisan. We thank you, sir, for your good mirth;
You are a good companion.

Enter QUISARA.

Here comes the princess now: attend your business.
Quisar. Is there no remedy, no hopes can help me?
No wit to set me free?—Who's there, ho?
Quisan. Troubled?
Her looks are almost wild: What ails the princess?
I know nothing she wants.
Quisar. Who's that there with you?—
Oh, Signor Piniero, you are most welcome!
How does your noble uncle?
Pin. Sad as you are, madam:
But he commends his service, and this letter.
Quisar. Go off; attend within.—Fair sir, I thank you:
Pray be no stranger, for indeed you are welcome:
For your own virtues, welcome.

Quisan. We are mistaken;
This is some brave fellow sure.
Pan. I am sure he's a bold fellow;
But, if she hold him so, we must believe it.
[*Exeunt* QUISANA *and* PANURA.
Quisar. Do you know of this, fair sir?
Pin. I guess it, madam,
And whither it intends: I had not brought it else.
Quisar. It is a business of no common reckoning.
Pin. The handsomer for him that goes about it;
Slight actions are rewarded with slight thanks:
Give me a matter of some weight to wade in!
Quisar. And can you love your uncle so directly,
So seriously, and so full, to undertake this?
Can there be such a faith?
Pin. Dare you say *ay* to it,
And set me on? 'Tis no matter for my uncle,
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish it.
Quisar. I would fain——
Pin. Have it done? Say but so, lady.
Quisar. Conceive it so.
Pin. I will; 'tis that I am bound to:
Your will that must command me, and your pleasure,
The fair aspects of those eyes that must direct me.
I am no uncle's agent; I am mine own, lady;
I scorn my able youth should plow for others,
Or my ambition serve for pay: I aim,
Although I never hit, as high as any man,
And the reward I reach at shall be equal,
And what love spurs me on to: This desire
Makes me forget an honest man, a brave man,
A valiant and a virtuous man, my countryman,
Armusia, the delight of all, the minion,
His love of you, doting upon your beauty,
The admiration of your excellence.
Make me but servant to the poorest smile,
Or the least grace you have bestow'd on others,
And see how suddenly I'll work your safety,
And set your thoughts at peace! I am no flatterer,
To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
To lie a-bed, and swear men into fevers,
Like some of your trim suitors; when I promise,
The light is not more constant to the world
Than I am to my word.—She turns, for millions!
[*Aside.*
Quisar. I have not seen a braver confirm'd courage.
Pin. For a ton of crowns she turns! she is a woman;
And, much I fear, a worse than I expected.—
You are the object, lady, you are the eye
In which all excellence appears, all wonder,
From which all hearts take fire, all hands their valour;
And when he stands disputing, when you bid him,
Or but thinks of his estate, father, mother,
Friends, wife, and children, he's a fool, and I scorn him;
An't be but to make clean his sword, a coward.
Men have forgot their fealty to beauty!
Had I the place in your affections,
My most unworthy uncle is fit to fall from,
Lived in those blessed eyes, and read the stories
Of everlasting pleasure figured there,
I would find out your commands before you thought 'em,
And bring 'em to you done, ere you dreamt of 'em.
Quisar. I admire his boldness!
Pin. This, or anything;
Your brother's death, mine uncle's, any man's,
No state that stands secure, if you frown on it.
Look on my youth, (I bring no blastings to you)
The first flower of my strength, my faith.
Quisar. No more, sir!
I am too willing to believe: rest satisfied,
If you dare do for me, I shall be thankful.
You are a handsome gentleman, a fair one;
My servant, if you please: I seal it thus, sir.
[*Kisses him.*
No more, till you deserve more. [*Exit.*
Pin. I am rewarded.—
This woman's cunning, but she's bloody too;
Although she pulls her talons in, she's mischievous;
Form'd like the face of Heaven, clear, and transparent.
I must pretend still, bear 'em both in hopes,
For fear some bloody slave thrust in indeed,
Fashion'd and flesh'd to what they wish. Well, uncle,
What will become of this, and what dishonour
Follow this fatal shaft, if shot, let Time tell!
I can but only fear, and strive to cross it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another in the same*

Enter ARMUSIA, EMANUEL, *and* SOZA.

Eman. Why are you thus sad? What can grieve or vex you,
That have the pleasures of the world, the profits,
The honour and the loves at your disposes?
Why should a man that wants nothing want his quiet?
Arm. I want what beggars are above me in, content:
I want the grace I have merited, the favour,
The due respect.
Soza. Does not the king allow it?
Arm. Yes, and all honours else, all I can ask,
That he has power to give; but from his sister,
The scornful cruelty, (forgive me, Beauty,
That I transgress) from her that should look on me,
That should a little smile upon my service,
And foster my deserts for her own faith's sake;
That should at least acknowledge me, speak to me—
Soza. And you go whining up and down for this, sir?
Lamenting and disputing of your grievances?
Sighing and sobbing, like a sullen school-boy,
And cursing good-wife Fortune for this favour?
Arm. What would you have me do?
Soza. Do what you should do,
What a man would do in this case, a wise man,
An understanding man that knows a woman,
Knows her and all her tricks, her scorns, and all her trifles:
Go to her, and take her in your arms, and shake her:
Take her and toss her like a bar! [sir.
Eman. But be sure you pitch her upon a feather-bed,
Shake her between a pair of sheets, sir; there shake
These sullen fits out of her, spare her not there!
There you may break her will, and bruise no bone,
Soza. Go to her—— [sir.
Eman. That's the way.
Soza. And tell her, and boldly,
And do not mince the matter, nor mock yourself,

With being too indulgent to her pride;
Let her hear roundly from you, what you are,
And what you have deserved, and what she must be.
Eman. And be not put off, like a common fel-
With 'The princess would be private;' [low,
Or, that she has taken physic, and admits none:
I would talk to her any where.
Arm. It makes me smile!
Eman. Now you look handsomely:
Had I a wench to win, I would so flutter her!
They love a man that crushes 'em to verjuice;
A woman held at hard meat is your spaniel.
Soza. Pray take our counsel, sir.
Arm. I shall do something;
But not your way; it shews too boisterous;
For my affections are as fair and gentle
As her they serve.

Enter KING.

Soza. The king!
King. Why, how now, friend?
Why do you rob me of the company
I love so dearly, sir? I have been seeking you;
For when I want you, I want all my pleasure.
Why sad, thus sad still, man? I will not have it;
I must not see the face I love thus shadow'd.
Eman. An't please your grace, methinks it ill becomes him;
A soldier should be jovial, high and lusty.
King. He shall be so: Come, come, I know your reason;
It shall be none to cross you; you shall have her:
Take my word, ('tis a king's word) you shall have her,
She shall be yours or nothing. Pray be merry!
Arm. Your grace has given me cause: I shall
And ever your poor servant. [be, sir,
King. Me myself, sir,
My better self.—I shall find time and suddenly,
To gratify your loves too, gentlemen,
And make you know how much I stand bound to you.
Nay, 'tis not worth your thanks; no further com-
Will you go with me, friend? [pliment!—
Arm. I beseech your grace,
Spare me an hour or two, I shall wait on you,
Some little private business with myself, sir,
For such a time.
King. I'll hinder no devotion,
For I know you are regular.—I'll take you, gentlemen,
Because he shall have nothing to disturb him.—
I shall look for you, friend. [*Exeunt all but* ARMUSIA.

Enter PANURA.

Arm. I dare not fail, sir.—
What shall I do to make her know my misery?
To make her sensible?—This is her woman;
I have a toy come to me suddenly;
It may work for the best; she can but scorn me,
And lower than I am I cannot tumble;
I'll try, whate'er my fate be.—Good even, fair one!
Pan. 'Tis the brave stranger.—A good night to you, sir!—
Now, by my lady's hand, a goodly gentleman!
How happy shall she be in such a husband!
'Would I were so provided too!
Arm. Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you company for an hour or two!
I want employment for this evening:
I am an honest man.
Pan. I dare believe you
Or, if you were not, sir, that's no great matter;
We take men's promises. Would you stay with me, sir?
Arm. So it please you; pray let's be better acquainted;
I know you are the princess' gentlewoman,
And wait upon her near——
Pan. 'Tis like I do so.
Arm. And may befriend a man, do him fair
If he have business your way—— [courtesies,
Pan. I understand you.
Arm. So kind an office, that you may bind a gentleman,
Hereafter to be yours, and your way too;
And you may bless the hour you did this benefit:
Sweet handsome faces should have courteous minds,
And ready faculties.
Pan. Tell me your business;
Yet if, I think, it be to her, yourself, sir,
(For I know what you are, and what we hold you,
And in what grace you stand) without a second,
(For that but darkens you) would do it better:
The princess must be pleased with your accesses;
I'm sure I should.
Arm. I want a courtier's boldness,
And am yet but stranger: I would fain speak with her.
Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her hour of sleep, sir.
Arm. Pray you wear this, and believe my meaning civil, [*Gives her a jewel.*
My business of that fair respect and carriage.
This for our more acquaintance! [*Kisses her*
Pan. How close he kisses! and how sensible
The passings of his lips are! I must do it,
An I were to be hang'd now, and I will do it:
He may do as much for me; that's all I aim at:
And come what will on't, life or death, I'll do it,
For ten such kisses more, an 'twere high-treason.
Arm. I would be private with her.
Pan. So you shall;
'Tis not worth thanks else. You must dispatch
Arm. Suddenly. [quick.
Pan. And I must leave you in my chamber, sir,
Where you must lock yourself that none may see you:
'Tis close to hers. You cannot miss the entrance,
When she comes down to bed.
Arm. I understand you,
And once more thank you, lady.
Pan. Thank me but thus.
Arm. If I fail thee——
Pan. Come close then! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Bed-chamber in the same.*

Enter QUISARA *and* QUISANA.

Quisar. 'Tis late! good aunt, to bed! I am e'en
My woman will not be long away. [unready;
Quisan. I would have you
A little merrier first: Let me sit by you,
And read or discourse something that you fancy;
Or take my instrument.
Quisar. No, no, I thank you;
I shall sleep without these. I wrong your age, aunt,

To make you wait thus; pray let me intreat you!
To-morrow I will see you; I know you are sleepy,
And rest will be a welcome guest: You shall not,
Indeed you shall not stay. Oh, here's my woman!

Enter PANURA.

Good night, good night! and good rest, aunt, attend you!

Quisan. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, and fair dreams court you! [*Exit.*

Quisar. Come, where have you been, wench? I slept but ill last night. [Make me unready;

Pan. You'll sleep the better
I hope to-night, madam.

Quisar. A little rest contents me;
Thou lovest thy bed, Panura.

Pan. I am not in love, lady,
Nor seldom dream of devils; I sleep soundly.

Quisar. I'll swear thou dost; thy husband would
If thou wert married, wench. [not take't so well,

Pan. Let him take, madam,
The way to waken me! I am no dormouse:
Husbands have larum-bells, if they but ring once.

Quisar. Thou art a merry wench.

Pan. I shall live the longer.

Quisar. Pr'ythee fetch my book!

Pan. I am glad of that. [*Aside.*

Quisar. I'll read a while before I sleep.

Pan. I will, madam.

Quisar. And if Ruy Dias meet you, and be importunate,
He may come in. [

Pan. I have a better fare for you.— [*Aside.*
Now least in sight play I. [*Exit.*

Enter ARMUSIA *softly, and locks the door.*

Quisar. Why should I love him?
Why should I dote upon a man deserves not,
Nor has no will to work it?—Who's there, wench?
What are you? or whence come you?

Arm. You may know me:
I bring not such amazement, noble lady.

Quisar. Who let you in?

Arm. My restless love, that serves you.

Quisar. This is an impudence I have not heard of,
A rudeness that becomes a thief or ruffian;
Nor shall my brother's love protect this boldness,
You build so strongly on: My rooms are sanctuaries,
And with that reverence, they that seek my favours,
And humble fears, shall render their approaches.

Arm. Mine are no less.

Quisar. I am mistress of myself, sir,
And will be so: I will not be thus visited,
These fears and dangers thrust into my privacy.
Stand further off! I'll cry out else.

Arm. Oh, dear lady!

Quisar. I see dishonour in your eyes.

Arm. There is none:
By all that beauty, they are innocent!
Pray you tremble not! you have no cause.

Quisar. I'll die first,
Before you have your will, be torn in pieces.
The little strength I have left me to resist you,
The gods will give me more, before I am forced
To that I hate, or suffer——

Arm. You wrong my duty.

Quisar. So base a violation of my liberty!
I know you are bent unnobly; I'll take to me
The spirit of a man, borrow his boldness,
And force my woman's fears into a madness,
And ere you arrive at what you aim at——

Arm. Lady, [*Kneels.*
If there be in you any woman's pity,
And if your fears have not proclaim'd me monstrous,
Look on me and believe me! Is this violence?
Is it, to fall thus prostrate to your beauty,
A ruffian's boldness? is humility a rudeness?
The griefs and sorrows that grow here, an impudence?
These forcings, and these fears I bring along with
These impudent abuses offer'd you? [me,
And thus high has your brother's favour blown me.
Alas, dear lady of my life, I came not
With any purpose rough or desperate,
With any thought that was not smooth and gentle
As your fair hand, with any doubt or danger;
Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet!
A heavy curse light on it, when I intend it!

Quisar. Now I dare hear you.

Arm. If I had been mischievous,
As then I must be mad, or were a monster,
If any such base thought had harbour'd here,
Or violence that became not man,
You have a thousand bulwarks to assure you.
The holy powers bear shields to defend chastity;
Your honour and your virtues are such armours,
Your clear thoughts such defences. If you misdoubt still, [*Offers his sword.*
And yet retain a fear I am not honest,
Come with impure thoughts to this place,
Take this, and sheathe it here; be your own safety;
Be wise, and rid your fears, and let me perish!
How willing shall I sleep to satisfy you!

Quisar. No, I believe now, you speak worthily:
What came you then for?

Arm. To complain me, beauty;
But modestly.

Quisar. Of what?

Arm. Of your fierce cruelty;
(For though I die, I will not blame the doer)
Humbly to tell your grace you had forgot me;
A little to have touch'd at, not accused,
(For that I dare not do) your scorns: Pray pardon
And be not angry that I use the liberty [me,
To urge that word! A little to have shew'd you
What I have been, and what done to deserve you;
If any thing that love commands may reach you,
To have remember'd you, (but I'm unworthy,
And to that misery falls all my fortunes)
To have told you, and by my life you may believe
That I am honest, and will only marry [me,
You or your memory: Pray be not angry!

Quisar. I thank you, sir; and let me tell you seriously,
You have taken now the right way to befriend you,
And to beget a fair and clear opinion.
Yet, to try your obedience——

Arm. I stand ready, lady,
Without presuming to ask any thing.

Quisar. Or at this time to hope for further favour;
Or to remember services or smiles; [
Dangers you have past through, and rewards due to 'em;
Loves or despairs; but, leaving all to me, [
Quit this place presently.

Arm. I shall obey you.

Enter RUY DIAS.

Ruy. Ha!

Arm. Who's this? What art thou?

Ruy. A gentleman.

Arm. Thou art no more, I am sure.—Oh, 'tis
How high he looks, and harsh! [Ruy Dias

Ruy. Is there not door enough,
You take such elbow-room?
Arm. If I take it, I'll carry it.
Ruy. Does this become you, princess?
Arm. The captain's jealous,
Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet.
Go freely, go! I'll give thee leave.
Ruy. Your leave, sir?
Arm. Yes, my leave, sir. I'll not be troubled neither,
Nor shall my heart ache, or my head be jealous,
Nor strange suspicious thoughts reign in my memory;
Go on, and do thy worst, I'll smile at thee.—
I kiss your fair hand first; then, farewell, captain! [*Exit.*
Quisar. What a pure soul inherits here! what innocence!
Sure I was blind when I first loved this fellow,
And long to live in that fog still: How he blusters!
Ruy. Am I your property? or those your flatteries
The banquets that you bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on?
Quisar. Be more temperate!
Ruy. Are these the shows of your respect and favour?
What did he here, what language had he with you?
Did you invite him? could you stay no longer?
Is he so gracious in your eye?
Quisar. You are too forward.
Ruy. Why at these private hours?
Quisar. You are too saucy,
Too impudent, to task me with those errors,
Do you know what I am, sir? and my prerogative?
Though you be a thing I have call'd by th' name of friend,
I never taught you to dispose my liberty:
How durst you touch mine honour? blot my meanings?
And name an action, and of mine, but noble?
Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I graced thee!
How have I nourished thee and raised thee hourly!
Are these the gratitudes you bring, Ruy Dias?
The thanks? the services? I am fairly paid!
Was't not enough I saw thou wert a coward,
And shadowed thee? no noble sparkle in thee?
Daily provoked thee, and still found thee coward?
Raised noble causes for thee, strangers started at;
Yet still, still, still a coward, ever coward!
And, with those taints, dost thou upbraid my virtues?
Ruy. I was to blame, lady.
Quisar. So blindly bold
To touch at my behaviour? Durst thou but look
Amiss at my allowance?—If thou hadst
Been a brave fellow, thou hadst had some licence,
Some liberty; I might have then allow'd thee,
For thy good face, some scope to have argued with me;
But being nothing but a sound, a shape,
The mere sign of a soldier, of a lover
The dregs and draffy part, disgrace and jealousy,
I scorn thee, and contemn thee!
Ruy. Dearest lady,
If I have been too free——
Quisar. Thou hast been too foolish;
And go on still; I'll study to forget thee.
I would I could! and yet I pity thee. [*Exit.*
Ruy. I am not worth it; if I were, that's misery!
The next door is but death; I must aim at it. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another Apartment in the Royal Castle.*

Enter KING, *and* Governor *disguised like a Moorish Priest.*

King. So far and truly you have discover'd to me
The former currents of my life and fortune,
That I am bound to acknowledge you most holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions
Of what are yet to come.
Gov. I am no liar.—
'Tis strange I should, and live so near a neighbour:
But these are not my ends.
King. Pray you sit, good father!—
Certain a reverend man, and most religious.
Gov. Ay, that belief's well now; and let me work then, [*Aside.*
I'll make you curse religion ere I leave you.—
I have lived a long time, son, a mew'd-up man,
Sequester'd by the special hand of Heaven
From the world's vanities, bid farewell to follies,
And shook hands with all heats of youth and pleasures.
As in a dream, these twenty years I have slumbered;
Many a cold moon have I, in meditation
And searching out the hidden wills of Heaven,
Lain shaking under; many a burning sun
Has seared my body, and boiled up my blood,
Feebled my knees, and stamp'd a meagreness
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge;
Which I have now attained to, thanks to Heaven,
All for my country's good too: And many a vision,
Many a mystic vision have I seen, son,
And many a sight from Heaven, which has been terrible,
Wherein the goods and evils of these islands
Were lively shadowed; many a charge I have had too,
Still as the time grew ripe to reveal these,
To travel and discover; Now I am come, son,
The hour is now appointed, my tongue is touch'd,
And now I speak.
King. Do, holy man! I'll hear you.
Gov. Beware these Portugals, I say beware 'em!
These smooth-faced strangers, have an eye upon 'em!
The cause is now the gods'! hear, and believe, king!
King. I do hear; but, before I give rash credit,
Or hang too light on belief, which is a sin, father,
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular bound to 'em,
I mean to some, for my most strange deliverance.
Gov. Oh, son, the future aims of men, observe me
Above their present actions, and their glory,
Are to be look'd at: The stars shew many turnings,
If you could see, mark but, with my eyes, pupil
These men came hither, as my vision tells me

weather-beaten, almost lost, starved, feebled,
vessels like themselves, most miserable;
a long suit for traffic, and for comfort,
nt their children's toys, cure their diseases:
had their suit, they landed, and to th' rate
rich and powerful, suck'd the fat and freedom
is most blessed isle, taught her to tremble,
ss the castle here, the citadel,
have clapt upon the neck of your Tidore,
happy town, till that she knew these strangers)
eck her when she's jolly.
ng. They have so indeed, father.
v. Take heed, take heed! I find your fair delivery,
igh you be pleased to glorify that fortune,
hink these strangers gods, take heed, I say!)
it but a handsome preparation,
-faced prologue to a further mischief:
but the end, good king, the pin he shoots at!
was the man deliver'd you, the mirror:
sister is his due: What's she? your heir, sir.
what is he a-kin then to the kingdom?
eirs are not ambitious; who then suffers?
reverence shall the gods have? and what justice
iserable people? what shall they do?
ng. He points at truth directly.
v. Think of these, son!
erson nor the manner, I mislike not
ur preserver, nor the whole man together,
he but season'd in the faith we are,
r devotions learn'd.
ng. You say right, father.
v. To change our worships now, and our religion!
traitor to our gods!
ng. You have well advised me,
I will seriously consider, father.
mean time, you shall have your fair access
my sister, advise her to your purpose,
et me still know how the gods determine.
v. I will.—But my main end is to advise [*Aside.*
estruction of you all, a general ruin;
hen I am revenged, let the gods whistle! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

Enter Ruy Dias *and* Piniero.

y. Indeed, I am right glad you were not greedy,
udden in performing what I will'd you,
the person of Armusia;
afraid, for I well knew your valour,
ove to me——
s. 'Twas not a fair thing, uncle;
w'd not handsome, carried no man in it.
y. I must confess 'twas ill, and I abhor it;
this good has risen from this evil,
tried your honesty, and find [it] proof,
stancy that will not be corrupted,
much honour it.
s. This bell sounds better.
y. My anger now, and that disgrace I have suffer'd,
be more manly vented, and wiped off,
ny sick honour cured the right and straight way:
My sword's in my hand now, nephew, my cause
And man to man, one valour to another, [upon it,
My hope to his——
Pin. Why, this is like Ruy Dias!
This carries something of some substance in it,
Some mettle and some man; this sounds a gentleman;
And now methinks you utter what becomes you
To kill men scurvily, 'tis such a dog-trick,
Such a rat-catcher's occupation——
Ruy. It is no better.
But, Piniero, now——
Pin. Now you do bravely.
Ruy. The difference of our states flung by, forgotten,
The full opinion I have won in service,
And such respects that may not shew us equal,
Laid handsomely aside, only our fortunes,
And single manhoods——
Pin. In a service, sir,
Of this most noble nature, all I am,
If I had ten lives more, those and my fortunes
Are ready for you. I had thought you had
Forsworn fighting, or banish'd those brave thoughts
Were wont to wait upon you; I am glad
To see 'em call'd home again.
Ruy. They are, nephew,
And thou shalt see what fire they carry in them:
Here: you guess what this means? [*Shews a challenge.*
Pin. Yes, very well, sir. A portion of scripture
That puzzles many an interpreter.
Ruy. As soon as you can find him——
Pin. That will not be long, uncle;
And, o' my conscience, he'll be ready as quickly.
Ruy. I make no doubt, good nephew. Carry it so,
If you can possible, that we may fight——
Pin. Nay, you shall fight, assure yourself.
Ruy. Pray you hear me!—
In some such place where it may be possible
The princess may behold us.
Pin. I conceive you:
Upon the sand behind the castle, sir;
A place remote enough, and there be windows
Out of her lodgings too, or I'm mistaken.
Ruy. You are i' th' right; if you can work that handsomely——
Pin. Let me alone! and pray be you prepared
Some three hours hence.
Ruy. I will not fail.
Pin. Get you home;
And if you have any things to dispose of,
Or a few light prayers
That may befriend you, run 'em over quickly!
I warrant, I'll bring him on.
Ruy. Farewell, nephew!
And when we meet again—— [*Exit*
Pin. Ay, ay, fight handsomely:
Take a good draught or two of wine to settle you;
'Tis an excellent armour for an ill conscience, uncle.—
I am glad to see this man's conversion;
I was afraid fair honour had been bed-rid,
Or beaten out o' th' island, soldiers, and good ones,
Intended such base courses. He will fight now,
And, I believe too, bravely; I have seen him
Curry a fellow's carcase handsomely;
And i' th' head of a troop, stand as if he had been rooted there.

Dealing large doles of death.—What a rascal was I,
I did not see his will drawn!

Enter QUISARA.

What does she here?
If there be any mischief towards, a woman makes
Now what new business is for me? [one still :—
Quisar. I was sending for you,
But since we are met so fair, you have saved that
I must entreat you, sir—— [labour.
Pin. Any thing, madam;
Your wills are my commands.
Quisar. You are nobly courteous.
Upon my better thoughts, Signor Piniero,
And my more peaceable considerations,
(Which now I find the richer ornaments)
I would desire you to attempt no farther
Against the person of the noble stranger,
(In truth, I am ashamed of my share in it)
Nor be incited further by your uncle:
I see it will sit ill upon your person.
I have consider'd, and it will shew ugly,
Carried at best, a most unheard-of cruelty:
Good sir, desist!
Pin. You speak now like a woman,
And wond'rous well this tenderness becomes you:
But this you must remember, your command
Was laid on with a kiss; and seriously
It must be taken off the same way, madam,
Or I stand bound still.
Quisar. That shall not endanger you:
[*Kisses him.*
Look you, fair sir, thus I take off that duty.
Pin. By th' mass, 'twas soft and sweet! Some bloods would bound now,
And run a-tilt. Do not you think, bright beauty,
You have done me, in this kiss, a mighty favour,
And that I stand bound, by virtue of this honour,
To do whatever you command me?
Quisar. I think, sir,
From me these are unusual courtesies,
And ought to be respected so: There are some,
And men of no mean rank, would hold themselves
Not poorly bless'd to taste of such a bounty.
Pin. I know there are, that would do many unjust things
For such a kiss, (and yet I hold this modest)
All villainies, body and soul dispense with;
For such a provocation, kill their kindred,
Demolish the fair credits of their parents;
Those kisses I am not acquainted with: most certain, madam,
Th' appurtenance of this kiss would not provoke
To do a mischief; 'tis the devil's own dance [me
To be kiss'd into cruelty.
Quisar. I am glad you make that use, sir.
Pin. I am gladder
That you made me believe you were cruel;
For, by this hand, I know I am so honest,
However I deceived you, ('twas high time too;
Some common slave might have been set upon it
That willingly I would not kill a dog [else)
That could but fetch and carry, for a woman;
She must be a good woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find: To kill a man?
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that play'd the best game at it,
* * * * * *
And, 'fore a woman's anger, prefer her fancy.
Quisar. I take it in you well.
Pin. I thank you, lady;
And I shall study to confirm it.
Quisar. Do, sir:
For this time, and this present cause, I allow it.
[*Exit* PINIERO.

Enter Governor, *disguised as before*, QUISANA, *and* PANURA.

Most holy sir!
Gov. Bless you, my royal daughter!
And, in you, bless this island, Heaven!
Quisar. Good aunt,
What think you of this man?
Quisan. Sure he's a wise man,
And a religious: He tells us things have happen'd
So many years ago, almost forgotten,
As readily as if they were done this hour.
Quisar. Does he not meet with your sharp [tongue?
Pan. He tells me, madam,
Marriage and mouldy cheese will make me tamer.
Gov. A stubborn keeper, and worse fare,
An open stable, and cold care,
Will tame a jade, may be your share.
Pan. By'r lady, a sharp prophet! When this proves good,
I'll bequeath you a skin to make you a hood.
Gov. Lady, I would talk with you.
Quisar. Do, reverend sir!
Gov. And for your good, for that that must con-
And give ear wisely to me! [cern you;
Quisar. I shall, father.
Gov. You are a princess of that excellence,
Sweetness, and grace, that angel-like fair feature,
(Nay, do not blush, I do not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this) I am amazed, lady,
And as I think the gods bestow'd these on you,
The gods that love you—
Quisar. I confess their bounty.
Gov. Apply it then to their use, to their honour,
To them, and to their service give this sweetness!
They have an instant great use of your goodness;
You are a saint esteem'd here for your beauty,
And many a longing heart—
Quisar. I seek no fealty;
Nor will I blemish that Heaven has seal'd on me
I know my worth. Indeed the Portugals
I have at those commands, and their last services,
Nay even their lives, so much I think my hand-
That what I shall enjoin— [someness,
Gov. Use it discreetly!
(For I perceive you understand me rightly)
For here the gods regard your help, and suddenly:
The Portugals, like sharp thorns (mark me, lady)
Stick in our sides; like razors, wound religion:
Draw deep, they wound, till the life-blood follows;
Our gods they spurn at, and their worships scorn,
A mighty hand they bear upon our government:
These are the men your miracle must work on,
Your heavenly form, either to root them out,
(Which, as you may endeavour, will be easy;—
Remember whose great cause you have to execute!)
To nip their memory, that may not spring more,
Or fairly bring 'em home to our devotions;
Which will be blessed, and for which you sainted,—
But cannot be; an they go, let me bustle! [*Aside.*
Quisar. Go up with me,
Where we'll converse more privately:
I'll shew you shortly how I hold their temper
And in what chain their souls.
Gov. Keep fast that hold still!
And either bring that chain, and those bound in it,

And link it to our gods and their fair worships,
Or, daughter, pinch their hearts a-pieces with it.
I'll wait upon your grace.
Quisar. Come, reverend father!—
Wait you below.
[*Exeunt* Quisara *and* Governor.
Pan. If this prophet were a young thing,
I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close to her;
These holy coats are long, and hide iniquities,
Quisan. Away, away, fool! a poor wretch!
Pan. These poor ones,
Warm but their stomachs once—
Quisan. Come in; thou art foolish. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Sea-beach behind the Royal Castle.*

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, *and* Piniero.

Arm. I am sorry, sir, my fortune is so stubborn,
To court my sword against my countryman:
I love my nation well; and where I find
A Portugal of noble name and virtue,
I am his humble servant. Signor Piniero,
Your person, nor your uncle's, am I angry with;
You are both fair gentlemen in my opinion,
And, I protest, I had rather use my sword
In your defences than against your safeties:
'Tis, methinks, a strange dearth of enemies,
When we seek foes among ourselves.
Eman. You are injured,
And you must make the best on't now, and readiest—
Arm. You see I am ready in the place, and armed
To his desire that called me.
Pin. You speak honestly,
And I could wish you had met on terms more friendly;
But it cannot now be so.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Eman. Turn, sir, and see!
Pin. I have kept my word with you, uncle:
The gentleman is ready.

Governor *and* Quisara *appear at a Window.*

Arm. You are welcome.
Ruy. Bid those fools welcome that affect your courtesy!
I come not to use compliment. You have wrong'd me;
And you shall feel, proud man, ere I part from you,
Th' effects of that: If Fortune do not fool me,
Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeem thee.
Arm. That's a proud word; more than your faith can justify.—
Quisar. Sure they will fight!
Ruy. She is there; I am happy.
Gov. Let 'em alone! let 'em kill one another!—
These are the main posts; if they fall, the buildings [*Aside.*
Will tumble quickly.
Quisar. How temperate Armusia!
Gov. No more; be quiet yet.
Arm. I am not bloody,
Nor do not feel such mortal malice in me;
But since we cannot both enjoy the princess,
I am resolved to fight.
Ruy. Fight home, Armusia!
For, if thou faint'st or fall'st—
Arm. Do you make all vantages!
Ruy. All ways, unto thy life; I will not spare thee,
Nor look not for thy mercy.
Arm. I am arm'd then.
Ruy. Stand still, I charge you, nephew, as you honour me!
Arm. And, good Emanuel, stir not.
Pin. Ye speak fitly;
For we had not stood idle else.—
Gov. I am sorry for't.
Eman. But since you will have it so—
Ruy. Come, sir!
Arm. I wait you. [*They fight.*
Pin. Ay, marry, this looks handsomely!
This is warm work!
Gov. Both fall, an't be thy will! [Ruy Dias *falls.*
Pin. My uncle dead! [*Draws,*
Eman. Stand still, or my sword's in—
Arm. Now, brave Ruy Dias,
Now where's your confidence? Your prayers,
Your own spite has condemn'd you.
Quisar. Hold, Armusia!
Arm. Most happy lady!
Quisar. Hold, and let him rise;
Spare him for me!
Arm. A long life may he enjoy, lady!
Gov. What ha' you done? 'Tis better they had all perish'd.
Quisar. Peace, father! I work for the best.—
Be in the garden an hour hence. [Armusia,
[*Exeunt* Quisara *and* Governor *from the window.*
Arm. I shall, madam.
Pin. Now, as I live, a gentleman at all inches!
So brave a mingled temper saw I never.
Arm. Why are you sad, sir? How would this have grieved you,
If you had fall'n under a profess'd enemy?
Under one had taken vantage of your shame too?
Pray you be at peace! I am so far from wronging you,
Or glorying in the pride of such a victory,
That I desire to serve you: pray look chearfully!
Pin. Do you hear this, sir? This love, sir? Do you see this gentleman,
How he courts you? Why do you hold your head down?
'Tis no high treason, I take it, to be equall'd;
To have a slip i' th' field, no sin that's mortal:
Come, come; thank Fortune and your friend!
Arm. It may be
You think my tongue may prove your enemy,
And though restrain'd, sometimes, out of a bravery,
May take a license to disable you:
Believe me, sir, so much I hate that liberty,
That in a stranger's tongue 'twill prove an injury;
And I shall right you in't.
Pin. Can you have more, uncle?
Ruy. Sir, you have beat me both ways; yet so nobly,
That I shall ever love the hand that did it:
Fortune may make me worthy of some title
That may be near your friend.
Arm. Sir, I must leave you,
But with so hearty love—And pray be confident,
I carry nothing from this place shall wrong you.
[*Exeunt* Armusia *and* Emanuel.
Pin. Come, come; you are right again, sir
Love your honour,
And love your friend; take heed of bloody purposes,
And unjust ends! good Heaven is angry with 'em.

Make your fair virtues and your fame your mis-
And let these trinkets go! [tress,
Ruy. You teach well, nephew:
Now to be honourable even with this gentleman,
Shall be my business, and my ends his. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Royal Castle.*

Enter Governor *and* King.

Gov. Sir, sir! You must do something suddenly,
To stop his pride, so great and high he is shot up;
Upon his person too, your state is sunk else:
You must not stand now upon terms of gratitude,
And let a simple tenderness besot you.
I'll bring you suddenly where you shall see him,
Attempting your brave sister privately;
Mark but his high behaviour then.
King. I will, father.
Gov. And with scorn; I fear, contempt too.
King. I hope not.
Gov. I will not name a lust; it may be that also.
A little force must be applied upon him,
Now, now applied, a little force to humble him:
These sweet entreaties do but make him wanton.
King. Take heed you wrong him not!
Gov. Take heed to your safety!
I but forewarn you, king; if you mistrust me,
Or think I come unsent——
King. No, I'll go with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Garden before the same.*

Enter Armusia *and* Quisara.

Arm. Madam, you see there's nothing I can
Either in my obedience, or my service, [reach at,
That may deserve your love, or win a liking,
But a poor thought, but I pursue it seriously,
Take pleasure in your wills, even in your anger,
Which other men would grudge at, and grow
I study new humility to please you, [stormy:
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions;
Because they come from you, I love my sorrows.
Pray, madam, but consider——
Quisar. Yes, I do, sir;
And to that honest end I drew you hither.
I know you have deserved as much as man can,
And know it is a justice to requite you:
I know you love.
Arm. If ever love was mortal,
And dwelt in man: And for that love command
(So strong I find it, and so true, here, lady) [me,
Something of such a greatness too, allow me,
Those things I have done already may seem foils to:
'Tis equity, that man aspires to Heaven
Should win it by his worth, and not sleep to it.

Enter Governor *and* King *apart.*

Gov. Now stand close, king, and hear; and, as you find him,
Believe me right, or let religion suffer!
Quisar. I dare believe your worth, without additions;
But since you are so liberal of your love, sir,
And would be farther tried, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you would not win me
At such an easy rate——
Arm. I am prepared still,
And if I shrink——
Quisar. I know you are no coward:
This is the utmost trial of your constancy
And if you stand fast now, I am yours, your wife, sir.
You hold there's nothing dear, that may atchieve
Doubted, or dangerous. [me
Arm. There's nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may straight fly to it!
Quisar. I'll tell you then: Change your religion,
And be of one belief with me!
Arm. How!
Quisar. Mark!
Worship our gods, renounce that faith you are
('Tis easily done; I'll teach you suddenly) [bred in,
And humbly on your knees——
Arm. Ha! I'll be hanged first.
Quisar. Offer as we do.
Arm. To the devil, lady?
Offer to him I hate? I know the devil!
To dogs and cats? you make offer to them;
To every bird that flies, and every worm!—
How terribly I shake!—Is this the venture,
The trial that you talk'd of?—Where have I been,
And how forgot myself, how lost my memory?
When did I pray, or look up steadfastly,
Had any goodness in my heart to guide me,
That I should give this vantage to mine enemy,
The enemy to my peace? Forsake my faith!
Quisar. Come, come, I know you love me.
Arm. Love you this way?
This most destroying way? Sure you but jest, lady.
Quisar. My love and life are one way.
Arm. Love alone then!
And mine another way: I'll love diseases first,
Dote on a villain that would cut my throat,
Woo all afflictions of all sorts, kiss Cruelty.
Have mercy, Heaven! How have I been wand'ring,
Wand'ring the way of lust, and left my Maker!
How have I slept like cork upon a water,
And had no feeling of the storm that toss'd me!
Trod the blind paths of Death, forsook assurance,
Eternity of blessedness, for a woman!
For a young handsome face, hazard my being?
Quisar. Are not our powers eternal, so their comforts?
As great and full of hopes as yours?
Arm. They are puppets——
Gov. Now mark him, sir, and but observe him nearly!
Arm. Their comforts like themselves, cold, senseless outsides;
You make 'em sick, as we are, peevish, mad,
Subject to age: And how can they cure us,
That are not able to refine themselves?
Quisar. The sun and moon we worship, (those are heavenly)
And their bright influences we believe.
Arm. Away, fool!
I adore the Maker of that sun and moon,
That gives those bodies light and influence,
That pointed out their paths, and taught their motions;
They are not so great as we, they are our servants,
Placed there to teach us time, to give us knowledge
Of when, and how, the swellings of the main are,
And their returns again; they are but our stewards
To make the earth fat, with their influence,
That she may bring forth her increase, and feed us.
Shall I fall from this faith to please a woman?
For her embraces bring my soul to ruin?

I look'd you should have said, "Make me a Christian!
Work that great cure;" for 'tis a great one, woman;
That labour truly to perform, that venture,
The crown of all great trial, and the fairest;
I look'd you should have wept and kneel'd to beg it,
Washed off your mist of ignorance, with waters
Pure and repentant, from those eyes; I looked
You should have brought me your chief god ye worship,
He that you offer human blood and life to,
And made a sacrifice of him to Memory,
Beat down his altars, ruined his false temples.
Gov. Now you may see!
Quisar. Take heed; you go too far, sir.—
And yet I love to hear him: I must have you, [*Aside.*
And to that end I let you storm a little.—
I know there must be some strife in your bosom
To cool and quiet you, ere you can come back;
I know old friends cannot part suddenly;
There will be some let still: Yet I must have you,
Have you of my faith too, and so enjoy you.
Arm. Now I contemn you! and I hate myself
For looking on that face lasciviously!
And it looks ugly now methinks.
Quisar. How, Portugal?
Arm. It looks like Death itself, to which 'twould lead me:
Your eyes resemble pale Despair, (they fright me!)
And in their rounds a thousand horrid ruins
Methinks I see; and in your tongue hear fearfully
The hideous murmurs of weak souls have suffer'd.
Get from me! I despise you. And know, woman,
That for all this trap you have laid to catch my life in,
To catch my immortal soul, I hate and curse you,
Contemn your deities, spurn at their powers,
And where I meet your maumet gods, I'll swing 'em
Thus o'er my head, and kick 'em into puddles;
Nay, I will out of vengeance search your temples,
And, with those hearts that serve my god, demolish
Your shambles of wild worships.
Gov. Now, now you hear, sir!
Arm. I will have my faith, since you are so crafty,
The glorious Cross, although I love your brother;
Let him frown too, I will have my devotion,
And let your whole state storm!
King. Enter, and take him!—
[*They come forward with guards, who seize* ARMUSIA.
I am sorry, friend, that I am forced to do this.
Gov. Be sure ye bind him fast.
Quisar. But use him nobly.
King. Had it to me been done, I had forgiven it,
And still preserved you fair; but to our gods, sir—
Quisar. Methinks I hate 'em now.
King. To our religion,
To these to be thus stubborn, thus rebellious,
To threaten them——
Arm. Use all your violence:
I ask no mercy, nor repent my words;
I spit at your best powers; I serve one
Will give me strength to scourge your gods——
Gov. Away with him!
Arm. To grind 'em into base dust, and disperse
That never more their bloody memories —— ['em,
Gov. Clap him close up!
King. Good friend, be cooler!
Arm. Never;
Your painted sister I despise too——
King. Softly!
Arm. And all her devilish arts I laugh and scorn
Mock her blind purposes. [at,
King. You must be temperate.—
Offer him no violence, I command you strictly.
Gov. Now thou art up, I shall have time to speak too. [*Aside.*
Quisar. Oh, how I love this man, how truly honour him! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Fort of the Portuguese.*

Enter CHRISTOPHERO *and* PEDRO *at one door*, EMANUEL *and* SOZA *at another.*

Chris. Do you know the news, gentlemen?
Eman. 'Would we knew as well, sir,
How to prevent it!
Soza. Is this the love they bear us,
For our late benefit? Taken so maliciously,
And clapped up close? is that the thanks they render?
Chris. It must not be put up thus, smothered slightly;
'Tis such a base unnatural wrong——
Pedro. I know,
They may think to do wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance out o' th' islands;
But if we be ourselves, honest and resolute,
And continue but masters of our ancient courages,
Stick close, and give no vantage to their villainies.—
Soza. Nay, if we faint or fall a-pieces now,
We are fools, and worthy to be mark'd for misery.
Begin to strike at him, they are all bound to?
To cancel his deserts? What must we look for,
If they can carry this?
Eman. I'll carry coals then.
I have but one life, and one fortune, gentlemen,
But I'll so husband it to vex these rascals,
These barbarous slaves——
Chris. Shall we go charge 'em presently?
Soza. No, that will be too weak, and too foolhardy;
We must have grounds that promise safety, friends,
And sure offence; we lose our angers else,
And, worse than that, venture our lives too lightly.

Enter PINIERO *with his sword drawn.*

Pin. Did you see mine uncle? Plague o' these barbarians!
How the rogues stick in my teeth! I know ye are angry:
So I am too, monstrous angry, gentlemen;
I am angry, that I choke again.
You hear Armusia's up, honest Armusia,
Clapp'd up in prison, friends, the brave Armusia?
Here are fine boys!
Eman. We hope he shall not stay there.
Pin. Stay? no, he must not stay, no talk of staying,

These are no times to stay. Are not these rascals?
Speak, I beseech ye speak, are they not rogues?
Think some abominable names—are they not devils?
But the devil's a great deal too good for 'em—fusty villains!
Chris. They are a kind of hounds.
Pin. Hounds were their fathers;
Old blear-eyed bob-tailed hounds.—Lord, where's my uncle?
Soza. What shall be done, sir?
Pin. Done?
Soza. Yes, to relieve him?
If it be not sudden, they may take his life too.
Pin. They dare as soon take fire and swallow it,
Take stakes and thrust into their tails for glisters.
His life? why, 'tis a thing worth all the islands,
And they know will be rated at that value:
His very imprisonment will make the town stink,
And shake and stink! I have physic in my hand for 'em,
Shall give the goblins such a purge——

Enter Ruy Dias.

Pedro. Your uncle!
Ruy. I hear strange news, and have been seeking you:
They say Armusia's prisoner.
Pin. 'Tis most certain.
Ruy. Upon what cause?
Pin. He has deserved too much, sir;
The old heathen policy has lit upon him,
And paid him home.
Ruy. A most unnoble dealing!
Pin. You are the next, if you can carry it tamely.
He has deserved of all.
Ruy. I must confess it;
Of me so nobly too!
Pin. I am glad to hear it:
You have a time now to make good your confession,
(Your faith will shew but cold else, and for fashion,)
Now to redeem all, now to thank his courtesy,
Now to make those believe, that held you backward
And an ill instrument, you are a gentleman,
An honest man, and you dare love your nation,
Dare stick to Virtue, though she be opprest,
And, for her own fair sake, step to her rescue:
If you live ages, sir, and lose this hour,
Not now redeem and vindicate your honour,
Your life will be a murmur, and no man in't.
Ruy. I thank you, nephew.—Come along with me, gentlemen!
We will make 'em dancing sport immediately:
We are masters of the fort yet; we shall see
What that can do.
Pin. Let it but spit fire finely,
And play their turrets, and their painted palaces,
A frisking round or two, that they may trip it,
And caper in the air!
Ruy. Come; we'll do something
Shall make 'em look about; we'll send 'em plums,
If they be not too hard for their teeth.
Pin. And fine potatoes
Roasted in gunpowder: Such a banquet, sir,
We will prepare their unmannerly stomachs——
Ruy. They shall see
There is no safe retreat in villainy.
Come, be high-hearted all!
All. We are all on fire, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Royal Castle.*

Enter King, *and* Governor *disguised as before.*

King. I am ungrateful, and a wretch, (persuade me not!)
Forgetful of the mercy he shewed me,
The timely noble pity. Why should I
See him fast bound and fettered, whose true courtesy,
Whose manhood, and whose mighty hand, set me free?
Why should it come from me? why I command this?
Shall not all tongues and truths call me unthankful?
Gov. Had the offence been thrown on you, 'tis certain
It had been in your power, and your discretion,
To have turned it into mercy, and forgiven it,
And then it had shewed a virtuous point of gratitude,
Timely, and nobly taken; but since the cause
Concerns the honour of our gods, and their title,
And so transcends your power, and your compassion,
(A little your own safety, if you saw it too,
If your too-fond indulgence did not dazzle you)
It cannot now admit a private pity;
'Tis in their wills, their mercies, or revenges,
And these revolts in you shew mere rebellious.
King. They are mild and pitiful——
Gov. To those repent.
King. Their nature's soft and tender——
Gov. To true hearts,
That feel compunction for their trespasses:
This man defies 'em still, threatens destruction
And demolition of their arms and worship,
Spits at their powers: Take heed you be not found, sir,
And marked a favourer of their dishonour!
They use no common justice.
King. What shall I do
To deserve of this man?
Gov. If you more bemoan him,
Or mitigate your power to preserve him,
I'll curse you from the gods, call up their vengeance,
And fling it on your land and you: I have charge for't.—
I hope to wrack you all. [*Aside.*

Enter Quisara *with her hands bound,* Quisana *and* Panura.

King. What ails my sister?
Why is she bound? why looks she so distractedly?
Who dares do this?
Quisan. We did it, (pardon, sir!)
And for her preservation: She is grown wild,
And, raving on the stranger's love and honour,
Sometimes crying out, "Help, help, they will torture him,
They will take his life, they will murder him presently!"
If we had not prevented violently
Had laid hands on her own life.
Gov. These are tokens
The gods' displeasure is gone out: Be quick,
And, ere it fall, do something to appease 'em!
You know the sacrifice.—I am glad it works thus. [*Aside.*

Quisar. How low and base thou look'st now, that wert noble!
No figure of a king, methinks, shews on you,
No face of majesty: Foul swarth ingratitude
Has taken off thy sweetness; base forgetfulness
Of mighty benefits, has turn'd thee devil!
Thou hast persecuted goodness, innocence,
And laid a hard and violent hand on Virtue,
On that fair Virtue that should teach and guide us;
Thou hast wrong'd thine own preserver, whose least merit,
Poised with thy main estate, thou canst not satisfy;
Nay, put thy life in too, 'twill be too light still.
What hast thou done?
Gov. Go for him presently,
And once more we'll try if we can win him fairly;
If not, let nothing she says hinder you, or stir you!
She speaks distractedly: Do that the gods command you.—
Do you know what you say, lady?
Quisar. I could curse thee too!
Religion and severity has steel'd thee,
Has turn'd thy heart to stone; thou hast made the gods hard too,
Against their sweet and patient natures, cruel.
None of ye feel what bravery ye tread on!
What innocence, what beauty,——
King. Pray, be patient!
Quisar. What honourable things ye cast behind ye!
What monuments of man!

Enter Armusia *and* Guard.

King. Once more, Armusia,
because I love you tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win you mine, I wish you,
Even from my heart I wish and woo you——
Arm. What, sir?
Take heed how you persuade me falsely! then you hate me;
Take heed how you entrap me!
King. I advise you,
And tenderly and truly I advise you,
Both for your soul's health, and your safety—
Arm. Stay!
And name my soul no more! she is too precious,
Too glorious for your flatteries, too secure too.
Gov. Consider the reward, sir, and the honour
That is prepared, the glory you shall grow to.
Arm. They are not to be consider'd in these cases,
Not to be named; when souls are questioned,
They are vain and flying vapours. Touch my life,
'Tis ready for you; put it to what test
It shall please you, I am patient; but for the rest,
You may remove rocks with your little fingers,
Or blow a mountain out o' th' way with bellows,
As soon as stir my faith: Use no more arguments.
Gov. We must use tortures then.
Arm. Your worst and painfullest
I am joyful to accept.
Gov. You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our deities,
Deliver'd openly, your threats and scornings;
And either your repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free conversion to our customs,
Or equal punishment, which is your life, sir.
Arm. I am glad I have it for you; take it, priest,
And all the miseries that shall attend it!
Let the gods glut themselves with Christian blood;
It will be ask'd again, and so far follow'd,
So far revenged, and with such holy justice,
Your gods of gold shall melt and sink before it;
Your altars and your temples shake to nothing;
And you false worshippers, blind fools of ceremony,
Shall seek for holes to hide your heads and fears in,
For seas to swallow you from this destruction,
Darkness to dwell about you, and conceal you,
Your mothers' wombs again——
Gov. Make the fires ready,
And bring the several tortures out!
Quisar. Stand fast, sir,
And fear 'em not! You that have stept so nobly
Into this pious trial, start not now;
Keep on your way; a virgin will assist you,
A virgin won by your fair constancy,
And, glorying that she is won so, will die by you!
I have touch'd you every way, tried you most honest,
Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing-chaste, and temperate,
Valiant, without vain-glory, modest, staid,
No rage or light affection ruling in you;
Indeed, the perfect school of worth I find you,
The temple of true honour.
Arm. Whither will she?—
What do you infer by this fair argument, lady?
Quisar. Your faith and your religion must be like you;
They, that can shew you these, must be pure mirrors:
When the streams flow clear and fair, what are the fountains?
I do embrace your faith, sir, and your fortune:
Go on! I will assist you; I feel a sparkle here,
A lively spark that kindles my affection,
And tells me it will rise to flames of glory.
Let 'em put on their angers! suffer nobly;
Shew me the way, and when I faint, instruct me:
And if I follow not——
Arm. Oh, blessed lady,
Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph!—
Come, clap your terrors on!
Quisar. All your fell tortures!
For there is nothing he shall suffer, brother,
I swear by my new faith, (which is most sacred,
And I will keep it so) but I will follow in,
And follow to a scruple of affliction,
In spite of all your gods, without prevention.
Gov. 'Death! she amazes me.
King. What shall be done now?
Gov. They must die both,
And suddenly: they will corrupt all else.—
This woman makes me weary of my mischief; [*Aside.*
She shakes me, and she staggers me.—Go in, sir;
I'll see the execution.
King. Not so sudden;
If they go, all my friends and sisters perish.
Gov. 'Would I were safe at home again! [*Aside.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Arm, arm, sir!
Seek for defence; the castle plays and thunders,
The town rocks, and the houses fly i' th' air,
The people die for fear. Captain Ruy Dias
Has made an oath he will not leave a stone here,
No, not the memory here has stood a city,
Unless Armusia be deliver'd fairly.
King. I have my fears: What can our gods do now for us?

Gov. Be patient! But keep him still. He is a cure, sir,
Against both rage and cannon. Go and fortify;
Call in the princes, make the palace sure,
And let 'em know you are a king; look nobly,
And take your courage to you!—Keep close the prisoner,
And under command; we are betray'd else.
Arm. How joyfully I go!
Quisar. Take my heart with thee.
Gov. I hold a wolf by the ear; Now, Fortune, free me! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street. Firing of Cannon.*

Enter four Townsmen.

1 *Towns.* Heaven bless us, what a thundering's here? what fire-spitting?
We cannot drink, but our cans are maul'd amongst us.
2 *Towns.* I would they would maul our scores too! Shame o' their guns,
I thought they had been bird-pots, or great candle-cases;
How devilishly they bounce, and how the bullets
Borrow a piece of a house here, there another,
And mend those up again with another parish!
Here flies a powd'ring tub, the meat ready roasted,
And there a barrel pissing vinegar;
And they two, over-taking the top of a high steeple,
Newly sliced off for sallad——
3 *Towns.* A vengeance fire 'em!
2 *Towns.* Nay, they fire fast enough; you need not help 'em.
4 *Towns.* Are these the Portugal bulls? How loud they bellow!
2 *Towns.* Their horns are plaguy strong; they push down palaces;
They toss our little habitations,
Like whelps, like grindle-tails, with their heels upward;
All the windows i' th' town dance a new trenchmore:
'Tis like to prove a blessed age for glasiers!
I met a hand, and a letter in't, in great haste,
And by-and-by a single leg running after it,
As if the arm had forgot part of his errand;
Heads fly like foot-balls every where.
1 *Towns.* What shall we do?
2 *Towns.* I care not; my shop's cancell'd,
And all the pots and earthen pans in't vanish'd:
There was a single bullet and they together by the ears,
You would have thought Tom Tumbler had been there,
And all his troops of devils.
3 *Towns.* Let's to the King,
And get this gentleman deliver'd handsomely!
By this hand, there's no walking above ground else.
2 *Towns.* By this leg (let me swear nimbly by it,
For I know not how long I shall owe it) if I were
Out of the town once, if I came in again
To fetch my breakfast, I will give 'em leave
To cram me with a Portugal pudding. Come,
Let us do anything to appease this thunder! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Portuguese Fort.*

Enter Pinhero *and* Panura.

Pin. Art sure it was that blind priest?
Pan. Yes, most certain.
He has provoked all this. The king is merciful,
And wond'rous loving; but he fires him on still,
And, when he cools, enrages him; I know it;
Threatens new vengeance, and the gods' fierce justice,
When he but looks with fair eyes on Armusia;
Will lend him no time to relent. My royal mistress,
She has entertain'd a Christian hope.
Pin. Speak truly!
Pan. Nay, 'tis most true; but, lord, how he lies at her,
And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her!
And, I fear, if not speedily prevented,
If she continue stout, both shall be executed.
Pin. I'll kiss thee for this news! Nay, more, Panura;
If thou wilt give me leave, I'll get thee with
The best way to convert thee. [Christian,
Pan. Make me believe so.
Pin. I will, i'faith. But which way camest thou hither?
The palace is close guarded, and baricadoed.
Pan. I came through a private vault, which few
It rises in a temple not far hence, [there know of;
Close by the castle here.
Pin. How? to what end?
Pan. A good one:
To give you knowledge of my new-born mistress,
And in what doubt Armusia stands:
Think any present means or hope to stop 'em
From their fell ends. The princes are come in too,
And they are harden'd also.
Pin. The damn'd priest——
Pan. Sure he's a cruel man! Methinks religion
Should teach more temperate lessons.
Pin. He the firebrand?
He dare to touch at such fair lives as theirs are?
Well, prophet, I shall prophesy, I shall catch you,
When all your prophecies will not redeem you,—
Wilt thou do one thing bravely?
Pan. Any good I am able.
Pin. And, by thine own white hand, I'll swear thou art virtuous,
And a brave wench. Durst thou but guide me presently
Through the same vault thou camest, into the palace,
And those I shall appoint, such as I think fit?
Pan. Yes, I will do it, and suddenly and truly.
Pin. I would fain behold this prophet.
Pan. Now I have you,
And shall bring you where you shall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurnish'd of defences;
That shall be my care: But you must not betray me.
Pin. Dost thou think we are so base, such slaves,
Pan. I do not: [rogues!
And you shall see how fairly I'll work for you.
Pin. I must needs steal that priest, steal him, and hang him.
Pan. Do anything to remove his mischief:
Pin. Come, pr'ythee, love! [strangle him!
Pan. You'll offer me no foul play?
The vault is dark.

Pin. 'Twas well remember'd.
Pan. And you may—
But I hold you honest.
Pin. Honest enough, I warrant thee.
Pan. I am but a poor weak wench! and what with the place,
And your persuasions, sir—but I hope you will not—
You know we are often cozened.
Pin. If thou dost fear me,
Why dost thou put me in mind?
Pan. To let you know, sir,
Though it be in your power, and things fitting to it,
Yet a true gentleman——
Pin. I know what he'll do:
Come, and remember me, and I'll answer thee,
I'll answer thee to the full; we'll call at the castle,
And then, my good guide, do thy will! 'shalt find me
A very tractable man.
Pan. I hope I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Before the Royal Castle.*

Enter BAKAM, SYANA, *and* Soldiers.

Bakam. Let my men guard the gates!
Syana. And mine the temple,
For fear the honour of our gods should suffer:
And on your lives be watchful!
Bakam. And be valiant;
And let's see, if these Portugals dare enter,
What their high hearts dare do! Let's see how readily
The great Ruy Dias will redeem his countryman!
He speaks proud words, and threatens.
Syana. He's approved, sir,
And will put fair for what he promises.
I could wish friendlier terms; yet for our liberties
And for our gods, we are bound in our best service,
Even in the hazard of our lives——

Enter the KING *on a Balcony.*

King. Come up, princes,
And give your counsels, and your helps: the fort still
Plays fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
And turns our people wild with fears.
Bakam. Send for
The prisoner, and give us leave to argue.
[*Exeunt* BAKAM *and* SYANA.

Enter RUY DIAS, EMANUEL, CHRISTOPHERO, *and* PEDRO, *with* Soldiers.

Ruy. Come on nobly,
And let the fort play still! we are strong enough
To look upon 'em, and return at pleasure:
It may be on our view they will return him.
Chris. We will return 'em such thanks else, shall make 'em
Scratch where it itches not.
Eman. How the people stare!
And some cry, some pray, some curse heartily;
But it is the king——

Enter SYANA, BAKAM, QUISARA; ARMUSIA, *chained, with* Soldiers, *above.*

Ruy. I cannot blame their wisdoms;
They are all above. Armusia chain'd and bound too?
Oh, these are thankful squires!
Bakam. Hear us, Ruy Dias,
Be wise and hear us, and give speedy answer!
Command thy cannon presently to cease,
No more to trouble the afflicted people,
Or suddenly Armusia's head goes off,
As suddenly as said.
Eman. Stay, sir, be moderate!
Arm. Do nothing that's dishonourable, Ruy Dias!
Let not the fear of me master thy valour!
Pursue 'em still; they are base malicious people.
King. Friend, be not desperate!
Arm. I scorn your courtesies!—
Strike when you dare, a fair aim guide the gunner,
And may he let fly still with Fortune! Friend,
Do me the honour of a soldier's funerals,
The last fair Christian rite; see me i' th' ground,
And let the palace burn first, then the temples,
And on their scorned gods erect my monument!
Touch not the princess, as you are a soldier!
Quisar. Which way you go, sir, I must follow necessary:
One life, and one death!
King. Will you take a truce yet?

Enter below PINIERO, SOZA, *and* Soldiers, *with the* Governor.

Pin. No, no; go on! Look here; your god, your prophet!
King. How came he taken?
Pin. I conjured for him, king:
I am a sure cur at an old blind prophet.
I'll hunt you such a false knave admirably!
A terrier I: I earth'd him, and then snapt him.
Soza. Saving the reverence of your grace, we stole him;
Even out of the next chamber to you.
Pin. Come, come; begin, king!
Begin this bloody matter when you dare!
And yet I scorn my sword should touch the rascal:
I'll tear him thus before you.—Ha! what art thou? [*Pulls his beard and hair off.*
King. How's this? art thou a prophet?
Ruy. Come down, princes!
King. We are abused!—Oh, my most dear Armusia!
Off with his chains:—And now, my noble sister,
Rejoice with me; I know you are pleased as I am. [*Exeunt from the balcony.*
Pin. This is a precious prophet! Why, don Governor,
What make you here? how long have you taken orders?
Ruy. Why, what a wretch art thou to work this mischief!
To assume this holy shape to ruin Honour,
Honour and Chastity!

Enter, below, KING, *and the others.*

Gov. I had paid you all,
But Fortune play'd the slut. Come, give me my doom.
King. I cannot speak for wonder.
Gov. 'Nay, 'tis I, sir;
And here I stay your sentence.
King. Take her, friend!
(You have half persuaded me to be a Christian)
And with her all the joys, and all the blessings!
Why, what dream have we dwelt in?
Ruy. All peace to ye,
And all the happiness of heart dwell with ye!
Children as sweet and noble as their parents——

Pin. And kings at least!
Arm. Good sir, forget my rashness;
And noble princes, for I was once angry,
And out of that, might utter some distemper,
Think not it is my nature.
Syana. Your joy is ours, sir;
And nothing we find in you but most noble.
King. To prison with this dog! there let him howl,
And, if he can repent, sigh out his villainies!
His island we shall seize into our hands:
His father and himself have both usurp'd it,
And kept it by oppression: The town and castle,
In which I lay myself most miserable,
'Till my most honourable friend redeem'd me,
Signor Piniero, I bestow on you;
The rest of next command upon these gentle
Upon ye all, my love.
Arm. Oh, brave Ruy Dias,
You have started now beyond me: I must you,
And thank you for my life, my wife, and ho
Ruy. I am glad I had her for you, sir.
King. Come, princes;
Come, friends and lovers all; come, nobl tlemen;
No more guns now, nor hates, but joys a umphs!
An universal gladness fly about us!
And know, however subtle men dare cast
And promise wrack, the gods give peace at l

[*Exeunt*

THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MONSIEUR MOUNT-MARINE, *the* NOBLE GENTLEMAN, *but none of the wisest.*
JAQUES, *an old Servant to* MARINE'S *Family.*
CLERIMONT, *a Gull, Cousin to* MARINE.
Gentleman, *Servant to* MARINE'S *Wife.*
LONGUEVILLE, } *Two Courtiers that plot to abuse*
BEAUFORT, } MARINE.
SHATTILLION, *a Lord, mad for Love.*
Doctor.
Page.
Gentlemen.
ANTHONY, CLERIMONT'S *Servant.*
Servants.

Lady, *Wife to* MARINE, *a witty Wanton.*
Wife *to* CLERIMONT, *a simple Country Gentlewoman.*
SHATTILLION'S Mistress, *a virtuous Virgin.*
MARIA, *Servant to* MARINE'S *Wife.*

SCENE,—PARIS.

PROLOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL.

T is become an antic, and puts on
many shapes of variation,
court the time's applause, as the times dare
ange several fashions: Nothing is thought rare
ich is not new, and follow'd; yet we know
t what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again: And we pursue
That custom, by presenting to your view
A play in fashion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appear the same, if you allow
Worth to their noble memory, whose name,
Beyond all power of death, lives in their fame.

ACT I.

ENE I.—*A Room in the House of* MARINE.

Enter MARINE *and* JAQUES.

Mar. What happiness waits on the life at court,
at dear content, greatness, delight, and ease!
at ever-springing hopes, what tides of honour,
at raise their fortunes to the height of wishes!
at can be more in man, what more in nature,
an to be great and fear'd? A courtier,
noble courtier! 'Tis a name that draws
nder and duty from all eyes and knees.
Jaques. And so your worship's land within the walls,
ere you shall have it all enclosed, and sure.
Mar. Peace, knave! dull creature, bred of sweat and smoke,
ese mysteries are far above thy faith:
t thou shalt see——
Jaques. And then I shall believe,
ur fair revenues, turn'd into fair suits;
hall believe your tenants bruised and rent,
der the weight of coaches; all your state [places
wn through the streets in triumph; suits for
Plied with a mine of gold, and being got
Fed with a great stream. I shall believe all this.
Mar. You shall believe, and know me glorious—

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cousin, good day and health!
Cler. The same to you, sir;
And more, without my wishes, could you know
What calm content dwells in a private house—
Yet look into yourself; retire! This place
Of promises, and protestations, fits
Minds only bent to ruin: You should know this;
You have their language perfect; you have tutors,
I do not doubt, sufficient: But beware!
Mar. You are merry, cousin.
Cler. Yet your patience;
You shall learn that too, but not like itself,
Where it is held a virtue. Tell me, sir,
Have you cast up your state, rated your land,
And find it able to endure the change
Of time and fashion? Is it always harvest?
Always vintage? Have you ships at sea
To bring you gold and stone from rich Peru,

Monthly returning treasure? Doth the king
Open his large exchequer to your hands,
And bid you be a great man? Can your wife
Coin off her beauty? or the week allow
Suits to each day, and know no ebb in honour?
If these be possible, and can hold out,
Then be a courtier still, and still be wasting.
Mar. Cousin, pray give me leave!
Cler. I have done.
Mar. I could requite your gall, and in a strain
As bitter, and as full of rhubarb, preach
Against your country life; but 'tis below me,
And only subject to my pity! Know,
The eminent court, to them that can be wise,
And fasten on her blessings, is a sun
That draws men up from coarse and earthly being,
(I mean these men of merit that have power
And reason to make good her benefits)
Learns them a manly boldness, gives their tongues
Sweetness of language, makes them apt to please,
Files off all rudeness and uncivil 'haviour,
Shews them as neat in carriage as in clothes.
Cousin, have you ever seen the court?
Cler. No, sir;
Nor am I yet in travail with that longing.
Mar. Oh, the state
And greatness of that place, where men are found
Only to give the first creation glory!
Those are the models of the ancient world,
Left like the Roman statues to stir up
Our following hopes; the place itself puts on
The brow of majesty, and flings her lustre
Like the air newly lighten'd; form, and order,
Are only there themselves, unforced, and sound,
As they were first created to this place.
Cler. You nobly came, but will go from thence base!
Mar. 'Twas very pretty, and a good conceit;
You have a wit, good cousin: I do joy in't;
Keep it for court. But to myself again!
When I have view'd these pieces, turn'd these eyes,
And, with some taste of superstition,
Look'd on the wealth of Nature, the fair dames,
Beauties, that light the court, and make it shew
Like a fair Heaven in a frosty night,
And 'mongst these mine, not poorest—'Tis for tongues
Of blessed poets, such as Orpheus was,
To give their worth and praises! Oh, dear cousin,
You have a wife, and fair; bring her hither,
Let her not live to be the mistress of
A farmer's heir, and be confined ever
To a serge, far coarser than my horse-cloth!
Let her have velvets, tiffinies, jewels, pearls,
A coach, an usher, and her two lacquies;
And I will send my wife to give her rules,
And read the rudiments of court to her.
Cler. Sir, I had rather send her to Virginia,
To help to propagate the English nation.

Enter a Servant.

Mar. Sirrah, how slept your mistress, and what
Are to pay service? [visitants
Serv. Sir, as I came out,
Two counts were newly enter'd.
Mar. This is greatness;
But few such servants wait a country beauty.
Cler. They are the more to thank their modesty:
God keep my wife, and all my issue female,
From such uprisings!

Enter Doctor.

Mar. What, my learned doctor!
You will be welcome: Give her health and youth,
And I will give you gold.— [*Exit* Doctor.
Cousin, how savours this? Is it not sweet,
And very great? tastes it not of nobleness?
Cler. 'Faith, sir, my palate is too dull and lazy;
I cannot taste it; 'tis not for my relish:
But be so still! since your own misery
Must first reclaim you; to which I leave you, sir.
If you will yet be happy, leave the humour,
And base subjection to your wife; be wise,
And let her know with speed you are her husband:
I shall be glad to hear it. My horse is sent for.
[*Exit.*
Mar. Even such another country thing as this
Was I; such a piece of dirt, so heavy,
So provident to heap up ignorance,
And be an ass; such musty clothes wore I,
So old and thread-bare: I do yet remember
Divers young gallants, lighting at my gate
To see my honour'd wife, have offer'd pence,
And bid me walk their horses. Such a slave
Was I in show then; but my eyes are open'd.—

Enter Lady.

Many sweet morrows to my worthy wife!
Lady. 'Tis well, and aptly given; as much for you!
But to my present business, which is money.
Mar. Lady, I have none left.
Lady. I hope you dare not say so, nor imagine
So base and low a thought: "I have none left?"
Are these words fitting for a man of worth,
And one of your full credit? Do you know
The place you live in? me? and what I labour
For you, and your advancement?
Mar. Yes, my dearest.
Lady. And do you pop me off with this slight answer,
"In troth I have none left?" In troth, you must have!
Nay, stare not; 'tis most true: Send speedily
To all that love you, let your people fly
Like thunder through the city, and not return
Under five thousand crowns. Try all, take all;
Let not a wealthy merchant be untempted,
Or any one that hath the name of money;
Take up at any use; give band, or land,
Or mighty statutes, able by their strength
To tie up Samson were he now alive.
There must be money gotten; for, be persuaded,
If we fall now, or be but seen to shrink
Under our fair beginnings, 'tis our ruin,
And then good night to all but our disgrace!
Farewell, the hope of coming happiness,
And all the aims we levell'd at so long!
Are you not moved at this? No sense of want,
Towards yourself yet breeding?
Be old, and common, jaded to the eyes
Of grooms, and pages, chambermaids, and guarders;
And when you have done, put your poor house in order,
And hang yourself! for such must be the end
Of him that willingly forsakes his hopes,
And hath a joy to tumble to his ruin.
All that I say is certain; if you fail,
Do not impute me with it; I am clear.
Mar. Now Heaven forbid I should do wrong to you,

My dearest wife, and madam! Yet give leave
To your poor creature to unfold himself;
You know my debts are many more than means,
My bands not taken in, my friends at home
Drawn dry with these expences, my poor tenants
More full of want than we; then what new course
Can I beget to raise those crowns by? Speak,
And I shall execute.
Lady. Pray tell me true;
Have you not land in the country?
Mar. Pardon me!
I had forgot it.
Lady. Sir, you must remember it;
There is no remedy: This land must be
In Paris ere to-morrow night.
Mar. It shall.
Let me consider: Some three hundred acres
Will serve the turn.
Lady. 'Twill furnish at all points.
Now you speak like yourself, and know, like him
That means to be a man; suspect no less,
For the return will give you five for one:
You shall be great to-morrow; I have said it.
Farewell; and see this business be a-foot
With expedition! [*Exit.*
Mar. Health, all joy, and honour,
Wait on my lovely wife!—What, Jaques, Jaques!

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. Sir, did you call?
Mar. I did so. Hie thee, Jaques,
Down to the Bank, and there to some good merchant
(Conceive me well, good Jaques, and be private)
Offer three hundred acres of my land:
Say it is choice and fertile; ask upon it
Five thousand crowns: This is the business
I must employ thee in; be wise and speedy!
Jaques. Sir, do not do this.
Mar. Knave, I must have money.
Jaques. If you have money thus, your knave must tell you,
You will not have a foot of land left: Be more wary,
And more friend to yourself! This honest land,
Your worship has discarded, has been true,
And done you loyal service.
Mar. Gentle Jaques,
You have a merry wit; employ it well
About the business you have now in hand.
When you come back, enquire me in the presence;
If not i' th' Tennis-court, or at my house. [*Exit.*
Jaques. If this vein hold, I know where to enquire you.
Five thousand crowns? This, with good husbandry,
May hold a month out; then five thousand more,
And more land a-bleeding for't; as many more,
And more land laid aside! God, and St. Dennis,
Keep honest-minded young men bachelors!
'Tis strange, my master should be yet so young
A puppy, that he cannot see his fall,
And got so near the sun. I'll to his cousin,
And once more tell him of it; if he fail,
Then to my mortgage, next unto my sale! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter LONGUEVILLE, BEAUFORT, *and* Gentleman.

Gent. Gentlemen, hold on discourse a while;
I shall return with knowledge how and where
We shall have best access unto my mistress,
To tender your devotions. [*Exit*
Long. Be it so.
Now to our first discourse!
Beau. I pr'ythee, peace!
Thou canst not be so bad, or make me know
Such things are living! Do not give thyself
So common and so idle, so open vile,
So great a wronger of thy worth, so low!
I cannot, nor I must not credit thee.
Long. Now, by this light, I am a whoremaster;
An open and an excellent whoremaster;
And take a special glory that I am so!
I thank my stars I am a whoremaster;
And such a one as dare be known and seen,
And pointed at to be a noble wencher.
Beau. Do not let all ears hear this: Hark you,
I am myself a whoremaster; I am, [sir!
Believe it, sir; (in private be it spoken)
I love a whore directly: Most men are
Wenchers, and have professed the science; few
That look upon ye now, but whoremasters, [men
Or have a full desire to be so.
Long. This is noble!
Beau. It is without all question, being private,
And held as needful as intelligence;
But, being once discover'd, blown abroad,
And known to common senses, 'tis no more
Than geometrical rules in carpenters,
That only know some measure of an art,
But are not grounded. Be no more deceived!
I have a conscience to reclaim you, sir.—
Mistake me not! I do not bid you leave
Your whore, or less to love her; Heaven forbid it,
I should be such a villain to my friend,
Or so unnatural! 'twas ne'er harbour'd here:—
Learn to be secret first; then strike your deer!
Long. Your fair instructions, monsieur, I shall learn.
Beau. And you shall have them; I desire your [ears.
Long. They are your servants.
Beau. You must not love——
Long. How, sir!
Beau. I mean a lady; there is danger:
She hath an usher and a waiting-gentlewoman,
A page, a coachman; these are fee'd, and fee'd,
And yet for all that will be prating.
Long. So!
Beau. You understand me, sir; they will discover't,
And there's a loss of credit; table-talk
Will be the end of this, or worse than that,
Will this be worthy of a gentleman?
Long. Proceed, good sir!
Beau. Next, leave your city dame;
The best of that tribe are most merely coy,
Or most extremely foolish; both which vices
Are no great stirrers-up, unless in husbands
That owe this cattle; fearing her that's coy
To be but seeming, her that's fool too forward.
Long. This is the rarest fellow, and the soundest,
I mean in knowledge, that e'er wore a codpiece;
He has found out that will pass all Italy,
All France and England, (to their shames I speak,
And to the griefs of all their gentlemen)
The noble theory of luxury.
Beau. Your patience,
And I will lay before your eyes a course
That I myself found out; 'tis excellent.
Easy, and full of freedom.

Long. Oh, good sir,
You rack me, till I know it.
Beau. This it is:
When your desire is up, your blood well heated,
And apt for sweet encounter, chuse the night,
And with the night your wench; the streets have store;
There seize upon her, get her to your chamber,
Give her a cardecue, 'tis royal payment;
When ye are dull, dismiss her; no man knows,
Nor she herself, who hath encounter'd her.
Long. Oh, but their faces!
Beau. Never talk of faces!
The night allows her equal with a duchess:
Imagination doth all; think her fair,
And great, clapt in velvet, she is so.
Sir, I have tried those, and do find it certain,
It never fails me: 'Tis but twelve nights since
My last experience.
Long. Oh, my miching varlet, [*Apart.*
I'll fit you, as I live!—
'Tis excellent; I'll be your scholar, sir.

Enter Lady *and* Gentleman.

Lady. You are fairly welcome both! 'Troth, gentlemen,
You have been strangers; I could chide you for't,
And task you with unkindness. What's the news?
The town was never empty of some novelty:
Servant, what's your intelligence?
Gent. 'Faith, nothing:
I have not heard of any worth relating.
Beau. Nor I, sweet lady.
Long. Then give me attention:
Monsieur Shattillion's mad.
Lady. Mad?
Long. Mad as May-butter;
And, which is more, mad for a wench.
Lady. 'Tis strange,
And full of pity.
Long. All that comes near him
He thinks are come of purpose to betray him;
Being full of strange conceit, the wench he loved
Stood very near the crown.
Lady. Alas, good monsieur!
A' was a proper man, and fair demean'd;
A person worthy of a better temper.
Long. He is strong opinion'd, that the wench he loved
Remains close prisoner by the king's command,
Fearing her title: When the poor grieved gentlewoman
Follows him much lamenting, and much loving,
In hope to make him well, he knows her not,
Nor any else that comes to visit him.
Lady. Let's walk in, gentlemen, and there discourse
His further miseries! You shall stay dinner;
In truth, you must obey.
All. We are your servants! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. There's no good to be done, no cure to be wrought
Upon my desperate kinsman: I'll to horse,
And leave him to the fool's whip, misery.
I shall recover twenty miles this night;
My horse stands ready; I'll away with speed.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Sir, may I crave your name?
Cler. Yes, sir, you may:
My name is Clerimont.
Shat. 'Tis well. Your faction?
What party knit you with?
Cler. I know no parties,
Nor no factions, sir.
Shat. Then wear this cross of white:
And where you see the like, they are my friends;
Observe them well; the time is dangerous.
Cler. Sir, keep your cross; I'll wear none.—Sure this fellow [*Aside.*
Is much beside himself, grown mad.
Shat. A word, sir!
You can pick nothing out of this; this cross
Is nothing but a cross, a very cross,
Plain, without spell, or witchcraft; search it!
You may suspect, and well, there's poison in't,
Powder, or wildfire; but 'tis nothing so.
Cler. I do believe you, sir; 'tis a plain cross.
Shat. Then do your worst, I care not! Tell the king,
Let him know all this, as I am sure he shall;
When you have spit your venom, then will I
Stand up a faithful and a loyal subject.
And so, God save his Grace! This is no treason.
Cler. He is March mad: Farewell, monsieur [*Exit.*
Shat. Farewell!
I shall be here attending.—'Tis my life
They aim at; there's no way to save it. Well,
Let 'em spread all their nets, they shall not draw me
Into any open treason: I can see,
And can beware; I have my wits about me,
I thank Heaven for it!

Enter Shattillion's Love.

Love. There he goes,
That was the fairest hope the French court bred,
The worthiest and the sweetest-temper'd spirit,
The truest, and the valiantest, the best of judgment.
Till most unhappy I severed those virtues,
And turn'd his wit wild with a coy denial;
Which Heaven forgive me! And be pleased, oh, Heaven,
To give again his senses, that my love
May strike off all my follies!
Shat. Lady!
Love. I, sir?
Shat. Your will with me, sweet lady?
Love. Sir, I come—
Shat. From the dread sovereign king; I know it, lady:
He is a gracious prince; long may he live!
Pertain you to his chamber?
Love. No, indeed, sir;
That place is not for women. Do you know me?
Shat. Yes, I do know you.
Love. What's my name? Pray you speak.
Shat. That's all one; I do know you and your business;
You are discover'd, lady! I am wary;
It stands upon my life. Pray excuse me!
The best man of this kingdom sent you hither,
To dive into me: Have I touch'd you? ha?
Love. You are deceived, sir; I come from your Love,
That sends you fair commends, and many kisses.

Shat. Alas, poor soul, how does she? is she
Keeps she her bed still? [living?
Love. Still, sir, she is living;
And well, and shall do so.
Shat. Are you in council?
Love. No, sir, nor any of my sex.
Shat. Why, so!
If you had been in council, you would know
Her time to be but slender; she must die.
Love. I do believe it, sir.
Shat. And suddenly;
She stands too near a fortune.
Love. Sir?
Shat. 'Tis so;
There is no jesting with a prince's title.
'Would we had both been born of common parents,
And lived a private and retired life
In homely cottage! we had then enjoy'd
Our loves, and our embraces: these are things
That cannot tend to treason.
Love. I am wretched!
Shat. Oh,
I pray as often for the king as any,
And with as true a heart, for his continuance;
And do moreover pray his heirs may live,
And their fair issues; then, as I am bound,
For all the states and commons. If these prayers
Be any ways ambitious, I submit,
And lay my head down; let 'em take it off!
You may inform against me, but withal
Remember my obedience to the crown,
And service to the state.
Love. Good sir, I love you.
Shat. Then love the gracious king, and say with
[Heaven save his Grace!] [me,
Love. Heaven save his Grace
Shat. This is strange,
A woman should be sent to undermine me,
And buz love into me to try my spirit;
Offer me kisses, and enticing follies,
To make me open and betray myself:
It was a subtle and a dangerous plot,
And very soundly follow'd!—Farewell, lady!
Let me have equal hearing, and relate
I am an honest man. Heaven save the king!
[*Exit.*
Love. I'll never leave him, till, by art or prayer,
I have restored his senses: If I make
Him perfect man again, he's mine; till when,
I here abjure all loves of other men! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Street.*

Enter CLERIMONT *and* JAQUES.

Jaques. Nay, good sir, be persuaded! Go but
And tell him he's undone; say nothing else, [back,
And you shall see how things will work upon't.
Cler. Not so, good Jaques! I am held an ass,
A country fool, good to converse with dirt,
And eat coarse bread, wear the worst wool, know nothing
But the highway to Paris: And wouldst thou have me bring
These stains and imperfections to the rising view
Of the right worshipful thy worthy master?
They must be bright, and shine, their clothes soft
And the Tyrian purple, [velvet
[Smell] like the Arabian gums, hung like the sun,
Their golden beams on all sides; such as these
May come and know thy master, I am base,
And dare not speak unto him, he's above me.
Jaques. If ever you did love him, or his state,
His name, his issue, or yourself, go back!
'Twill be an honest and a noble part,
Worthy a kinsman; save three hundred acres
From present execution; they have had sentence,
And cannot be reprieved; be merciful!
Cler. Have I not urged already all the reasons
I had, to draw him from his will? his ruin?
But all in vain! no counsel will prevail:
He has fix'd himself; there's no removing, Jaques;
'Twill prove but breath and labour spent in vain.
I'll to my horse: Farewell!
Jaques. For God's sake, sir,
As ever you have hope of joy, turn back!
I'll be your slave for ever, do but go;
And I will lay such fair directions to you,
That, if he be not doting on his fall,
He shall recover sight, and see his danger.
And you shall tell him of his wife's abuses,
(I fear, too foul against him!) how she plots
With our young monsieurs, to milk dry her husband,
And lay it on their backs: The next her pride;
Then what his debts are, and how infinite
The curses of his tenants; this will work;
I'll pawn my life and head, he cries, "Away!
I'll to my house in the country."
Cler. Come, I'll go,
And once more try him: If he yield not, so;
The next that tries him shall be want and woe.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* MARINE.

Enter MARINE *solus.*

Mar. Jaques!
Jaques. [*Within.*] Sir?
Mar. Rise, Jaques! 'tis grown day.
The country life is best; where quietly,
Free from the clamour of the troubled court,
We may enjoy our own green shadow'd walks,
And keep a moderate diet without art.
Why did I leave my house, and bring my wife
To know the manner of this subtle place?
I would, when first the lust to fame and honour
Possess'd me, I had met with any evil
But that! Had I been tied to stay at home,
And earn the bread for the whole family
With my own hand, happy had I been!

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. Sir, this is from your wonted course at home:
When did you there keep such inordinate hours?
Go to bed late, start thrice, and call on me?
'Would you were from this place! Our country sleeps,
Although they were but of that moderate length

That might maintain us in our daily work,
Yet were they sound and sweet.
Mar. Ay, Jaques; there
We dream'd not of our wives; we lay together,
And needed not. Now at length my cousin's words,
So truly meant, mix'd with thy timely prayers
So often urged, to keep me at my home,
Condemn me quite.
Jaques. 'Twas not your father's course:
He lived and died in Orleans where he had
His vines as fruitful as experience
(Which is the art of husbandry) could make;
He had his presses for 'em, and his wines
Were held the best, and out-sold other men's;
His corn and cattle served the neighbour-towns
With plentiful provision, yet his thrift
Could miss one beast amongst the herd; he ruled
More where he lived, than ever you will here.
Mar. 'Tis true: Why should my wife then, 'gainst my good,
Persuade me to continue in this course?
Jaques. Why did you bring her hither? At the first,
Before you warmed her blood with new delights,
Our country sports could have contented her;
When you first married her, a puppet-play
Pleased her as well as now the tilting doth.
She thought herself brave in a bugle-chain,
Where orient pearl will scarce content her now.
Mar. Sure, Jaques, she sees something for my good
More than I do; she oft will talk to me
Of offices, and that she shortly hopes,
By her acquaintance with the friends she hath,
To get a place shall many times outweigh
Our great expences; and if this be so——
Jaques. Think better of her words; she doth deceive you,
And only for her vain and sensual ends
Persuade you thus. Let me be set to dwell
For ever naked in the barest soil,
So you will dwell from hence!
Mar. I see my folly:
Pack up my stuff! I will away this morn.
Haste, haste!
Jaques. Ay, now I see your father's honours
Tripling upon you, and the many prayers,
The country spent for him, (which almost now
Begun to turn to curses) turning back,
And falling like a timely shower upon you.
Mar. Go, call up my wife!
Jaques. But shall she not prevail,
And sway you, as she oft hath done before?
Mar. I will not hear her, but rail on her,
Till I be ten miles off.
Jaques. If you be forty,
'Twill not be worse, sir.
Mar. Call her up!
Jaques. I will, sir. [*Exit*
Mar. Why, what an ass was I, that such a thing
As a wife is could rule me! Know not I
That woman was created for the man?
That her desires, nay, all her thoughts, should be,
As his are? Is my sense restored at length?
Now she shall know, that which she should desire,
She hath a husband that can govern her,
If her desires lead against my will.

Enter Lady.

Are you come?
Lady. What sad unwonted course
Makes you raise me so soon, that went to bed
So late last night?
Mar. Oh, you shall go to bed
Sooner hereafter, and be raised again
At thrifty hours: In summer-time we'll walk
An hour after our supper, and to bed;
In winter you shall have a set at cards,
And set your maids to work.
Lady. What do you mean?
Mar. I will no more of your new tricks, your honours,
Your offices, and all your large preferments,
(Which still you beat into my ears) hang o'er me;
I'll leave behind for others the great sway
Which I shall bear at court; my living here,
With countenance of your honour'd friends,
I'll be content to lose: For you speak this
Only that you may still continue here
In wanton ease, and draw me to consume
In clothes and other things idle for show,
That which my father got with honest thrift.
Lady. Why, who hath been with you, sir, that you talk
Thus out of frame?
Mar. You make a fool of me!
You provide one to bid me forth to supper, [other
And make me promise; then must some one or
Invite you forth: If you have borne yourself
Loosely to any gentleman in my sight,
At home, you ask me how I like the carriage;
Whether it were not rarely for my good,
And open'd not a way to my preferment?
Come, I perceive all; talk not! we'll away.
Lady. Why, sir, you'll stay till the next triumph-day
Be past?
Mar. Ay, you have kept me here triumphing
This seven years; and I have ridden through the streets,
And bought embroider'd hose and foot-cloths too,
To shew a subject's zeal! I rode before
In this most gorgeous habit, and saluted
All the acquaintance [that] I could espy
From any window: These were ways, you told me,
To raise me: I see all! Make you ready straight,
And in that gown which you first came to town in,
Your safe-guard, cloak, and your hood suitable,
Thus on a double gelding shall you amble,
And my man Jaques shall be set before you.
Lady. But will you go?
Mar. I will.
Lady. And shall I too?
Mar. And you shall too.
Lady. But shall I, by this light?
Mar. Why, by this light, you shall!
Lady. Then by this light,
You have no care of your estate and mine.
Have we been seven years venturing in a ship,
And now upon return, with a fair wind,
And a calm sea, full fraught with our own wishes,
Laden with wealth and honour to the brim,
And shall we fly away, and not receive it?
Have we been tilling, sowing, labouring,
With pain and charge, a long and tedious winter,
And when we see the corn above the ground,
Youthful as is the morn, and the full ear,
That promises to stuff our spacious garners,
Shall we then let it rot, and never reap it?
Mar. Wife, talk no more! Your rhetoric comes too late;
I am inflexible: And how dare you
Adventure to direct my course of life?
Was not the husband made to rule the wife?

Lady. 'Tis true; but where the man doth miss his way,
It is the woman's part to set him right:
So, fathers have a power to guide their sons
In all their courses; yet you oft have seen
Poor little children, that have both their eyes,
Lead their blind fathers.
Mar. She has a plaguy wit!— [*Aside.*
I say, you are but a little piece of man.
Lady. But such a piece, as, being ta'en away,
Man cannot last: The fairest and tallest ship,
That ever sail'd, is by a little piece
Of the same wood steer'd right, and turn'd about.
Mar. 'Tis true she says; her answers stand with reason.
Lady. But, sir, your cousin put this in your [head,
Who is an enemy to your preferment,
Because I should not take place of his wife:
Come, by this kiss, thou shalt not go, sweetheart.
Mar. Come, by this kiss, I will go, sweetheart.
On with your riding-stuff! I know your tricks;
And if preferment fall ere you be ready,
'Tis welcome; else, adieu, the city-life!
Lady. Well, sir, I will obey.
Mar. About it then.
Lady. To please your humour, I would dress myself
In the most loathsome habit you could name,
Or travel any whither o'er the world,
If you command me: It shall ne'er be said,
The frailty of a woman, whose weak mind
Is often set on loose delights, and shows,
Hath drawn her husband to consume his state,
In the vain hope of that which never fell.
Mar. About it then! Women are pleasant creatures,
When once a man begins to know himself.
Lady. But hark you, sir; because I will be sure
You shall have no excuse, no word to say
In your defence hereafter; (when you see
What honours were prepared for you and me,
Which you thus willingly have thrown away)
I tell you, I did look for present honour
This morning for you, which I know had come:
But if they do not come ere I am ready
(Which I will be the sooner, lest they should)
When I am once set in a country life,
Not all the power of earth shall alter me;
Not all your prayers or threats shall make me
The least word to my honourable friends, [speak
To do you any grace!
Mar. I will not wish it.
Lady. And never more hope to be honourable!
Mar. My hopes are lower.
Lady. As I live, you shall not!
You shall be so far from the name of noble,
That you shall never see a lord again;
You shall not see a masque, or barriers,
Or tilting, or a solemn christening,
Or a great marriage, or new fire-works,
Or any bravery; but you shall live
At home, bespotted with your own loved dirt,
In scurvy clothes, as you were wont to do;
And, to content you, I will live so too.
Mar. 'Tis all I wish, Make haste; the day draws on;
It shall be my care to see your stuff pack'd up.
[*Exit.*
Lady. It shall be my care to gull you! You shall stay;
And, more than so, entreat me humbly too:
You shall have honours presently.—Maria!

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Madam!
Lady. Bring hither pen, ink, and paper.
Maria. 'Tis here.
Lady. Your master will not stay,
Unless preferment come within an hour.
Maria. Let him command one of the city gates,
In time of mutiny; or, you may provide him
To be one of the council for invading
Some savage country, to plant Christian faith.
Lady. No, no; I have it for him. Call my page!
[*Writes. Exit* MARIA.
Now, my dear husband, there it is will fit you:
And when the world shall see what I have done,
Let it not move the spleen of any wife,
To make an ass of her beloved husband,
Without good ground: If they will but be drawn
To reason by you, do not gull them;
But if they grow conceited of themselves,
And be fine gentlemen, have no mercy,
Publish them to the world! 'twill do them good
When they shall see their follies understood.

Enter Page.

Go bear these letters to my servant,
And bid him make haste. I will dress myself
In all the journey-clothes I used before,
Not to ride, but to make the laughter more. [*Exit.*

Enter MARINE *and* JAQUES, *with spurs, and apparel.*

Mar. Is all pack'd up?
Jaques. All, all, sir; there is no tumbler
Runs through his hoop with more dexterity,
Than I about this business: 'Tis a day
That I have long long'd to see——
Mar. Come; where's my spurs?
Jaques. Here, sir.—And now 'tis come——
Mar. Ay, Jaques, now,
I thank my fates, I can command my wife.
Jaques. I am glad to see it, sir.
Mar. I do not love always
To be made a puppy, Jaques.
Jaques. But yet methinks your worship does not [look
Right like a country gentleman.
Mar. I will;
Give me my t'other hat.
Jaques. Here.
Mar. So; my jerkin!
Jaques. Yes, sir.
Mar. On with it, Jaques; thou and I
Will live so finely in the country, Jaques,
And have such pleasant walks into the woods
A-mornings, and then bring home riding-rods,
And walking-staves——
Jaques. And I will bear them, sir:
And scourge-sticks for the children.
Mar. So thou shalt;
And thou shalt do all, oversee my work-folks,
And at the week's end pay them all their wages.
Jaques. I will, sir, so your worship give me money.
Mar. Thou shalt receive all too. Give me my [drawers.
Jaques. They are ready, sir.
Mar. And I will make thy mistress,
My wife, look to her laundry, and her dairy,
That we may have our linen clean on Sundays.
Jaques. And holidays.
Mar. Ay; and, ere

We walk about the grounds, provide our breakfast,
Or she shall smoke; I'll have her a good huswife:
She shall not make a voyage to her sisters,
But she shall live at home,
And feed her pullen fat, and see her maids
In bed before her, and lock all the doors.
Jaques. Why, that will be a life for kings and queens!
Mar. Give me my scarf with the great button
Jaques. 'Tis done, sir. [quickly.
Mar. Now my mittens!
Jaques. Here they are, sir.
Mar. 'Tis well; now my great dagger!
Jaques. There.
Mar. Why, so! thus it should be; now my riding-rod!
Jaques. There's nothing wanting, sir.
Mar. Another, man, to stick under my girdle.
Jaques. There it is.
Mar. All is well.
Jaques. Why now, methinks, your worship looks
Like to yourself, a man of means and credit:
So did your grave and famous ancestors
Ride up and down to fairs, and cheapen cattle.
Mar. Go, hasten your mistress, sirrah!
Jaques. It shall be done. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentleman *and* Page.

Gent. Who's that? who's that, boy?
Page. I think it be my master.
Gent. Who? he that walks in grey, whisking his
Page. Yes, sir, 'tis he. [riding-rod?
Gent. 'Tis he indeed; he is prepared
For his new journey. When I wink upon you,
Run out and tell the gentleman 'tis time.—
Monsieur, good day!
Mar. Monsieur,
Your mistress is within, but yet not ready.
Gent. My business is with you, sir: 'Tis reported,
I know not whether by some enemy
Maliciously, that envies your great hopes,
And would be ready to sow discontents
Betwixt his majesty and you, or truly,
(Which on my faith I would be sorry for)
That you intend to leave the court in haste.
Mar. 'Faith, sir, within this half-hour.—Jaques!
Jaques. [*Within.*] Sir!
Mar. Is my wife ready?
Jaques. Presently.
Gent. But, sir,
I needs must tell you, as I am your friend,
You should have ta'en your journey privater,
For 'tis already blazed about the court.
Mar. Why sir, I hope it is no treason, is it?
Gent. 'Tis true, sir; but 'tis grown the common talk;
There's no discourse else held; and in the presence
All the nobility and gentry
Have nothing in their mouths but only this,
"Monsieur Marine, that noble gentleman,
Is now departing hence;" every man's face
Looks ghastly on his fellows; such a sadness
(Before this day) I ne'er beheld in court;
Men's hearts begin to fail them when they hear it,
In expectation of the great event
That needs must follow it: Pray Heaven it be good!
Mar. Why, I had rather all their hearts should
Than I stay here until my purse fail me. [fail,
Gent. But yet you are a subject; and beware,
I charge you by the love I bear to you)
How you do venture rashly on a course
To make your sovereign jealous of your deeds!
For princes' jealousies, where they love most,
Are easily found, but they be hardly lost.
Mar. Come, these are tricks; I smell 'em; I will go.
Gent. Have I not still profess'd myself your friend?
Mar. Yes, but you never shew'd it to me yet.
Gent. But now I will, because I see you wise;
And give you thus much light into a business
That came to me but now: Be resolute,
Stand stiffly to it that you will depart,
And presently;—
Mar. Why, so I mean to do.
Gent. And, by this light, you may be what you
Will you be secret, sir? [will!
Mar. Why? what's the matter?
Gent. The king does fear you.
Mar. How?
Gent. And is now in counsel.
Mar. About me?
Gent. About you; an you be wise,
You'll find he is in counsel about you.
His counsellors have told him all the truth.
Mar. What truth?
Gent. Why, that which he now knows too well.
Mar. What is't?
Gent. That you have followed him seven years
With a great train; and, though he have not graced you,
Yet you have dived into the hearts of thousands,
With liberality and noble carriage;
And if you should depart home unpreferr'd,
All discontented and seditious spirits
Would flock to you, and thrust you into action:
With whose help, and your tenants', who doth not
(If you were so disposed) how great a part [know
Of this yet-fertile peaceful realm of France
You might make desolate? But when the king
Heard this——
Mar. What said he?
Gent. Nothing; but shook
As never Christian prince did shake before;
And, to be short, you may be what you will.
But be not ambitious, sir; sit down
With moderate honours, lest you make yourself
More fear'd.
Mar. I know, sir, what I have to do
In mine own business.

Enter Longueville.

Long. Where's monsieur Mount-Marine?
Gent. Why, there he stands; will ye aught with him?
Long. Yes.—Good day, monsieur Marine!
Mar. Good day to you!
Long. His majesty doth commend himself
Most kindly to you, sir, and hath, by me,
Sent you this favour: Kneel down; rise a knight.
Mar. I thank his majesty!
Long. And he doth further
Request you not to leave the court so soon;
For though your former merits have been slighted,
After this time there shall no office fall
Worthy your spirit, (as he doth confess
There's none so great) but you shall surely have it.
Gent. Do you hear? If you yield yet, you are an ass.
Mar. I'll shew my service to his majesty

In greater things than these: but for this small one
I must entreat his highness to excuse me.
Long. I'll bear your knightly words unto the king,
And bring his princely answer back again. [*Exit.*
Gent. Well said! Be resolute a while; I know
There is a tide of honours coming on;
I warrant you!

Enter BEAUFORT.

Beau. Where is this new-made knight?
Mar. Here, sir.
Beau. Let me enfold you in my arms,
Then call you lord! the king will have it so:
Who doth entreat your lordship to remember
His message sent to you by Longueville.
Gent. If you be dirty, and dare not mount aloft,
You may yield now; I know what I would do.
Mar. Peace! I will fit him.—Tell his majesty
I am a subject, and I do confess
I serve a gracious prince, that thus hath heap'd
Honours on me without desert; but yet
As for the message, business urgeth me,
I must begone, and he must pardon me,
Were he ten thousand kings and emperors.
Beau. I'll tell him so.
Gent. Why, this was like yourself!
Beau. As he hath wrought him, 'tis the finest fellow [*Aside.*
That e'er was Christmas-lord! he carries it
So truly to the life, as though he were
One of the plot to gull himself. [*Exit.*
Gent. Why, so!
You sent the wisest and the shrewdest answer
Unto the king, I swear, my honour'd friend,
That ever any subject sent his liege.
Mar. Nay, now I know I have him on the hip,
I'll follow it.

Enter LONGUEVILLE.

Long. My honourable lord!
Give me your noble hand, right courteous peer,
And from henceforth be a courtly earl;
The king so wills, and subjects must obey:
Only he doth desire you to consider
Of his request.
Gent. Why, faith, you are well, my lord;
Yield to him.
Mar. Yield? Why, 'twas my plot——
Gent. Nay,
'Twas your wife's plot.
Mar. To get preferment by it.
And thinks he now to pop me in the mouth
But with an earldom? I'll be one step higher.
Gent. It is the finest lord! I am afraid anon
He will stand upon't to share the kingdom with him. [*Aside.*

Enter BEAUFORT.

Beau. Where's this courtly earl?
His majesty commends his love unto you,
And will you but now grant to his request,
He bids you be a duke, and chuse of whence.
Gent. Why, if you yield not now, you are undone;
What can you wish to have more, but the kingdom?
Mar. So please his majesty, I would be duke
Of Burgundy, because I like the place.
Beau. I know the king is pleased.
Mar Then will I stay,
And kiss his highness' hand.
Beau. His majesty
Will be a glad man when he hears it.
Long But how shall we keep this from the world's ear, [*Aside to the* Gentleman.
That some one tell him not, he is no duke?
Gent. We'll think of that anon.—Why, gentlemen
Is this a gracious habit for a duke?
Each gentle body set a finger to,
To pluck the clouds (of these his riding weeds)
From off the orient sun, off his best clothes;
I'll pluck one boot and spur off.
Long. I another.
Beau. I'll pluck his jerkin off.
Gent. Sit down, my lord.—
Both his spurs off at once, good Longueville!
And, Beaufort, take that scarf off; and that hat
Doth not become his largely-sprouting forehead.
Now set your gracious foot to this of mine;
One pluck will do it; so! Off with the other!
Long. Lo, thus your servant Longueville doth pluck
The trophy of your former gentry off.—
Off with his jerkin, Beaufort!
Gent. Didst thou never see
A nimble-footed tailor stand so in his stockings,
Whilst some friend help'd to pluck his jerkin off,
To dance a jig?

Enter JAQUES.

Long. Here's his man Jaques come,
Booted and ready still.
Jaques. My mistress stays.—
Why, how now, sir? What do your worship mean,
To pluck your grave and thrifty habit off?
Mar. My slippers, Jaques!
Long. Oh, thou mighty duke! pardon this man,
That thus hath trespassed in ignorance.
Mar. I pardon him.
Long. His grace's slippers, Jaques!
Jaques. Why, what's the matter?
Long. Footman, he's a duke:
The king hath raised him above all his land.
Jaques. I'll to his cousin presently, and tell him so;
Oh, what a dunghill country rogue was I! [*Exit.*

Enter Lady *in plain apparel.*

Gent. See, see my mistress!
Long. Let's observe their greeting.
Lady. Unto your will, as every good wife ought,
I have turn'd all my thoughts, and now am ready.
Mar. Oh, wife, I am not worthy to kiss
The least of all thy toes, much less thy thumb,
Which yet I would be bold with! All thy counsel
Hath been to me angelical; but mine
To thee hath been most dirty, like my mind.
Dear duchess, I must stay.
Lady. What! are you mad,
To make me dress, and undress, turn and wind me,
Because you find me pliant? Said I not
The whole world should not alter me, if once
I were resolved? and now you call me duchess:
Why, what's the matter?
Mar. Lo, a knight doth kneel——
Lady. A knight?
Mar. A lord—
Lady. A fool!
Mar. I say doth kneel
An earl, a duke.
Long. In drawers.
Beau. Without shoes.

Lady. Sure you are lunatic.
Gent. No, honour'd duchess;
If you dare but believe your servant's truth,
I know he is a duke.
Long. God save his Grace!
Lady. I ask your Grace's pardon!
Mar. Then I rise:
And here, in token that all strife shall end
'Twixt thee and me, I let my drawers fall,
And to thy hands I do deliver them;
Which signifies, that in all acts and speeches,
From this time forth, my wife shall wear the breeches.
Gent. An honourable composition! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street*

Enter CLERIMONT *and* JAQUES.

Cler. Shall I believe thee, Jaques?
Jaques. Sir, you may.
Cler. Didst thou not dream?
Jaques. I did not.
Cler. Nor imagine?
Jaques. Neither of both: I saw him great and mighty;
I saw the monsieurs bow, and heard them cry,
"Good health and fortune to my lord the duke!"
Cler. A duke? art sure, a duke?
Jaques. I am sure, a duke;
And so sure, as I know myself for Jaques.
Cler. Yet the sun may dazzle! Jaques, was it not
Some lean commander of an angry block-house,
To keep the Flemish eel-boats from invasion?
Or some bold baron able to dispend
His fifty pounds a-year, and meet the foe
'Upon the king's command, in gilded canvas,
And do his deeds of worth? or was it not
Some place of gain, as clerk to the great band
Of marrowbones, that people call the Switzers?
Men made of beef and sarcenet?
Jaques. Is a duke,
His chamber hung with nobles like a presence.
Cler. I am something wavering in my faith:
'Would you would settle me, and swear it is so!
Is he a duke indeed?
Jaques. I swear he is.
Cler. I am satisfied. He is my kinsman, Jaques,
And I his poor unworthy cousin.
Jaques. True, sir.
Cler. I might have been a duke too; I had means,
A wife as fair as his, and as wise as his,
And could have brook'd the court as well as his,
And laid about her for her husband's honour:
Oh, Jaques, had I ever dreamt of this,
I had prevented him.
Jaques. 'Faith, sir, it came
Above our expectation: We were wise
Only in seeking to undo this honour,
Which shew'd our dunghill breeding and our dirt.
Cler. But tell me, Jaques,
Why could we not perceive? what dull devil
Wrought us to cross this noble course, persuading
'Twould be his overthrow? For me, a courtier
Is he that knows all, Jaques, and does all:
'Tis as his noble grace hath often said,
And very wisely, Jaques, we are fools,
And understand just nothing.
Jaques. Ay, as we were,
I confess it; but, rising with our great master,
We shall be call'd to knowledge with our places:
('Tis nothing to be wise, not thus much there)
[*Snaps his fingers.*
There is not the least of the billet dealers,
Nor any of the pastry, or the kitchen,
But have it in measure delicate.
Cler. Methinks this greatness of the duke's my cousin's
(I ask your mercy, Jaques! that near name
Is too familiar for me) should give promise
Of some great benefits to his attendants.
Jaques. I have a suit myself; and it is sure,
Or I mistake my ends much.
Cler. What is't, Jaques?
May I not crave the place?
Jaques. Yes, sir, you shall;
'Tis to be but his grace's secretary,
Which is my little all, and my ambition,
Till my known worth shall take me by the hand
And set me higher. How the fates may do
In this poor thread of life, is yet uncertain:
I was not born, I take it, for a trencher,
Nor to espouse my mistress' dairy-maid.
Cler. I am resolved my wife shall up to court;
(I'll furnish her) that is a speeding course,
And cannot chuse but breed a mighty fortune.
What a fine youth was I, to let him start,
And get the rise before me! I'll dispatch,
And put myself in monies.
Jaques. 'Mass, 'tis true!
And, now you talk of money, sir, my business
For taking [up] those crowns must be dispatch'd:
This little plot i' th' country lies most fit
To do his grace such serviceable uses.
I must about it.
Cler. Yet before you go,
Give me your hand, and bear my humble service
To the great duke your master, and his duchess,
And live yourself in favour! Say, my wife
Shall there attend them shortly; so farewell!
Jaques. I'll see you mounted, sir.
Cler. It may not be!
Your place is far above it; spare yourself,
And know I am your servant. Fare you well!
Jaques. Sir, I shall rest to be commanded by you.— [*Exit* CLERIMONT.
This place of secretary will not content me;
I must be more and greater. Let me see!
To be a baron is no such great matter,
As people take it: For, say I were a count,
I am still an under person to this duke,
(Which methinks sounds but harshly;) but a duke!
Oh, I am strangely taken! 'tis a duke,
Or nothing; I'll advise upon't, and see
What may done by wit and industry. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before* MARINE'S *House.*

Enter Lady, LONGUEVILLE, BEAUFORT, *and* Gentleman.

Lady. It must be carried closely, with a care
That no man speak unto him, or come near him,
Without our private knowledge, or be made
Aforehand to our practice. My good husband,
I shall entreat you now to stay a while,
And prove a noble coxcomb. Gentlemen,
Your counsel and advice about this carriage!

Gent. Alas, good man, I do begin to mourn
His dire massàcre: What a persecution
Is pouring down upon him! Sure he is sinful.

Long. Let him be kept in's chamber, under show
Of state and dignity, and no man suffer'd
To see his noble face, or have access,
But we that are conspirators!

Beau. Or else,
Down with him into th' country amongst his tenants!
There he may live far longer in his greatness,
And play the fool in pomp amongst his fellows.

Lady. No, he shall play the fool i' th' city, and
I will not lose the greatness of this jest, [stay;
(That shall be given to my wit) for the whole revenues.

Gent. Then thus; we'll have a guard about his person,
That no man come too near him, and ourselves
Always in company; have him into the city
To see his face swell; whilst, in divers corners,
Some of our own appointing shall be ready
To cry, "Heaven bless your grace, long live your grace!"

Lady. Servant, your counsel is excellent good,
And shall be follow'd; 'twill be rarely strange
To see him stated thus, as though he went
A-shroving through the city, or intended
To set up some new stake: I shall not hold
From open laughter, when I hear him cry,
"Come hither, my sweet duchess; let me kiss
Thy gracious lips!" for this will be his phras
I fear me nothing, but his legs will break
Under his mighty weight of such a greatness.

Beau. Now methinks, dearest lady, you are too cruel;
His very heart will freeze in knowing this.

Lady. No, no; the man was never of such deepness,
To make conceit his master: Sir, I'll assure you
He will out-live twenty such pageants.
Were he but my cousin, or my brother,
And such a desperate killer of his fortune,
In this belief he should die, though it cost me
A thousand crowns a-day to hold it up;
Or, were I not known his wife, and so to have
An equal feeling of this ill he suffers,
He should be thus till all the boys i' the town
Made suit to wear his badges in their hats,
And walk before his grace with sticks and nosegays.
We married women hold——

Gent. 'Tis well; no more!
The duke is entering: Set your faces right,
And bow like country prologues. Here he comes.
—Make room afore! the duke is entering.

Enter MARINE.

Long. The choicest fortunes wait upon our duke!

Gent. And give him all content and happiness!

Beau. Let his great name live to the end of time!

Mar. We thank you, and are pleased to give you notice
We shall at fitter times wait on your loves;
Till when, be near us.

Long. 'Tis a valiant purge, [*Aside.*
And works extremely; 't has delivered him
Of all right worshipful and gentle humours,
And left his belly full of nobleness.

Mar. It pleased the king my master,
For sundry virtues not unknown to him,
And the all-seeing state, to lend his hand,
And raise me to this eminence; how this
May seem to other men, or stir the minds
Of such as are my fellow-peers, I know not;
I would desire their loves in just designs.

Lady. Now, by my faith, he does well, very well:
[*Apart to the* Gentleman.
Beshrew my heart, I have not seen a better,
Of a raw fellow, that before this day
Never rehearsed his state: 'Tis marvellous well:

Gent. Is he not duke indeed? see how he looks,
As if his spirit were a last or two
Above his veins, and stretch'd his noble hide!

Long. He's high braced, like a drum; pray God he break not!

Beau. Why, let him break; there's but a calf's-[skin lost.

Long. May't please your grace
To see the city? 'twill be to the minds
And much contentment of the doubtful people.

Mar. I am determined so: Till my return,
I leave my honour'd duchess to her chamber.
Be careful of your health! I pray you be so.

Gent. Your grace shall suffer us, your humble servants,
To give attendance, fit so great a person,
Upon your body?

Mar. I am pleased so.—

Long. [*Aside.*] Away, good Beaufort; raise a guard sufficient
To keep him from the reach of tongues; be quick!
And, do you hear? remember how the streets
Must be disposed for cries and salutations.—
Your grace determines not to see the king?

Mar. Not yet; I shall be ready ten days hence
To kiss his highness' hand, and give him thanks,
As it is fit I should, for his great bounty.
Set forward, gentlemen!

Groom. Room for the duke there!
[*Exeunt* MARINE, LONGUEVILLE, *&c.*

Lady. 'Tis fit he should have room to shew his mightiness,
He swells so with his poison!—'Tis better to
Reclaim you thus, than make a sheep's-head of you;
It had been but your due; but I have mercy, sir,
And mean to reclaim you by a directer course.
That woman is not worthy of a soul,
That has the sovereign power to rule her husband,
And gives her title up; so long provided
As there be fair play, and his state not wrong'd.

Enter SHATTILLION.

Shat. I would be glad to know whence this new duke springs,
The people buz abroad; or by what title
He received his dignity: 'Tis very strange
There should be such close juggling in the state!
But I am tied to silence; yet a day
May come, and soon, to perfect all these doubts.

Lady. It is the mad Shattillion: By my soul,

I suffer much for this poor gentleman!
I will speak to him; may be he yet knows me.—
Monsieur Shattillion!
Shat. Can you give me reason,
From whence this great duke sprang that walks
Lady. Even from the king himself. [abroad?
Shat. As you are a woman,
I think you may be cover'd: Yet your prayer
Would do no harm, good woman.
Lady. God preserve him!
Shat. I say *amen*, and so say all good subjects!

Enter SHATTILLION'S LOVE.

Love. Lady, as ever you have loved, or shall,
As you have hope of Heaven, lend your hand
And wit, to draw this poor distracted man
Under your roof, from the broad eyes of people,
And wonder of the streets.
Lady. With all my heart:
My feeling of his grief and loss is much.
Love. Sir, now you are come so near the prison, will you
Go in, and visit your fair Love? Poor soul!
She would be glad to see you.
Shat. This same duke
Is but apocryphal; there's no creation
That can stand, where titles are not right.
Love. 'Tis true, sir.
Shat. This is another draft upon my life!
Let me examine well the words I spake:
The words I spake were, that this novel duke is
Not o' th' true making; 'tis to me most certain.
Lady. You are as right, sir, as you went by line.
Shat. And to the grief of many thousands more—
Lady. If there be any such, God comfort them!
Shat. Whose mouths may open when the time shall please,
I am betray'd! Commend me to the king,
And tell him I am sound, and crave but justice.
You shall not need to have your guard upon me,
Which I am sure are placed for my attachment.
Lead on! I am obedient to my bonds.
Love. Good sir, be not displeased with us! We are
But servants to his highness' will, to make that good.
Shat. I do forgive you, even with my heart.
Shall I entreat a favour?
Lady. Anything.
Shat. To see my Love, before that fatal stroke,
And publish to the world my Christian death,
And true obedience to the crown of France.
Love. I hope it shall not need, sir; for there's mercy,
As well as justice, in his royal heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter three Gentlemen *and* Others.

1 *Gent.* Every man take his corner! Here am I,
You there, and you in that place; so! be perfect;
Have a great care your cries be loud, and faces
Full of dejected fear and humbleness.
He comes.

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. Fy, how these streets are charged and swell'd
With these same rascally people! Give more room,
Or I shall have occasion to distribute
A martial alms amongst you: As I am a gentle-
I have not seen such rude disorder! They [man,
Follow him like a prize. There's no true gaper
Like to your citizen! he will be sure
The bears shall not pass by his door in peace,
But he and all his family will follow.—

Enter MARINE, LONGUEVILLE, *and* BEAUFORT.

Room there afore; sound! Give room, and keep your places,
And you may see enough; keep your places!
Long. These people are too far unmanner'd, thus
To stop your grace's way with multitudes.
Mar. Rebuke them not, good monsieur: 'Tis their loves,
Which I will answer, if it please my stars
To spare me life and health.
2 *Gent.* Bless your grace!
Mar. And you, with all my heart.
1 *Gent.* Now Heaven preserve your happy days!
Mar. I thank you too.
3 *Gent.* Now Heaven save your grace!
Mar. I thank you all.
Beau. On there before!
Mar. Stand, gentlemen!
Stay yet a while; for I am minded to impart
My love to these good people, and my friends,
Whose love and prayers for my greatness
Are equal in abundance. Note me well,
And with my words my heart; for as the tree—
Long. Your grace had best beware; 'twill be
Your greatness with the people. [inform'd
Mar. I had more,
My honest and ingenuous people; but
The weight of business hath prevented me;
I am call'd from you: But this tree I spake of
Shall bring forth fruit, I hope, to your content.
And so, I share my bowels amongst you all.
All. A noble duke! a very noble duke!

Enter Fourth Gentleman.

Gent. Afore there, gentlemen!
4 *Gent.* You are fairly met, good monsieur Mount-Marine!
Gent. Be advised! the time is altered.
4 *Gent.* Is he not the same man he was afore.
Mar. Still the same man to you, sir.
Long. You have received mighty grace; be
4 *Gent.* Let me not die in ignorance. [thankful.
Long. You shall not:
Then know, the king, out of his love, hath pleased
To style him duke of Burgundy.
4 *Gent.* Oh, great duke, [*Kneels.*
Thus low I plead for pardon, and desire
To be enroll'd amongst your poorest slaves.
Mar. Sir, you have mercy, and withal my hand;
From henceforth let me call you one of mine.
Gent. Make room afore there, and dismiss the people!
Mar. Every man to his house in peace and quiet!
People. Now Heaven preserve the duke! Heaven bless the duke! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* MARINE'S *House.*

Enter Lady, *with a letter in her hand.*

Lady. This letter came this morning from my cousin:
"To the great lady, high and mighty duchess
Of Burgundy, be these deliver'd."

Oh, for a stronger lace to keep my breath,
That I may laugh the nine days, till the wonder
Fall to an ebb! the high and mighty duchess?
The high and mighty? God, what a style is this!
Methinks it goes like a Duchy lope-man:
A ladder of a hundred rounds will fail
To reach the top on't. Well, my gentle cousin,
I know, by these contents, your itch of honour:
You must to th' court you say, and very shortly:
You shall be welcome; and if your wife have wit,
I'll put her in a thriving course; if not,
Her own sin on her own head! not a blot
Shall stain my reputation, only this;
I must for health's sake sometimes make an ass
Of the tame moil my husband; 'twill do him good,
And give him fresher brains, me fresher blood.
Now for the noble duke! I hear him coming.

Enter MARINE, LONGUEVILLE, BEAUFORT, *and* Gentlemen.

Your grace is well return'd.
Mar. As well as may be;
Never in younger health, never more able:
I mean to be your bed-fellow this night;
Let me have good encounter.
Beau. Bless me, Heaven,
What a hot meat this greatness is!
Long. It may be so;
For I'll be sworn he hath not got a snap
This two months on my knowledge, or her woman
Is damn'd for swearing it.
Mar. I thank you, gentlemen, for your attendance,
And also your great pains! Pray know my lodgings
Better and oftner; do so, gentlemen!
Now, by my honour, as I am a prince,
I speak sincerely, know my lodgings better,
And be not strangers! I shall see your service
And your deservings, when you least expect——
All. We humbly thank your grace for this great favour.
Mar. Jaques!
Jaques. Your Grace?
Mar. Be ready for the country,
And let my tenants know the king's great love;
Say I would see them, but the weight at court
Lies heavy on my shoulders; let them know
I do expect their duties in attendance
'Gainst the next feast; wait for my coming.
Go take up post-horse, and be full of speed.
[*Exit* JAQUES.
Lady. I would desire your grace——
Mar. You shall desire,
And have your full desire: Sweet duchess, speak!
Lady. To have some conference with a gentleman
That seems not altogether void of reason:
He talks of titles, and things near the crown;
And knowing none so fit as your good grace
To give the difference in such points of state——
Mar. What is he?
If he be noble, or have any part
That's worthy our converse, we do accept him.
Lady. I can assure your grace his strain is noble;
But he is very subtle.
Mar. Let him be so!
Let him have all the brains, I shall demonstrate
How this most Christian crown of France can bear
No other show of title than the king's.
I will go in and meditate for half an hour,
And then be ready for him presently;
I will convert him quickly, or confound him.
Gent. Is mad Shattillion here?
Lady. Is here, and his lady.
I pr'ythee, servant, fetch him hither.
Gent. Why,
What do you mean to put him to?
Lady. To chat
With the mad lad my husband; 'twill be brave
To hear them speak, babble, stare, and prate!
Beau. But what shall be the end of all this lady?

Enter SHATTILLION *and* LOVE.

Lady. Leave that to me. Now for the grand dispute!
For see, here comes Shattillion: As I live,
Methinks all France should bear part of his griefs.
Long. I'll fetch my lord the duke.
Shat. Where am I now?
Or whither will you lead me? to my death?
I crave my privilege!
I must not die, but by just course of law.
Gent. His majesty hath sent by me your pardon;
He meant not you should die, but would entreat
To lay the full state of your title open,
Unto a grave and noble gentleman,

Enter MARINE *and* LONGUEVILLE.

The duke of Burgundy, who here doth come;
Who, either by his wisdom will confute you,
Or else inform and satisfy the king.
Beau. May't please your grace, this is the gentleman.
Mar. Is this he that chops logic with my liege?
Shat. Do ye mock me? You are great, the time will come
When you shall be as much contemn'd as I.
Where are the ancient compliments of France,
That upstarts brave the princes of the blood?
Mar. Your title, sir, in short!
Shat. He must, sir, be
A better statesman than yourself, that can
Trip me in any thing; I will not speak
Before these witnesses.
Mar. Depart the room;
For none shall stay, no, not my dearest duchess,
Lady. [*Aside.*] We'll stand behind the arras and hear all.
[*Exeunt all but* MARINE *and* SHATTILLION.
Mar. In that chair take your place; I in this
Discourse your title now.
Shat. Sir, you shall know,
My Love's true title, mine by marriage;
Setting aside the first race of French kings,
Which will not here concern us, as Pharamond,
With Clodius, Meroveus, and Chilperick,
And to come down unto the second race,
Which we will likewise slip——
Mar. But take me with you!
Shat. I pray you give me leave! Of Martel
The father of king Pepin, who was sire
To Charles, the great and famous Charlemain;
And to come to the third race of French kings,
Which will not be greatly pertinent in this cause
Betwixt the king and me, of which you know
Hugh Capet was the first;
Next his son Robert, Henry then, and Philip,
With Lewis, and his son a Lewis too,
And of that name the seventh; but all this
Springs from a female, as it shall appear——
Mar. Now give me leave! I grant you this your title,

At the first sight, carries some show of truth;
But if ye weigh it well, ye shall find light.
Is not his majesty possess'd in peace,
And justice executed in his name?
And can you think the most Christian king
Would do this, if he saw not reason for it?
Shat. But had not the tenth Lewis a sole daugh-
Mar. I cannot tell. [ter?
Shat. But answer me directly.
Mar. It is a most seditious question.
Shat. Is this your justice?
Mar. I stand for my king.
Shat. Was ever heir-apparent thus abused!
I'll have your head for this!
Mar. Why, do your worst!
Shat. Will no one stir to apprehend this traitor?
A guard about my person! Will none come?
Must my own royal hands perform the deed?
Then thus I do arrest you. [*Seizes him.*
Mar. Treason! help!

Enter Lady, Longueville, Beaufort, *and* Gentleman.

Lady. Help, help, my lord and husband!
Mar. Help the duke!
Long. Forbear his grace's person!
Shat. Forbear you
To touch him that your heir apparent weds!
But, by this hand, I will have all your heads [*Exit.*
Gent. How doth your grace?
Mar. Why, well.
Gent. How do you find his title?
Mar. 'Tis a dangerous one,
As can come by a female.
Gent. Ay, 'tis true;
But the law Salique cuts him off from all.
Long. I do beseech your grace how stands his title?
Mar. Pho! nothing! the law Salique cuts him off from all.
Lady. My gracious husband, you must now prepare,
In all your grace's pomp to entertain
Your cousin, who is now a convertite,
And follows here; this night he will be here.
Mar. Be ready all in haste! I do intend
To shew before my cousin's wond'ring face,
The greatness of my pomp, and of my place.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter Clermont, *his* Wife, *and* Anthony.

Cler. Sirrah, is all things carried to the tailor?
The measure and the fashion of the gown,
With the best trim?
Anth. Yes, sir, and 'twill be ready
Within this two days.
Cler. For myself I care not;
I have a suit or two of ancient velvet,
Which, with some small correcting and addition,
May steal into the presence.
Wife. 'Would my gown
Were ready! husband, I will lay my life
To make you something ere to-morrow night.
Cler. It must not be
Before we see the duke, and have advice,
How to behave ourselves. Let's in the while,
And keep ourselves from knowledge, till time shall call us! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Marine's *House.*

Enter Longueville *and* Beaufort.

Long. I much admire the fierce masculine spirit
Of this dread Amazon.
Beau. This following night
I'll have a wench in solace.
Long. Sir, I hear you,
And will be with you, if I live; no more!

Enter Maria.

Maria. My lady would entreat your presence, gentlemen.
Beau. We will obey your lady; she is worthy.
Long. You light o' love, a word or two.
Maria. Your will, sir?
Long. Hark in your ear!
Wilt thou be married? Speak, wilt thou marry?
Maria. Married? to whom, sir?
Long. To a proper fellow,
Landed, and able-bodied?
Maria. Why do you flout me, sir?
Long. I swear I do not;
I love thee for thy lady's sake: Be free!
Maria. If I could meet such matches as you speak of,
I were a very child to lose my time, sir.
Long. What sayest thou to monsieur Beaufort.
Maria. Sir,
I say he is a proper gentleman, and far
Above my means to look at.
Long. Dost thou like him?
Maria. Yes, sir, and ever did.
Long. He is thine own.
Maria. You are too great in promises.
Long. Be ruled,
And follow my advice, he shall be thine.
Maria. 'Would you would make it good, sir
Long. Do but thus:
Get thee a cushion underneath thy clothes,
And leave the rest to me.
Maria. I'll be your scholar;
I cannot lose much by the venture, sure.
Long. Thou wilt lose a pretty maidenhead, my rogue,
Or I am much o' th' bow hand. You'll remember,
If all this take effect, who did it for you,
And what I may deserve for such a kindness?
Maria. Yours, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street. Night.*

Enter Jaques *and* Shattillion *severally.*

Jaques. Save you, sir!
Shat. Save the king!
Jaques. I pray you, sir, which is the nearest way—
Shat. Save the king! This is the nearest way.

Jaques. Which is the nearest way to the post-house?
Shat. God save the king and his post-house!
Jaques. I pray, sir, direct me to the house.
Shat. Heaven save the king! You cannot catch me, sir.
Jaques. I do not understand you, sir.
Shat. You do not?
I say, you cannot catch me, sir.
Jaques. Not catch you, sir?
Shat. No, sir; nor can the king,
With all his stratagems, and his forced tricks,
(Although he put his nobles in disguise,
Never so oft, to sift into my words)
By course of law, lay hold upon my life.
Jaques. It is a business that my lord the duke
Is by the king employ'd in, and he thinks
I am acquainted with it. [*Aside.*
Shat. I shall not need
To rip the cause up, from the first, to you;
But if his majesty had suffer'd me
To marry her, though she be, after him,
The right heir-general to the crown of France,
I would not have convey'd her into Spain,
As it was thought, nor would I e'er have join'd
With the reform'd churches, to make them
Stand for my cause.
Jaques. I do not think you would.
Shat. I thank you, sir. And since I see you are
A favourer of virtues kept in bondage,
Tell directly to my sovereign king,
(For so I will acknowledge him for ever)
How you have found my staid affections
Settled for peace, and for the present state.
Jaques. Why, sir——
Shat. And, good sir, tell him further this;
That notwithstanding all suggestions brought
To him against me, and all his suspicions
(Which are innumerable) of my treasons,
If he will warrant me but public trial,
I'll freely yield myself into his hands:
Can he have more than this?
Jaques. No, by my troth.
Shat. I would his majesty would hear but reason
As well as you!
Jaques. But, sir, you do mistake me,
For I ne'er saw the king
In all my life but once: Therefore, good sir,
May it please you to shew me which is the post-house?
Shat. I cry you mercy, sir! then you're my [friend?
Jaques. Yes, sir.
Shat. And such men are very rare with me!
The post-house is hard by. Farewell!
Jaques. I thank you, sir! I must ride hard to-
And it is dark already. [night,
Shat. I am cruel,
To send this man directly to his death,
That is my friend, and I might easily save him:
He shall not die.—Come back, my friend, come
Jaques. What is your will? [back!
Shat. Do you not know?
Jaques. Not I.
Shat. And do you gather nothing by my face?
Jaques. No, sir.
Shat. Virtue is ever innocent.
Lay not the fault on me; I grieve for you,
And wish that all my tears might win your safety.
Jaques. Why, sir?
Shat. Alas, good friend, you are undone,
The more ill fortune mine, to be the means
Of your sad overthrow: You know not me?
Jaques. No, truly, sir.
Shat. 'Would you had never seen me!
I am a man pursued by the whole state,
And sure some one hath seen me talk with you.
Jaques. Yes, divers, sir.
Shat. Why then, your head is gone.
Jaques. I'll out of town.
Shat. 'Would it were soon enough!
Stay, if you love your life: or else you are taken.
Jaques. What shall I do?
Shat. I'll venture deeply for him,
Rather than cast away an innocent:—
Take courage, friend! I will preserve thy life,
With hazard of mine own.
Jaques. I thank you, sir.
Shat. This night thou shalt be lodged within my doors,
Which shall be all lock'd fast; and in the morn
I'll so provide, you shall have free access
To the sea-side, and so be shipt away,
Ere any know it.
Jaques. Good sir, suddenly!
I am afraid to die.
Shat. Then follow me. [*Exeunt into a house.*

Enter SHATTILLION'S LOVE.

Love. This way he went, and there's the house:
His better angel hath directed him [I hope
To leave the wand'ring streets. Poor gentleman!
'Would I were able with as free a heart
To set his soul right, as I am to grieve
The ruin of his fame, which God forgive me!—
[*Knocks at the door.* SHATTILLION *appears at a window.*
Sir, if you be within, I pray, sir, speak to me.
Shat. I am within, and will be: What are you?
Love. A friend.
Shat. No, sir; you must pardon me;
I am acquainted with none such.—Be speedy,
[*To* JAQUES *within.*
Friend; there is no other remedy.
Love. A word, sir! I say, I am your friend.
Shat. You cannot 'scape by any other means;
Be not fearful.—God save the king! What's your [business, sir?
Love. To speak with you.
Shat. Speak out then.
Love. Shall I not come up?
Shat. Thou shalt not.—Fly, if thou be'st thine own friend;
There lies the suit, and all the furniture
Belonging to the head: On with it, friend!
Love. Sir, do you hear?
Shat. I do: God bless the king!—
It was a habit I had laid aside
For my own person, if the state had forced me.
Love. Good sir, unlock your door!
Shat. Be full of speed!
I see some twenty musqueteers in ambush.—
Whate'er thou art, know I am here, and will be.
Seest thou this bloody sword that cries revenge?—
Shake not, my friend; through millions of these [foes
I'll be thy guard, and set thee safe aboard.
Love. Dare you not trust me, sir?
Shat. My good sword before me,
And my allegiance to the king, I tell thee,
Captain, (for so I guess thee by thy arms,
And the loose flanks of halberdiers about thee)
Thou art too weak and foolish to attempt me.—

If you be ready, follow me; and, hark you,
Upon your life speak to no living wight,
Except myself!
Love. Monsieur Shattillion!
Shat. Thou shalt not call again! Thus with my sword,
And the strong faith I bear unto the king,
(Whom God preserve!) I will descend my chamber,
And cut thy throat; I swear, I'll cut thy throat.—
Steal after me, and live. [*Exit.*
Love. I will not stay
The fury of a man so far distracted. [*Exit.*

Enter SHATTILLION *with his Sword drawn.*

Shat. Where is the officer that dares not enter,
To entrap the life of my distressed friend?
Ay, have you hid yourself? you must be found!
What do ye fear? is not authority
On your side? Nay, I know the king's command
Will be your warrant; why then fear you? Speak!
What strange designs are these! Shattillion,
Be resolute, and bear thyself upright,
Though the whole world despise thee. Soft! methinks
I heard a rushing which was like the shake
Of a discover'd officer; I'll search
The whole street over but I'll find thee out. [*Exit.*

Enter JAQUES, *in Woman's Apparel, from the House.*

Jaques. How my joints do shake! Where had I been
But for this worthy gentleman, that hath
Some touch of my infortunes? 'Would I were
Safe under hatches once, for Callicut!
Farewell, the pomp of court! I never more
Can hope to be a duke, or anything;
I never more shall see the glorious face
Of my fair-spreading lord that loved me well.

Enter SHATTILLION.

Shat. Fly you so fast? I had a sight of you,
But would not follow you, I was too wise;
You shall not lead me with a cunning trick,
Where you may catch me. Poor Shattillion!
Hath the king's anger left thee ne'er a friend?
No, all men's loves move by the breath of kings.
Jaques. It is the gentleman that saved my life.—Sir!
Shat. Bless Shattillion! Another plot?
Jaques. No, sir, 'tis I.
Shat. Why, who are you?
Jaques. Your friend whom you preserved.
Shat. Whom I preserved?
My friend? I have no woman friend but one,
Who is too close in prison to be here.
Come near; let me look on you.
Jaques. It is I.
Shat. You should not be a woman by your stature.
Jaques. I am none, sir.
Shat. I know it; then keep off.—
Strange men and times! How I am still preserved!
Here they have sent a yeoman of the guard
Disguised in woman's clothes, to work on me,
To make love to me, and to trap my words,
And so ensnare my life.—I know you, sir:
Stand back, upon your peril!—Can this be
In Christian commonweals? From this time forth
I'll cut off all the means to work on me:
I'll ne'er stir from my house, and keep my doors
Lock'd day and night, and cheapen meat and drink
At the next shops by signs out of my window,
And, having bought it, draw it up in my garters
Jaques. Sir, will you help me?
Shat. Do not follow me!
I'll take a course to live, despite of men. [*Exit into the house.*
Jaques. He dares not venture for me: Wretched Jaques!
Thou art undone for ever and for ever,
Never to rise again. What shall I do?

Enter BEAUFORT.

Where shall I hide me? Here is one to take me:
I must stand close, and not speak for my life.
Beau. This is the time of night, and this the haunt,
In which I use to catch my waistcoateers:
It is not very dark; no, I shall spy 'em.
I have walk'd out in such a pitchy night,
I could not see my fingers this far off,
And yet have brought home venison by the smell;
I hope they have not left their old walk. [*Sees* JAQUES.] Ah!
Have I espied you sitting? By this light,
To me there's no such fine sight in the world,
As a white apron betwixt twelve and one:
See how it glisters! Do you think to 'scape?
So! now I have you fast: Come, and do not strive;
It takes away the edge of appetite:
Come, I'll be liberal every way. Take heed
You make no noise, for waking of the watch! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in* MARINE'S *House, with a Throne in the Back-ground.*

Enter CLERIMONT *and* Wife.

Cler. Now the blessing of some happy guide,
To bring us to the duke! and we are ready.

Enter LONGUEVILLE *and* Gentleman *from the House.*

Come forward! See, the door is opened;
And two of his gentlemen! I'll speak to them;
And mark how I behave myself!—God save ye!
For less I cannot wish to men of sort,
And of your seeming: Are you of the duke's?
Long. We are, sir, and your servants; your salutes
We give you back again with many thanks.
Cler. When did you hear such words before, wife? Peace!
Do you not dare to answer yet.—Is't fit
So mean a gentleman as myself should crave
The presence of the great duke, your master?
Gent. Sir, you may.
Long. Shall we desire your name, and business, sir?
And we will presently inform him of you.
Cler. My name is Clerimont.
Gent. You're his grace's kinsman,
Or I am much mistaken.
Cler. You are right;
Some of his noble blood runs through these veins,
Though far unworthy of his grace's knowledge.
Long. Sir, we must all be yours: His grace's kinsman,
And we so much forgetful? 'Twas a rudeness,
And must attend your pardon: Thus I crave it:
First to this beauteous lady, whom I take [*Kisses her.*
To be your wife, sir; next your mercy!

Cler. You have it, sir.—I do not like this kissing;
It lies so open to a world of wishes. [*Aside.*
Gent. This is the merry fellow; this is he
That must be noble too!
Long. And so he shall,
If all the art I have can make him noble:
I'll dub him with a knighthood, if his wife
Will be but forward, and join issue;
I like her above excellent.
Gent. Will't please you
To walk a turn or two, whilst to the duke
We make your coming known?
Cler. I shall attend, sir.
[*Exeunt* Gentleman *and* LONGUEVILLE.
Wife. These gentlemen are very proper men,
And kiss the best that e'er I tasted.—
For goodness sake, husband, let us never more
Come near the country, whatsoe'er betide us!
I am in malice with the memory
Of that same stinking dunghill.
Cler. Why, now you are my chicken and my dear;
Love where I love, hate where I hate? Now
You shall have twenty gowns, and twenty chains.
See! the door's opening.
Groom. Room afore there! the duke is ent'ring.
Enter MARINE, *and seats himself on the Throne,* Lady, LONGUEVILLE, Gentleman, *and* MARIA.
Cler. It is the duke, even he himself: Be merry!
This is the golden age the poet speaks on.
Wife. I pray it be not brazen'd by their faces;
And yet methinks they are the neatest pieces
For shape and cutting that e'er I beheld.
Cler. Most gracious duke, my poor spouse and myself [*They kneel.*
Do kiss your mighty foot; and next to that,
The great hand of your duchess; ever wishing
Your honours ever springing, and your years——
Mar. Cousin!
Cler. Your grace's vassal, far unworthy
The nearness of your blood.
Mar. Correct me not;
I know the word I speak, and know the person.
Though I be something higher than the place
Where common men have motion; and, descending
Down with my eye, their forms are lessen'd to me;
Yet from this pitch can I behold my own,
(From millions of those men that have no mark)
And in my fearful stoop can make them stand,
When others feel my souse, and perish. Cousin,
Be comforted! you are very welcome! So
Is your fair wife! the charge of whom I give
To my own dearest and best beloved.
Tell me; have you resolved yourself for court,
And utterly renounced the slavish country,
With all the cares thereof?
Cler. I have, sir.
Mar. Have you
Dismiss'd your eating household, sold your hangings
Of Nebuchadnezzar, (for such they were,
As I remember) with the furnitures
Belonging to your beds and chambers?
Cler. Ay, sir.
Mar. Have you most carefully ta'en off the lead
From your roof, weak with age, and so prevented
The ruin of your house, and clapt him in
A summer suit of thatch, to keep him cool?
Cler. All this I have performed.
Mar. [*Descends.*] Then lend me all your hands:
I will embrace my cousin,
Who is an understanding gentleman;
And with a zeal mighty as is my name,
Once more I bid you welcome to the court.
My state again!
[*Resumes his seat under the canopy.*
Lady. As I was telling you, your husband must be
No more commander; look to that! be several
At meat and lodging; let him have board wages,
And diet 'mongst his men i' th' town: for pleasure,
If he be given to it, let him have it;
Else as your own fancy shall direct you. Cousin,
You see this mighty man here; he was an ass
When he came first to town; indeed he was
Just such another coxcomb as your husband,
God bless the mark, and every good man's child!
This must not stir you, cousin.
Wife. Heaven forbid!—
Long. Sweet Maria, provide the cushion ready for it.
Maria. It shall be done.—
Mar. Receive all your advices from ourself;
Be once a-day with us: And so, farewell
For this time, my fair cousin!—Gentlemen,
Conduct him to his lodging.
Lady. Farewell,
And think upon my words!
Wife. I shall observe them.
[*Exeunt* MARINE *and* Lady.
Cler. Health, and the king's continual love, attend you!
Gent. Oh, for a private place to ease my lungs!
Heaven give me patience! such a pair of jades
Were never better ridden to this hour.
Pray Heaven they hold out to the journey's end!
Long. Twitch him aside, good monsieur, whilst I break
Upon the body of his strength, his wife:
I have a constant promise she's my own.
Gent. Ply her to windward!—Monsieur, you have taken
The most compendious way to raise yourself,
That could have been deliver'd by a counsel.
Cler. I have some certain aims, sir. But my wife—
Gent. Your wife! you must not let that trouble you.
Cler. 'Twill, sir, to see her in a stranger's arms.
Gent. What mean you?
Let her alone! be wise; stir not a foot;
For if you do, all your hopes are buried;
I swear you are a lost man if you stir.
Cler. I thank you, sir; I will be more advised.
Gent. But what great office do you level at?
Cler. Sir, they are kissing!
Gent. Let them kiss,
And much good may't do their hearts! they must kiss,
And kiss, and double kiss, and kiss again,
Or you may kiss the post for any rising:
Had your noble kinsman ever mounted
To these high spheres of honour, now he moves in,
But for the kisses of his wife?
Cler. I know not.
Gent. Then I do: Credit me, he had been lost,
A fellow of no mark, and no repute,
Had not his wife kiss'd soon, and very sweetly:
She was an excellent woman, and dispatch'd him
To his full being, in a moment, sir.
[*Exeunt* LONGUEVILLE *and* Wife.

Cler. But yet, methinks he should not take her,
Into a private room. [sir,
Gent. Now stand and flourish!
You're a made man for ever. I do envy you!
If you stand, your fortune's up;
You are the happiest man, but your great cousin,
This day in court. Well, I will marry, surely,
And not let every man out-run me thus.
'Tis time to be mine own friend; I'll not live
In town here, and direct the readiest way
To other men, and be a slave myself!
Cler. Nay, good sir, be not moved; I am your servant,
And will not be ungrateful for this knowledge.
Gent. Will you be walking home?
Cler. I would desire
To have my wife along.
Gent. You are too raw:
Be gone, and take no notice where you left her;
Let her return at leisure! If she stay
A month, 'twill be the better: Understand me;
This gentleman can do it.
Cler. I will, sir:
And, Wife, remember me; a duke, a duke, Wife!
[*Exit.*
Gent. Aboard her, Longueville! she's thine own. To me,
The fooling of this fool is venery. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* BEAUFORT'S *House.*

Enter BEAUFORT, *and* JAQUES *in Female Apparel.*

Beau. Come, pr'ythee, come! have I not crowns? Behold,
And follow me! here! not a word! go in;
Grope by the walls, and you shall find a bed;
Lie down there; see, see! A turn or two, to give
My blood some heat, and I am presently
For action. Darkness, by thy leave, I come.
[*Exeunt into a House.*

Enter MARIA.

Maria. I am perfect in my lesson: Be my speed,
Thou god of marriage! This is the door, I'll knock. [*Knocks.*
Beau. [*Within.*] Who's there? I cannot come [yet.
Maria. Monsieur Beaufort!
Beau. Stay till I light a candle. Who are you?
Maria. Sir, a poor gentlewoman.

Enter BEAUFORT.

Beau. Oh, come in:
I'll find a time for you too.—Be not loud.
Maria. Sir, you have found that time already;
Shame on my soul therefore!
Beau. Why, what's the matter?
Maria. Do you not see, sir? is your light so dim?
Beau. Do you not wait on the lady Mount Ma- [rine?
Maria. I do, sir; but my love on you.
Beau. Poor soul!
How cam'st thou by this big belly?
Maria. By yourself.
Beau. By Heaven, I never touch'd your body.
Maria. Yes!
Unswear that oath again! I'll tell you all:
These two years I have loved you; but the means
How to enjoy you I did never know,
Till Twelfth-night last; when, hearing of your [game
To take up wenches private in the night,
I apprehended straight this course to make
Myself as one of them, and wait your coming:
I did so, and enjoy'd you, and now this child
That now is quick within me—Hide my shame,
And marry me, or else I must be forced——
Long. [*Within.*] Monsieur Beaufort, monsieur Beaufort!
Beau. Who's that calls?
Long. Are you a-bed?
Beau. No, sir.—The hangings!

Enter LONGUEVILLE.

Long. Nay, monsieur, I'll forbid that; we'll have fair play.
Lend me your candle! Are you taken, Beaufort?
A lecher of your practice, and close carriage,
To be discover'd thus? I am ashamed
So great a master in his art should fail,
And stagger in his grounds.
Beau. You are wide;
This woman and myself are man and wife,
And have been so this half year.
Where are you now? Have I been discover'd?
You cannot break so easily on me, sir;
I am too wary to be open'd by you.
Long. But these are but illusions, to give colour
To your most mystic lechery! But, sir,
The belly hath betray'd you; all must out.
Beau. Good Longueville, believe me, on my [faith,
I am her husband.
Long. On my faith, I cannot,
Unless I saw your hands fast, and your hearts.
Beau. Why, Longueville, when did I give that to your ears
That was not truth? By all the world, she's mine,
She is my wife! And, to confirm you better,
I give myself again: Here, take my hand,
And I yours! we are once more married:
Will this content you?
Long. Yes, I'm believing; and God give you joy!
Beau. My loving wife, I will not wrong thee:
Since I am thine, and only loved of thee,
From this hour, I vow myself a new man.
Be not jealous; for though I had a purpose
To have spent an hour or two in solace otherwise,
(And was provided for it) yet my love
Shall put a better temper to my blood.—
Come out, thou woman of unwholesome life!
Be sorry for thy sins, and learn to mend!

Enter JAQUES.

Nay, never hide your face; you shall be seen.
Long. Jaques? why, Jaques! art thou that Jaques,
The very staff and right-hand of our duke?
Speak, thou bearded Venus.
Jaques. I am he,
By miracle preserved to be that Jaques.
Within this two hours, gentlemen, poor Jaques
Was but as corse in grave: A man of wisdom,
That, of my conscience, if he had his right
Should have a pretty state—But that's all one—
That noble gentleman did save this life;
I keep it for him; 'tis his own.
Long. Oh, Bacchus!
Is all the world drunk?—Come! we'll to the duke,
And give thanks for this delivery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* MARINE'S *House.*

Enter MARINE *and* JAQUES.

Mar. Not gone unto my tenants, to relate
My grace, and honour, and the mightiness
Of my new name, which would have struck a terror
Through their coarse doublets to their very hearts?
Jaques. Alas, great lord and master, I could
With safety of my life return again [scarce
Unto your grace's house: And, but for one
That had some mercy, I had sure been hang'd.
Mar. My house?
Jaques. Yes, sir, this house; your house i' th' town.
Mar. Jaques, we are displeased; hath it no name?
Jaques. What name?
Mar. Dull rogue! what, hath the king bestow'd
So many honours, open'd all his springs,
And shower'd his graces down upon my head,
And has my house no name? no title yet?
Burgundy-house, you ass!
Jaques. Your grace's mercy!
And when I was come off, and had recover'd
Burgundy-house, I durst not yet be seen,
But lay all night, for fear of pursuivants,
In Burgundy privy-house.
Mar. Oh, sir, 'tis well;
Can you remember now? But, Jaques, know,
Since thy intended journey is so crost,
I will go down myself this morning.
Jaques. Sir?
Mar. Have I not said this morning?
Jaques. But consider,
That nothing is prepared yet for your journey;
Your grace's teams not here to draw your clothes,
And not a carrier yet in town to send by.
Mar. I say, once more, go about it.
You're a wise man! you would have me linger time,
Till I have worn these clothes out. Will you go?
[*Exit* JAQUES.
Make you ready, wife!

Enter LADY.

Lady. I am so, mighty duke.
Mar. Nay, for the country.
Lady. How, for the country?
Mar. Yes; I am resolved
To see my tenants in this bravery,
Make them a sumptuous feast, with a slight show
Of Dives and Lazarus, and a squib or two,
And so return.
Lady. Why, sir, you are not mad?
Mar. How many dukes have you known mad? I pray speak.
Lady. You are the first, sir, and I hope the last:
But you are stark horn-mad.
Mar. Forbear, good wife!
Lady. As I have faith, you are mad! Your horns
Have been too heavy for you, and have broke
Your skull in pieces, if you be in earnest.
Mar. Well, you shall know my skull and wits are whole,
Ere I have done; and yet I am in earnest.
Lady. Why, do you think I'll go?
Mar. I know you shall.
Lady. I shall? By what authority shall I?
Mar. I am your husband.
Lady. True; I confess it:
And, by that name, the world hath given you
A power to sway me: But, sir, you shall know
There is a greater bond that ties me here,
Allegiance to the king: Has he not heap'd
Those honours on you to no other end,
But to stay you here? and shall I have a hand
In the offending such a gracious prince?
Besides, our own undoings lies upon't.
Were there no other cause, I do not see,
Why you should go, if I should say you should not.
Mar. Do you think so?
Lady. Yes, faith.
Mar. Now, good wife,
Make me understand that point.
Lady. Why, that you shall:
Did I not bring you hither?
Mar. Yes.
Lady. And were
Not all these honours wrought out of the fire
By me?
Mar. By you?
Lady. By me? how strange you make it!
When you came first, did you not walk the town
In a long cloak, half-compass? an old hat
Lined with vellure, and on it, for a band,
A skein of crimson crewel?
Mar. I confess it.
Lady. And took base courses?
Mar. Base?
Lady. Base, by this light!
Extreme base, and scurvy, monstrous base!
Mar. What were these courses, wife?
Lady. Why, you shall know:
Did you not, thus attired, trot up and down,
Plotting for vile and lousy offices,
And agreed with the serjeant of the bears,
To buy his place? Deny this, if you can.
Mar. Why, it is true.
Lady. And was not that monstrous base?
Mar. Be advised, wife; a bear's a princely beast.
Lady. A bear?
Mar. Yes, wife; and one side venison.
Lady. You are more than one side fool; I'm sure of that.
Mar. But since you have vex'd me, wife, know you shall go;
Or you shall never have penny from me.
Lady. Nay, I have done: And though I know 'twill be
Your overthrow, I'll not forsake you now.
Mar. Be ready then. [*Exit.*
Lady. I will.

Enter BEAUFORT, LONGUEVILLE, Gentleman, *and* MARIA.

Long. [*Entering.*] What, are you married,
Beau. Ay, as fast [Beaufort?
As words, and hearts, and hands, and priest can make us.
Lady. Oh, gentlemen, we are undone!
Long. For what?
Lady. This gentleman, the lord of Lorne, my husband,
Will be gone down to shew his play-fellows
Where he is gay.
Beau. What, down into the country?
Lady. Yes, 'faith. Was ever fool but he so cross?

I would as fain be gracious to him,
As he could wish me; but he will not let me:
Speak faithfully, will he deserve my mercy?
Long. According to his merits, he should wear
A guarded coat, and a great wooden dagger.
Lady. If there be any woman, that doth know
The duties 'twixt a husband and his wife,
Will speak but one word for him, he shall 'scape:
Is not that reasonable? But there's none.
Be ready therefore to pursue the plot
We had against a pinch; for he must stay.
Long. Wait you here for him, whilst I go,
And make the king acquainted with your sport,
For fear he be incensed for your attempting
Places of so great honour. [*Exit.*
Lady Go; be speedy!

Enter MARINE, CLERIMONT, Wife, JAQUES, ANTHONY, MARIA, *and* Groom.

Mar. Come; let me see how all things are disposed of.
Jaques. One cart will serve for all your furniture,
With room enough behind to ease the footman,
A cap-case for your linen and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with Amen.
For my young lord, because of easy portage,
A quiver of your grace's, lined with cunny,
Made to be hang'd about the nurse's neck,
Thus, with a scarf or towel——
Mar. Very good!
Jaques. Nay,
'Tis well; but had you stay'd another week,
I would have had you furnish'd in such pomp
As never duke of Burgundy was furnish'd:
You should have had a sumpter, though 't had cost me
The laying out myself, where now you are fain
To hire a ripier's mare, and buy new dossers;
But I have got them painted with your arms,
With a fair Darnex carpet of my own
Laid cross for the more state.
Mar. Jaques, I thank you:
Your carpet shall be brush'd, and sent you home.
What, are you ready, wife!
Lady. An hour ago.
Mar. I cannot chuse but kiss thy royal lips,
Dear duchess mine, thou art so good a woman.
Beau. You would say so, if you knew all, goodman Duckling! [*Aside.*
Cler. This was the happiest fortune could befal me! [*Aside.*
Now, in his absence, will I follow close
Mine own preferment; and I hope, ere long,
To make my mean and humble name so strong
As my great cousin's; when the world shall know
I bear too hot a spirit to live low.
The next spring will I down, my wife and household;
I'll have my ushers, and my four lacquies,
Six spare caroches too: But mum, no more!
What I intend to do, I'll keep in store.
Mar. Montez, montez! Jaques, be our querry!
Groom. To horse there, gentlemen, and fall in couples!
Mar. Come, honour'd duchess!

Enter LONGUEVILLE.

Long. Stand, thou proud man!
Mar. Thieves, Jaques! raise the people!
Long. No; raise no people! 'Tis the king's command
Which bids thee once more stand, thou haughty man!
Thou art a monster; for thou art ungrateful,
And, like a fellow of a rebel nature,
Hast flung from his embraces: And, for
His honours given thee, hast not return'd
So much as thanks; and, to oppose his will,
Resolved to leave the court, and set the realm
A-fire, in discontent and open action:
Therefore he bids thee stand, thou proud man,
Whilst, with the whisking of my sword about,
I take thy honours off: This first sad whisk
Takes off thy dukedom; thou art but an earl.
Mar. You are mistaken, Longueville.
Long. Oh, 'would I were! This second whisk divides
Thy earldom from thee; thou art yet a baron.
Mar. No more whisks if you love me, Longueville!
Long. Two whisks are past, and two are yet behind,
Yet all must come: But not to linger time,
With these two whisks I end: Now Mount-Marine,
For thou art now no more, so says the king;
And I have done his highness' will with grief.
Mar. Degraded from my honours?
Long. 'Tis too certain.
Mar. I am no traitor sure, that I know of.
Speak, Jaques, hast thou ever heard me utter word
Tending to treason, or to bring in the enemy?
Jaques. Alas, sir, I know nothing;
Why should your worship bring me in to hang me?
God's my judge, gentlemen, I never meddled,
But with the brushing of his clothes, or fetching
In water in a morning for his hands.
Cler. Are these the honours of this place?—Anthony,
Help me to take her gown off! Quickly,
Or I'll so swinge you for't——
Wife. Why, husband! Sir!
Cler. I will not lose a penny by this town.
Long. Why, what do you mean, sir? have her to her lodging,
And there undress her; I will wait upon her.
Cler. Indeed you shall not; your month's out, I take it.—
Get you out before me, wife.—
Cousin, farewell! I told you long ago,
That pride begins with pleasure, ends with woe.
[*Exit with his Wife.*
Beau. Go thy way, Sentences! 'twill be thy fortune
To live and die a cuckold, and churchwarden.
Lady. Oh, my poor husband! what a heavy fortune
Is fallen upon him!
Beau. Methinks 'tis strange,
That, Heaven forewarning great men of their falls
With such plain tokens, they should not avoid 'em:
For the last night, betwixt eleven and twelve,
Two great and hideous blazing stars were seen
To fight a long hour by the clock, the one
Dress'd like a duke, the other like a king;
Till at the last the crowned star o'ercame.
Gent. Why do you stand so dead, monsieur Marine?
Mar. So Cæsar fell, when in the capitol
They gave his body two-and-thirty wounds.
Be warned, all ye peers; and, by my fall,
Hereafter learn to let your wives rule all!

Gent. Monsieur Marine, pray let me speak with you:
Sir, I must wave you to conceal this party;
It stands upon my utter overthrow.
Seem not discontented, nor do not stir a foot,
For, if you do, you and your hope—
I swear you are a lost man, if you stir!
And have an eye to Beaufort, he will tempt you.
Beau. Come, come; for shame go down;
Were I Marine, by Heaven I would go down;
And being there, I would rattle him such an answer
Should make him smoke.
Mar. Good monsieur Beaufort, peace!
Leave these rebellious words;
Or, by the honours which I once enjoy'd,
And yet may swear by, I will tell the king
Of your proceedings! I am satisfied.
Lady. You talk'd of going down
When 'twas not fit; but now let's see your spirit!
A thousand and a thousand will expect it.
Mar. Why, wife, are you mad?
Lady. No, nor drunk; but I'd have you know your own strength.
Mar. You talk like a foolish woman, wife;
I tell you I will stay! Yet I have
A crotchet troubles me.
Long. More crotchets yet?
Mar. Follow me, Jaques! I must have thy counsel.—
I will return again; stay you there, wife!
[*Exit, with* JAQUES.
Long. I fear this loss of honour
Will give him some few stools.
Lady. No, no; he is resolved,
He will not stir a foot, I'll lay my life.
Beau. Ay, but he's discontented; how shall we
Resolve that, and make him stay with comfort?
Lady. 'Faith, Beaufort, we must even let Nature work;
For he's the sweetest-temper'd man for that
As one can wish; for let men but go about to fool him,
And he'll have his finger as deep in't as the best.
But see where he comes frowning:
Bless us all!

Enter MARINE.

Mar. Off with your hats! for here doth come
The high and mighty duke of Burgundy.
Whatever you may think, I have thought, and thought,
And thought upon it; and I find it plain,
The king cannot take back what he has given,
Unless I forfeit it by course of law.
Not all the water in the river Seine,
Can wash the blood out of these princely veins.
Lady. God-a-mercy, husband, thou art the best
To work out a thing at a pinch in France!
Mar. I will ascend my state again. [*Ascends the throne.*] Duchess,
Take your place; and let our champion enter.
Long. Has he his champion? that is excellent!
Mar. And let loud music sound before his entrance!
Sound trumpet! [*A Flourish.*

Enter JAQUES *in Armour, one carrying a Scutcheon before him, and a two-handed Sword.*

Lady. How well our champion doth demean himself,
As if he had been made for such an action!
Methinks his sturdy truncheon he doth wield,
Like Mars approaching to a bloody field.
Mar. I think there is no man so desperate
To dare encounter with our champion.
But trust me, Jaques, thou hast pleased us well!
Once more, our warlike music; then proceed!
[*A Flourish.*

Enter SHATTILLION.

Shat. What wond'rous age is this? what close proceedings?
I hear the clang of trumpets in this house;
To what intent do not our statesmen search?
Oh, no; they look not into simple truth,
For I am true, and they regard not me.
A man in armour too? God save the king!
The world will end; there's nought but treachery.
Jaques. I, Jaques, servant to the high and mighty Godfrey, duke of Burgundy, do come hither to prove by natural strength, and activity of my body, without the help of sorcery, enchantment, or negromancy, that the said Godfrey, late of Mount-Marine, and now of Burgundy, hath perfect right thereto, notwithstanding the king's command to the contrary, and no other person whatsoever: And in token that I will be ready to make good the same, I throw down my gage, which is my honour. Pronounced the 37th of February *stilo novo.* God save the duke!
Shat. Of all the plots the king hath laid for me
This was the shrewdest; 'tis my life they seek,
And they shall have it: If I should refuse
To accept the challenge in the king's behalf,
They have some cause to take away my life;
And if I do accept it, who can tell
But I may fall by doubtful chance of war?
'Twas shrewd; but I must take the least of evils.—
I take thy gauntlet up, thou treacherous man,
[*Comes forward.*
That stands in armed coat against the king,
Whom God preserve! and with my single sword
Will justify whatever he commands.—
I'll watch him for catching of my words.
Mar. Jaques, go on! defend our princely title.
Shat. Why shrink'st thou back? Thou hast an evil cause.
Come forward, man! I have a rock about me;
I fight for my true liege.
Mar. Go forward, Jaques!
Jaques. I do besecch your grace to pardon me;
I will not fight with him: With any else
I'll shew my resolution speedily.
Shat. Come, do thy worst; for the king shall [see
All is not true that is reported of me.
Jaques. I may not fight with him, by law of arms.
Mar. What, shall my title fall? Wilt thou not fight?
Jaques. Never with him that once hath saved my life.
Shat. Dar'st thou not fight? Behold then, I do [go,
Strong with the zeal I bear my sovereign,
And seize upon that haughty man himself.
Descend the steps (that thou hast thus usurp'd
Against the king and state) down to the ground!
[*Seizes* MARINE, *and throws him to the ground.*
And if thou utter but a syllable
To cross the king's intent, thou art but dead:
There lie upon the earth, and pine, and die!—
Did ever any man wade through such storms
To save his life, as poor Shattillion?

Long. I fear this challenge hath spoil'd all.
Lady. Ne'er fear it;
He'll work it out again.—Servant,
See where Shattillion's Love, poor lady, comes.

Enter Love.

Mar. Jaques!
Jaques. Lie still, sir, if you love your life,
I'll whistle when he's gone.
Love. Oh, gentlemen, I charge you by the love
Which you bear to women, take some pity
On this distressed man! help to restore
That precious jewel to him he hath lost.
Beau. Lady, whatever power doth lie in us,
By art, or prayer, or danger, we are yours.
Love. A strange conceit hath wrought this malady;
Conceits again must bring him to himself:
My strict denial to his will wrought this;
And if you could but draw his wilder thoughts
To know me, he would sure recover sense.
Long. That charge I'll undertake.
Mar. Look, Jaques, look!
For God's sake, let me rise! This greatness is
A jade, I cannot sit it.
Jaques. His sword is up,
And yet he watches you.
Mar. I'll down again!
Pray for thy master, Jaques.
Shat. Now the king
May see all the suggestions are not true,
He hath received against my loyalty:
When all men else refuse, I fight his battles,
And thrust my body into danger's mouth:
I am become his champion, and this sword
Has taught his enemies to know themselves:
Oh, that he would no more be jealous of me!
Long. Monsieur Shattillion, the king assures
That, for this valiant loyal act of yours, [you
He hath forgot all jealousies and fears,
And never more will tempt you into danger.
Shat. But how shall I believe this? what new
Of reconcilement will he shew me? [token
Let him release my poor Love from her torment,
From her hard fare, and strict imprisonment.
Long. He hath done this, to win your after-love:
And see, your lady sent you from the king
By these two gentlemen; be thankful for her.
Shat. She lives, she lives! I know her by the power
Shoots from her eyes. [*Kneels.*
Love. Rise, dear Shattillion!
Shat. I know my duty: Next unto my king,
I am to kneel to you.
Love. I'll have you rise;
Fetch me a chair; sit down, Shattillion!
Shat. I am commanded! And, 'faith, tell me, mistress,
What usage have you had? Pray be plain!
Love. Oh, my most loved Shattillion, plain enough;
But now I am free, thanks to my God and king!
Long. His eyes grow very heavy. Not a word,
That his weak senses may come sweetly home!
Shat. The king is honourable.
[*He falls into a slumber.*
Mar. When do you whistle, Jaques?
Jaques. By and by.
Long. Come hither, monsieur, canst thou laugh a little?
Gent. Yes, sir.
Long. So thou shalt then.—Beaufort, how dost [thou?
Beau. Why, well.
Long. I am glad on't, and how does thy wife?
Beau. Why, you may see her, sir; she stands behind you.
Long. By th' mass, she's there indeed; but [where's her belly!
Beau. Belly?
Long. Her great belly, man: What nast thou sent thee?
Gent. A boy, I'll lay my life, it tumbled so.
Beau. Catch'd, by this light!
Long. I'll be a gossip, Beaufort.
Gent. And I.
Long. I have an odd apostle-spoon.
Beau. 'Sfoot, catch'd?
Lady. Why, what's the matter, gentlemen?
Long. He's married to your woman.
[Maria *knocks.*
Lady. And I not know it?
Gent. 'Twas a venial sin.
Beau. Gall, gall, gall!
Lady. Forgive her, monsieur Beaufort; 'twas her love.
Beau. You may rise, if you please; I must endure it.
Long. See how my great lord lies upon the ground,
And dares not stir yet! [Jaques *whistles.*
Mar. Jaques, Jaques! is the king's champion [gone yet?
Jaques. No, but he's asleep.
Mar. Is he asleep, art sure?
Jaques. I am sure he is; I hear him snore.
Mar. Then by your favours, gentlemen, I rise;
And know I am a duke still.
Jaques. And I am his champion.
Lady. Hold thee there, and all France cannot mend thee!
Mar. I am a prince, as great within my thoughts
As when the whole state did adorn my person:
What trial can be made to try a prince?
I will oppose this noble corps of mine
To any danger that may end the doubt.
Lady. Great duke, and husband, there is but [one way
To satisfy the world of our true right;
And it is dangerous.
Mar. What may it be?
Were it to bring the Great Turk bound in chains
Through France in triumph, or to couple up
The Sophy and great Prester-John together,
I would attempt it! Duchess, tell the course.
Lady. There is a strong opinion through the [world,
And no doubt grounded on experience,
That lions will not touch a lawful prince:
If you be confident then of your right,
Amongst the lions bear your naked body;
And if you come off clear, and never wince,
The world will say you are a perfect prince.
Mar. I thank you, duchess, for your kind advice;
But now we don't affect those ravenous beasts.
Long. A lion is a beast to try a king;
But for the trial of such a state like this
Pliny reports a mastiff dog will serve.
Mar. We will not deal with dogs at all, but men.
Gent. You shall not need to deal with them at all.
Hark you, sir! the king doth know you are a duke.
Mar. No! does he?
Gent. Yes, and is content you shall be; but with this caution,

That none know it but yourself; for, if you do,
He'll take't away by act of parliament.
Mar. Here is my hand; and whilst I live or breathe,
No living wight shall know I am a duke.
Gent. Mark me directly, sir; your wife may know it.
Mar. May not Jaques?
Gent. Yes, he may.
Mar. May not my country cousin?
Gent. By no means, sir, if you love your life and state.
Mar. Well then, know all, I am no duke.
Gent. No, I'll swear it.
Long. See! he wakes.
Shat. Where am I? or where have I been all this while?
Sleep hath not sat so sound upon mine eyes,
But I remember well that face:
Oh, thou too cruel, leave at length to scorn
Him that but looking on thy beauty dies;
Either receive me, or put out my eyes!
Love. Dearest Shattillion, see upon my knees [*Kneels.*
I offer up my love; forget my wrongs.
Shat. Art thou mine own?
Love. By Heaven, I am.
Shat. Then all the world is mine.
Love. I have stranger things to tell thee, my dearest love.
Shat. Tell nothing, but that thou art mine own:
I do not care to know where I have been,
Or how I have lived, or any thing,
But that thou art my own.
Beau. Well, wife; though 'twere a trick that made us wed,
We'll make ourselves merry soon in bed.
Mar. Know all, I am no duke.
Lady. What say you?
Mar. Jaques! [*Aside to him.*
Jaques. Sir?
Mar. I am a duke.
Both. Are you?
Mar. Yes, 'faith, yes, 'faith;
But it must only run amongst ourselves.
And, Jaques, thou shalt be my secretary still.
Lady. Kind gentlemen, lead in Shattillion,
For he must needs be weak and sickly yet.
Now all my labours have a perfect end,
As I could wish: Let all young sprightly wives,
That have dull foolish coxcombs to their husbands,
Learn by me their duties, what to do,
Which is, to make 'em fools, and please 'em too! [*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL.

The monuments of virtue, and desert,
Appear more goodly, when the gloss of art
Is eaten off by time, than when at first
They were set up, not censured at the worst.
We have done our best, for your contents, to fit,
With new pains, this old monument of wit.

THE COXCOMB.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTONIO, *the Coxcomb Gentleman.*
MERCURY, *Fellow-Traveller with* ANTONIO.
RICARDO, *a young Gentleman in love with* VIOLA.
UBERTO, PEDRO, SILVIO, } *Three merry Gentlemen, Friends to* RICARDO.
VALERIO, *a Country Gentleman.*
CURIO, *Kinsman to* ANTONIO.
Justice, *a shallow one.*
ANDRUGIO, *Father to* VIOLA.
ALEXANDER, *Servant to* MERCURY'S *Mother.*
MARK, *the* Justice's *Clerk.*
ROWLAND, *Servant to* ANDRUGIO.
Tinker.
Constable.
Watch.
Drawer.
Musicians.

MARIA, *Wife to* ANTONIO.
VIOLA, *Daughter to* ANDRUGIO.
A Country Woman, *Mother to* MERCURY.
NAN, MADGE, } *Milk-Maids.*
DOROTHY, *the* Tinker's *Trull.*

SCENE,—LONDON, AND THE COUNTRY.

PROLOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL.

THIS comedy, long forgot, by some thought dead,
By us preserved, once more doth raise her head,
And to your noble censures does present
Her outward form, and inward ornament.
Nor let this smell of arrogance, since 'tis known,
The makers that confess'd it for their own,
Were this way skilful, and without the crime
Of flatteries, I may say did please the time.
The work itself too, when it first came forth,
In the opinion of men of worth,
Was well received and favour'd, though some rude
And harsh among the ignorant multitude,
(That relish gross food better than a dish
That's cook'd with care, and served in to wish
Of curious palates) wanting wit and strength
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the length;
That fault's reform'd; and now 'tis to be tried
Before such judges, 'twill not be denied
A free and noble hearing; nor fear I
But 'twill deserve to have free liberty,
And give you cause (and with content) to say,
Their care was good that did revive this play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *Before the House of* ANTONIO.

Enter RICARDO *and* VIOLA.

Ric. Let us make use of this stolen privacy
And not lose time in protestation, mistress!
For 'twere in me a kind of breach of faith,
To say again I love you.
Viola. Sweet, speak softly;
For though the venture of your love to me
Meets with a willing and a full return,
Should it arrive unto my father's knowledge,
This were our last discourse.
Ric. How shall he know it?
Viola. His watching cares are such, for my advancement,
That every where his eye is fix'd upon me:
This night, that does afford us some small freedo
At the request and much entreaty of
The mistress of the house, was hardly given me
For I am never suffer'd to stir out,
But he hath spies upon me: Yet, I know not,
You have so won upon me, that could I think
You would love faithfully, (though to entertain
Another thought of you would be my death)
I should adventure on his utmost anger.
Ric. Why, do you think I can be false?
Viola. No, faith!
You have an honest face; but, if you should—
Ric. Let all the stored vengeance of Heave justice—— [end
Viola. No more! I do believe you. The da

Which this free woman's guests have vow'd to have
Ere they depart, I will make home, and store me
With all the jewels, chains, and gold are trusted
Unto my custody; and at the next corner
To my father's house, before one, at the furthest,
Be ready to receive me!
Ric. I desire
No bond beyond your promise. Let's go in!
To talk thus much before the door may breed
Suspicion.

Enter MERCURY *and* ANTONIO.

Viola. Here are company too.
Ric. Away!
Those powers that prosper true and honest loves
Will bless our undertakings.
Viola. 'Tis my wish, sir.
[*Exeunt* RICARDO *and* VIOLA.
Merc. Nay, sir, excuse me! I have drawn you
Too much expense already in my travel, [to
And you have been too forward in your love,
To make my wants your own; allow me manners!
Which you must grant I want, should I increase
The bond in which your courtesies have tied me,
By still consuming of you: Give me leave
To take mine own ways now, and I shall often,
With willingness, come to visit you, and then
thank you.
Ant. By this hand, I could be angry! What do
you think me?
Must we, that have so long time been as one,
Seen cities, countries, kingdoms, and their wonders,
Been bed-fellows, and in our various journey
Mix'd all our observations, part (as if
We were two carriers at two several ways,
And as the fore-horse guides, cry God be with you)
Without or compliment, or ceremony?
In travellers that know Transalpine garbs,
Though our designs are ne'er so serious, friend,
It were a capital crime; it must not be;
Nay, what is more, you shall not. You, ere long,
Shall see my house, and find what I call mine
Is wholly at your service.
Merc. 'Tis this tires me!—
Sir, I were easily woo'd, if nothing else
But my will lay i' the choice; but 'tis not so:
My friends and kindred, that have part of me,
And such on whom my chiefest hopes depend,
Justly expect the tender of my love
After my travel; then mine own honesty
Tells me 'tis poor, having indifferent means
To keep me in my quality and rank,
At my return, to tire another's bounty,
And let mine own grow lusty: Pardon me!
Ant. I will not, cannot; to conclude, I dare not:
Can any thing conferred upon my friend
Be burthensome to me? For this excuse,
Had I no reason else, you should not leave me;
By a traveller's faith, you should not! I have said!
And then, you know my humour, there's no con-
tending.
Merc. Is there no way to 'scape this inunda-
tion? [*Apart.*
I shall be drown'd with folly, if I go;
And after nine days, men may take me up
With my gall broken.
Ant. Are you yet resolved?
Merc. 'Would you would spare me!
Ant. By this light, I cannot,
By all that may be sworn by!
Merc. Patience help me, [*Apart.*
And Heaven grant his folly be not catching!
If it be, the town's undone: I now would give
A reasonable sum of gold to any sheriff
That would but lay an execution on me,
And free me from his company. While he was
abroad,
His want of wit and language kept him dumb;
But Balaam's ass will speak now, without spurring.
Ant. Speak, have I won you?
Merc. You're not to be resisted.

Enter Servant *and* Musicians.

Serv. Be ready, I entreat you! The dance done,
Besides a liberal reward, I have
A bottle of sherry in my power shall beget
New crotchets in your heads.
Musician. Tush, fear not us!
We'll do our parts.
Serv. Go in.
Ant. I know this fellow.—
Belong you to the house?
Serv. I serve the mistress.
Ant. Pretty and short! Pray you, sir, then in-
form her
Two gentlemen are covetous to be honour'd
With her fair presence.
Serv. She shall know so much.
This is a merry night with us, and forbids not
Welcome to any that looks like a man:
I'll guide you the way.
Ant. Nay, follow! I have a trick in't. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the same.*

Enter UBERTO, SILVIO, RICARDO, MARIA, PEDRO, PORTIA VIOLA, *with others;* Musicians.

Uberto. Come, where is this masque? Fairest
for our chear,
Our thanks and service; may you long survive
To joy in many of these nights!
Maria. I thank you!
Uberto. We must have music too; or else you
But half a welcome. [give us
Maria. Pray you, sir, excuse me!
Silvio. By no means, lady.
Uberto. We'll crown your liberal feast
With some delightful strain, fitting your love
And this good company.
Maria. Since you enforce it,
I will not plead the excuse of want of skill,
Or be or nice or curious: Every year
I celebrate my marriage-night, and will
Till I see my absent husband.
Uberto. 'Tis fit freedom.
Silvio. Ricardo, thou art dull.

Enter Servant.

Ric. I shall be lighter
When I have had a heat.
Maria. Now, sir, the news?
Serv. Mistress,
There are two gentlemen——
Maria. Where?
Serv. Complimenting
Who should first enter.
Maria. What are they?
Serv. Heaven knows!
But for their strangeness—have you never seen
A cat wash her face?

Uberto. Yes.
Serv. Just such a stir they keep:
If you make but haste, you may see 'em yet
Before they enter. [*A dance.*
Maria. Let 'em be what they will,
We'll give them fair entertain, and gentle welcome.

Enter ANTONIO *and* MERCURY, *at the door.*

Ant. It shall be so.
Merc. Then let it be your pleasure.
Ant. Let's stand aside, and you shall see us have
Fine sport anon.
Merc. A fair society;
Do you know these gentlewomen?
Ant. Yes.
Merc. What are they?
Ant. The second is a neighbour's daughter; her name's Viola.
There is my kinsman's wife; Portia her name,
And a friend too.
Merc. Let her.
What's she that leads the dance?
1 *Serv.* A gentlewoman.
Merc. I see that.
1 *Serv.* Indeed?
Merc. What?
1 *Serv.* A gentlewoman.
Merc. Udsfoot! Good sir, what's she that leads [the dance?
2 *Serv.* My mistress.
Merc. What else?
2 *Serv.* My mistress, sir.
Merc. Your mistress? A pox on you,
What a fry of fools are here! I see 'tis treason
To understand in this house: If Nature were not
Better to them than they can be to themselves,
They would scant hit their mouths. My mistress?
Is there any one with so much wit in's head,
That can tell me at the first sight what gentle-
That is that leads the dance? [woman
Ant. 'Tis my wife.
Merc. Hum!
Ant. How dost thou like her?
Merc. Well;
A pretty gentlewoman!
Ant. Pr'ythee be quiet.
Merc. I would I could!
Let never any hereafter that's a man,
That has affections in him and free passions,
Receive the least tie from such a fool as this is,
That holds so sweet a wife!
'Tis lamentable to consider truly
What right he robs himself of, and what wrong
He doth the youth of such a gentlewoman,
That knows her beauty is no longer hers
Than men will please to make it so, and use it,
Neither of which lies freely in a husband.
Oh, what have I done, what have I done? Cox-
If I had never seen, or never tasted, [comb!
The goodness of this kix, I had been a made man;
But now to make him cuckold is a sin
Against all forgiveness, worse than any murder:
I have a wolf by th' ears, and am bitten both ways!
Ant. How now, friend? what are you thinking of?
Merc. Nothing concerning you: I must be gone.
Ant. Pardon me, I will have no going, sir.
Merc. Then, good sir, give me leave to go to
I am very weary and ill-temper'd. [bed:
Ant. You shall presently; the dance is done.—
1 *Serv.* Mistress, these are the gentlemen.
Maria. My husband? Welcome home, dear sir!
Merc. She's fair still;
Oh, that I were a knave, or durst be one,
For thy sake, Coxcomb! He that invented ho-
Undid me. [nesty
Ant. I thought you had not known me
You are merry; 'tis well thought. And how is't
These worthy gentlemen? [with
Uberto and *Silvio.* We are glad to see
You here again.
Ant. Oh, gentlemen, what ha' you lost?
But get you into travels; there you may learn—
I cannot say what hidden virtues.
Merc. Hidden from you I am sure. [*Aside.*
My blood boils like a furnace! She's a fair one.
Ant. Pray entertain this gentleman with all the
Fitting my most especial friend. [courtesy
Maria. What this poor house may yield, to make you welcome,
Dear sir, command, without more compliment.
Merc. I thank you!—She is wise, and speaks well too: [*Aside.*
Oh, what a blessing is gone by me, never
To be recover'd! Well, 'twas an old shame
The devil laid up for me, and now he has hit me
If there be any ways to be dishonest, [home.
And save myself yet—No, it must not be!
Why should I be a fool too?—Yet those eyes
Would tempt another Adam! How they call to me,
And tell me—'Sfoot, they shall not tell me any
Sir, will you walk in? [thing!
Ant. How is't, signior?
Merc. Crazy a little.
Maria. What ail you, sir? What's in my power,
Make use of, sir. [pray
Merc. 'Tis that must do me good! [*Aside.*
She does not mock me, sure!—An't please you,
My disease is only weariness. [nothing;
Uberto. Come, gentlemen!
We will not keep you from your beds too long.
Ric. I ha' some business, and 'tis late, and you
Far from your lodging.
Silvio. Well.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONIO, MARIA, *and* MERCURY.
Ant. Come, my dear Mercury!
I'll bring you to your chamber; and then I am
For you, Maria: Thou art a new wife to me now,
And thou shalt find it ere I sleep.
Merc. And I [*Aside.*
An old ass to myself! mine own rod whips me!—
Good sir, no more of this; 'tis tedious!
You are the best guide in your own house; go, sir.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* MARIA.
This fool and his fair wife have made me frantic;
From two such physics for the soul, deliver me!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter RICARDO, UBERTO, PEDRO, *and* SILVIO.

Uberto. Well, you must have this wench, then?
Ric. I hope so;
I am much o' the bow-hand else.
Pedro. 'Would I were hang'd,
'Tis a good loving little fool, that dares venture
Herself upon a coast she never knew yet!
But these women! when they are once thirteen,
God speed the plough!
Silvio. 'Faith, they will venture further for their
Than a merchant, [lading

And through as many storms, but they'll be fraughted;
They are made like carracks, only strength and stowage.
Ric. Come, come, you talk, you talk!
Silvio. We do so. But,
Tell me, Ricardo, wo't thou marry her?
Ric. Marry her? why, what should I do with her?
Pedro. Pox, I thought we should have had all shares in her,
Like lawful prize.
Ric. No, by my faith, sir; you shall pardon me:
I launch'd her at my own charge, without partners,
And so I'll keep her.
Uberto. What's the hour?
Ric. Twelve.
Uberto. What shall we do the while? 'Tis yet scarce eleven.
Silvio. There is no standing here; is not this the [place!
Ric. Yes.
Pedro. And to go back
Unto her father's house may breed suspicion:
Let's slip into a tavern for an hour;
'Tis very cold.
Uberto. Content; there's one hard by.
A quart of burnt sack will recover us:
I am as cold as Christmas. This stealing flesh
I' th' frosty weather may be sweet i' th' eating,
But sure the woodmen have no great catch on't.
Shall's go?
Ric. Thou art the strangest lover of a tavern!
What shall we do there now? Lose the hour and ourselves too?
Uberto. Lose a pudding!
What dost thou talk o' th' hour? will one quart muzzle us?
Have we not ears to hear, and tongues to ask
The drawers, but we must stand here like bawds
To watch the minutes?
Silvio. Prythee content thyself!
We shall scout here, as though we went a-haying,
And have some mangy 'prentice, that cannot sleep
For scratching, overhear us. Come, will you go,
When your love-fury is a little frozen, [sirs?
You'll come to us.
Ric. Will you drink but one quart then?
Pedro. No more, i'faith.
Silvio. Content!
Ric. Why then, have with you!
But let's be very watchful.
Uberto. As watchful as the bellman. Come; I'll lead,
Because I hate good manners; they are too tedious.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Street.*

Enter VIOLA *from a house, with a key and a little casket.*

Viola. The night is terrible, and I enclosed
With that my virtue and myself hate most,
Darkness; yet must I fear, that which I wish,
Some company; and every step I take
Sounds louder in my fearful ears to-night,
Than ever did the shrill and sacred bell
That rang me to my prayers. The house will rise
When I unlock the door! Were it by day,
I am bold enough, but then a thousand eyes
Warn me from going. Might not God have made
A time for envious prying folk to sleep,
Whilst lovers met, and yet the sun have shone?
Yet I was bold enough to steal this key
Out of my father's chamber; and dare yet
Venture upon mine enemy, the night,
Arm'd only with my love, to meet my friend,
Alas, how valiant, and how frayed at once
Love makes a virgin! I will throw this key
Back through a window: I have wealth enough
In jewels with me, if I hold his love
I steal 'em for. Farewell, my place of birth!
I never make account to look on thee again;
And if there be, as I have heard men say,
These household gods, I do beseech them look
To this my charge; bless it from thieves and fire,
And keep, till happily my love I win,
Me from thy door, and hold my father in! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in a Tavern.*

Enter RICARDO, PEDRO, UBERTO, SILVIO, *and* Drawer *with a candle.*

Ric. No more, for God sake! How is the night,
Drawer. 'Faith, sir, 'tis very late. [boy?
Uberto. 'Faith, sir, you lie! is this your Jack i' th' clock-house?
Will you strike, sir? Gi'e's some more sack, you varlet.
Ric. Nay, if you love me, good Uberto, go!
I am monstrous hot with wine.
Uberto. Quench it again with love!
Gentlemen, I will drink one health more, and then,
If my legs say me not shamefully nay,
I will go with you. Give me a singular quart!
Drawer. Of what wine, sir?
Uberto. Of sack, you that speak confusion at the bar!
Of sack I say; and every one his quart.
What a devil, let's be merry!
Drawer. You shall, sir. [*Exit.*
Pedro. We will, sir; and a dried tongue.
Silvio. And an olive, boy, and a whole bunch of fiddlers!—
My head swims plaguily; 'uds precious, I shall be claw'd.

Enter Drawer *with four quarts of wine.*

Ric. Pray go! I can drink no more; think on [your promise;
'Tis midnight, gentlemen.
Uberto. Oh, that it were dumb midnight now!
Not a word more, every man on's knees,
And betake himself to his saint: Here's to your [wench, signior!
All this, and then away.
Ric. I cannot drink it.
Pedro. 'Tis a toy, a toy; away wi't!
Uberto. Now dare I
Speak anything to any body living!
Come, where's the fault? Off with it.
Ric. I have broke
My wind. Call you this sack? I wonder who made it:
He was a sure workman, for 'tis plaguy strong [work.
Is it gone round?
Uberto. 'Tis at the last. Out of my way, good [boy!
Is the moon up yet?
Drawer. Yes, sir.
Uberto. Where is she, boy?
Drawer. There, sir.
Uberto. We shall have rain and thunder, boy.
Drawer. When, sir?

Uberto. I cannot tell; but sure we shall, boy.
Drawer. The gentleman is wine-wise.
Uberto. Drawer!
Drawer. Here, sir.
Uberto. Can you procure?
Drawer. What, sir?
Uberto. A whore, or two, or three, as need shall serve, boy?
Silvio. Ay, a good whore were worth money, boy.
Drawer. I protest, sir, we are altogether unprovided.
Ric. The more's the pity, boy; can you not 'vise us where, my child?
Drawer. Neither, in troth, sir.
Pedro. Why, where were you brought up, boy?
No inkling of a whore? no aim, my boy?
Uberto. It cannot sink in my head now that thou shouldst marry;
Why shouldst thou marry, tell me?
Ric. I marry? I'll be hang'd first.
Some more wine, boy!
Silvio. Is she not a whore translated?
An she be, let's repair to her!
Ric. I cannot tell; she may be an offender:
But, Signior Silvio, I shall scratch your head;
Indeed I shall.
Silvio. Judge me, I do
But jest with thee: What an she were inverted,
With her heels upward like a traitor's coat,
What care I?
Uberto. Ay, hang her! shall we fall out for her?
Ric. I am a little angry. But these wenches!
Did you not talk of wenches?
Silvio. Boy, lend me your candle!
Drawer. Why, sir?
Silvio. To set fire to your rotten ceiling:
You'll keep no whores, rogue, no good members!
Drawer. Whores, sir?
Silvio. Ay, whores, sir; do you think we come
With your hogsheads? [to lie
Ric. I must beat the watch;
I have long'd for it any time this three weeks.
Silvio. We'll beat the town too, an thou wilt; we are proof, boy!
Shall we kill any body?
Ric. No; but we'll hurt 'em dangerously.
Uberto. Silvio, now must I kill one; I cannot avoid it.—
Boy, easily afore there with your candle!
Where's your mistress?
Drawer. A-bed, sir.
Silvio. With whom?
Drawer. With my master.
Uberto. You lie, boy! she's better brought up than to lie
With her husband; has he not cast his head yet?
Next year he will be a velvet-headed cuckold.
Drawer. You are a merry gentleman. There, sir; take hold! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Street.*

Enter VIOLA.

Viola. This is the place! I have out-told the clock
For haste; he is not here. Ricardo!—No!
Now, every power that loves and is beloved,
Keep me from shame to-night! for all you know
Each thought of mine is innocent and pure,
As flesh and blood can hold. I cannot back;
I threw the key within, and, ere I raise
My father up to see his daughter's shame,
I'll set me down, and tell the Northern wind
That it is gentler than the curling West,
If it will blow me dead! But he will come.—
I' faith, 'tis cold.—If he deceive me thus,
A woman will not easily trust a man.
Hark! what's that?
Silvio. [*Within.*] Thou'rt over long at thy pot, Tom, Tom:
Thou'rt over long at the pot, Tom. [*Singing.*
Viola. Bless me! Who's that?
Pedro. [*Within.*] Whoo!
Uberto. [*Within.*] There, boys!
Viola. Darkness, be thou my cover! I must fly;
To thee I haste for help.—They have a light:

Enter RICARDO, PEDRO, UBERTO, SILVIO, *and* Drawer *with a torch.*

Wind, if thou lovest a virgin, blow it out!
And I will never shut a window more,
To keep thee from me.
Ric. Boy!
Drawer. Sir?
Ric. Why, boy!
Drawer. What say you, sir?
Ric. Why, boy, art thou drunk, boy?
Drawer. What would you, sir?
Ric. Why, very good; where are we?
Uberto. Ay, that's the point.
Drawer. Why, sir, you will be at your lodging
Ric. I'll go to no lodging, boy. [presently.
Drawer. Whither will you go then, sir?
Ric. I'll go no farther.
Drawer. For God's sake, sir, do not stay here
Ric. No more I will not: [all night.
Boy, lay me down, and roll me to a whore.
Uberto. And me.
Pedro. There spoke an——
Silvio. [*Singing.*] Then set your foot to my foot, and up tails all!
Viola. That is Ricardo: What a noise they make!
It is ill done of 'em.—Here, sirs! Ricardo!
Ric. What's that, boy?
Drawer. 'Tis a wench, sir: Pray, gentlemen, come away!
Viola. Oh, my dear love! how dost thou?
Ric. 'Faith, sweetheart,
Even as thou seest.
Pedro. Where's thy wench?
Uberto. Where's this bed-worm?
Viola. Speak softly, for the love of Heaven!
Drawer. Mistress, get you gone, and do not entice the gentlemen,
Now you see they're drunk, or I'll call the watch,
And lay you fast enough.
Viola. Alas, what are you? [place?
Or what do you mean?—Sweet love, where's the
Ric. Marry, sweet love, e'en here: Lie down; I'll feese you. [*Seizes her.*
Viola. Good God! What mean you?
Pedro. I will have the wench.
Uberto. If you can get her.
Silvio. No, I'll lie with
The wench to-night, and she shall be yours to-
Pedro. Let go the wench! [morrow.
Silvio. Let you go the wench!
Viola. Oh, gentlemen, as you had mothers——

Uberto. They had no mothers; they are the sons
Ric. Let that be maintain'd! [of bitches.
Silvio. Marry then——
Viola. Oh, bless me, Heaven!
Uberto. How many is there on's?
Ric. About five.
Uberto. Why then, let's fight three to three.
Silvio. Content. [*Draw and fall down.*
Drawer. The watch! the watch! the watch! Where are you? [*Exit.*
Ric. Where are these cowards?
Pedro. There's the whore.
Viola. I never saw a drunken man before;
But these I think are so.
Silvio. Oh!
Pedro. I miss'd you narrowly there.
Viola. My state is such, I know not how to think
A prayer fit for me; only I could move,
That never maiden more might be in love! [*Exit.*

Enter Drawer, Constable, *and* Watch.

Watch. Where are they, boy?
Drawer. Make no such haste, sir; they are no runners.
Uberto. I am hurt, but that's all one;
I shall light upon some of ye. Pedro,
Thou art a tall gentleman; let me kiss thee!
Watch. My friend——
Uberto. Your friend? you lie!
Ric. Stand further off!
The watch? you are full of fleas.
Const. Gentlemen,
Either be quiet, or we must make ye quiet.
Ric. Nay, good Master Constable, be not so rigorous!
Uberto. Master Constable, lend me thy hand of [justice!
Const. That I will, sir.
Uberto. Fy, Master Constable! what golls you have! Is Justice
So blind you cannot see to wash your hands?
I cry you mercy, sir; your gloves are on.
Drawer. Now you are up, sir, will you go to bed?
Pedro. I'll truckle here, boy; give me another pillow.
Drawer. Will you stand up, and let me lay it [on then?
Pedro. Yes.
Drawer. There; hold him, two of ye. Now they are up,
Be going, Master Constable.

Ric. And this way, and that way, Tom. [*Singing.*
Uberto. And here away, and there away, Tom.
Silvio. This is the right way, the other's the wrong.
Pedro. Th' other's the wrong.
Omnes. Thou'rt over long at the pot, Tom, Tom.

Ric. Lead valiantly, sweet constable! whoop! ha, boys!
Const. This wine hunts in their heads.
Ric. Give me the bill, for I will be the serjeant.
Const. Look to him, sirs!
Ric. Keep your ranks, you rascals, keep your ranks! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* ANTONIO'S *House, with a Gallery.*

Enter MERCURY.

Merc. I cannot sleep for thinking of this ass's wife!
I'll be gone presently: there's no staying here,
With this devil about me.—Ho! This is the house of sleep.
Ho! again there!—'Sfoot, the darkness, and this
Will make me lunatic. Ho! [love together

Enter a Servingman *above, unready.*

Serv. Who calls there?
Merc. Pray take the pains to rise and light a [candle.
Serv. Presently.
Merc. Was ever man but I in such a stocks?
Well, this shall be a warning to me, and
A fair one too, how I betray myself
To such a dunce, by way of benefit.

Enter Servingman.

Serv. Did you call?
Merc. Yes: Pray do me the kindness, sir, to let me out,
And not inquire why, for I must needs be gone.
Serv. Not to-night, I hope, sir.
Merc. Good sir, to-night;
I would not have troubled you else; pray let it be [so!
Serv. Alas, sir, my master will be offended.
Merc. That I have business? no, I warrant you.
Serv. Good sir, take your rest.
Merc. Pray, my good friend,
Let me appoint my own rest.
Serv. Yes, sir.
Merc. Then shew me the way out; I'll consider [you.
Serv. Good Lord, sir——
Merc. If I had not
An excellent-temper'd patience, now should I break
This fellow's head, and make him understand
'Twere necessary; the only plague
Of this house is th' unhandsome love of servants,
That never do their duty in the right place,
But when they muster before dinner,
And sweep the table with a wooden dagger,
And then they are troublesome too, to all men's shoulders.—
The woodcock's flesh'd again; now I shall have
A new stir.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Why, how now, friend? what do you up so late?
Are you well? do you want anything? Pray speak.
Merc. Only the cause I rise for.
Ant. What knaves are these!
What do you want?—Why, sirrah!
Merc. Nothing i' th' world,
But the keys to let me out of doors: I must be [gone:
Be not against it, for you cannot stay me.
Ant. Be gone at this time? that were a merry jest.
Merc. If there be any mirth in't, make you use [on't,
But I must go.
Ant. Why, for love's sake?
Merc. 'Twill benefit
Your understanding nothing to know the cause.
Pray go to bed; I'll trouble your man only.

Ant. Nay, sir, you have raised more that has reason
To curse you, an you knew all: my wife's up,
And coming down too.
Merc. Alas, it will be
A trouble: Pray go up to her, and let me
Disturb no more; it is unmannerly.

Enter MARIA, *as out of bed.*

Ant. She's here already.—
Sweetheart, how say you by this gentleman?
He would away at midnight.
Maria. That I am sure he will not.
Merc. Indeed I must.
Maria. Good sir,
Let not your homely entertainment press you
To leave your bed at midnight! If you want
What my house, or our town, may afford you,
Make it your own fault if you call not for it.
Pray go to bed again! let me compel you:
I am sure you have no power to deny a woman.
The air is piercing;
And, to a body beaten with long travel,
'Twill prove an ill physician.
Merc. If she speak longer I shall be a knave, [*Aside.*
As rank as e'er sweat for it.—Sir, if you will send
Your wife up presently, I'll either stay
With you (d'ye mark me?) or deliver you
So just a cause, that you yourself shall thrust
Me out of doors, both suddenly and willingly.
Ant. I would fain hear that, 'faith!—Pray thee go up, sweetheart!
I have half persuaded him; besides, he hath
Some private business with me.
Maria. Good night, sir!
And what content you would have, I wish with you. [*Exit.*
Merc. Could any man that had a back ask more?
Oh, me! oh, me!
Ant. Now deal directly with me;
Why should you go?
Merc. If you be wise, do not inquire the cause;
'Twill trouble you.
Ant. Why? pr'ythee, why?
Merc. 'Faith,
I would not have you know it; let me go!
'Twill be far better for you. [*Knocking.*
Ant. Who is that,
That knocks there? is't not at the street-door?
Serv. Yes, sir.
Ant. Who's there? cannot you speak?
Viola. [*Within.*] A poor
Distressed maid; for God's sake, let me in!
Merc. Let her in, and me out together; 'tis but one labour:
'Tis pity she should stand i' th' street. It seems
She knows you.
Ant. There she shall stand, for me: You are
This is a common custom of the rogues [ignorant;
That lie about the loose parts of the city.
Merc. As how?
Ant. To knock at doors in dead time of night,
And use some feigned voice to raise compassione;
And when the doors are open, in they rush,
And cut the throats of all, and take the booty:
We cannot be too careful.
Viola. [*Within.*] As ever you had pity, let me
I am undone else. [in!
Ant. Who are you?
Viola. My name is Viola, a gentlewoman
That ill chance hath distress'd; you know my father.
Merc. Alas of God! we'll let her in; 'tis one
Of the gentlewomen were here in the evening;
I know her by her name: Poor soul! she's cold,
I warrant her; let her have my warm bed,
And I will take her fortune: Come, pray come!
Ant. It is not Viola, that's certain;
She went home to her father's, I am sure.
Viola. Will not you be so good to let me in?
Ant. I'll be so good to have you whipt away,
If you stay a little longer—She is gone,
I warrant her. Now let me know your cause,
For I will hear it, and not repent the knowing.
Merc. Since you are so importunate, I'll tell you:
I love your wife extremely.
Ant. Very well.
Merc. And so well that I dare not stay.
Ant. Why?
Merc. For wronging you: I know I am flesh and blood,
And you have done me friendships infinite, and often,
That must require me honest, and a true man;
And I will be so, or I'll break my heart.
Ant. Why, you may stay for all this, methinks.
Merc. No; though I would be good, I am no [saint,
Nor is it safe to try me: I deal plainly.
Ant. Come, I dare try you; do the best you can.
Merc. You shall not,
When I am right again, I'll come and see you;
Till when, I'll use all countries, and all means,
But I will lose this folly; 'tis a devil!
Ant. Is there no way to stay you?
Merc. No; unless
You will have me such a villain to you, as all men
Shall spit at me.
Ant. Does she know you love her?
Merc. No; I hope not: That were recompence
Fit for a rogue to render her.
Ant. If ever any had a faithful friend, [*Aside.*
I am that man, and I may glory in it!
This is he, that *ipse*, he, that passes
All Christendom for goodness.
He shall not overgo me in his friendship;
'Twere recreant and base, and I'll be hang'd first;
I am resolved.—Go thy ways; a wife
Shall never part us: I have considered,
And I find her nothing to such a friend as thou art.
I'll speak a bold world: take your time and woo her,
(You have overcome me clearly)
And do what's fitting with her—you conceive me.
I am glad at heart you love her, by this light!
Ne'er stare upon me, for I will not fly from't!
If you had spoken sooner, sure you had been served:
Sir, you're not every man. Now to your task!
I give you free leave; and the sin is mine,
If there be any in it.
Merc. He will be hang'd [*Aside*
Before he makes this good: He cannot be
So innocent a Coxcomb; he can tell ten, sure!—
If I had ne'er known you, as I have done,
I might be one, as others, perhaps sooner;
But now it is impossible, there's too much good
Between us.
Ant. Well, thou art e'en the best man—
I can say no more, I am so overjoy'd!

You must stay this night, and in the morning go
As early as you please; I have a toy for you.
Mere. I thought this pill would make you sick.
Ant. But where you mean to be I must have notice,
And it must be hard by, too: Do you mark me?
Mere. Why, what's the matter?
Ant. There is a thing in hand.
Mere. Why, what thing?
Ant. A sound one, if it take right, and you be not
Peevish. We two will be (you would little think it)
As famous for our friendship ——
Mere. How?
Ant. If God please,
As ever Damon was, and Pythias;
Or Pylades, and Orestes; or any two
That ever were: Do you conceive me yet?
Mere. No, by my troth, sir!—He will not help me up, sure? [*Aside.*
Ant. You shall anon; and, for our names, I think
They shall live after us, and be remember'd
While there is a story, or I lose my aim.
Mere. What a vengeance ails he! How do you?
Ant. Yes, 'faith,
We two will be such friends as the world shall ring
Mere. And why is all this? [of.
Ant. You shall enjoy my wife.
Mere. Away, away!
Ant. The wonder must begin.
So I have cast it, ('twill be scurvy else)
You shall not stir a foot in't: Pray be quiet
Till I have made it perfect.
Mere. What shall a man do with this wretched fellow? [*Aside.*
There is no mercy to be used towards him;
He is not capable of any pity;
He will, in spite of course, be a cuckold;
And who can help it?—Must it begin so, needs,
Think again. [sir?
Ant. Yes, marry must it;
And I myself will woo this woman for you:
Do you perceive it now? ha?
Mere. Yes; now I have a little sight i' th' matter.—
Oh, that thy head should be so monstrous, [*Aside.*
That all thy servants' hats may hang upon't!—
But, do you mean to do this?
Ant. Yes, certain; I will woo her, and for you.
Strive not against it; 'tis the overthrow
Of the best plot that ever was then.
Mere. Nay,
I will assure you, sir, I'll do no harm;—
You have too much about you of your own. [*Aside.*
Ant. Have you thought of a place yet?
Mere. A place?
Ant. Ay, a place where you will bide:
Pr'ythee, no more of this modesty; 'tis foolish!
An we were not determined to be
Absolute friends indeed, 'twere tolerable.
Mere. I have thought, and you shall hear from me.
Ant. Why, this will gain me everlasting glory!
I have the better of him, that's my comfort!
Good night! [*Exit.*
Mere. Good night!—
Well, go thy ways! thou art the tidiest wittol
This day I think above ground;
And yet thy end, for all this, must be motley. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Field on the Outskirts of the City.*

Enter Tinker *and* Dorothy.

Tinker. 'Tis bitter cold. A plague upon these rogues,
How wary they are grown! not a door open now,
But double-barred; not a window,
But up with a case of wood, like a spice-box;
And their locks unpickable! the very smiths
That were half venturers, drink penitent single ale:
This is the iron age the ballad sings of.
Well, I shall meet with some of your loose linen yet;
Good fellows must not starve; here's he shall shew
You God A'mighty's dog-bolts, if this hold.
Dor. 'Faith, thou art but too merciful, that's thy fault;
Thou art as sweet a thief, that sin excepted,
As ever suffer'd; that is a proud word,
And I'll maintain it.
Tinker. Come, pr'ythee let's shog off,
And bowze an hour or two; there's ale will make
A cat speak at the Harrow: We shall get nothing now,
Without we batter; 'tis grown too near morning;
The rogues sleep sober and are watchful.
Dor. We want a boy extremely for this function
Kept under for a year, with milk and knot-grass.
In my time I have seen a boy do wonders:
Robin the red tinker had a boy,
('Rest his soul, he suffer'd this time four years
For two spoons, and a pewter candlestick)
That sweet man had a boy, as I am cursten'd whore,
Would have run through a cat-hole; he would have boulted
Such a piece of linen in an evening—
Tinker. Well, we will have a boy. Pr'ythee
I am vengeance cold, I tell thee. [let's go!
Dor. I'll be hang'd
Before I stir without some purchase! By these ten bones,
I will turn she-ape, and untile a house,
But I will have it! It may be I have
A humour to be hang'd, I cannot tell.
Tinker. Peace, you flea'd whore! thou hast a mouth like a blood-hound.—

Enter Viola.

Here comes a night-shade.
Dor. A gentlewoman-whore;
By this darkness, I'll case her to the skin.
Tinker. Peace, I say!
Viola. What fear have I endured this dismal night!
And what disgrace, if I were seen and known!
In which this darkness only is my friend,
That only has undone me. A thousand curses
Light on my easy, foolish, childish love,
That durst so lightly lay a confidence
Upon a man, so many being false!
My weariness, and weeping, makes me sleepy;
I must lie down.
Tinker. What's this? a prayer, or
A homily, or a ballad of good counsel?
She has a gown, I am sure.
Dor. Knock out her brains!
And then she'll never bite.

Tinker. Yes, I will knock her,
But not yet.—You! woman!
Viola. For God's sake, what are you?
Tinker. One of the grooms of your wardrobe. Come, uncase,
Uncase!—By'r lady, a good kersey! [*Pulls off her mantle.*
Viola. Pray do not hurt me, sir.
Dor. Let's have no pity;
For if you do, here's that shall cut your whistle.
Viola. Alas, what would you have? I am as miserable
As you can make me any way.
Dor. That shall be tried.
Viola. Here, take my gown, if that will do you pleasure.
Tinker. Yes, marry will't.—Look in the pockets,
There may be birds. [Doll;
Dor. They are flown, a pox go with them!
I'll have this hat, and this ruff too; I like it:
Now will I flourish like a lady, brave,
I'faith, boy.
Viola. You are so gentle people, to my seeming,
That by my truth I could live with you!
Tinker. Could you so?
A pretty young round wench, well blooded; I
Am for her.
Dor. But by this, I am not; cool
Your codpiece, rogue! or I will clap a spell upon't,
Shall take your edge off with a very vengeance.
Tinker. Peace, horse-flesh, peace!—I'll cast off my Amazon;
She has walk'd too long, and is indeed notorious,
She'll fight and scold, and drink like one of the [worthies.
Dor. Uds precious,
You young contagious whore, must you be 'ticing?
And, is your flesh so rank, sir, that two may live upon't?
I am glad to hear your curtal's grown so lusty;
He was dry-founder'd t'other day; weehee,
My pamper'd jade of Asia!
Viola. Good woman, do not hurt me! I am sorry
That I have given any cause of anger.
Dor. Either bind her quickly, and come away, or by
This steel I'll tell, though I truss for company!
Now could I eat her broil'd, or any way,
Without vinegar: I must have her nose! [*Draws a knife.*
Viola. By anything you love best, good sir! good woman!
Tinker. Why her nose, Dorothy?
Dor. If I have it not,
And presently, and warm, I lose that I go withal.
Tinker. 'Would the devil had that thou goest withal,
And thee together! for sure he got thy whelps,
If thou hast any; he's thy dear dad. Whore,
Put up your cut-purse! an I take my switch up,
Twill be a black time with you else; sheathe your bung, whore!
Dor. Will you bind her?
We shall stand here prating, and be hang'd both.
Tinker. Come, I must bind you: Not a word; no crying! [*They bind her to a tree.*
Viola. Do what you will, indeed I will not cry.
Tinker. Hurt her not: If thou dost, by ale and [beer,
I'll clout thy old bald brain-pan with a piece
Of brass, you bitch incarnate.
[*Exeunt* Tinker *and* Dorothy.

Viola. Oh, God, to what am I reserved! that knew not,
Through all my childish hours and actions,
More sin than poor imagination,
And too much loving of a faithless man,
For which I am paid; and so, that not the day
That now is rising to protect the harmless,
And give the innocent a sanctuary
From thieves and spoilers, can deliver me
From shame, at least suspicion!

Enter Valerio.

Val. [*Entering.*] Sirrah, lead down
The horses easily! I'll walk a-foot
Till I be down the hill. 'Tis very early;
I shall reach home betimes. How now? who's there?
Viola. Night, that was ever friend to lovers, yet
Has raised some weary soul, that hates his bed,
To come and see me blush, and then laugh at me.
Val. He had a rude heart that did this.
Viola. Gentle sir,
If you have that which honest men call pity,
And be as far from evil as you shew,
Help a poor maid, that this night by bad fortune
Has been thus used by robbers.
Val. A pox upon his heart that would not help thee!
This thief was half a lawyer, by his bands.—
How long have you been tied here?
Viola. Alas, this hour,
And with cold and fear am almost perished.
Val. Where were the watch the while? Good sober gentlemen!
They were, like careful members of the city,
Drawing in diligent ale, and singing catches,
While Master Constable contrived the toasts.
These fellows should be more severely punish'd
Than wand'ring gipsies, that every statute whips;
For if they had every one two eyes a-piece more,
Three pots would put them out.
Viola. I cannot tell;
I found no Christian to give me succour.
Val. When they take a thief, I'll take Ostend again: The whoresons
Drink opium in their ale, and then they sleep
Like tops; as for their bills, they only serve
To reach down bacon to make rashers on.
Now let me know whom I have done this courtesy
That I may thank my early rising for it. [to,
Viola. Sir, all I am, you see.
Val. You have a name I am sure, and a kindred,
A father, friend, or something that must own you.
—She's a handsome young wench: What rogues were these, to rob her! [*Aside.*
Viola. Sir, you see all I dare reveal; and, as
You are a gentleman, press me no further!
For there begins a grief, whose bitterness
Will break a stronger heart than I have in me;
And 'twill but make you heavy with the hearing:
For your own goodness sake, desire it not!
Val. If you would not have me inquire that,
How do you live then?
Viola. How I have lived, is still
One question which must not be resolved:
How I desire to live, is in your liking;
So worthy an opinion I have of you.
Val. Is in my liking? How, I pray thee? tell me!

I'faith, I'll do you any good lies in my power,—
She has an eye would raise a bed-rid man! [*Aside.*
Come, leave your fear, and tell me; that's a good [wench!
Viola. Sir, I would serve——
Val. Who wouldst thou serve? Do not weep,
And tell me.
Viola. 'Faith, sir, even some good woman;
And such a wife, if you be married,
I do imagine yours.
Val. Alas! thou art young and tender;
Let me see thy hand! this was ne'er made to wash,
Or wind up water, beat clothes, or rub a floor.—
By this light, for one use, that shall be nameless,
[*Aside.*
'Tis the best wanton hand that e'er I look'd on!
Viola. Dare you accept me, sir? my heart is [honest:
Among your virtuous charitable deeds,
This will not be the least.
Val. Thou canst in a chamber?
Viola. In a chamber, sir?
Val. I mean, wait there upon a gentlewoman.—
How quick she is! I like that mainly too; [*Aside.*
I'll have her, though I keep her with main strength,
Like a besieged town; for I know I shall have
The enemy afore me within a week.
Viola. Sir, I can sow too, and make pretty laces,
Dress a head handsome, teach young gentlewomen;
For in all these I have a little knowledge.
Val. 'Tis well;—no doubt I shall increase that knowledge. [*Aside.*
I like her better still; how she provokes me!—
Pretty young maid, you shall serve a good gentlewoman,
Though I say it, that will not be unwilling
You should please me, nor I forgetful if you do.
Viola. I am the happier.
Val. My man shall make some shift to carry you
Behind him: Can you ride well?
Viola. But I'll hold fast,
For catching of a fall.
Val. That's the next way
To pull another on you.—I'll work her as I go:
[*Aside.*
I know she's wax! Now, now, at this time could I
Beget a worthy on this wench.
Viola. Sir, for this gentleness, may Heaven requite you tenfold!
Val. 'Tis a good wench! however others use thee,
Be sure I'll be a loving master to thee. Come!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before* ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter ANTONIO, *like an Irish Footman, with a Letter.*

Ant. I hope I am wild enough for being known!
I have writ a letter here, and in it have abused myself
Most bitterly, yet, all my fear is, not enough,
For that must do it, that must lay it on:
I'll win her out o' th' flint; 'twill be more famous.
Now for my language!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Now, sir; who would you speak with?
Ant. Where be thy mastres, man? I would [spake with her:
I have a letter.
Serv. Cannot I deliver it?
Ant. No, by my trot and fait, canst thou not, man.
Serv. Well, sir, I'll call her to you; pray shake your ears
Without a little. [*Exit.*
Ant. Cran a cree, do it quickly!
This rebel tongue sticks in my teeth worse
Than a tough hen: Sure it was ne'er known at Babel;
For they sold no apples, and this was made for certain
At the first planting of orchards, 'tis so crabbed.

Enter MARIA *and* Servant.

Maria. What's he would speak with me?
Serv. A Kilkenny ring;
There he stands, madam.
Maria. What would you have with me, friend?
Ant. He has a letter for other women, wilt [thou read it?
Maria. From whence?
Ant. De crosse Creest, from my master!
Maria. Who is your master?
Ant. I pray do you look.
Maria. Do you know this fellow?
Serv. No,
Madam, not I, more than an Irish footman.
Stand further, friend; I do not like your rope-runners.
What stallion rogues are these, to wear such dow-
The very cotton may commit adultery. [sets!
Maria. I cannot find whose hand this should be; I'll read:
"To the beauteous wife of Don Antonio."
Sure this is some blind scribe! Well! now what follows? [*Reads.*
Ant. Pray God it take! I have given her that
[*Aside.*
Will stir her conscience; how it works with her!
Hope, if it be thy will, let the flesh have it!
Maria. This is the most abhorred, intolerable knavery,
That e'er slave entertain'd! Sure there is more
Than thine own head in
This villainy; it goes like practised mischief.
Disabled in his body? Oh, good God!
As I live, he lies fearfully, and basely.
Ha! I should know that jewel; 'tis my husband!—
Come hither, sirrah; are you an Irishman?
Ant. Sweet woman, a-cree, I am an Irishman.
Maria. Now I know't perfectly: Is this your trick, sir? [*Aside.*
I'll trick you for it!—How long have you served
This gentleman?
Ant. Please thee, a little day,
O, my MacDermond put me to my mastree.—
'Tis done, I know. [*Aside.*
Maria. By my faith, he speaks as well [*Aside.*
As if he had been lousy for the language
A year or two. Well, sir, you had better
Have kept in your own shape, as I will use you.
What have I done that should deserve this trial?
I never made him cuckold, to my knowledge.—
Sirrah, come hither!
Ant. Now will she send some jewel, or some letter;
I know her mind as well! I shall be famous.
Maria. Take this Irish bawd here——
Ant. How!
Maria. And kick him till his breeches
And breech be of one colour, a bright blue both!
Ant. I may be well swinged thus, for I dare not
Reveal myself: I hope she does not mean it.
[Servant *kicks him*

Oh, hone! oh, hone! oh, St. Patrick! oh, a-cree!
Oh, sweet woman!
Maria. Now turn him,
And kick him o' t'other side! that's well.
Ant. Oh, good waiting-man! I beseech thee,
Good waiting-man!—A pox fire your legs!
Maria. You rogue,
You enemy to all, but little breeches,
How darest thou come to me with such a letter?
Ant. Pr'ythee pity the poor Irishman!—All this makes for me: [*Aside.*
If I win her yet, I am still more glorious.
Maria. Now could I weep at what I have done; [*Apart.*
But I'll harden my heart again.—Go, shut him up
Till my husband comes home. Yet thus much ere you go,
Sirrah Thatch'd-Head! wouldst not thou be whipt, and think it justice?
Well, *aquavitæ* barrel, I will bounce you.
Ant. I pray do; I beseech you, be not angry!
Maria. Oh, you hobby-headed rascal, I'll have you flead,
And trossers made of thy skin to tumble in.
Go, away with him! let him see no sun,
Till my husband come home.—Sir, I
Shall meet with you for your knavery,
I fear it not. [*Aside.*
Ant. Wilt thou not let me go?—
I do not like this. [*Aside.*
Maria. Away with him!
Serv. Come, I'll lead you in by your jack-a-lent hair.
Go quietly, or I'll make your crupper crack!
Maria. And, do you hear me, sirrah? when you have done,
Make my coach ready.
Serv. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit with* ANTONIO.
Maria. Lock him up safe enough.—
I'll to this gentleman, and know the reason
Of all this business, for I do suspect it;
If he have laid this plot, I'll ring him such a peal
Shall make his ears deaf for a month at least. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter RICARDO.

Ric. Am I not mad? Can this weak-temper'd head,
That will be mad with drink, endure the wrong
That I have done a virgin, and my love?
Be mad, for so thou ought'st, or I will beat
The walls and trees down with thee, and will let
Either thy memory out, or madness in!
But sure I never loved fair Viola,
I never loved my father, nor my mother,
Or anything but drink! Had I had love,
Nay, had I known so much charity
As would have saved an infant from the fire,
I had been naked, raving in the street,
With half a face, gashing myself with knives,
Two hours ere this time.

Enter PEDRO, SILVIO, *and* UBERTO.

Pedro. Good-morrow, sir!
Ric. Good-morrow, gentlemen!
Shall we go drink again? I have my wits.
Pedro. So have I, but they are unsettled ones.
Would I had some porridge!
Ric. The tavern-boy was here this morning with me,
And told me that there was a gentlewoman,
Which he took for a whore, that hung on me,
For whom we quarrell'd, and I know not what.
Pedro. I'faith, nor I.
Uberto. I have a glimmering
Of some such thing.
Ric. Was it you, Silvio,
That made me drink so much? 'twas you or Pedro.
Pedro. I know not who.
Silvio. We were all apt enough.
Ric. But I will lay the fault on none but me,
That I would be so entreated!—Come, Silvio,
Shall we go drink again? Come, gentlemen,
Why do you stay? Let's never leave off now,
Whilst we have wine and throats! I'll practise it,
Till I have made it my best quality;
For what is best for me to do but that? [named,
For God's sake, come and drink! When I am
Men shall make answer, "Which Ricardo mean
The excellent drinker?" I will have it so. [you?
Will you go drink?
Silvio. We drunk too much too lately.
Ric. Why, there is then the less behind to drink:
Let's end it all! dispatch that, we'll send abroad,
And purchase all the wine the world can yield,
And then drink it off; then take the fruits o' th' earth,
Distil the juice from them, and drink that off;
We'll catch the rain before it fall to ground,
And drink off that, that never more may grow;
We'll set our mouths to springs, and drink them
And all this while we'll never think of those [off
That love us best, more than we did last night.
We will not give unto the poor a drop
Of all this drink: but, when we see them weep,
We'll run to them, and drink their tears off too:
We'll never leave whilst there is heat or moisture
In this large globe; but suck it cold and dry,
Till we have made it elemental earth,
Merely by drinking.
Pedro. Is it flattery
To tell you, you are mad?
Ric. If it be false,
There's no such way to bind me to a man:
He that will have me lay my goods and lands,
My life down for him, need no more but say,
"Ricardo, thou art mad!" and then all these
Are at his service; then he pleases me,
And makes me think that I had virtue in me
That I had love and tenderness of heart;
That, though I have committed such a fault
As never creature did, yet running mad,
As honest men should do for such a crime,
I have express'd some worth, though it be late
But I, alas, have none of these in me,
But keep my wits still like a frozen man,
That had no fire within him.
Silvio. Nay, good Ricardo,
Leave this wild talk, and send a letter to her!
I will deliver it.
Ric. 'Tis to no purpose;
Perhaps she's lost last night; or, [if] she [is]
Got home again, she's now so strictly look'd to
The wind can scarce come to her: Or, admit
She were herself, if she would hear from me,
From me unworthy, that have used her thus,
She were so foolish that she were no more
To be beloved.

Enter ANDRUGIO, *and* Servant *with a night-gown.*

Serv. Sir, we have found this night-gown she
Andr. Where? [took with her.
Ric. Where? where? speak quickly!
Serv. Searching in the suburbs,
We found a Tinker and his whore that had
It in a tap-house, whom we apprehended,
And they confess'd they stole it from her.
Ric. And murder'd her? [*Grasps his sword.*
Silvio. What ail you, man?
Ric. Why, all this doth not make
Me mad.
Silvio. It does; you would not offer this else.
Good Pedro, look to his sword!
[PEDRO *takes his sword.*
Serv. They do deny
The killing of her, but swore they left her
Tied to a tree, in the fields next those suburbs
That are without our lady's gate, near day,
And by the road, so that some passenger
Must needs untie her quickly.
Andr. The will of Heaven be done! Sir, I will only
Intreat you this,—that as you were the greatest
Occasion of her loss, that you'll be pleased
To urge your friends, and be yourself earnest in
The search of her: If she be found, she is yours,
If she please. I myself only [will]see these people
Better examined, and after, follow
Some way in search. God keep you, gentlemen!
[*Exit*
Silvio. Alas, good man!
Ric. What think ye now of me? I think this lump
Is nothing but a piece of phlegm congeal'd,
Without a soul; for where there's so much spirit
As would but warm a flea, those faults of mine
Would make it glow and flame in this dull heart,
And run like molten gold through every sin,
Till it could burst these walls and fly away.—
Shall I entreat you all to take your horses,
And search this innocent?
Pedro. With all our hearts.
Ric. Do not divide yourselves, till you come there
Where they say she was tied: I'll follow too,
But never to return till she be found.
Give me my sword, good Pedro! I will do
No harm, believe me, with it; I am now
Far better temper'd: If I were not so,
I have enow besides. God keep you all,
And send us good success! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—MERCURY'S *Lodging.*

Enter MERCURY *and* Servant.

Merc. Who is it? can you tell?
Serv. By my troth, sir,
I know not; but it is a gentlewoman.
Merc. A gentlewoman? I'll lay my life, puppy
Has sent his wife to me: If he have, fling up the bed.
Serv. Here she is, sir.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. I am glad I found you, sir. There, take your letter, [*Gives him a letter.*
And keep it till you have another friend to wrong!
'Tis too malicious false to make me sin;
You have provoked me to be that I love not,
A talker, and you shall hear me.
Why should you dare to imagine me
So light a housewife, that, from four hours' knowledge,
You might presume to offer to my credit
This rude and ruffian trial? I am sure
I never courted you, nor gave you tokens,
That might concern assurance: You are a fool!
Merc. I cannot blame you, now I see this letter.
Though you be angry, yet with me you must not,
Unless you'll make me guilty of a wrong
My worst affections hate.
Maria. Did not you send it?
Merc. No, upon my faith;
Which is more, I understand it not: the hand
Is as far from my knowledge as the malice.
Maria. This is strange!
Merc. It is so,
And had been stranger, and indeed more hateful,
Had I, that have received such courtesies,
And owe so many thanks, done this base office.
Maria. Your name is at it.
Merc. Yes, but not my nature;
And I shall hate my name worse than the manner,
For this base broking. You are wise and virtuous,
Remove this fault from me;
For, on the love I bear to truth and goodness,
This letter dare not name me for the author.
Maria. Now I perceive my husband's knavery!
[*Apart.*
If my man can but find where he has been,
I will go with this gentleman, whatsoever
Comes on't; and, as I mean to carry it,
Both he and all the world shall think it fit,
And thank me for it.
Merc. I must confess I loved you at first;
Howe'er this made me leave your house unmannerly,
That might provoke me to do something ill,
Both to your honour and my faith, and not to write
This letter, which I hold so truly wicked,
That I will not think on't.
Maria. I do believe you, and since I see you are free,
My words were not meant to you: But this is not
The half of my affliction.
Merc. 'Tis pity
You should know more vexation; may I inquire?
Maria. 'Faith, sir, I fear I have lost my husband.
Merc. Your husband? it cannot be.—I pity her:
How she is vex'd! [*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

Maria. How now? what news? Nay, speak,
For we must know.
Serv. 'Faith, I have found at length,
By chance, where he has been.
Maria. Where?

Serv. In a blind out-house in the suburbs:
Pray God all be well with him!
Maria. Why?
Serv. There are his clothes; but what's become
I cannot yet inquire. [of him,
Maria. [*Aside.*] I am glad of this.—
Sure they have murder'd him! What shall I do?
Merc. Be not so grieved, before you know the truth!
You have time enough to weep. This is the sudden'st mischief—
Did you not bring an officer to search there,
Where you say you found his clothes?
Serv. Yes; and we search'd it, and charged the fellow with him;
But he, like a rogue, [a] stubborn rogue, made answer,
He knew not where he was; he had been there,
But where he was now he could not tell:
I tell you true, I fear him.
Maria. Are all my hopes and longings to enjoy
After this three years' travel, come to this? [him,
Serv. It is the rankest house in all the city,
The most cursed roguy bawdy-house! Hell fire it!
Merc. This is the worst I heard yet. Will you go home?
I'll bear you company, and give you
The best help I may: This being here will wrong you.
Maria. As you are a gentleman, and as you
Your dead friend, let me not go home! [loved
That will but heap one sorrow on another.
Merc. Why, propose any thing, and I'll per-
I am at my wit's end too. [form't:
Serv. So am I. Oh, my dear master!
Merc. Peace, you great fool!
Maria. Then, good sir, carry me to some retired
Far from the sight of this unhappy city; [place,
Whither you will indeed, so it be far enough!
Merc. If I might counsel you, I think 'twere better
To go home, and try what may be done yet;
He may be at home afore you; who can tell?
Maria. Oh, no; I know he's dead, I know he's murder'd!
Tell me not of going home! you murder me too.
Merc. Well, since it pleases you to have it so,
I will no more persuade you to go home;
I'll be your guide in the country, as your grief
Doth command me. I have a mother, dwelling from
This place some twenty miles: The house, though homely,
Yet able to shew something like a welcome;
Thither I'll see you safe with all your sorrows.
Maria. With all the speed that may be thought upon!
I have a coach here ready: good sir, quickly!—
I'll fit you, my fine husband! [*Aside.*
Merc. It shall be so: [*Aside.*
If this fellow be dead, I see no band
Of any other man to tie me from my will;
And I will follow her with such careful service,
That she shall either be my love, or wife.—
Will you walk in?
Maria. I thank you, sir; but one word with my
And I am ready.—Keep the Irish fellow [man,
Safe, as you love your life, for he, I fear,
Has a deep hand in this; then search again,
And get out warrants for that naughty man
That keeps the bad house, that he may answer it!
If you find the body, give it due burial.
Farewell! You shall hear from me. Keep all safe!
Serv. Oh, my sweet master! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in* ANTONIO'S *House.*

ANTONIO, *knocking within.*

Ant. Man-a-cree,
The devil take thee, wilt thou kill me here?
I pr'ythee now let me go seek my master;
I shall be very cheel else.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you hear man-a-cree?
I'll cree your coxcomb, an you keep not still;
Down, you rogue!
Ant. Good sweet-faced sarving-man,
Let me out, I beseech de, and by my trot
I will give dy worship two shillings in good argot,
To buy dy worship pippins.
Serv. This rogue thinks
All the worth of man consists in pippins: By this
I'll beat rebellion out of you for ever! [light,
Ant. Wilt thou not hear me, man?
Is fet! I'll give thee all I have about me.
Serv. I thank you, sir; so I may have picking
Ant. Here is five shillings, man. [work.
Serv. Here is a cudgel,
A very good one!

Enter two Servants.

2 *Serv.* How now? what's the matter?
Where is the Irishman?
1 *Serv.* There, a wyth take him!
He makes more noise alone there, than ten lawyers
Can do with double [fees,] and a scurvy case.
2 *Serv.* Let him out! I must talk with him.

ANTONIO *is let out.*

Ant. Wilt thou give me
Some drink, oh, hone? I am very dry, man.
2 *Serv.* You shall have that shall quench your thirst, my friend.
Ant. Wat dost thou mean, man?
2 *Serv.* Even a good tough halter.
Ant. A halter? oh, hone!
2 *Serv.* Sirrah,
You are a mischievous rogue, that's the truth.
Ant. No, fet I am not.
1 *Serv.* Shall I knock out his brains? I have kill'd dogs
Have been worth three of him for all uses.
2 *Serv.* Sirrah, the truth on't is,
You must with me to a justice. Oh, Roger, Roger!
1 *Serv.* Why, what's the matter, William?
2 *Serv.* Heavy news, Roger,
Heavy news, God comfort us!
1 *Serv.* What is't, man?
Ant. What's the matter now?—
I am even weary of this way: 'Would I were out on't! [*Aside.*
2 *Serv.* My master sure
Is murder'd, Roger, and this cursed rogue,
I fear, has had a hand in't.
Ant. No, fet, not!
1 *Serv.* Stand away!
I'll kick it out of him: Come, sirrah, mount;
I'll make you dance, you rascal! kill my master

breech were cannon-proof,
g this good cause on my side, I would en-
fair, Shamrock ! [counter it ;
t. Why, how now, sirs !
[*Throws off his disguise.*
vill not murder me, indeed ?
erv. Bless us, Roger !
t. Nay, I am no spirit.
erv. How do you, sir ?
s my very master.
t. Why, well enough yet ;
ou have a heavy foot of your own. Where's
my wife ?
erv. Alas, poor sorrowful gentlewoman,
hinks you are dead, and has given o'er house-
t. Whither is she gone, then ? [keeping.
erv. Into the country with the gentleman,
your friend, sir,
e if she can wear her sorrows out there ;
eeps and takes on too——
t. This falls out pat ; [*Aside*
ll be everlasting for a name !—
ou hear ? upon your lives and faiths to me,
me word I am living !
et the same report pass along,
I am murder'd still.—I am made for ever !
[*Aside.*
erv. Why, sir ?
t. I have a cause, sir ; that's enough for you.
if I be not famous, I am wrong'd much :
[*Aside.*
ny thing I know, I will not trouble him
week at least ; no, let them take their way
f another !
erv. Sir, will you be still an Irishman ?
t. Yes, a while.
erv. But your worship will be beaten no
t. No, I thank you, William. [more ?
erv. In truth, sir, if it must be so,
it better than a stranger.
t. Go ; you are knaves both !
forgive you.—I am almost mad [*Aside.*
the apprehension of what I shall be.—
word, I charge you ! [*Exeunt.*

NE III.—*The Country. An open Field.*

Enter VALERIO *and* VIOLA.

l. Come, pretty soul, we now are near our
home,
whilst our horses are walk'd down the hill,
hou and I walk here over this close ;
ootway is more pleasant. 'Tis a time.
retty one, not to be wept away,
very living thing is full of love ;
ot thou so too, ha ?
ola. Nay, there are living things
ty of love, or I had not been here ;
for myself, alas, I have too much.
l. It cannot be,
so much beauty, so much youth and grace,
ld have too much of love.
ola. Pray what is love ?
am full of that I do not know.
l. Why, love, fair maid, is an extreme desire
s not to be examined, but fulfill'd ;
k the reason why thou art in love,
hat might be the noblest end in love,
ld overthrow that kindly-rising warmth
That many times slides gently o'er the heart ;
'Twould make thee grave and staid, thy thoughts
would be
Like a thrice-married widow, full of ends,
And void of all compassion ; and to fright thee
From such inquiry, whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
And but sixteen, the knowing what love is
Would make thee six-and-forty.
Viola. 'Would it would make me nothing !—I
have heard
Scholars affirm, the world's upheld by love,
But I believe women maintain all this ;
For there's no love in men.
Val. Yes, in some men.
Viola. I know them not.
Val. Why, there is love in me.
Viola. There's charity I am sure towards me.
Val. And love,
Which I will now express : My pretty maid,
I dare not bring thee home ; my wife is foul,
And therefore envious ; she is very old,
And therefore jealous ; thou art fair and young
A subject fit for her unlucky vices
To work upon ; she never will endure thee.
Viola. She may endure,
If she be aught but devil, all the friendship
That I will hold with you. Can she endure
I should be thankful to you ? may I pray
For you and her ? will she be brought to think
That all the honest industry I have
Deserves brown bread ? If this may be endured,
She'll pick a quarrel with a sleeping child,
Ere she fall out with me.
Val. But, trust me, she does hate all handsome-
ness.
Viola. How fell you in love with such a creature ?
Val. I never loved her.
Viola. And yet married her ?
Val. She was a rich one.
Viola. And you swore, I warrant you,
She was a fair one then too ?
Val. Or, believe me,
I think I had not had her.
Viola. Are you men
All such ? 'Would you would wall us in a place,
Where all we women that are innocent
Might live together !
Val. Do not weep at this :
Although I dare not, for some weighty reason,
Displease my wife, yet I'll forget not thee.
Viola. What will you do with me ?
Val. Thou shalt be placed
At my man's house, and have such food and rai-
ment
As can be bought with money : These white hands
Shall never learn to work, but they shall play,
As thou sayst they were wont, teaching the strings
To move in order, or what else thou wilt.
Viola. I thank you, sir ; but pray you clothe
me poorly,
And let my labour get me means to live !
Val. But, fair one, you I know do so much hate
A foul ingratitude, you will not look
I should do this for nothing.
Viola. I will work
As much out as I can, and take as little ; and
That you shall have as duly paid to you
As ever servant did.
Val. But give me now

A trial of it, [that] I may believe!
We are alone; shew me how thou wilt kiss
And hug me hard, when I have stolen away
From my too-clamorous wife that watches me,
To spend a blessed hour or two with thee!
Viola. Is this the love you mean? You would have that
Is not in me to give; you would have lust.
Val. Not to dissemble, or to mince the word,
'Tis lust I wish indeed.
Viola. And, by my troth,
I have it not! For Heaven's sake, use me kindly,
Though I be good, and shew perhaps a monster,
As this world goes!
Val. I do but speak to thee;
Thy answers are thy own; I compel none:
But if thou refuse this motion,
Thou art not then for me. Alas, good soul!
What profit can thy work bring me?
Viola. But I fear: I pray go! for lust, they say, will grow
Outrageous, being denied. I give you thanks
For all your courtesies, and there's a jewel
That's worth the taking, that I did preserve
Safe from the robbers. Pray you leave me here
Just as you found me, a poor innocent,
And Heaven will bless you for it!
Val. Pretty maid,
I am no robber, nor no ravisher.
I pray thee keep thy jewel. I have done
No wrong to thee. Though thou be'st virtuous,
And in extremity, I do not know
That I am bound to keep thee.
Viola. No, sir;
For God's sake, if you know an honest man
In all these countries, give me some directions
To find him out!
Val. More honest than myself,
Good sooth, I do not know: I would have lain
With thee, with thy consent; and who would not
In all these parts, is past my memory.
I am sorry for thee. Farewell, gentle maid:
God keep thee safe! [*Exit.*
Viola. I thank you, sir; and you!
Woman, they say, was only made of man:
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike!
It may be, all the best was cut away
To make the woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him.—I'll sit me down and weep!
All things have cast me from 'em but the earth:
The evening comes, and every little flower
Droops now, as well as I.

Enter NAN *and* MADGE, *with milk-pails.*

Nan. Good Madge,
Let's rest a little; by my troth,
I am weary. This new pail is a plaguy heavy one;
'Would Tom were hang'd for chusing it!
Tis the untoward'st fool in a country.
Madge. With all my heart, and I thank you too, Nan.
Viola. What true contented happiness dwells here,
More than in cities! 'Would to God my father
Had lived like one of these, and bred me up
To milk, and do as they do! Methinks 'tis
A life that I would choose, if I were now
To tell my time again, above a prince's.— [milk,
Maids, for charity, give a poor wench one draught of
That weariness and hunger have nigh famish'd!
Nan. If I had but one cow's milk in all the world,
You should have some on't: There; drink more! the cheese
Shall pay for it. Alas, poor heart, she's dry.
Madge. Do you dwell hereabouts?
Viola. No; 'would I did!
Nan. Madge, if she do not look like my cousin Sue
O' th' Moor-lane, as one thing can look like another!
Madge. Nay; Sue has a hazel eye, I know Sue well:
And, by your leave, not so trim a body neither;
This is a feat-bodied thing I tell you.
Nan. She laces close,
By the mass, I warrant you; and so does Sue too.
Viola. I thank you for your gentleness, fair maids.
Nan. Drink again, pray thee!
Viola. I am satisfied; and Heaven reward thee
Yet thus far I'll compel you, to accept [for't!
These trifles, toys only that express my thanks,
For greater worth I am sure they have not in them.
Indeed you shall; I found them as I came.
Nan. Madge! look you here, Madge!
Madge. Nay, I have as fine a one as you; mine is
All gold, and painted, and a precious stone in't:
I warrant it cost a crown, wench.
Nan. But mine
Is the most sumptuous one that e'er I saw.
Viola. One favour you must do me more,
For you are well acquainted here.
Nan. Indeed we'll do you any kindness, sister.
Viola. Only to send me to some honest place,
Where I may find a service.
Nan. Uds me, our Dorothy went away but last week,
And I know my mistress wants a maid, and why
May she not be placed there? This is a likely wench,
I tell you truly, and a good wench, I warrant her
Madge. And 'tis a hard case, if we that have served
Four years a-piece, cannot bring in one servant;
We will prefer her.—Hark you, sister! Pray what's [your name?
Viola. Melvia.
Nan. A feat name, i'faith! And can you milk a cow?
And make a merry-bush? That's nothing.
Viola. I shall learn quickly.
Nan. And dress a house with flowers? and serve a pig?
(This you must do, for we deal in the dairy)
And make a bed or two?
Viola. I hope I shall.
Nan. But be sure to keep the men out; they will mar
All that you make else, I know that by myself;
For I have been so touz'd among 'em in my days!
Come, you shall e'en home with us,
And be our fellow; our house is so honest,
And we serve a very good woman, and a gentlewoman!
And we live as merrily, and dance o' good days
After even-song. Our wake shall be on Sunday:
Do you know what a wake is? We have mighty [cheer then,
And such a coil, 'twould bless ye!
You must not be so bashful, you'll spoil all.
Madge. Let's home, for God's sake!

My mistress thinks by this time we are lost.
Come, we'll have a care of you, I warrant you:
But you must tell my mistress where you were born,
And everything that belongs to you, and the strangest things
You can devise, for she loves those extremely;
'Tis no matter whether they be true or no,
She's not so scrupulous. You must be our sister,
And love us best, and tell us everything;
And, when cold weather comes, we'll lie together:
Will you do this?
Viola. Yes.
Nan. Then home again, o' God's name! Can you go apace?
Viola. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

Enter PEDRO *and* SILVIO, *severally.*

Pedro. How now? any good news yet?
Silvio. 'Faith, not any yet.
Pedro. This comes o' tippling: 'Would 'twere treason, an't please God,
To drink more than three draughts at a meal.
Silvio. When did you see Ricardo?
Pedro. I cross'd him twice to-day.
Silvio. You have heard of
A young wench that was seen last night?
Pedro. Yes.
Silvio. Has Ricardo heard of this?
Pedro. Yes; and I think he's ridden after.
Farewell! I'll have another round.
Silvio. If you hear anything,
Pray spare no horse-flesh; I will do the like.
Pedro. Do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* VALERIO.

Enter RICARDO *and* VALERIO.

Ric. Sir, I did think 'twas you, by all descriptions.
Val. 'Tis so;
I took her up indeed, the manner how
You have heard already, and what she had about her,
(As jewels, gold, and other trifling things)
And what my end was, which because she slighted,
I left her there i' th' fields.
Ric. Left in the fields? Could any but a rogue,
That had despised humanity and goodness,
God, law, and credit, and had set himself
To lose his noblest part, and be a beast,
Have left so innocent unmatch'd a virtue
To the rude mercy of a wilderness?
Val. Sir, if you come to rail, pray quit my house!
I do not use to have such language given
Within my doors to me. For your wench,
You may go seek her with more patience;
She's tame enough, I warrant you.
Ric. Pray forgive me,
(I do confess my much forgetfulness)
And weigh my words no farther, I beseech you,
Than a mere madness! for such a grief has seized me,
So strong and deadly, as a punishment,
And a just one, too,
That 'tis a greater wonder I am living,
Than anything I utter. Yet, let me tell you
Thus much; it was a fault for leaving her
So in the fields.
Val. Sir, I will think so now;
And, credit me, you have so wrought me with
Your grief, that I do both forgive and pity you:
And if you'll please to take a bed this night here,
To-morrow I will bring you where I left her.
Ric. I thank you, no! Shall I be so unworthy
To think upon a bed, or ease, or comfort,
And have my heart stray from me, God knows where,
Cold and forsaken, destitute of friends,
And all good comforts else, unless some tree,
Whose speechless charity must better ours,
With which the bitter east winds made their sport
And sung through hourly, hath invited her
To keep off half a day? Shall she be thus,
And I draw in soft slumbers? God forbid!
No, night and bitter coldness, I provoke thee,
And all the dews that hang upon thy locks,
Showers, hails, snows, frosts, and two-edged winds that prime
The maiden blossoms; I provoke you all,
And dare expose this body to your sharpness,
Till I be made a land-mark!
Val. Will you then stay and eat with me?
Ric. You are angry with me, I know you're angry;
You would not bid me eat else. My poor mistress,
For aught I know, thou art famish'd; for what else
Can the fields yield thee, and the stubborn season,
That yet holds in the fruit?—Good gentle sir,
Think not ill manners in me for denying
Your offer'd meat! for sure I cannot eat
While I do think she wants. Well, I'm a rascal,
A villain, slave, that only was begotten
To murder women, and of them the best.
Val. This is a strange affliction! If you will
Accept no greater courtesy, yet drink, sir.
Ric. Now I am sure you hate me: An you knew
What kind of man I am—as indeed 'tis fit
That every man should know me, to avoid me,—
If you have peace within you, sir, or goodness,
Name that abhorred word *drink* no more unto me!
You had safer strike me.
I pray you do not, if you love me, do not!
Val. Sir, I mean no ill by't.
Ric. It may be so;
Nor let me see none, sir, if you love Heaven!
You know not what offence it is unto me;
Nor, good now, do not ask me why: And I warn
You once again, let no man else speak of it!
I fear your servants will be prating to me.
Val. Why, sir, what ail you?
Ric. I hate drink, there's the end on't;
And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd,
Without an age of prayers and repentance;
And there's a hazard too: Good sir, no more!
If you will do me a free courtesy,
That I shall know for one, go take your horse,
And bring me to the place where you left her
Val. Since you are so importunate, I will:

But I will wish, sir, you had stay'd to-night;
Upon my credit, you shall see no drink.
Ric. Be gone! the hearing of it makes me giddy:
Sir, will you be entreated to forbear it?
I shall be mad else.
Val. I pray no more of that! I am quiet;
I'll but walk in, and away straight.
Ric. Now I thank you!
But what you do, do in a twinkling, sir!
Val. As soon as may be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* MERCURY'S *Mother.*

Enter Mother, VIOLA, MAN, *and* MADGE.

Mother. Is this the wench? You have brought me some catch, I warrant.
How daringly she looks upon the matter!
Madge. Yes, forsooth, this is the maiden.
Mother. Come hither! Would you serve?
Viola. If it shall please you to accept my service;
I hope I shall do something that shall like you,
Though it be but truth, and often praying for you.
Mother. You are very curious of your hand methinks,
You preserve it so with gloves: Let me see it!—
Ay, marry, here's a hand of marchpane, wenches!
This pretty palm never knew sorrow yet:
How soft it is, I warrant you, and supple!
O' my word, this is fitter for a pocket,
To filch withal, than to work: I fear me, little one,
You are no better than you should be; go to!
Viola. My conscience yet is but one witness to me,
And that, Heaven knows, is of mine innocence:
'Tis true, I must confess with shame enough,
The time that I have led yet never taught me
What 'twas to break a sleep, or to be weary.
Mother. You can say well;
If you be mine, wench, you must do well too,
For words are but slow workers: Yet, so much
I have of you, that I will take you, so [hope
You will be diligent, and do your duty.
How now?

Enter ALEXANDER.

Alex. There is a messenger come from your son,
That brings you word he is returned from travel,
And will be here this night.
Mother. Now joy upon thee for it! thou art ever
A bringer of good tidings; there, drink that!
[*Gives him money.*
In troth thou hast much contented me. My son?
Lord, how thou hast pleased me! shall I see my son
Yet ere I die? Take care my house be handsome,
And the new stools set out, and boughs and rushes,
And flowers for the window, and the Turkey carpet,
And the great parcel salt, Nan, with the cruets!
And pr'ythee, Alexander, go to the cook,
And bid him spare for nothing, my son's come
Who's come with him? [home!
Alex. I hear of none yet, but a gentlewoman.
Mother. A gentlewoman? what gentlewoman?
Alex. I know not; but such a one there is, he says.
Mother. Pray God he have not cast away himself
Upon some snout-fair piece! I do not like it.
Alex. No, sure my master has more discretion.
Mother. Well, be it how it will, he shall be welcome.
Sirs, to your tasks, and shew this little novice
How to bestir herself! I'll sort out things.
[*Exit.*
Madge. We will, forsooth: I can tell you, my
A stirring woman. [mistress is
Nan. Lord, how she'll talk sometimes!
'Tis the maddest cricket——
Viola. Methinks she talks well,
And shews a great deal of good housewifery.
Pray let me deck the chambers, shall I?
Nan. Yes,
You shall; but do not scorn to be advised, sister,
For there belongs more to that than you're aware on:
Why would you venture so fondly upon the strowings?
There's mighty matters in them, I'll assure you,
And in the spreading of a bough-pot; you may
If you were ten years elder, if you take not [miss,
A special care before you.
Viola. I will learn willingly, if that be all.
Nan. Sirrah, where is't they say my young master hath been?
Madge. 'Faith, I know not; beyond the sea,
Where they are born without noses.
Nan. Jesse, bless us! without noses?
How do they do for handkerchiefs?
Madge. So Richard says:
And, sirrah, their feet stand in their foreheads.
Nan. That's fine, by my troth!
These men have pestilent running heads then.
Do they speak as we do?
Madge. No, they never speak.
Nan. Are they cursen'd?
Madge. No, they call them infidels:
I know not what they are.
Nan. Sirrah, we shall have
Fine courting now my young master is come home.
Were you never courted, sister?
Viola. Alas, I know it not.
Madge. What is that courting, sirrah?
Nan. I can tell,
For I was once courted in the matted chamber:
You know the party, Madge; 'faith, he courted
Madge. Pray thee what is't? [finely!
Nan. 'Faith, nothing, but he was somewhat figent with me;
Faith, 'tis fine sport, this courting.
Alex. [*Within.*] Where be the maids there?
Madge. We shall be hang'd anon! Away, good wenches!
And have a care you dight things handsomely;
I will look over you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another in the same.*

Enter MERCURY *and* MARIA.

Merc. If your sorrow
Will give you so far leave, pray think yourself
Most welcome to this place, for so upon
My life you are; and for your own fair sake,
Take truce awhile with these immoderate mournings!
Maria. I thank you, sir; I shall do what I may
Pray lead me to a chamber.

Enter Mother *and* ALEXANDER.

Merc. Presently.—
Before your blessing, mother, I entreat you

To know this gentlewoman, and bid her welcome;
The virtuous wife of him that was myself
In all my travels! [*Kneels.*
Mother. Indeed she is most welcome; so are you, son.
Now, all my blessing on thee, thou hast made me
Younger by twenty years than I was yesterday!
Will you walk in? What ails this gentlewoman?
Alas, I fear she is not well: Good gentlewoman!
Merc. You fear right.
Mother. She has fasted over long;
You shall have supper presently o' th' board.
Merc. She will not eat, I can assure you, mother.
For God's sake, let your maid conduct her up
Into some fair becoming chamber, fit for
A woman of her being, and as soon as may be!
I know she's very ill, and would have rest.
Mother. There is one ready for her, the blue chamber.
Merc. 'Tis well: I'll lead you to your chamber-door,
And there I'll leave you to your own quiet, mistress.
Maria. I thank you, sir! Good rest to every
You'll see me once again to-night, I hope. [one!
Merc. When you shall please, I'll wait upon you, lady.
Mother. Where are these maids? Attend upon the gentlewoman,
And see she want no good thing in the house!
Good night with all my heart, forsooth!—Good Lord, [*Exit* MARIA.
How you are grown! Is he not, Alexander?
Alex. Yes, truly; he's shot up finely, God be thanked!
Merc. An ill weed, mother, will do so.
Alex. You say true, sir; an ill weed grows a-pace.
Merc. Alexander the sharp, you take me very quickly.
Mother. Nay, I can tell you, Alexander will do
Do you read Madcap still? [it.
Merc. Sometimes, forsooth.
Mother. But 'faith, son, what countries have you travell'd?
Merc. Why, many, mother, as they lay before me;
France, Spain, Italy, and Germany,
And other provinces, that I am sure
You are not better'd by, when you hear of them.
Mother. And can you these tongues perfectly?
Merc. Of some
A little, mother.
Mother. Pray, spout some French, son.
Merc. You understand it not; and to your ears
'Twill go like an unshod cart upon the stones,
Only a rough unhandsome sound.
Mother. 'Faith, I would fain hear some French.
Alex. Good sir, speak some French to my mistress.
Merc. At your entreaty Alexander, I will.
Who shall I speak to?
Alex. If your worship
Will do me the favour, sir, to me.
Merc. *Monsieur poltron,*
Cocu, couillon, baisez mon cû!
Alex. *Oui, monsieur.*
Mother. Ha, ha, ha! this is fine, indeed!
God's blessing on thy heart, son! By my troth,
Thou art grown a proper gentleman! *Cullen* and *pullen,*
Good God, what sawcy words they use beyond the
Ha, ha, ha! [seas!
Alex. Did not you swear right?
Merc. Yes, good Alexander,
If you had done so too. But, good mother,
I am very hungry, and have rid far to-day,
And am fasting.
Mother. You shall have your supper presently, my sweet son.
Merc. As soon as you please; which, once ended,
I'll go and visit yon sick gentlewoman.
Mother. Come then! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter ANTONIO, *like a post, with a letter.*

Ant. I have ridden like a fury, to make up this
And I will do it bravely ere I leave it. [work;
This is the house, I am sure.

Enter ALEXANDER.

Alex. Who would you speak with, sir?
Ant. Marry, sir, I would speak with
A gentlewoman came this night late here from the
I have some letters of importance to her. [city:
I am a post, sir, and would be despatch'd
In haste.
Alex. Sir, cannot I deliver 'em?
For, the truth is, she's ill, and in her chamber.
Ant. Pray pardon me; I must needs speak with
My business is so weighty. [her,
Alex. I'll tell her so,
And bring you present word.
Ant. Pray do so, and I'll attend her.
[*Exit* ALEXANDER.
Pray God, the grief of my imagined death
Spoil not what I intend! I hope it will not.

Re-enter ALEXANDER.

Alex. Though she be very ill, and desires no trouble,
Yet, if your business be so urgent, you may
Come up and speak with her.
Ant. I thank you, sir; I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Bed-Chamber in the same.*

Enter MARIA.

Maria. What should this fellow be, i' th' name o' Heaven,
That comes with such post business? Sure my husband hath
Reveal'd himself, and in this haste sent after me.

Enter ANTONIO.

Are you the post, my friend?
Ant. Yes, forsooth, mistress.
Maria. What good news hast thou brought me, gentle post?
For I have woe and grief too much already.
Ant. I would you had less, mistress, I could wish it—
Beshrew my heart, she moves me cruelly! [*Aside.*
Maria. Have I found you once more, juggler? [*Aside*
Well, jewel, thou hast only virtue in thee,
Of all I read of yet: What ears has this ass
To betray him with!—Well, what's your business then?

Ant. I have brought a letter from your servant,
In haste. [mistress,
Maria. Pray give it me; I hope the best still.
Ant. This is the upshot, and I know I have hit it!
[*Aside.*
Well, if the spirits of the dead do walk,
I shall hear more of this an hundred years hence.
Maria. [*Reading.*] "By any means, you must have special care;
For now this city is possess'd for certain,
My master is made away;
Which, for aught I know, is a truth indeed.
Good mistress, leave your grief, and see your dan-
And let that wise and noble gentleman [ger,
With whom you are, be your right hand in all things!"
Ant. Now do I know I have the better on't!
[*Aside.*
By the languishing of her eye at this near instant,
It is still simming in her blood, in coining
Somewhat to turn Mercury, I know it.
Maria. He is my husband, and 'tis reasonable
[*Aside.*
He should command in all things: Since he will be
An ass against the hair, at his own peril
Be it!—In the morn you shall have a packet,
Till when, I must entreat you, stay; you shall not lose by it.
Ant. I do not doubt it, mistress:
I'll leave you to your rest, and wait your pleasure.
Maria. Do; and seek out the gentleman o' th' house!
Bid him come to me presently.
Ant. Who? Master Mercury?
Maria. Do you know him, post?
Ant. Only by sight, forsooth: Now I remember
Your servant willed me to let you know
He is the only man you and your fortunes
Are now to rest upon.
Maria. Pr'ythee no more; I know all this already.
Ant. I'll take my leave now.—I am made for ever!
Maria. Good night!— [*Exit* ANTONIO.
I am provided for you, my fine youth. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter Mother, *beating* VIOLA, *and* ALEXANDER *with a broken glass.*

Mother. I'll make thee have more care.
Viola. Good mistress, pardon me!
Mother. Thou'lt ne'er be good, I warrant thee!
Can your fine fingers hold no faster?
Viola. Indeed,
It was against my will.
Mother. Alexander,
Let's see the glass! As I'm true kirsome woman,
It is one of the crystal glasses my cousin sent me!
And the baggage hath broke it where it cannot be mended.
Alexander, can Humphry mend this, think you?
Alex. No, truly, this will ne'er be mended.
Viola. Truly,
I meant but to wash it for the gentlewoman
That's sick above, and, shaking out the water,
Knock'd it against the pail side.
Mother. Did you so?
Be sure I'll stop it! 'twill make a good gap in
Your quarter's wages, I can tell you.
Viola. I pray forgive me,
And let me have no wages this first quarter.
Mother. Go, whimling, and fetch two or three grating loaves
Out of the kitchen, to make gingerbread of.
'Tis such an untoward thing! [*Exit* VIOLA.
Alex. She's somewhat simple,
Indeed; she knew not what a kimnel was;
She wants good nurture mightily.
Mother. My son tells me, Alexander,
That this young widow means to sojourn here;
She offers largely for her board, I may
Offer her good cheer. Pr'ythee make a step
I' th' morning down to the parsonage for some pigeons!— [*Noise within.*
What, are you mad there? what noise is that?
Are you at bowls within? Why do you whine?

Enter VIOLA, *weeping.*

Viola. I have done another fault; I beseech you,
Sweet mistress, forgive me!
Mother. What's the matter?
Viola. As I was reaching for the bread that lay
Upon the shelf, I have thrown down the minced meat,
That should have made the pies to-morrow.
Mother. Get thee
Out of my house, thou filthy destroying harlot thou!
I'll not keep thee an hour longer.
Viola. Good mistress, beat me rather for my fault,
As much as it deserves! I do not know
Whither to go.
Mother. No, I warrant thee; out of my doors!
Viola. Indeed I'll mend.—I pray speak you for me!
Alex. If thou hadst hurl'd down anything but the pie meat,
I would have spoke for thee; but I cannot find in my heart now.
Mother. Art thou here yet? I think I must have
An officer to thrust thee out of my doors, must I?
Viola. Why, you may stop this in my wages too;
For God's sake, do! I'll find myself this year,
And let me stay.
Mother. Thou't spoil ten times as much.
I'll cudgel thee out my doors.
Viola. I am assured you are more merciful,
Than thus to beat me and discharge me too.
Mother. Dost thou dispute with me?—Alexander, carry
The prating hilding forth.
Viola. Good mistress, hear me! I have here a jewel [*Kneels.*
My mother left me, and 'tis something worth:
Receive it; and when all my faults together
Come to the worth of that, then turn me forth;
Till then, I pray you keep me.
Mother. What jiggumbob have we here?
Pray God, you have not pilfer'd this somewhere.
Thou art such a puling thing! Wipe your eyes,
And rise; go your ways.—Alexander,
Bid the cook mince some more meat.—Come,
And get you to bed quickly, that you may
Up betime i' th' morning a milking,
Or you and I shall fall out worse yet.
[*Exeunt* Mother *and* ALEXANDER.
Viola. She has hurt my arm: I am afraid she is
A very angry woman; but bless him, Heaven,

That did me the most wrong! I am afraid
Antonio's wife should see me; she will know me.
Mother. [*Within.*] Melvia!
Viola. I am coming; she's not angry again, I hope! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Bed-room in the same.*

Enter MERCURY.

Merc. Now what am I the better for enjoying
This woman that I loved so? All I find,
That I before imagined to be happy,
Now I have done it, turns to nothing else
But a poor, pitied, and a base repentance.
Udsfoot, I am monstrous angry with myself!
Why should a man, that has discourse and reason,
And knows how near he loses all in these things,
Covet to have his wishes satisfied?
Which, when they are, are nothing but the shame.
I do begin to loath this woman strangely,
And I think justly too, that durst adventure
Flinging away her modesty, to take
A stranger to her bed, (her husband's body
Being scarce cold i' th' earth) for her content.
It was no more to take my senses with,
Than if I had an idle dream in sleep;
Yet I have made her promises, which grieves me,
And I must keep 'em too.—I think she hunts me!
The devil cannot keep these women off,
When they are flesh'd once.

Enter MARIA, *in night attire.*

Maria. To bed, for God's sake, sir!
Why do you stay here? Some are up i' th' house;
I heard the wife. Good dear sweetheart, to bed.
Merc. Why, I am going! Why do you follow me?
You would not have it known, I hope. Pray get you
Back to your chamber! the door's hard by. For me,
Let me alone; I warrant you!—This it is [*Aside.*
To thresh well; I have got a customer!—
Will you go to bed?
Maria. Will you?
Merc. Yes, I am going.
Maria Then remember your promise you made to marry me.
Merc. I will; but it was your fault that it came
To this pinch now, that it must need remembrance:
For, out of honesty, I offer'd you
To marry you first; why did you slack that offer?
Maria. Alas, I told you th' inconvenience of it,
And what wrong it would appear to the world
If I had married you in such post haste
After his death: Beside, the foolish people
Would have been bold to have thought we had lain
Together in his time, and like enough
Imagined we two had murder'd him.
Merc. I love her tongue yet! If I were a saint,
A gilded saint, and such a thing as this
Should prate thus wittily and feelingly
Unto my holiness, I cannot tell,
But I fear shrewdly I should do something
That would quite scratch me out o' th' calendar;
And if I stay longer talking with her, though I
At what I have done already, yet I shall [am mad
Forget myself again: I feel the devil
Ready to hold my stirrup.—Pray, to bed!
Good night!
Maria. This kiss! good night, sweet love,
And peace go with thee!—[*Exit* MERCURY.] Thou hast proved thyself
The honestest man that ever was enticed
To that sweet sin, as people please to call it,
Of lying with another's wife; and I,
I think, the honestest woman, without blushing,
That e'er lay with another man. I sent my husband
Into a cellar, post, fearing, and justly,
He should have known him; which I did not pur-
Till I had had my end. [pose
Well, now this plot is perfect, let him brag on't.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The House of the Justice.*

Enter Justice *and* CURIO, *with a paper.*

Just. By'r lady, sir, you have rid hard, that you have.
Curio. They that have business must do so, I take it.
Just. You say true. When set you out, my friend?
Curio. About ten o'clock; and I have rid all night.
Just. By the mass, you are tough indeed. I have seen the day
I would have rid too with the proudest of them,
And fling dirt in their faces, and I have done't with
This foolish body, sir, many a time:
But what can last always? 'Tis done, 'tis done now, sir!
Age, care, and office, bring us to our foot-cloths,
The more the pity!
Curio. I believe that, sir;
But will it please you to read the business?
Just. My friend, I can read, and I can tell you when.
Curio. 'Would I could too, sir! for my haste requires it.
Just. Whence comes it, do you say?
Curio. Sir, from the city.
Just. Oh, from the city; 'tis a reverend place—
Curio. An his justice be as short as his memory, [*Aside.*
A dudgeon-dagger will serve him to mow down sin withall:
What clod-pole commissioner is this!
Just. And, by my faith, govern'd by worthy
Discreet and upright. [members,
Curio. Sir, they are beholding to you;
You have given some of them a commendation
They were not worthy of this twenty years.
Just. Go to, go to! you have a merry meaning;
I have found you, sir; i'faith, you are a wag;
Away, fy!—Now I'll read your letter.
Curio. Pray do, sir.—What a misery it is
To have an urgent business wait the justice

Of such an old tuff-taffata, that knows not,
Nor can be brought to understand more sense
Than how to restore suppressed alehouses,
And have his man compound small trespasses
For ten groats!
Just. Sir, it seems here
Your business is of deeper circumstance
Than I conceived it for.—What do you mean, sir?
Curio. 'Tis for mine own ease, I'll assure your worship.
Just. It shall not be, i'faith, friend.—Here I have it.
That one Antonio, a gentleman—
I take it so; yes, it is so—a gentleman,
Is lately thought to have been made away;
And, by my faith, upon a parlous ground too,
If you consider. Well, there's knavery in't;
I see that without spectacles.
Curio. Sure this fellow deals in revelation, he's so hidden: [*Aside.*
Go thy ways! thou wilt stick a bench, spit as formally,
And shew thy agot and hatch'd chain as well
As the best of them.
Just. And now I have consider'd, I believe it.
Curio. What, sir?
Just. That he was murder'd.
Curio. Did you know him?
Just. No.
Curio. Nor how it is supposed?
Just. No; nor I care not twopence, those are toys;
And yet I verily believe he was murder'd,
As sure as I believe thou art a man.
I never fail'd in these things yet. 'Ware a man
That's beaten to these matters; experience
Is a certain conceal'd thing that fails not.
Pray let me ask you one thing; why do you come to me?
Curio. Because the letter is addressed to you,
Being the nearest justice.
Just. The nearest? is that all?
Curio. I think it be, sir;—
I would be loth you should be the wisest. [*Aside.*
Just. Well, sir, as 'tis, I will endeavour in it:
Yet, if it had come to me by name, I know not,
But I think it had been as soon dispatch'd
As by another, and with as round a wisdom,
Ay, and as happily; but that's all one:
I have borne this place this thirty years, and upwards,
And with sufficient credit, and they may,
When they please, know me better. To the Well! [nearest?
Curio. Sir, 'tis not my fault, for had I known
You sooner——
Just. I thank you, sir; I know it.
Curio. I'll be sworn [*Aside.*
You should have play'd, for any business now.
Just. And further, they have specified unto me,
His wife's sorely suspected in this matter,
As a main cause.
Curio. I think she be, sir, for
No other cause can be yet found.
Just. And one Mercury, a traveller, with whom
They say directly she is run away,
And, as they think, this way.
Curio. I knew all this before.
Just. Well, sir, this Mercury I know, and his breeding·
A neighbour's child hard by: You have been
In coming hither. [happy, sir,
Curio. Then you know where
To have him, sir?
Just. I do, sir; he dwells near me.
Curio. I doubt your worship dwells near a knave then.
Just. I think so; pray put on! But 'tis a wonder
To see how graceless people are now given,
And how base virtue is accounted with them,
That should be all in all, as says a wise man!
I tell you, sir, and 'tis true, that there have been
Such murders, and of late days, as 'twould make
Your very heart bleed in you; and some of them,
As I shall be enabled, I will tell you.
It fell out of late days——
Curio. It may be so,
But will it please you to proceed in this?
Just. An honest weaver, and as good a work-
As e'er shot shuttle, and as close— [man
But every man must die—this honest weaver,
Being a little mellow in his ale—
That was the evidence, *verbatim*, sir—
God bless the mark, sprung his neck just in this place:
Well, Jarvis, thou hadst wrongs, and, if I live,
Some of the best shall sweat for't! Then a wench—
Curio. But, sir, you have forgot my business.
Just. A sober pretty maid, about seventeen
They say, certainly, howsoe'er 'tis shuffled,
She burst herself, and fondly, if it be so,
With furmety at a churching; but I think
The devil had another agent in't;
Either of which, if I can catch, shall stretch for't.
Curio. This is a mad justice, that will hang the devil!— [*Aside.*
But I would you would be short in this, before
That other notice can be given.
Just. Sir,
I will do discreetly what is fitting.—What,
Antonio!
Serv. [*Within.*] Your worship!
Just. Put on your best coat,
And let your fellow Mark go to the constable,
And bid him aid me with all the speed he can,
And all the power; and provide pen and ink
To take their confessions, and my long sword!
I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.
You'll go with us?
Curio. Yes; what else?
I came to that end to accuse both parties.
Just. May I crave what you are?
Curio. 'Faith, sir, one
That to be known would not profit you more
Than a near kinsman of the dead Antonio's
Just. 'Tis well. I am sorry for my neighbour, truly,
That he had no more grace; 'twill kill his mother:
She is a good old woman. Will you walk in?
I will but put my cloak on, and my chain off,
And a clean band, and have my shoes black'd over,
And shift my jerkin, and we'll to our business;
And you shall see how I can boult these matters.
Curio. As soon as't please you, sir. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A Field.*

Enter VALERIO *and* RICARDO.

Val. This is the place; here did I leave the
Alone last night, drying her tender eyes, [maid
Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous
To have me gone.
Ric. How rude are all we men,
That take the name of civil to ourselves!
If she had set her foot upon an earth
Where people live that we call barbarous,
Though they had had no house to bring her to,
They would have spoil'd the glory that the spring
Has deck'd the trees in, and with willing hands
Have torn their branches down; and every man
Would have become a builder for her sake.—
What time left you her here?
Val. I left her when the sun had so much to set,
As he is now got from his place of rise.
Ric. So near the night, she could not wander
—Fair Viola! [far.
Val. It is in vain to call; she sought a house,
Without all question.
Ric. Peace!—Fair Viola!
Fair Viola!—Who would have left her here
On such a ground? If you had meant to lose her,
You might have found there were no echoes here
To take her name, and carry it about,
When her true lover came to mourn for her.
Till all the neighbouring vallies and the hills
Resounded Viola; and such a place
You should have chose! You pity us
Because the dew a little wets our feet;
(Unworthy far to seek her, in the wet!)
And what becomes of her? where wander'd she,
With two showers raining on her, from her eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor house to shelter her?—
Will you go with me to travel?
Val. Whither?
Ric. Over all the world.
Val. No, by my faith; I'll make a shorter
When I do travel. [journey
Ric. But there is no hope
To gain my end in any shorter way.
Val. Why, what's your end?
Ric. It is to search the earth,
Till we have found two in the shapes of men,
As wicked as ourselves.
Val. Were not so hard
To find out those.
Ric. Why, if we find them out,
It were the better; for what brave villainy
Might we four do!—We would not keep together;
For every one has treachery enough
For twenty countries: One should trouble Asia;
Another should sow strife in Africa;
But you should play the knave at home in Europe;
And for America, let me alone.
Val. Sir, I am honester
Than you know how to be, and can no more
Be wrong'd, but I shall find myself a right.
Ric. If you had any spark of honesty,
You would not think that *honester than I*
Were a praise enough to serve your turn:
If men were commonly so bad as I,
Thieves would be put in calendars for saints;
And bones of murderers would work miracles.
I am a kind of knave, of knave so much
There is betwixt me, and the vilest else—
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter VIOLA, NAN, *and* MADGE, *with pails.*

Val. That last is she; 'tis she!
Ric. Let us away;
We shall infect her! let her have the wind,
And we will kneel down here.
Viola. Wenches, away!
For here are men.
Val. Fair maid, I pray you stay.
[*Takes hold of* VIOLA.
Viola. Alas! again?
Ric. Why do you lay hold on her?
I pray heartily, let her go.
Val. With all my heart; I do not mean to hurt her.
Ric. But stand away then! for the purest bodies
Will soonest take infection; stand away!
But for infecting her myself, by Heaven,
I would come there, and beat thee further off.
Viola. I know that voice and face.
Val. You are finely mad!
God b'w'ye, sir! Now you are here together,
I'll leave you so; God send you good luck, both!
When you are soberer you'll give me thanks.
[*Exit.*
Madge. Wilt thou go milk? Come.
Nan. Why dost not come?
Madge. She nods, she's asleep.
Nan. What, wert up so early? [RICARDO *kneels.*
Madge. I think yon man's mad to kneel there.
Nay, come, come away.—
Uds body, Nan, help! she looks black i' th' face;
She's in a swoon. [VIOLA *faints.*
Nan. An you be a man, come hither,
And help a woman!
Ric. Come thither? You are a fool.
Nan. And you a knave and a beast, that you are.
Ric. Come hither? 'twas my being now so near
That made her swoon; and you are wicked people,
Or you would do so too: My venom eyes
Strike innocency dead at such a distance;
Here I will kneel, for this is out of distance.
Nan. Thou art a prating ass! there's no goodness in thee,
I warrant.—How dost thou? [VIOLA *recovers.*
Viola. Why, well.
Madge. Art thou able to go?
Viola. No; pray go you and milk: If I be able
To come, I'll follow you; if not, I'll sit here
Till you come back.
Nan. I am loth to leave thee here with yon wild fool.
Viola. I know him well; I warrant thee he will not hurt me.
Madge. Come then, Nan. [*Exeunt* Maids.
Ric. How do you? Be not fearful, for I hold
My hands before my mouth, and speak, and so
My breath can never blast you.
Viola. 'Twas enough
To use me ill, though you had never sought me
To mock me too: Why kneel you so far off?
Were not that gesture better used in prayer?
Had I dealt so with you, I should not sleep,
'Till God and you had both forgiven me.
Ric. I do not mock; nor lives there such a vil-
That can do anything contemptible [lain
To you: But I do kneel, because it is

An action very fit and reverent,
In presence of so pure a creature;
And so far off, as fearful to offend
One too much wrong'd already.

Viola. You confess you did the fault, yet scorn
So far as hither, to ask pardon for't; [to come
Which I could willingly afford to come
To you to grant. Good sir, if you have
A better love, may you be bless'd together!
She shall not wish you better than I will.—
I but offend you! There are all the jewels
[*Throws down a casket.*
I stole; and all the love I ever had
I leave behind with you; I'll carry none
To give another: May the next maid you try
Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I!

Ric. Do not leave me yet, for all my fault!
Search out the next things to impossible,
And put me on them; when they are effected,
I may with better modesty receive
Forgiveness from you.

Viola. I will set no penance,
To gain the great forgiveness you desire,
But to come hither, and take me and it;
Or else, I'll come and beg, so you will grant
That you will be content to be forgiven!

Ric. [*Rises.*] Nay, I will come, since you will have it so,
And, since you please to pardon me, I hope
Free from infection. Here I am by you,
A careless man, a breaker of my faith,
A loathsome drunkard; and in that wild fury,
A hunter after whores! I do beseech you
To pardon all these faults, and take me up
An honest, sober, and a faithful man!

Viola. For God's sake urge your faults no more, but mend!
All the forgiveness I can make you, is,
To love you; which I will do, and desire
Nothing but love again; which if I have not,
Yet I will love you still.

Ric. Oh, women! that some one of you will take
An everlasting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper (which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble monuments)
Your matchless virtues to posterities;
Which the defective race of envious man
Strives to conceal!

Viola. Methinks I would not now, for anything,
But you had miss'd me: I have made a story
Will serve to waste many a winter's fire,
When we are old: I'll tell my daughters then
The miseries their mother had in love
And say, "My girls, be wiser!" yet I would not
Have had more wit myself. Take up those jewels,
For I think I hear my fellows coming.

Enter MADGE *and* NAN *with their pails.*

Madge. How dost thou now?

Viola. Why, very well, I thank you. It is late;
Shall I haste home?

Nan. I pr'ythee! we shall be shent soundly.

Madge. Why does that railing man go with us?

Viola. I pr'ythee, speak well of him: On my [word,
He is an honest man!

Nan. There was never any so
On his complexion. A gentleman?
I'd be ashamed to have such a foul mouth.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* MERCURY'S *Mother.*

Enter Mother, ALEXANDER, ANDRUGIO, *and* ROWLAND.

Mother. How now, Alexander? What gentleman is this?

Alex. Indeed, forsooth, I know not;
I found him at the market, full of woe,
Crying a lost daughter, and telling all
Her tokens to the people; and, what you wot?
By all subscription in the world, it should be
Our new maid Melvia: (one would little think it!)
Therefore I was bold to tell him of her, mistress.

Mother, Melvia? it cannot be, fool! Alas, you [know
She is a poor wench, and I took her in
Upon mere charity.

Andr. So seem'd my daughter when she went [away,
As she had made herself.

Mother. What stature was your child of, sir?

Andr. Not high, and of a brown complexion,
Her hair auburn, a round face, which some friends,
That flatter'd me, would say 'twould be a good one.

Alex. This is still Melvia, mistress; that's the truth on't!

Mother. It may be so, I'll promise you.

Alex. Well, go thy ways, the flower of our town!
For a hand and a foot I shall ne'er see thy fellow.

Mother. But had she not such toys as bracelets, rings, and jewels?

Andr. She was something bold indeed, to take
That night she left me. [such things

Mother. Then belike she run away?

Andr. Though she be one I love, I dare not lie;
She did indeed.

Mother. What think you of this jewel?

Andr. Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine;
You have made me a new man! I thank you for it.

Mother. Nay,
An she be given to filching, there's your jewel:
I am clear on't. But, by your leave, sir, you
Shall answer me for what is lost since she
Came hither; I can tell you there lie things
Scattering in every place about the house.

Alex. As I am virtuous, I have the lyingst
Old gentlewoman to my mistress, and the most malicious—
The devil a good word will she give a servant;
That's her old rule! and, God be thanked, they will
Give her as few; there is perfect love on both sides.
It yearns my heart to hear the wench misconstrued;
A careful soul she is, I'll be sworn for her;
And when she's gone, let them say what they will,
They may cast their caps at such another.

Andr. What you have lost by her, with all my heart
I'll see you double paid for; you have saved,
With your kind pity, two that must not live.
Unless it be to thank you. Take this jewel;
This strikes off none of her offences, mistress.
'Would I might see her!

Mother. Alexander, run,
And bid her make haste home; she's at the milking close:
But tell her not by any means who's here;
I know she'll be too fearful.

Alex. Well, we'll have

osset yet at parting. that's my comfort;
d one round, or else I'll lose my will. [*Exit.*
Andr. You shall find Silvio, Uberto, and Pedro,
quiring for the wench at the next town:
l them she's found, and where I am,
d, with the favour of this gentlewoman,
sire them to come hither.
Mother. I pray do; they shall be all welcome.
[*Exit* ROWLAND.

Enter JUSTICE, CURIO, *and* MARK

Just. By your leave, forsooth! you shall see me find
e parties by a sleight.
Mother. Who's that? Master Justice?
w do you, sir?
Just. Why, very well, and busy.
here's your son?
Mother. He's within, sir.
Just. Hum; and how does
e young woman my cousin, that came down with him?
Mother. She's above; as a woman in her case may be.
Just. You have confess'd it?
hen, sirrah, call in the officers! she's no cousin of mine;
mere trick to discover all!
Mother. To discover? what?

Enter MARK *and* Officers.

Just. You shall know that anon: I think I have
ver-reach'd you! — Oh, welcome! Enter the
ouse, and by virtue of my warrant, which you
ave there, seize upon the bodily persons of those
hose names are there written; to wit, one Mer-
ury, and the wife of one Antonio.
Mother. For what?
Just. Away, I say!
his gentleman shall certify you for what,
[*Exeunt* Officers.
Mother. He can accuse my son of nothing;
e came from travel but within these two days.
Just. There hangs a tale.
Mother. I should be sorry this should
ll out at any time, but especially now.—
r, will you favour me so much as to let me know
f what you accuse him?
Curio. Upon suspicion of murder.
Mother. Murder? I defy thee!
Curio. I pray God he may
ove himself innocent.
Just. Fy, say not so!
u shew yourself to be no good commonwealth's man,
r the more are hang'd the better 'tis for the commonwealth.
Mother. By this rule you were best hang yourself.
Just. I forgive your honest mirth ever.—

Enter MARK *and* Officers, *with* MERCURY *and* MARIA.

, welcome, welcome, Mark!
ur pen, ink, and paper, to take their examinations.
Merc. Why do you pull me so? I'll go alone.
Just. Let them stand,
them stand quietly, whilst they're examined.
Maria. What will you examine us of?
Just. Of Antonio's murder.
Merc. Why he was my friend.
Maria. He was my husband.
Just. The more shame for you both!—Mark, your pen and ink.
Mother. Pray God all be well! I never knew
Any of these travellers come to good.—I beseech you, sir, [*Kneels.*
Be favourable to my son.
Just. Gentlewoman,
Hold you content; I would it were come to that!
Merc. For God's sake, mother,
Why kneel you to such a pig-bribed fellow?
He has surfeited of geese, and they have put him
Into a fit of justice: Let him do his worst!
Just. Is your paper ready?
Mark. I am ready, sir.

Enter ANTONIO, *as a* Post, *and stands apart.*

Just. Accuse them, sir; I command thee to lay down accusations against these persons, in behalf of the state: And first look upon the parties to be accused, and deliver your name.
Curio. My name is Curio; my murder'd kinsman,
If he were living now, I should not know him.
It is so long since we saw one another.
Ant. My cousin Curio?
Curio. But thus much (from the mouths
Of his servants and others, whose examinations I have
In writing about me) I can accuse them of:
This Mercury, the last night but this last,
Lay in Antonio's house, and in the night
He rose, raising Antonio, where privately
They were in talk an hour, to what end I know not;
But of likelihood, finding Antonio's house
Not a fit place to murder him in, he suffer'd him
To go to bed again; but in the morning early
He train'd him I think forth; after which time
He never saw his home. His clothes were found
Near the place where Mercury was, and the people
At first denied they saw him; but at last
They made a frivolous tale, that there he shifted himself
Into a footman's habit: But, in short,
The next hour this woman went to Mercury,
And in her coach they posted hither. True accusations
I have no more, and I will make none.
Just. No more?
We need no more.—Sirrah, be drawing
Their mittimus, before we hear their answer.—
What say you, sir? are you guilty of this murder?
Merc. No, sir.
Just. Whether you are or no, confess;
It will be better for you.
Merc. If I were
Guilty, your rhetoric could not fetch it forth.
But though I am innocent, I confess, that if
I were a stander-by, these circumstances urged,
Which are true, would make me doubtless believe
The accused parties to be guilty.
Just. Write down,
That he being a stander-by (for so you see he is)
Doth doubtlessly believe the accused parties,
Which is himself, to be guilty.
Merc. I say no such thing.
Just. Write it down, I say; we'll try that.
Merc. I care not what you write.—

Pray God you did not kill him for my love! [*Apart.*
Though I am free from this, we both deserve——
Maria. Govern your tongue, I pray you! all is well;
My husband lives, I know it, and I see him.
Just. They whisper! sever them quickly, I say, officers.
Why do you let them prompt one another?—Gentlewoman,
What say you to this? Are not you guilty?
Maria. No, as I hope for mercy.
Just. But are not
Those circumstances true, that this gentleman
Hath so shortly and methodically deliver'd?
Maria. They are; and what you do with me I care not,
Since he is dead in whom was all my care.
You knew him not?
Just. No, and 't had been better
For you too, an you had never known him.
Maria. Why then, you did not know the world's chief joy:
His face so manly, as it had been made
To fright the world; yet he so sweetly-temper'd,
That he would make himself a natural fool,
To do a noble kindness for a friend.
He was a man whose name I'll not out-live
Longer than Heaven, whose will must be obey'd,
Will have me do.
Ant. And I will quit thy kindness. [*Aside.*
Just. Before me, she has made the tears
Stand in mine eyes; but I must be austere.—
Gentlewoman, you must confess this murder.
Maria. I cannot, sir; I did it not. But I desire
To see those examinations which this gentleman
Acknowledges to have about him, for
But late last night I received letters from
The city; yet I heard of no confession then.
Just. You shall see them time enough, I warrant you.
But letters you say you had; where are those letters?
Maria. Sir, they are gone.
Just. Gone? whither are they gone?
How have you disposed of 'em?
Maria. Why, sir,
They are for women's matters, and so I use 'em.
Just. Who writ 'em?
Maria. A man of mine.
Just. Who brought 'em?
Maria. A post.
Just. A post? there was some great haste sure: Ah, ha!
Where is that post?
Maria. Sir, there he stands.
Just. Does he so?
Bring hither that post: I am afraid that post
Will prove a knave.—Come hither, post! What,
What can you say concerning the murder of An- [tonio?
Ant. What's that to you?
Just. Oh, post, you have no answer ready, have you?
I'll have one from you.
Ant. You shall have no more from me than you have.
You examine an honest gentleman and gentlewoman here!
'Tis pity such fools as you should be i' th' commission.
Just. Say you so, post?—Take away that post! whip him,
And bring him again quickly.—I'll hamper you, post.
Merc. 'Tis Antonio; I know him now as well—
What an irregular fool is this!
Ant. Whip me? hold off!
Maria. Oh, good sir, whip him! By his murmuring
He should know something of my husband's death,
That may quit me: For God's sake, fetch it out!
Just. Whip him, I say!
[Antonio *throws off his disguise.*
Ant. Who is't that dares whip me now?
Maria. Oh, my loved husband!
Merc. My most worthy friend!
Where have you been so long?
Ant. I cannot speak for joy!
Just. Why, what's the matter now? and shall [not law
Then have her course?
Andr. It shall have no other course
Than it has, I think.
Just. It shall have other course
Before I go, or I'll beat my brains: And I say
It was not honestly done of him to discover
Himself before the parties accused were executed,
That law might have had her course; for then
The kingdom flourishes.
Ant. But such a wife as thou had never any man;
And such a friend as he, believe me, wife,
Shall never be! Good wife, love my friend;
Friend, love my wife. Hark, friend!
Just. Mark,
If we can have nothing to do, you shall swear
The peace of somebody.
Mark. Yes, sir.
Ant. By my troth,
I am sorry my wife is so obstinate:
'Sooth, if I could yet do thee any good,
I would, i'faith I would.
Merc. I thank you, sir;
I have lost that passion.
Ant. Cousin Curio,
You and I must be better acquainted.
Curio. It is my wish, sir.
Ant. I should not have known you neither, 'tis so long
Since we saw each other; we were but children then:
But you have shew'd yourself an honest man to me.
Curio. I would be ever so.

Enter Ricardo *and* Viola.

Mother. Look you! who's there?
Andr. Say nothing to me; for thy peace is made.
Ric. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that you are her father; you can both
Not only pardon, when you have a wrong,
But love where you have received most injury
Just. I think I shall hear of no hanging this year!
There's a tinker and a whore yet, the crier said,
That robb'd her, and are in prison; I hope
They shall be hang'd.
Andr. No, truly, sir, they have broke prison.
Just. 'Tis no matter; then the jailor shall be hang'd.
Andr. You are deceived in that too, sir; 'twas known

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THE SEA-VOYAGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALBERT, *a French Pirate, in Love with* AMINTA.
TIBALT DU PONT, *a merry Gentleman, Friend to* ALBERT.
Master *of the Ship, an honest merry Man.*
LAMURE, *an Usuring Merchant.*
FRANVILLE, *a vain-glorious Gallant.*
MORILLAT, *a shallow-brained Gentleman.*
Boatswain, *an honest Man.*
SEBASTIAN, *a noble Gentleman of Portugal, Husband to* ROSELLIA.
NICUSA, *Nephew to* SEBASTIAN; *both cast upon a Desart Island.*
RAYMOND, *Brother to* AMINTA.
Surgeon.
Sailors.

AMINTA, *Mistress to* ALBERT, *a noble French Virgin.*
ROSELLIA, *Governess of the Amazonian Portugals.*
CLARINDA, *Daughter to* ROSELLIA, *in Love with* ALBERT.
HIPPOLITA, CROCALE, JULETTA, } *Three Ladies, Members of the Female Commonwealth.*

SCENE,—FIRST AT SEA, THEN IN A DESART ISLAND, AND THE ISLE OF THE AMAZONS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On board a Ship at Sea. A Tempest, Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter Master *and Two* Sailors.

Mast. Lay her aloof, the sea grows dangerous:
How it spits against the clouds, how it capers,
And how the fiery element frights it back!
There be devils dancing in the air I think.
I saw a dolphin hang i' th' horns o' th' moon,
Shot from a wave. Hey day, hey day, how she kicks and yerks!
Down with the main-mast! lay her at hull!
Furl up all her linens, and let her ride it out!
1 *Sail.* She'll never brook it, Master;
She's so deep laden that she'll bulge.
Mast. Hang her!
Can she not buffet with a storm a little?
How it tosses her! she reels like a drunkard.
2 *Sail.* We have discover'd the land, sir; pray let's make in!
She is so drunk else, she may chance
To cast up all her lading.
1 *Sail.* Stand in, stand in!
We are all lost else, lost and perish'd.
Mast. Steer her a-starboard there!
2 *Sail.* Bear in with all the sail we can! See, Master,
See what a clap of thunder there is!
What a face of heaven! how dreadfully it looks!
Mast Thou rascal, thou fearful rogue, thou hast been praying;
I see't in thy face; thou hast been mumbling,
When we are split, you slave! is this a time
To discourage our friends with your cold orisons?
Call up the Boatswain How it storms! holla!

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. What shall we do, Master? Cast o
She will not swim an hour else. [all her ladi

Enter ALBERT, FRANVILLE, LAMURE, TIBALT DU PON *and* MORILLAT.

Mast. The storm is loud;
We cannot hear one another. What's the coa
Boats. We know not yet; shall we make in
Alb. What comfort, sailors?
I never saw, since I have known the sea,
(Which has been these twenty years) so rud
In what state are we? [temp
Mast. Dangerous enough, captain;
We have sprung five leaks, and no little ones;-
Still rage!—besides, her ribs are open,
Her rudder almost spent: Prepare yourselves,
And have good courages! Death comes but on
And let him come in all his frights!
Alb. Is't not possible
To make in to the land? 'Tis here before us.
Mor. Here hard by, sir.
Mast. Death's nearer, gentlemen.
Yet do not cry; let's die like men.
Tib. Shall's hoise the boat out,
And go all at one cast? The more the merrier.

Enter AMINTA.

Mast. You are too hasty, monsieur; do you l
To be i' th' fish-market before your time?—
Hold her up there!
Amin. Oh, miserable fortune!
Nothing but horror sounding in mine ears;
No minute to promise to my frighted soul!
Tib. Peace, woman!
We ha' storms enough already; no more howl

Amin. Gentle master!
Mast. Clap this woman under hatches.
Alb. Pr'ythee speak mildly to her.
Amin. Can no help——
Mast. None, that I know.
Amin. No promise from your goodness——
Mast. Am I a god? For Heaven's sake, stow this woman.
Tib. Go, take your gilt prayer-book, and to your business;
Wink and die. There's an old haddock stays for you.
Amin. Must I die here in all the frights, the terrors,
The thousand several shapes Death triumphs in?
No friend to counsel me?
Alb. Have peace, sweet mistress.
Amin. No kindred's tears upon me? Oh, my [country!
No gentle hand to close mine eyes?
Alb. Be comforted;
Heaven has the same power still, and the same [mercy.
Amin. Oh, that wave will devour me.
Mast. Carry her down, captain,
Or, by these hands, I'll give no more direction,
Let the ship sink or swim! We ha' ne'er better luck
When we ha' such stowage as these trinkets with us,
These sweet sin-breeders: How can Heaven smile
When such a burden of iniquity [on us,
Lies tumbling, like a potion, in our ship's belly?
[*Exit.*
Tib. Away with her; and, if she have a prayer
That's fit for such an hour, let her say't quickly,
And seriously. [*Exit.*
Alb. Come; I see it clear, lady;
Come in, and take some comfort. I'll stay with you.
Amin. Where should I stay? To what end should I hope?
Am I not circled round with misery?
Confusions in their full heights dwell about me!
Oh, monsieur Albert, how am I bound to curse you,
(If curses could redeem me) how to hate you!
You forced me from my quiet, from my friends,
Even from their arms that were as dear to me
As daylight is, or comfort to the wretched;
You forced my friends, [some] from their peaceful rest,
Some your relentless sword gave their last groans;
(Would I had there been number'd!) and to Fortune's
Never-satisfied afflictions you turn'd my brother,
And those few friends I had left, like desperate creatures,
To their own fears and the world's stubborn pities.
Oh, merciless!
Alb. Sweet mistress!
Amin. And whether they are wandered to avoid you,
Or whether dead, and no kind earth to cover 'em,—
Was this a lover's part? But Heaven has found you,
And in his loudest voice, his voice of thunder,
And in the mutiny of his deep wonders,
He tells you now, you weep too late.
Alb. Let these tears
Tell how I honour you! You know, dear lady,
Since you were mine, how truly I have loved you,
How sanctimoniously observed your honour:
Not one lascivious word, not one touch, lady,
No, not a hope that might not render me
The unpolluted servant of your chastity.
For you I put to sea, to seek your brother,
(Your captain, yet your slave,) that his redemption,
If he be living where the sun has circuit,
May expiate your rigour, and my rashness.
Amin. The storm grows greater, what shall we [do?
Alb. Let's in,
And ask Heaven's mercy; my strong mind yet presages,
Through all these dangers, we shall see a day yet
Shall crown your pious hopes, and my fair wishes.
[*Exit with* AMINTA.

Enter Master, TIBALT, LAMURE, MORILLAT, FRANVILLE, Boatswain, *and* Sailors, *flinging over chests.*

Mast. It must all overboard.
Boats. It clears to seaward, Master.
Mast. Fling o'er the lading there, and let us lighten her,
(All the meat and the cakes; we are all gone else!)
That we may find her leaks, and hold her up;
Yet save some little biscuit for the lady,
Till we come to the land.
Lam. Must my goods over too?
Why, honest Master, here lies all my money,
The money I ha' rack'd by usury,
To buy new lands and lordships in new countries,
'Cause I was banish'd from mine own: I ha' been
This twenty years a-raising it.
Tib. Out with it:
The devils are got together by the ears, who shall
And here they quarrel in the clouds. [have it;
Lam. I am undone, sir.
Tib. And be undone; 'tis better than we perish.
Lam. Oh, save one chest of plate!
Tib. Away with it lustily, sailors!
It was some pawn that he has got unjustly;
Down with it low enough, and let crabs breed in't!
Mast. Over with the trunks too.

Enter ALBERT.

Alb. Take mine, and spare not.
Mast. We must over with all. [sold,
Fran. Will you throw away my lordship that I
Put it into clothes and necessaries, to go to sea with?
Tib. Over with it! I love to see a lordship sink:
Sir, you left no wood upon't, to buoy it up;
You might ha' saved it else.
Fran. I am undone
For ever.
Alb. Why, we are all undone;
Would you be only happy?
Lam. Sir, you may lose too.
Tib. Thou liest! I ha' nothing but my skin,
And my clothes; my sword here, and myself;
Two crowns in my pocket; two pair of cards,
And three false dice: I can swim like a fish, rascal;
Nothing to hinder me.
Boats. In with her of all hands!
Mast. Come, gentlemen; come, captain; ye must help all;
My life now for the land! 'Tis high and rocky,
And full of perils.
Alb. However, let's attempt it.
Mast. Then cheer lustily, my hearts! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Shore of a Desart Island.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* NICUSA.

Seb. Yes, 'tis a ship, I see it now; a tall ship!
She has wrought lustily for her deliverance.
Heaven's mercy, what a wretched day has here been!

Nic. To still and quiet minds that knew no misery,
It may seem wretched, but with us 'tis ordinary;
Heaven has no storm in store, nor earth no terror,
That can seem new to us.
Seb. 'Tis true, Nicusa:
If Fortune were determined to be wanton,
And would wipe out the stories of men's miseries,
Yet we two living, we could cross her purpose;
For 'tis impossible she should cure us,
We are so excellent in our afflictions:
It would be more than glory to her blindness,
And style her power beyond her pride, to quit us.
Nic. Do they live still?
Seb. Yes, and make to harbour.
Nic. Most miserable men! I grieve their fortunes.
Seb. How happy had they been, had the sea cover'd 'em!
They leap from one calamity to another;
Had they been drown'd, they had ended all their sorrows.— [*Shout within.*
What shouts of joy they make!
Nic. Alas, poor wretches!
Had they but once experience of this island,
They would turn their tunes to wailings.
Seb. Nay, to curses,
That ever they set foot on such calamities:
Here is nothing but rocks and barrenness,
Hunger and cold, to eat; here's no vineyards
To chear the heart of man, no crystal rivers,
After his labour, to refresh his body,
If he be feeble; nothing to restore him,
But heavenly hopes: Nature, that made those remedies,
Dares not come here, nor look on our distresses,
For fear she turn wild, like the place, and barren.
Nic. Oh uncle, yet a little memory of what we were!
'Twill be a little comfort in our calamities:
When we were seated in our blessed homes,
How happy in our kindreds, in our families,
In all our fortunes——
Seb. Curse on those French pirates
That displanted us! That flung us from that happiness
We found there, constrained us to sea,
To save our lives, honours, and our riches,
With all we had, our kinsmen and our jewels,
In hope to find some place free from such robbers!
Where a mighty storm severed our barks, that where
My wife, my daughter, and my noble ladies
That went with her, virgins and loving souls,
To 'scape those pirates——
Nic. They are living yet; such goodness cannot perish.
Seb. But never to me, cousin, never to me again.
What bears their flag-staves?
Nic. The arms of France sure;
Nay, do not start! we cannot be more miserable;
Death is a cordial now, come when it will.
Seb. They get to shore apace; they'll fly as fast
When once they find the place. What's that which swims there?
Nic. A strong young man, sir, with a handsome woman
Hanging about his neck.
Seb. That shews some honour;
May thy brave charity, whate'er thou art,
Be spoken in a place that may renown thee,
And not die here!
Nic. The boat, it seems, turn'd over,
So forced [them] to their shifts; yet all are landed.
They are pirates, on my life.
Seb. They will not rob us;
For none will take our misery for riches.
Come, cousin, let's descend, and try their pities!
If we get off, a little hope walks with us;
If not, we shall but load this wretched island
With the same shadows still, that must grow shorter.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Same, with Rocks in the Back-ground.*

Enter ALBERT, *supporting* AMINTA, TIBALT, MORILLAT, LAMURE, Master, FRANVILLE, Surgeon, *and* Sailors.

Tib. Wet come ashore, my mates! we are safe arrived yet.
Mast. Thanks to Heaven's goodness, no man lost;
The ship rides fair too, and her leaks in good plight.
Alb. The weather's turn'd more courteous.— How does my dear?
Alas, how weak she is, and wet!
Amin. I am glad yet, I 'scaped with life;
Which certain, noble captain, next to Heaven's goodness,
I must thank you for; and, which is more,
Acknowledge your dear tenderness, your firm love,
To your unworthy mistress; and recant too
(Indeed I must) those harsh opinions,
Those cruel, unkind thoughts, I heap'd upon you
Further than that, I must forget your injuries,
So far I am tied and fetter'd to your service;
Believe me, I will learn to love.
Alb. I thank you, madam;
And it shall be my practice to serve.—
What cheer, companions?
Tib. No great cheer, sir; a piece of soused biscuit,
And half an hard egg; for the sea has taken order,
Being young and strong, we shall not surfeit, captain.
For mine own part, I'll dance till I am dry:
Come, surgeon, out with your glyster-pipe,
And strike a galliard.
Alb. What a brave day again!
And what fair weather, after so foul a storm!
Lam. Ay, an't pleased the master, he might ha' seen
This weather, and ha' saved our goods.
Alb. Never think on 'em, we have our lives and healths.
Lam. I must think on 'em, and think 'twas most maliciously
Done to undo me.
Fran. And me too; I lost all:
I ha'n't another shirt to put upon me,
Nor clothes, but these poor rags; I had fifteen
Fair suits, the worst was cut upon taffaty.
Tib. I am glad you ha' lost: Give me thy hand!
Is thy skin whole? art thou not purl'd with scabs?
No ancient monuments of madam Venus? tailor,
Thou hast a suit then will pose the cunning'st
That will never turn fashion, nor forsake thee,
Till thy executors, the worms, uncase thee;
They take off glorious suits, Franville! thou art happy
Thou art deliver'd of 'em; here are no brokers,
No alchymists to turn 'em into metal;
Nor leather'd captains,
With ladies to adore 'em! Wilt thou see
A dog-fish rise in one of thy brave doublets,

umble like a tub to make thee merry?
old haddock rise with thy hatch'd sword
paid'st a hundred crowns for?
rmaid in a mantle of your worship's?
dolphin in your double ruff?
an. Ye are merry;
f I take it thus, if I be foisted
eer'd out of my goods ——
m. Nor I, I vow thee.
naster nor mate—I see your cunning.
. Oh, be not angry, gentlemen.
r. Yes, sir, we have reason:
ome friends I can make.
st. What I did, gentlemen,
for the general safety: If ye aim
, I am not so tame——
. Pray take my counsel,
nts, fight not till the surgeon be well!
damnable sea-sick, and may spoil all;
es, he has lost his fiddlestick, and the best
f boar's-grease. Why do you make such faces,
and your swords?
. Who would ye fight with, gentlemen?
has done ye wrong? for shame, be better temper'd.
oner come to give thanks for our safeties,
re must raise new civil broils amongst us,
ne those angry powers, to shower new vengeance on us?
can we expect for these unmanly murmurs,
strong temptations of their holy pities,
lagues in another kind, a fuller, so dreadful
the singing storms are slumbers to it?
. Be men,
ule your minds! if you will needs fight, gentlemen,
think to raise new riches by your valours,
at ye! I have little else to do now;
said my prayers. You say you have lost,
nake your loss your quarrel,
grumble at my captain here, and the master,
worthy persons, indeed too worthy for such
Galloon gallant, and Mammon you [rascals,
build on golden mountains! thou money-maggot!
, all draw your swords! Ye say ye are mise-
. Nay, hold, good Tibalt! [rable.
. Captain, let me correct 'em;—
ake ye ten times worse!—I will not leave 'em—
ok ye, fighting's as nourishing to me as eat-
born quarrelling. [ing;
st. Pray, sir!
. I will not leave 'em skins to cover 'em.—
grumble when ye are well, ye rogues?
st. Noble Du Pont!
. Ye have clothes now, and ye prate.
in. Pray, gentlemen, for my sake be at peace!
become me to make all friends!
an. You have stopt our angers, lady.
. This shews noble.
. 'Tis well; 'tis very well! There's half a biscuit;
it amongst ye all, and thank my bounty.
is clothes and plate too; come, no more quarrelling!

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* NICUSA.

in. But ha! what things are these? Are they human creatures?
. I have heard of sea-calves.

Alb. They are no shadows sure, they have legs and arms.
Tib. They hang but lightly on though.
Amin. How they look!
Are they men's faces?
Tib. They have horse-tails growing to 'em,
Goodly long manes.
Amin. Alas, what sunk eyes they have!
How they are crept in, as if they had been frighted!
Sure they are wretched men.
Tib. Where are their wardrobes?
Look ye, Franville, here are a couple of courtiers!
Amin. They kneel: Alas, poor souls!
Alb. What are ye? speak!
Are ye alive? or wand'ring shadows,
That find no peace on earth, till ye reveal
Some hidden secret?
Seb. We are men as you are,
Only our miseries make us seem monsters.
If ever pity dwelt in noble hearts——
Alb. We understand 'em too! Pray mark 'em, gentlemen.
Seb. Or that Heaven's pleas'd with human charity;
If ever ye have heard the name of friendship,
Or suffered in yourselves the least afflictions,
Have gentle fathers that have bred ye tenderly,
And mothers that have wept for your misfortunes;
Have mercy on our miseries!
Alb. Stand up, wretches;
Speak boldly, and have release.
Nic. If ye be Christians,
And by that blessed name bound to relieve us,
Convey us from this island!
Alb. Speak! what are ye?
Seb. As you are, gentle born; to tell ye more,
Were but to number up our own calamities,
And turn your eyes wild with perpetual weepings.
These many years, in this most wretched island
We two have lived, the scorn and game of Fortune;
Bless yourselves from it, noble gentlemen!
The greatest plagues that human nature suffers
Are seated here, wildness and wants innumerable!
Alb. How came ye hither?
Nic. In a ship, as you do
And (as you might have been, had not Heaven preserved ye
For some more noble use) wreckt desperately;
Our men and all consumed, but we too,
That still live, and spin out
The thin and ragged threads of our misfortunes.
Alb. Is there no meat above?
Seb. Nor meat nor quiet:
No summer here, to promise anything;
Nor autumn, to make full the reapers' hands:
The earth, obdurate to the tears of Heaven,
Lets nothing shoot but poison'd weeds.
No rivers, nor no pleasant groves, no beasts:
All that were made for man's use, fly this desart;
No airy fowl dares make his flight over it,
It is so ominous.
Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of Nature,
Roots of malignant tastes, foul standing waters.
Sometimes we find a fulsome sea-root,
And that's a delicate; a rat sometimes,
And that we hunt like princes in their pleasure;
And when we take a toad, we make a banquet.
Amin. For Heaven's sake, let's aboard!
Alb. Do ye know no further?
Nic. Yes;

We have sometimes seen the shadow of a place
Inhabited, and heard the noise of hunters,
And have attempted to find it: So far as a river,
Deep, slow, and dangerous, fenced with high rocks,
We have gone; but, not able to achieve that
Return'd to our old miseries. [hazard,
If this sad story may deserve your pities—
Alb. Ye shall aboard with us; we will relieve your miseries.
Seb. Nor will we be unthankful for this benefit;
No, gentlemen, we'll pay for our deliverance:
Look, ye that plough the seas for wealth and pleasures,
That out-run day and night with your ambitions,
Look on those heaps! they seem hard ragged quar-
Remove, and view 'em fully. [ries;
Mast. Oh, Heaven, they are gold and jewels!
Seb. Be not too hasty! Here lies another heap.
Mor. And here another,
All perfect gold!
Alb. Stand further off! You must not
Be your own carvers.
Lam. We have shares, and deep ones.
Fran. Yes, sir, we will maintain't: Ho, fellow-sailors!
Lam. Stand all to your freedoms! I'll have all
Fran. And I this. [this.
Tib. You shall be hang'd first.
Lam. My losses shall be made good.
Fran. So shall mine, or with my sword I'll do it.—
All that will share with us, assist us!
Tib. Captain, let's set in!
Alb. This money will undo us, undo us all.
Seb. This gold was the overthrow of my happi-
I had command too, when I landed here, [ness;
And led young, high, and noble spirits under me:
This cursed gold enticing 'em, they set upon their captain,
On me that own'd this wealth, and this poor gentleman;
Gave us no few wounds, forced us from our own,
And then their civil swords, who should be owners,
And who lords over all, turn'd against their own lives;
First, in their rage consumed the ship,
(That poor part of the ship that 'scaped the first wreck)
Next, their lives by heaps: Oh, be you wise and careful!
Lam. We'll ha' more: Sirrah, come shew it!
Fran. Or ten times worse afflictions than thou speak'st of——
Alb. Nay, an ye will be dogs——
[*Draws and beats 'em.*
Tib. Let me come, captain!
This golden age must have an iron ending.
Have at the bunch! [*He beats 'em off, and exit.*
Amin. Oh, Albert! oh, gentlemen! oh, friends! [*Exit.*
Seb. Come, noble nephew! if we stay here we die:
Here rides their ship yet; all are gone to the spoil;
Let's make a quick use!
Nic. Away, dear uncle!
Seb. This gold was our overthrow.
Nic. It may now be our happiness. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TIBALT *pursuing and beating the rest.*

Tib. You shall have gold! yes, I will cram it in t'ye;
You shall be your own carvers? yes, I'll carve ye.
Mor. I am sore: I pray hear reason!
Tib. I'll hear none:
Covetous base minds have no reason.
I am hurt myself; but, whilst I have a leg left,
I will so haunt your gilded souls—How do ye, captain?
You bleed apace; curse on the causers on't!
You do not faint?
Alb. No, no; I am not so happy.
Tib. Do ye howl? nay, ye deserve it:
Base greedy rogues! Come, shall we make an end of 'em?
Alb. They are our countrymen; for Heaven's sake, spare 'em.
Alas, they are hurt enough, and they relent now.
Amin. [*Above.*] Oh, captain, captain!
Alb. Whose voice is that?
Tib. The lady's.
Amin. Look, captain, look! you are undone: Poor captain!
We are all undone, all, all! We are all miserable!
Mad wilful men, ye are undone: Your ship, your [ship!
Alb. What of her?
Amin. She's under sail, and floating;
See, where she flies! See, to your shames, you wretches,
These poor starved things that shew'd you gold!
[LAMURE *and* FRANVILLE *go up to see the ship.*
1 *Sail.* They have cut the cables,
And got her out; the tide too has befriended 'em.
Mast. Where are the sailors that kept her?
Boats. Here, here in the mutiny, to take up money,
And left no creature; left the boat ashore too:
This gold, this damn'd enticing gold!
2 *Sail.* How the wind drives her,
As if it vied to force her from our furies!
Lam. Come back, good old men!
Fran. Good honest men, come back!
Tib. The wind's against ye; speak louder!
Lam. Ye shall have all your gold again. They see us.
Tib. Hold up your hands, and kneel, and howl,
They'll have compassion on ye? [ye blockheads!
Yes, yes, 'tis very likely; ye have deserved it.
Do ye look like dogs now? Are your mighty [courages
Abated?
Alb. I bleed apace, Tibalt.
Tib. Retire, sir;
And make the best use of our miseries!
They but begin now.

Enter AMINTA.

Amin. Are ye alive still?
Alb. Yes, sweet.
Tib. Help him off, lady, [thing
And wrap him warm in your arms: Here is some-
That's comfortable; off with him handsomely!
I'll come to ye straight, but vex these rascals a little.
[*Exeunt* ALBERT *and* AMINTA.
Fran. Oh, I am hungry, and hurt, and I am weary.
Tib. Here is a pestle of a portigue, sir!
'Tis excellent meat with sour sauce!
And here's two chains; suppose 'em sausages;
Then there wants mustard; but the fearful surgeon
Will supply ye presently.
Lam. Oh, for that surgeon! I shall die else.
Tib. 'Faith, there he lies in the same pickle too.
Sur. My salves and all my instruments are lost

And I am hurt and starv'd: Good sir, seek for
Some herbs!
Tib. Here's herb-graceless; will that serve?
Gentlemen, will ye go to supper?
All. Where is the meat?
Tib. Where is the meat? What a veal voice is there!
Fran. Would we had it, sir, or anything else.
Tib. I would now cut your throat, you dog, but that
I wo' not do you such a courtesy,
To take you from the benefit of starving.
Oh, what a comfort will your worship have
Some three days hence! Ye things beneath pity!
Famine shall be your harbinger:
You must not look for down-beds here, nor hang-
Though I could wish ye strong ones; [ings;
Yet there be many lightsome cool star-chambers,
Open to every sweet air, I'll assure ye,
Ready provided for ye, and so I'll leave ye;
Your first course is serv'd, expect the second.
[*Exit.*
Fran. A vengeance on these jewels!
Lam. Oh, this cursed gold! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter ALBERT *and* AMINTA.

Alb. Alas, dear soul, you faint.
Amin. You speak the language
Which I should use to you. Heaven knows my
Is not for what I suffer in myself, [weakness
But to imagine what you endure,
And to what fate your cruel stars reserve you.
Alb. Do not add to my afflictions by
Your tender pities! Sure we have changed sexes;
You bear calamity with a fortitude
Would become a man; I, like a weak girl, suffer.
Amin. Oh, but your wounds,
How fearfully they gape! And every one
To me is a sepulchre: If I loved truly,
(Wise men affirm, that true love can do wonders,)
These bathed in my warm tears would soon be cured,
And leave no orifice behind. Pray give me leave
To play the surgeon, and bind 'em up;
The raw air rankles 'em.
Alb. Sweet, we want means.
Amin. Love can supply all wants.
Alb. What have ye done, sweet?—
Oh, sacrilege to beauty! there's no hair
Of these pure locks, by which the greatest king
Would not be gladly bound, and love his fetters.
Amin. Oh, Albert, I offer
This sacrifice of service to the altar
Of your staid temperance, and still adore it:
When with a violent hand you made me yours,
I curs'd the doer; but, now I consider
How long I was in your power, and with what honour
You entertain'd me, (it being seldom seen,
That youth, and heat of blood, could e'er prescribe
Laws to itself;) your goodness is the Lethe
In which I drown your injuries, and now live
Truly to serve ye: How do you, sir? Receive you
The least ease from my service? If you do,
I'm largely recompenced.
Alb. You good angels,
That are engaged, when man's ability fails,
To reward goodness, look upon this lady!
Though hunger gripes my croaking entrails,
Yet, when I kiss these rubies, methinks
I'm at a banquet, a refreshing banquet.
Speak, my bless'd one; art not hungry?
Amin. Indeed I could eat, to bear you company.
Alb. Blush, unkind Nature,
If thou hast power or being! To hear
Thyself, and by such innocence, accused,
Must print a thousand kinds of shames upon
Thy various face: Canst thou supply a drunkard,
And with a prodigal hand reach choice of wines,
Till he cast up thy blessings? Or a glutton,
That robs the elements to sooth his palate,
And only eats to beget appetite,
Not to be satisfied? And suffer here
A virgin, which the saints would make their guest,
To pine for hunger? [*Horns within.*] Ha! if my sense
Deceive me not, these notes take being from
The breath of men. Confirm me, my Aminta!
Again! This way the gentle wind conveys it to us.
Hear you nothing?
Amin. Yes; it seems free hunters' music.
[*Horns again.*
Alb. Still 'tis louder; and I remember the Portugals
Inform'd us, they had often heard such sounds,
But ne'er could touch the shore from whence it came.
Follow me, my Aminta! My good genius,
Shew me the way! Still, still we are directed;
When we gain the top of this near rising hill,
We shall know further.
[*Exeunt, and enter above on the hill.*
Alb. Courteous Zephyrus,
On his dewy wings, carries perfumes to cheer us:
The air clears too;
And now we may discern another island,
And questionless, the seat of fortunate men:
Oh, that we could arrive there!
Amin. No, Albert;
It is not to be hoped: This envious torrent
Is cruelly interposed; we have no vessel
That may transport us, nor hath Nature given
Us wings to fly.
Alb. Better try all hazards,
Than perish here remediless; I feel
New vigour in me, and a spirit that dares
More than a man, to serve my fair Aminta:
These arms shall be my oars, with which I'll swim,
And my zeal to save thy innocent self, like wings,
Shall bear me up above the brackish waves.
Amin. Will ye then leave me? Till now I ne'er was wretched.
Alb. My best Aminta, I swear by goodness,
'Tis nor hope, nor fear, of myself, that invites me
To this extreme; 'tis to supply thy wants:
And, believe me,
Though pleasure met me in most ravishing forms,

And happiness courted me to entertain her,
I would nor eat nor sleep, till I return'd
And crown'd thee with my fortunes.
Amin. Oh, but your absence—
Alb. Suppose it but a dream, and, as you may,
Endeavour to take rest! And when that sleep
Deceives your hunger with imagined food,
Think you have sent me for discovery
Of some most fortunate continent, yet unknown,
Which you are to be queen of!—
And now ye powers, that e'er heard lovers' prayers,
Or cherish'd pure affection, look on him
That is your votary; and make it known,
Against all stops, you can defend your own.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Island of the Amazons. The Sea-shore.*

Enter HIPPOLITA, CROCALE, *and* JULETTA, *armed with bows and quivers.*

Hip. How did we lose Clarinda?
Croc. When we believed the stag was spent,
And would take soil, the sight of the Black Lake,
Which we supposed he chose for his last refuge,
Frighted him more than we that did pursue him.
Jul. That's usual; for death itself is not so
To any beast of chase. [terrible
Hip. Since we lived here,
We ne'er could force one to it.
Croc. 'Tis so dreadful,
Birds that with their pinions cleave the air
Dare not fly o'er it. When the stag turn'd head,
And we, even tired with labour,
Clarinda, as if she were made of air
And fire, and had no part of earth in her,
Eagerly pursued him;
Nor need we fear her safety, this place yields
Not fauns nor satyrs, or more lustful men;
Here we live secure,
And have among ourselves a commonwealth,
Which in ourselves begun, with us must end.
Jul. Ay, there's the misery.
Croc. But being alone,
Allow me freedom but to speak my thoughts!
The strictness of our governess, that forbids us,
On pain of death, the sight and use of men,
Is more than tyranny: For herself, she's past
Those youthful heats, and feels not the want
Of that which young maids long for: And her daughter
The fair Clarinda, though in few years improved
In height and large proportion, came here so young,
That, scarce remembering that she had a father,
She never dreams of man; and should she see one,
In my opinion, a' would appear
A strange beast to her.
Jul. 'Tis not so with us.
Hip. For my part, I confess it, I was not made
This single life: nor do I love hunting so, [for
But that I had rather be the chace myself.
Croc. By Venus (out upon me! I should have
By Diana,) I am of thy mind too, wench; [sworn
And though I have ta'en an oath, not alone
To detest, but never to think of man,
Every hour something tells me I am forsworn;
For, I confess, imagination helps me
Sometimes, and that's all's left for us to feed on;
We might starve else; for if I have any pleasure
In this life, but when I sleep, I am a Pagan.
Then, from the courtier to the country clown,
I have strange visions——
Jul. Visions, Crocale?
Croc. Yes, and fine visions too;
And visions I hope in dreams are harmless,
And not forbid by our canons. The last night
(Troth, 'tis a foolish one, but I must tell it)
As I lay in my cabin, betwixt sleeping and waking—
Hip. Upon your back?
Croc. How should a young maid lie, fool,
When she would be intranced?
Hip. We are instructed;
Forward, I pr'ythee.
Croc. Methought a sweet young man,
In years some twenty, with a downy chin,
Promising a future beard, and yet no red one,
Stole slily to my cabin all unbraced,
Took me in his arms, and kiss'd me twenty times;
Yet still I slept.
Jul. Fy! thy lips run over, Crocale.
But to the rest!
Croc. Lord, what a man is this,
Thought I, to do this to a maid! Yet then
For my life I could not wake. The youth,
A little daunted, with a trembling hand
Heaved up the clothes.
Hip. Yet still you slept?
Cro. I'faith, I did.
And when, methoughts, he was warm by my side,
Thinking to catch him, I stretch'd out both mine
And when I felt him not, I shrieked out, [arms;
And waked for anger.
Hip. 'Twas a pretty dream.
Croc. Ay, if it had been a true one.
[ALBERT *is cast upon the shore by a wave.*
Jul. But stay!
What's here cast on the shore?
Hip. It is a man:
Shall I shoot him?
Croc. No, no, 'tis a handsome beast,
Would we had more o' the breed; stand close,
And let's hear if he can speak. [wenches,
Alb. Do I yet live?
Sure it is air I breathe! What place is this?
Sure something more than human keeps residence
For I have past the Stygian gulph, [here,
And touch upon the blessed shore: 'Tis so;
This is the Elysian shade; these, happy spirits,
That here enjoy all pleasures!
Hip. He makes towards us.
Jul. Stand, or I'll shoot!
Croc. Hold! he makes no resistance.
Alb. Be not offended, goddesses, that I fall
Thus prostrate at your feet! or if not such,
But nymphs of Dian's train, that range these groves,
Which you forbid to men; vouchsafe to know
I am a man, a wicked sinful man;
And yet not sold
So far to impudence, as to presume
To press upon your privacies, or provoke
Your heavenly angers; 'tis not for myself
I beg thus poorly, for I 'm already wounded,
Wounded to death, and faint; my last breath is for
A virgin, comes as near yourselves in all
Perfection, as what is mortal may
Resemble things divine. Oh, pity her,
And let your charity free her from that desart,
If heavenly charity can reach to hell.

For sure that place comes near it! and where'er
My ghost shall find abode, eternally
I shall pour blessings on ye! [*He falls into a trance.*
Hip. By my life,
I cannot hurt him!
Croc. Though I lose my head for't,
Nor I: I must pity him, and will.

Enter CLARINDA.

Jul. But stay!
Clarinda!
Clar. What new game have you found here! Ha!
What beast is this lies wallowing in his gore?
Croc. Keep off!
Clar. Wherefore, I pray? I never turn'd
From a fell lioness robb'd of her whelps,
And shall I fear dead carrion?
Jul. O but——
Clar. But, what is't?
Hip. It is infectious.
Clar. Has it not a name?
Croc. Yes;
But such a name, from which, as from the devil,
Your mother commands us fly.
Clar. Is it a man?
Croc. It is.
Clar. What a brave shape it has in death!
How excellent would it appear, had it life!
Why should it be infectious? I have heard
My mother say, I had a father;
And was not he a man?
Croc. Questionless, madam.
Clar. Your fathers too were men?
Jul. Without doubt, lady.
Clar. And without such it is impossible
We could have been.
Hip. A sin against nature to deny it.
Clar. Nor can you or I have any hope to be a
Without the help of men? [mother,
Croc. Impossible!
Clar. Which of you then, most barbarous, that
You from a man had being, and owe to it [knew
The name of parent, durst presume to kill
The likeness of that thing by which you are?
Whose arrows made these wounds? speak, or, by
Without distinction I'll let fly at ye all! [Dian,
Jul. Not mine.
Hip. Nor mine.
Croc. 'Tis strange to see her moved thus.
Restrain your fury, madam! had we kill'd him,
We had but perform'd your mother's command.
Clar. But if she command unjust and cruel
We are not to obey it. [things,
Croc. We are innocent:
Some storm did cast him shipwreck'd on the shore,
As you see wounded: Nor durst we be surgeons
To such your mother doth appoint for death.
Clar. Weak excuse! where's pity?
Where's soft compassion? Cruel and ungrateful,
Did Providence offer to your charity
But one poor subject to express it on,
And in't to shew our wants too; and could you
So carelessly neglect it?
Hip. For aught I know,
He's living yet; and you may tempt your mother
By giving him succour.
Clar. Ha! come near, I charge ye.
So! bend his body softly; rub his temples;
Nay, that shall be my office: How the red steals
Into his pale lips! Run and fetch the simples
With which my mother heal'd my arm, when last
I was wounded by the boar.
Croc. Do; but remember
Her to come after you, that she may behold
Her daughter's charity. [*Exit* HIPPOLITA.
Clar. Now he breathes!
The air passing through the Arabian groves
Yields not so sweet an odour: Pr'ythee taste it;
Taste it, good Crocale! yet I envy thee
So great a blessing. 'Tis not sin to touch
These rubies, is it?
Jul. Not, I think.
Clar. Or thus to live, camelion-like? I could
Resign my essence to live ever thus.

Enter HIPPOLITA.

O welcome! Raise him up gently. Some soft hand
Bound up these wounds! A woman's hair? What fury,
For which my ignorance does not know a name,
Is crept into my bosom? But I forget
My pious work. Now if this juice hath power,
Let it appear! His eye-lids ope! Prodigious!
Two suns break from these orbs.
Alb. Ha! where am I? what new vision's this?
To what goddess do I owe this second life?
Sure thou art more than mortal!
And any sacrifice of thanks or duty
In poor and wretched man to pay, comes short
Of your immortal bounty: But to shew
I am not unthankful, thus in humility
I kiss the happy ground you have made sacred,
By bearing of your weight.
Clar. No goddess, friend,
But made of that same brittle mould as you are;
One, too, acquainted with calamities,
And from that apt to pity. Charity ever
Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet
In the receiver. Oh, forbear this duty!
I have a hand to meet with yours, and lips
To bid yours welcome.
Croc. I see that, by instinct,
Though a young maid hath never seen a man,
Touches have titillations, and inform her.

Enter ROSELLIA.

But here's our governess: Now I expect a storm.
Ros. Child of my flesh, and not of my fair un-
Unhand this monster! [spotted mind,
Clar. Monster, mother?
Ros. Yes;
And every word he speaks, a syren's note,
To drown the careless hearer. Have I not taught
The falsehood and the perjuries of men, [thee
On whom, but for a woman to shew pity,
Is to be cruel to herself? The sovereignty
Proud and imperious men usurp upon us,
We confer on ourselves, and love those fetters
We fasten to our freedoms. Have we, Clarinda,
Since thy father's wreck, sought liberty,
To lose it uncompell'd? Did Fortune guide,
Or rather Destiny, our bark (to which
We could appoint no port) to this blest place,
Inhabited heretofore by warlike women,
That kept men in subjection? Did we then,
By their example, after we had lost
All we could love in man, here plant ourselves,
With execrable oaths never to look
On man, but as a monster? and wilt thou
Be the first precedent to infringe those vows
We made to Heaven?
Clar. Hear me, and hear me with justice!

And as you are delighted in the name
Of mother, hear a daughter that would be like you!
Should all women use this obstinate abstinence
You would force upon us, in a few years
The whole world would be peopled only with beasts.
Hip. We must and will have men.
Croc. Ay, or we'll shake off all obedience.
Ros. Are ye mad? can no persuasion alter ye?
Suppose you had my suffrage to your suit,
Can this shipwreck'd wretch supply ye all?
Alb. Hear me, great lady!
I have fellows in my misery! Not far hence,
Divided only by this hellish river,
There live a company of wretched men,
Such as your charity may make your slaves;
Imagine all the miseries mankind
May suffer under, and they groan beneath 'em.
Clar. But are they like to you?
Jul. Speak they your language?
Croc. Are they able, lusty men?
Alb. They were, good ladies;
And in their May of youth, of gentle blood,
And such as may deserve ye: Now cold and hunger
Have lessen'd their perfection; but, restored
To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear
Worthy your favours.
Jul. This is a blessing
We durst not hope for.
Clar. Dear mother, be not obdurate!
Ros. Hear then my resolution, and labour not
To add to what I'll grant! for 'twill be fruitless.
You shall appear as good angels to these wretched men;
In a small boat we will pass over to 'em,
And bring 'em comfort: If you like their persons,
And they approve of yours, for we'll force nothing—
And since we want ceremonies,
Each one shall chuse a husband, and enjoy
His company a month; but that expired,
You shall no more come near 'em: If you prove fruitful,
The males ye shall return to them, the females
We will reserve ourselves. This is the utmost
Ye shall ever obtain.—As ye think fit,
Ye may dismiss this stranger, and prepare
To-morrow for the journey. [*Exit.*
Clar. Come, sir, will you walk?
We'll shew you our pleasant bowers, and something you
Shall find to cheer your heart.
Alb. Excellent lady,
Though 'twill appear a wonder one near starved
Should refuse rest and meat, I must not take
Your noble offer: I left in yonder desart
A virgin almost pined.
Clar. She's not your wife?
Alb. No, lady, but my sister:—'Tis now dangerous [*Aside.*
To speak truth.—To her I deeply vow'd
Not to taste food, or rest, if Fortune brought it me,
Till I bless'd her with my return: Now if
You please to afford me an easy passage to her,
And some meat for her recovery,
I shall live your slave; and thankfully she shall
Ever acknowledge her life at your service.
Clar. You plead so well, I can deny you nothing
I myself will see you furnished,
And with the next sun visit and relieve thee.
Alb. You are all goodness! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Desart Island.*

Enter severally, LAMURE, FRANVILLE, *and* MORILLAT.

Lam. Oh! what a tempest have I in my stomach!
How my empty guts cry out! my wounds ache;
'Would they would bleed again, that I might get
Something to quench my thirst!
Fran. O Lamure, the happiness my dogs had
When I kept house at home! they had a storehouse,
A store house of most blessed bones and crusts;
Happy crusts! Oh, how sharp hunger pinches me! [*Exit.*
Mor. O my importunate belly! I have nothing
To satisfy thee: I have sought, as far
As my weak legs would carry me,
Yet can find nothing; neither meat nor water,
Nor anything that's nourishing. My belly
Is grown together like an empty satchel.

Re-enter FRANVILLE *with a handful of mud.*

Lam. How now? what news?
Mor. Hast any meat yet?
Fran. Not a bit that I can see;
Here be goodly quarries, but they be cruel hard
To gnaw: I ha' got some mud, (we'll eat it with spoons)
Very good thick mud; but it stinks damnably:
There's old rotten trunks of trees too, but not a leaf
Nor blossom in all the island.
Lam. How it looks!
Mor. It stinks too.
Lam. It may be poison.
Fran. Let it be anything,
So I can get it down: Why, man,
Poison's a princely dish!
Mor. Hast thou no biscuit?
No crumbs left in thy pocket? here's my doublet,
Give me but three small crumbs.
Fran. Not for three kingdoms,
If I were master of 'em. Oh, Lamure,
But one poor joint of mutton we ha' scorn'd, man!
Lam. Thou speak'st of Paradise.
Fran. Or but the snuffs of those healths we have
At midnight flang away. [lewdly
Mor. Ah, but to lick the glasses!

Enter Surgeon.

Fran. Here comes the surgeon: What hast
Smile, smile, and comfort us. [thou discover'd?
Sur. I am expiring,
Smile they that can! I can find nothing, gentlemen;
Here's nothing can be meat, without a miracle.
Oh, that I had my boxes and my lints now,
My stupes, my tents, and those sweet helps of
What dainty dishes could I make of 'em. [nature
Mor. Hast ne'er an old suppository?

Sur. Oh, would I had, sir!
Lam. Or but the paper where such a cordial,
Potion, or pills hath been entomb'd?
Fran. Or the blest bladder where a cooling-glister——
Mor. Hast thou no sear-cloths left? nor any old poultice?
Fran. We care not to what it hath been ministered.
Sur. Sure I have none of these dainties, gentlemen.
Fran. Where's the great wen thou cut'st from Hugh the sailor's shoulder?
That would serve now for a most princely banquet.
Sur. Ay, if we had it, gentlemen:
I flung it overboard, slave that I was!
Lam. A most unprovident villain!
Sur. If I had anything that were but supple now!
I could make sallads of your shoes, gentlemen,
And rare ones! anything unctuous.
Mor. Ay, and then we might fry the soals i' th' [sun;
The soals would make a second dish.
Lam. Or souse 'em in salt water;
An inner soal well soused——

Enter AMINTA.

Fran. Here comes the woman;
It may be she has meat, and may relieve us:
Let us withdraw, and mark, and then be ready!
She'll hide her store else, and so cozen us.
[*They go apart.*
Amin. How weary and how hungry am I,
How feeble and how faint is all my body!
Mine eyes, like spent lamps glowing out, grow [heavy,
My sight forsaking me; and all my spirits,
As if they heard my passing-bell go for me,
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny.
Oh, for a little water! a little, little meat,
A little to relieve me ere I perish!
I had whole floods of tears awhile that nourished me,
But they are all consumed for thee, dear Albert;
For thee they are spent, for thou art dead;
Merciless Fate hath swallow'd thee!—Oh! I
Grow heavy; sleep is a salve for misery:
Heaven look on me, and either take my life,
Or make me once more happy. [*She falls asleep.*
Lam. She's fast asleep already.
Why should she have this blessing, and we wake [still,
Wake to our wants?
Mor. This thing hath been our overthrow,
And all these biting mischiefs that fall on us
Are come through her means.
Fran. True; we were bound, ye all know,
For happy places, and most fertile islands,
Where we had constant promises of all things:
She turn'd the captain's mind, and must have him
In search, I know not of who, nor to what end; [go
Of such a fool her brother, and such a coxcomb
Her kinsman, and we must put in every where;
She has put us in now, i'faith!
Lam. Why should we
Consume thus, and starve, have nothing to relieve [us,
And she live there that bred all our miseries,
Unroasted or unsod?
Mor. I have read in stories——
Lam. Of such restoring meats we have examples,
Thousand examples, and allow'd for excellent:
Women that have eat their children, men
Their slaves, nay their brothers; but these are nothing;
Husbands devoured their wives, (they are their chattels,)
And of a schoolmaster, that in a time of famine
Powder'd up all his scholars.
Mor. She's young and tidy;
In my conscience she'll eat delicately;
Just like young pork, a little lean. Your opinion, surgeon?
Sur. I think she may be made good meat; but [look,
We shall want salt.
Fran. Tush, she needs no powdering.
Sur. I grant you;
But to suck out the humorous parts, by all means,
Let's kill her in a chafe; she'll eat the sweeter.
Lam. Let's kill her any way, and kill her quickly,
That we might be at our meat.
Sur. How if the captain——
Mor. Talk not of him, he's dead, and the rest [famish'd.
Wake her, surgeon, and cut her throat,
And then divide her, every man his share.
Fran. She wakes herself.
Amin. Holy and good things keep me!
What cruel dreams have I had! Who are these?
Oh they are my friends!—For Heaven's sake, gentle-[men,
Give me some food to save my life, if ye
Have aught to spare! A little to relieve me.
I may bless ye! For, weak and wretched, ready to perish,
Even now I die.
Mor. You'll save a labour then;
You bred these miseries, and you shall pay for't.
We have no meat, nor where to have we know not,
Nor how to pull ourselves from these afflictions;
We are starv'd too, famish'd, all our hopes deluded;
Yet ere we die thus, we'll have one dainty meal.
Amin. Shall I be with ye, gentlemen?
Lam. Yes, marry shall ye, in our bellies, lady!
We love you well——
Amin. What said you, sir?
Lam. Marry, we'll eat your ladyship.
Fran. You that have buried us in this base island,
We'll bury you in a more noble monument.
Sur. Will you say your prayers, that I may perform, lady?
We are wond'rous sharp-set.—Come, gentlemen;
Who are for the hinder parts?
Mor. I.
Fran. I.
Lam. And I.
Sur. Be patient;
They will not fall to every man's share.
Amin. Oh hear me;
Hear me, ye barbarous men!
Mor. Be short and pithy;
Our stomachs cannot stay a long discourse.
Sur. And be not fearful, for I'll kill you daintily.
Amin. Are ye not Christians?
Lam. Why, do not Christians eat, woman?

Enter TIBALT, Master, *and* Sailors.

Amin. Eat one another? 'Tis most impious.
Sur. Come, come!
Amin. Oh, help, help, help.
Tib. The lady's voice!—
Stand off, slaves! what do you intend, villains

I have strength enough left me, if you abuse
This soul, to——
Mast. They would have ravish'd her, upon my
Speak:—how was it, lady? [life!
Amin. Forgive 'em, 'twas their hungers.
Tib. Ha! their hungers?
Mast. They would have eaten her.
Tib. Oh damn'd villains!—
Speak; is it true?
Sur. I confess an appetite.
Tib. An appetite? I'll fit ye for an appetite!
Are ye so sharp-set, that her flesh must serve you?
Murder's a main good service with your worships.
Since ye would be such devils, why did you not
Begin with one another handsomely,
And spare the woman to beget more food on?
Amin. Good sir——
Tib. You shall grow mummy, rascals;
I'll make ye fall to your brawns, and your but-
And worry one another like keen bandogs. [tocks,
Amin. Good sir, be merciful.
Tib. You shall know what it is to be damn'd cannibals.

Enter ALBERT, *with food.*

Amin. Oh, my best friend!
Alb. Alas, poor heart! Here,
Here is some meat and sovereign drink to ease you.
Sit down, gentle sweet!
Amin. I am bless'd to see you.
Tib. Stir not within forty foot of this food;
If you do, dogs——
All. Oh, captain, captain, captain!
Alb. Ye shall have meat, all of you.
Tib. Captain, hear me first: Hark! 'tis so inhuman,
I would not ha' the air corrupted with it.
[*Whispers.*
Alb. Oh barbarous men! Sit down, Du Pont! good master,
And honest sailors.
Tib. But stand you off, and wait
Upon our charity; (I'll wait on you else!)
And touch nothing but what is flung to ye,
As if you were dogs; if you do,
I'll cut your fingers, friends; I'll spoil your carv-
Amin. There, wretches, there! [ing!
Tib. Eat your meat handsomely now,
And give Heaven thanks.
Alb. There is more bread.
Tib. See,
They snarl like dogs! Eat quietly, you rascals,
Eat quietly.
Alb. There's drink too.
Tib. Come, come,
I'll fill you each your cups; ye shall not surfeit.
Amin. And what have you discover'd?
Alb. Sweet, a paradise,
A paradise inhabited with angels,
Such as you are; their pities make 'em angels;
They gave me these viands, and supplied me with
These precious drinks.
Amin. Shall not we see 'em?
Alb. Yes, they will see you:
Out of their charities, having heard our story,
They will come, and comfort us, come presently;
We shall no more know wants nor miseries.
Amin. Are they all women?
Alb. All, and all in love with us.
Amin. How!
Alb. Do not mistake; in love with our misfor-
They will cherish and relieve our men. [tunes;
Tib. Do you shrug now,
And pull up your noses? You smell comfort.
See, they stretch out their legs like dottrels,
Each like a new Saint Dennis!
Alb. Dear mistress,
When you would name me, and the women here,
Call me your brother; you I'll call my sister:
And pray observe this all.—Why do you change colour, sweet?
Amin. Eating too much meat.
Alb. Sauced with jealousy:
Fy, fy, dear saint! i'faith, you are to blame;
Are you not here? here fixed in my heart?
[*Horns sounded.*
All. Hark, hark!

Enter ROSELLIA, CLARINDA, CROCALE, HIPPOLITA, *and* JULETTA.

Alb. They are come! Stand ready, and look nobly
And with all humble reverence receive 'em!
Our lives depend upon their gentle pities,
And death waits on their anger.
Mor. Sure they are fairies.
Tib. Be they devils, devils of flesh and blood
After so long a Lent, and tedious voyage,
To me they are angels.
Fran. Oh, for some eringoes!
Lam. Potatoes, or cantharides!
Tib. Peace, ye rogues,
That buy abilities of your 'pothecaries!
Had I but took the diet of green cheese
And onions for a month, I could do wonders.
Ros. Are these the jewels you run mad for? What can
You see in one of these, to whom you would
Vouchsafe a gentle touch? Can nothing persuade you
To love yourselves, and place your happiness
In cold and chaste embraces of each other?
Jul. This is from the purpose.
Hip. We had your grant
To have them as they were.
Clar. It is a beauteous creature;
And to myself I do appear deform'd,
When I consider her: And yet she is
The stranger's sister; why then should I fear?
She cannot prove my rival.
Ros. When you repent
That you refused my counsel, may it add
To your afflictions, that you were forewarn'd,
Yet leap'd into the gulph of your misfortunes!
But have your wishes.
Mast. Now she makes to us.
Amin. I am instructed: But take heed, Albert,
You prove not false!
Alb. You are your own assurance,
And so acquainted with your own perfections,
That weak doubts cannot reach you; therefore fear
Ros. That you are poor and miserable men [not!
My eyes inform me; that, without our succours,
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of safety,
The present plight you are in can resolve you;
That to be merciful is to draw near
The heavenly essence; whether you will be
Thankful I do not question; nor demand
What country bred you, what [your] names, what
To us it is sufficient we relieve [manners;
Such as have shapes of men, and I command you
As we are not ambitious to know

Further of you, that on pain of death
You presume not to inquire what we are,
Or whence derived !
Alb. In all things we obey you,
And thankfully we ever shall confess
Ourselves your creatures.
Ros. You speak as becomes you.
First then, and willingly, deliver up
Those weapons we could force from you.
Alb. We lay 'em down most gladly at your feet.
Tib. I have had many a combat with a tall
But never was disarm'd before. [wench ;
Ros. And now, hear comfort :
Your wants shall be supplied ; and though it be
A debt women may challenge, to be sued to,
Especially from such they may command,
We give up to you that power; and therefore
Freely each make his choice.
Fran. Then here I fix.
Mor. Nay, she is mine : I eyed her first.
Lam. This mine !
Tib. Stay,
Good rascals ! you are too forward, Sir Gallant,
You are not giving order to a tailor
For the fashion of a new suit ;
Nor are you in your warehouse, master merchant;
Stand back, and give your betters leave, your betters ;
And grumble not ! if you do, as I love meat
I will so swinge the salt-itch out of you—
Captain, master, and the rest of us,
That are brothers, and good fellows, we have been
Too late by the ears, and yet smart for our follies :
To end therefore all future emulation,
If you please to trust to my election,
You shall say I am not partial to myself ;
I doubt not give content to all.
All. Agreed, agreed !
Tib. Then, but observe how learned and dis-
I will proceed ; and, as a skilful doctor [creetly
In all the quirks belonging to the game,
Read over your complexions ! For you, captain,
Being first in place, and therefore first to be served,
I give my judgment thus : For your aspect,
You are much inclined to melancholy, and that
Tells me the sullen Saturn had predominance
At your nativity! a malignant planet ;
And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction
Of a soft and ruddy wench, born under Venus,
It may prove fatal ; therefore to your arms
I give this rose-cheek'd virgin.
Clar. To my wish !
Till now I ne'er was happy.
Amin. Nor I accursed.
Tib. Master,
You are old, yet love the game, (that I perceive too,)
And if not well spurr'd up, you may prove rusty ;
Therefore to help you here's a Bradamanta,
Or I am cozen'd in my calculation.
Croc. A poor old man allotted to my share!
Tib. Thou wouldst have two, nay, I think twenty ;
But fear not, wench ; though he be old he's tough :
Look on his making ; he'll not fail, I warrant thee.
Ros. A merry fellow !
And were not man a creature I detest,
I could endure his company.
Tib. Here's a fair herd
Of does before me ; and now for a barren one !
For, though I like the sport, I do not love
To father children. Like the Grand Signior,
Thus I walk in my seraglio,
And view 'em as I pass; then draw I forth
My handkerchief, and having made my choice,
I thus bestow it.
Ros. On me ?
Tib. On you : And now
My choice is made, to it, you hungry rascals !
Alb. Excellent !
Amin. As I love goodness,
It makes me smile i' th' height of all my fears.
Clar. What a strong contention you may behold
Between my mother's mirth and anger !
Tib. Nay, no coyness ! be mistress of your word !
I must and will enjoy you.
Ros. Be advised, fool :
Alas, I am old ! how canst thou hope content
From one that's fifty ?
Tib. Never talk of it ;
I have known good ones at threescore and upwards;
Besides, the weather's hot,
And men that have experience, fear fevers :
A temperate diet is the only physic. Nor julips,
Nor guaiacums, prunellos, camphire pills,
Nor goord water, come not near your old woman ;
Youthful stomachs are still craving, though there be
Nothing left to stop their mouths with ; and believe
I am no frequent giver of those bounties.— [me
Laugh on, laugh on, good gentlemen ; do !
I shall make holiday and sleep, when you
Dig in the mines till your hearts ache.
Ros. A mad fellow !
Well, sir, I'll give you hearing, and, as I like
Your wooing and discourse—but I must tell you, sir,
That rich widows look for great sums in present,
Or assurances of ample jointures.
Tib. That to me is easy,
For instantly I'll do it. Hear me, comrades !
Alb. What say'st thou, Tibalt ?
Tib. Why, that to woo a wench with empty hands
Is no good heraldry ; therefore let's to the gold,
And share it equally ; 'twill speak for us
More than a thousand compliments or cringes,
Ditties stolen from Petrarch, or discourse
From Ovid : Besides, 'twill beget us respect ;
And if ever Fortune friend us with a bark,
Largely supply us with all provision.
Alb. Well advised, defer it not.
Tib. Are ye all contented ?
All. We are.
Tib. Let's away then,
Straight we'll return, and you shall see our riches.
[*Exeunt all but the Women.*
Ros. Since I knew what wonder and amazement
I ne'er was so transported. was,
Clar. Why weep you, gentle maid ?
There is no danger here to such as you ;
Banish fear, for with us I dare promise
You shall meet all courteous entertainment.
Croc. We esteem ourselves most happy in you.
Hip. And bless
Fortune that brought you hither.
Clar. Hark in your ear !
I love you as a friend already ; ere long
You shall call me by a nearer name : I wish
Your brother well ; I know you apprehend me
Amin. Ay, to my grief I do. [*Aside.*

Alas, good ladies, there is nothing left me
But thanks, to pay you with.
Clar. That's more than yet
You stand engaged for.

Enter ALBERT, TIBALT, *and the rest with treasure.*

Ros. So soon return'd?
Alb. Here; see the idol of the lapidary!
Tib. These pearls, for which the slavish negro
To the bottom of the sea! [dives
Lam. To get which the industrious merchant
At either pole! [touches
Fran. The never-failing purchase
Of lordships and of honours!
Mor. The world's mistress,
That can give everything to the possessors!
Mast. For which the sailors scorn tempestuous
And spit defiance in the sea! [winds,
Tib. Speak, lady;
Look we not lovely now?
Ros. Yes, yes: Oh my stars!
Be now for ever blessed, that have brought
To my revenge these robbers!—Take your arrows,
And nail these monsters to the earth!
Alb. What mean you, lady?
In what have we offended?
Ros. Oh, my daughter!
And you companions with me in all fortunes,
Look on these caskets, and these jewels!
These were our own, when first we put to sea
With good Sebastian; and these the pirates
That not alone deprived him of this treasure,
But also took his life.
Croc. Part of my present
I well remember was mine own.
Hip. And these were mine.
Jul. Sure I have worn this jewel.
Ros. Wherefore do you stay then,
And not perform my command?
Alb. Oh, Heaven!
What cruel fate pursues us!
Tib. I am well enough served,
That must be offering jointures, jewels,
And precious stones, more than I brought with me.
Ros. Why shoot you not?
Clar. Hear me, dear mother;
And when the greatest cruelty is justice,
Do not shew mercy: Death to these starved wretches
Is a reward, not punishment; let 'em live
To undergo the full weight of your displeasure.
And that they may have sense to feel the torments
They have deserved, allow 'em some small pittance,
To linger out their tortures.
Ros. 'Tis well counsell'd.
All. And we will follow't.
Alb. Hear us speak.
Ros. Peace, dogs!—
Bind 'em fast! When fury hath given way to
I will determine of their sufferings, [reason,
Which shall be horrid. Vengeance, though slow-paced,
At length o'ertakes the guilty; and the wrath
Of the incensed Powers will fall most sure
On wicked men, when they are most secure.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same Island.*

Enter RAYMOND, SEBASTIAN, NICUSA, *and* Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Here's nothing, sir, but poverty and hunger;
No promise of inhabitance; neither track
Of beast, nor foot of man! We have search'd all
This rocky desart, yet cannot discover
Any assurance here is, or hath been such men.
2 *Sail.* Not a relic of anything they wore,
Nor mark left by 'em, either to find relief,
Or to warn others from the like misfortune.
Believe it, these fellows are both false, and to get
A little succour in their misery,
Have framed this cunning tale.
Raym. The ship, I know, is French, and own'd
If not by Albert, my arch-enemy. [by pirates,
You told me too there was a woman with 'em,
A young and handsome woman.
Seb. There was so, sir.
Raym. And such and such young gallants.
Nic. We told you true, sir,
That they had no means to quit this island——
Raym. And that
Amidst their mutiny, to save your lives,
You got their ship?
Seb. All is most certain, sir.
Raym. Where are they then? Where are these men
Or woman? We are landed where your faiths
Did assure us we could not miss their sights.
For this news we took ye to our mercy,
Relieved ye, when the furious sea, and Famine
Strove, which should first devour ye; clothed
And cherish'd ye; used ye as those ye say ye are,
Fair gentlemen. Now keep your words, and shew us
This company your own free pities spoke of,
These men ye left in misery; the woman!
Men of those noble breedings ye pretend to
Should scorn to lie, or get their food with falsehood;
Come, direct us.
Seb. Alas, sir, they are gone;
But by what means, or providence, we know not.
2 *Sail.* Was not the captain
A fellow of a fiery, yet brave nature,
A middle stature, and of brown complexion?
Nic. He was, sir.
Raym. 'Twas Albert,
And my poor wretched sister!
1 *Sail.* 'Twas he certain;
I ha' been at sea with him, many times at sea.
Raym. Come, shew us these men;
Shew us presently, and do not dally with us!
Seb. We left 'em here, (what should we say, sir?) here, in this place.
2 *Sail.* The earth cannot swallow 'em; they
No wings, they cannot fly, sure. [have
Raym. You told us too
Of heaps of treasure, and of sums conceal'd,
That set their hearts a-fire; we see no such thing,
No such sign: What can ye say to purge ye?
What have ye done with these men?

Nic. We, sir?
Raym. You, sir;
For certain I believe ye saw such people.
Seb. By all that's good, by all that's pure and [honest,
By all that's holy——
Raym. I dare not credit ye;
Ye have so abused my hope, that now I hate ye.
1 *Sail.* Let's put 'em in their ragged clothes again,
Captain, for certain they are knaves; let's e'en
Deliver 'em to their old fruitful farm;
Here let 'em walk the island!
Seb. If ye do so,
We shall curse your mercies.
Nic. Rather put us to sea again.
Raym. Not so;
Yet this I'll do, because ye say ye are Christians,
Though I hardly credit it. Bring in the boat,
And all aboard again, but these two wretches!
Yet leave 'em four days' meat. If in that time
(For I will search all nooks of this strange island)
I can discover any track of these men,
Alive or dead, I'll bear ye off, and honour ye;
If not, ye have found your graves: So, farewell!
[*Exeunt.*
Nic. That goodness dwells above, and knows us innocent,
Comfort our lives, and at his pleasure quit us!
Seb. Come, cousin, come! Old Time will end our story;
But no time (if we end well) ends our glory!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Island of the Amazons. Before the Cabin of Clarinda.*

Enter ROSELLIA, CLARINDA, CROCALE, HIPPOLITA, *and* JULETTA.

Ros. Use 'em with all the austerity that may be;
They are our slaves! Turn all those pities,
Those tender reluctations that should become your [sex,
To stern anger; and when ye look upon 'em,
Look with those eyes that wept those bitter sorrows,
Those cruelties ye suffer'd by their rapines!
Some five days hence that blessed hour comes,
Most happy once to me, that knit this hand
To my dear husband's,
And both our hearts in mutual bands. That hour [ladies——
Clar. What of that hour?
Ros. Why, on that hour, daughter,
And in the height of all our celebrations,
Our dear remembrances of that dear man,
And those that suffer'd with him, our fair kinsmen,
Their lives shall fall a sacrifice to Vengeance,
Their lives that ruin'd his; 'tis a full justice.
I will look glorious in their bloods;
And the most noble spirit of Sebastian,
That perish'd by the pride of these French pirates,
Shall smile in Heaven, and bless the hand that [kill'd 'em.
Look strictly all unto your prisoners;
For he that makes a 'scape beyond my vengeance,
Or entertains a hope by your fair usage—
Take heed, I say! she that deceives my trust—
Again take heed! her life—and that's but light
Neither; her life in all the tortures
My spirit can put on——
All. We shall be careful.
Ros. Do so. [*Exit.*
Clar. You are angry, mother, and you are old too, [*Aside.*
Forgetting what men are; but we shall temper you—
How fare your prisoners, ladies? in what forms
Do they appear in their afflictions?
Jul. Mine fare but poorly; for so I am com- [manded;
'Tis none of their fault.
Clar. Of what sort are they?
Jul. They say they are gentlemen, but they shew [mungrels.
Clar. How do they suffer?
Jul. 'Faith, like boys;
They are fearful in all fortunes; when I smile,
They kneel, and beg to have that face continued,
And, like poor slaves, adore the ground I go on:
When I frown, they hang their most dejected heads
Like fearful sheep-hounds: Shew 'em a crust of bread,
They'll saint me presently; and skip like apes
For a sup of wine. I'll whip 'em like hacknies,
Saddle 'em, ride 'em, do what I will with 'em.
Clar. Tush, these are poor things. Have they names like Christians? [Morillat;
Jul. Very fair names; Franville, Lamure, and
And brag of great kindreds too. They offer very handsomely,
But that I am a fool, and dare not venture.
They are sound too, i' my conscience,
Or very near upon it.
Clar. Fy! away, fool!
Jul. They tell me, if they might be brought before you,
They would reveal things of strange consequence.
Clar. Their base poor fears!
Jul. Ay, that makes me hate 'em too;
For if they were but manly to their sufferance,
Sure I should strain a point or two.
Clar. An hour hence I will take a view of 'em,
And hear their business. Are your men thus too?
Croc. Mine? no, gentle madam; mine were not
In such base moulds: Afflictions, tortures, [cast
Are names and natures of delight to my men;
All sorts of cruelties they meet like pleasures.
I have but two, the one they call Du Pont,
Tibalt Du Pont; the other the Ship-Master.
Clar. Have they not lives and fears?
Croc. Lives they have, madam;
But those lives never link'd to such companions
As fears or doubts.
Clar. Use 'em nobly;
And where you find fit subjects for your pities,
Let it become ye to be courteous.
My mother will not always be thus rigorous.
Hip. Mine are sailors, madam; but they sleep soundly,
And seldom trouble me, unless it be when
They dream sometimes of fights and tempests;
Then they roar and whistle for cans of wine,
And down they fling me; and in that rage,
(For they are violent fellows) they play such freaks!—
If they have meat, they thank me; if none,
They heartily desire to be hang'd quickly;
And this is all they care.
Clar. Look to 'em diligently,
And where your pities tell ye they may deserve,
Give comfort.
All. We will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AMINTA.

Clar. Come hither, be not frighted!
Think not ye steal this liberty, for we give it.
Your tender innocence assures me, virgin,
You had no share in those wrongs these men did [us;
I find ye are not harden'd in such mischiefs.

Your brother was misled sure,
Foulty misled.
Amin. How much I fear these pities!
Clar. Certain he was, so much I pity him;
And for your sake, whose eyes plead for him; nay,
For his own sake——
Amin. Ha!
Clar. For I see about him,
(Women have subtle eyes, and look narrowly)
Or I am much abused; many fair promises;
Nay, beyond those too, many shadow'd virtues.
Amin. I think he is good.
Clar. I assure myself he will be;
And out of that assurance take this comfort,
(For I perceive your fear hath much dejected you)
I love your brother——
Amin. Madam?
Clar. Nay, do not take it for a dreamt-of favour,
That comforts in the sleep, and awake vanishes:
Indeed I love him.
Amin. Do you indeed?
Clar. You doubt still, because you fear his safety!
Indeed he is the sweetest man I e'er saw;
I think the best. Ye may hear without blushes,
And give me thanks, if you please, for my courtesy.
Amin. Madam, I ever must:—Yet, witness Heaven, [*Aside.*
They are hard pull'd from me.—Believe me, madam,
So many imperfections I could find—
(Forgive me, grace, for lying!) and such wants—
('Tis to an honest use)—such poverties,
Both in his main proportion, and his mind too—
There are a hundred handsomer—(I lie lewdly)—
Your noble usage, madam, hath so bound me to
That I must tell you—— [you
Clar. Come, tell your worst.
Amin. He is no husband for you:
I think you mean in that fair way.
Clar. You have hit it.
Amin. I am sure [*Aside.*
You have hit my heart.——You will find him dangerous, madam,
As fickle as the flying air, proud, jealous,
Soon glutted in your sweets, and soon forgetful.
I could say more; and tell you I have a brother,
Another brother, that so far excels this,
Both in the ornaments of man, and making—
Clar. If you were not his sister, I should doubt you mainly,
Doubt you for his love, you deal so cunningly.
Do not abuse me; I have trusted you
With more than life, with my first love; be careful
Of me!
Amin. In what use, madam?
Clar. In this, lady:
Speak to him for me; you have power upon him;
Tell him I love him, tell him I dote on him;
It will become your tongue.
Amin. Become my grave! [*Aside.*
Oh, Fortune, Oh, cursed Fortune!
Clar. Tell him his liberty,
And all those with him, all our wealth and jewels—
Good sister, for I'll call you so—
Amin. I shall, lady—
Even die, I hope. [*Aside.*
Clar. Here's meat and wine, (pray take it)
And there he lies: Give him what liberty you please,
But still conceal'd; what pleasure you shall please, sister!
He shall ne'er want again. Nay, see an you'll take [it!
Why do you study thus?
Amin. To avoid mischiefs;
If they should happen——
Clar. Go, and be happy for me. [*Exit.*
Amin. Oh, blind Fortune!
Yet happy thus far, I shall live to see him.
In what strange desolation lives he here now?
Sure this curtain will reveal.

Enter ALBERT, *from the Cabin.*

Alb. Who's that? ha!
Some gentle hand, I hope, to bring me comfort;
Or, if it be my death, 'tis sweetly shadow'd.
Amin. Have you forgot me, sir?
Alb. My Aminta!
Amin. She, sir,
That walks here up and down an empty shadow;
One, that for some few hours
But wanders here, carrying her own sad coffin,
Seeking some desert place to lodge her griefs in.
Alb. Sweet sorrow, welcome! welcome, noble [grief!
How got you this fair liberty to see me?
For sorrows in your shape are strangers to me.
Amin. I come to counsel you.
Alb. You are still more welcome;
For good friends in afflictions give good counsels.
Pray then proceed.
Amin. Pray eat first; you shew faint:
Here's wine to refresh you too.
Alb. I thank you, dear.
Amin. Drink again!
Alb. Here's to our loves!—How! turn and weep?
Pray pledge it! This happiness we have yet left,
Our hearts are free—Not pledge it? why?
Although beneath the axe, this health were holy.
Why do you weep thus?
Amin. I come to woo you.
Alb. To woo me, sweet? I am woo'd and won already;
You know I am yours. This pretty way becomes you!
But you would deceive my sorrows; that's your intent.
Amin. I would I could! I should not weep, but [smile.
Do ye like your meat and wine?
Alb. Like it?
Amin. Do you like your liberty?
Alb. All these I well may like.
Amin. Then pray like her that sent 'em. Do [you like wealth,
And most unequall'd beauty?
Alb. Peace! indeed
You'll make me angry.
Amin. 'Would I were dead that ask it!
Then you might freely like, and I forgive you.
Alb. What like? and who? Add not more misery
To a man that's fruitful in afflictions!
Who is t you would have me like? who sent these [comforts?
Amin. I must tell.
Alb. Be bold!
Amin. But be you temperate!
If you be bold, I die. The young fair virgin——
(Sorrow hath made me old.) Oh, hearken,
And wisely hark—the governess's daughter,
That star that strikes this island full of wonder,
That blooming sweetness——
Alb. What of her?
Amin. She sent it;
And with it—it must be out!—She dotes on you.
And must enjoy you; else no joy must find you.

Alb. And have you the patience to deliver this?
Amin. A sister may say much, and modestly.
Alb. A sister?
Amin. Yes, that name undid you,
Undid us both: Had you named wife, she had fear'd you,
And fear'd the sin she follow'd; she had shunn'd,
Her virgin modesty had not touch'd at you: [yea,
But thinking you were free hath kindled a fire,
I fear will hardly be extinguished.
Alb. Indeed I play'd the fool.
Amin. O my best sir, take heed,
Take heed of lies! Truth, though it trouble some minds,
Some wicked minds, that are both dark and dangerous,
Yet it preserves itself, comes off pure, innocent,
And, like the sun, though never so eclipsed,
Must break in glory. Oh, sir, lie no more!
Alb. You have read me a fair lecture,
And put a spell upon my tongue for feigning.
But how will you counsel now?
Amin. You must study to forget me.
Alb. How!
Amin. Be patient!
Be wise and patient, it concerns you highly.
Can you lay by our loves? But why should I doubt it?
You are a man, and men may shift affections;
'Tis held no sin. To come to the point;
You must lose me; many and mighty reasons—
Alb. Hear me, Aminta!
Have you a man that loves you too? that feeds you?
That sends you liberty? has this great governess
A noble son too, young, and apt to catch you?
Am I, because I am in bonds, and miserable,
My health decay'd, my youth and strength half-blasted,
My fortune like my waning self, for this despised?
Am I for this forsaken? A new love chosen,
And my affections, like my fortunes, wanderers?
Take heed of lying, you that chid me for it,
And shew'd how deep a sin it was, and dangerous,
Take heed yourself! You swore you loved me dearly,
No few nor little oaths you swore, Aminta;
Those seal'd with no small faith, I then assured
Oh, seek no new ways to cozen truth! [myself;
Amin. I do not: By love itself, I love thee,
And ever must, nor can all deaths dissolve it!
Alb. Why do you urge me thus then?
Amin. For your safety;
To preserve your life.
Alb. My life, I do confess, is hers; she gives it,
And let her take it back! I yield it.
My love's entirely thine, none shall touch at it;
None, my Aminta, none.
Amin. You have made me happy;
And now I know you are mine, Fortune, I scorn
Go to your rest, and I'll sit by you: Whilst [thee!
I have time I'll be your mate, and comfort you;
For only I am trusted. You shall want
Nothing, not a liberty that I can steal you.
Alb. May we not celebrate our loves, Aminta?
And where our wishes cannot meet——
Amin. You are wanton;
But with cold kisses I'll allay that fever,
(Look for no more) and that in private too!
Believe me, I shall blush else. But, let's consider;
We are both lost else.
Alb. Let's in, and prevent fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Hut of* Crocale.

Enter Crocale, Juletta, Tibalt, *and* Master.

Tib. You do well to air us, ladies, we shall be
What are your wise wills now? [musty else.
Croc. You are very crank still.
Tib. As crank as a holy friar fed with hail-stones
But do ye bring us out to bait, like bulls? [
Mast. Or are you weary of the charge ye are at?
Turn us abroad again; let us jog, ladies;
We are gross, and coarse, unfit for your sweet pleasures.
Tib. Knock off our shoes and turn's to grass.
Croc. You are determined
Still to be stubborn then? it well becomes you.
Tib. An humour, lady, that contents a prisoner
A sullen fit sometimes serves for a second course
Jul. Ye may as well be kind,
And gain our favours; gain meat and drink, and lodging
To rest your bones. [
Tib. My bones have borne me thus long,
And had their share of pains and recreations;
If they fail now, they are no fair companions.
Croc. Are you thus harsh to all our sex?
Mast. We cannot
Be merry without a fiddler: Pray strike up
Your tabors, ladies.
Croc. The fools despise us.
Jul. We know
You are very hungry now.
Tib. Yes; 'tis very wholesome, ladies;
For we that have gross bodies, must be careful.
Have ye no piercing air to stir our stomachs?
We are beholden to ye for our ordinary.
Jul. Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.
Mast. Very likely:
'Tis in our powers then to be hang'd, and scorn ye
Hanging's as sweet to us, as dreaming to you.
Croc. Come, be more courteous.
Jul. Do, and then ye shall
Be pleased, and have all necessaries.
Tib. Give me
Some ratsbane then.
Croc. And why ratsbane, monsieur?
Tib. We live like vermin here, and eat up your cheese,
Your mouldy cheese, that none but rats would bite at;
Therefore 'tis just that ratsbane should reward us.
We are unprofitable, and our ploughs are broken;
There is no hope of harvest this year, ladies.
Jul. Ye shall have all content.
Mast. Ay, and we'll serve your uses.
I had rather serve hogs, there's more delight in't;
Your greedy appetites are never satisfied;
Just like hungry camels, sleeping or waking
You chew the cud still.
Croc. By this hand we'll starve ye.
Mast. 'Tis a noble courtesy: I had as lief ye
Should famish me, as founder me; to be
Jaded to death, is only fit for a hackney.
Here be certain tarts of tar about me,
And parcels of potargo in my jerkin;
As long as these last——
Jul. Which will not last ever.
Tib. Then we'll eat one another like good fellows.
A shoulder of his for a haunch of mine!
Jul. 'Tis excellent.

Tib. 'Twill be, as we'll dress it, ladies.
Croc. Why sure ye are not men?
Mast. Ye had best come search us;
A seaman is seldom without a salt eel.
Tib. I am bad enough,
And in my nature a notorious wencher;
And yet ye make me blush at your immodesty.
Tell me, good Master, didst ever see such things?
Mast. I could like 'em, though they were lewdly given,
If they could say no; but, fy on 'em!
They gape like oysters.
Tib. Well, ye may hang, or starve us,
But your commanding impudence shall never
Fear us. Had ye by blushing signs, soft cunnings,
Crept into us, and shew'd us your necessities;
We had met your purposes, supplied your wants.
We are no saints, ladies:
I love a good wench as I love my life,
And with my life I will maintain my love;
But such a sordid impudence I'll spit at.
Let's to our dens again! Come, noble Master!
You know our minds, ladies: This is the faith
In which we'll die. [*Exeunt* TIBALT *and* Master.
Croc. I do admire 'em.
Jul. They
Are noble fellows, and they shall not want
For this.
Croc. But see, Clarinda comes. Farewell!
I'll to my charge. [*Exit.*

Enter CLARINDA.

Clar. Bring out those prisoners now, and let me
And hear their business. [see 'em,
Jul. I will, madam. [*Exit.*
Clar. I hope she hath prevail'd upon her brother.
She has a sweet tongue, and can describe the happiness
My love is ready to fling on him.
And sure he must be glad, and certain wonder,
And bless the hour that brought him to this island.
I long to hear the full joy that he labours with.

Enter JULETTA, MORILLAT, FRANVILLE, *and* LANURE, *and kneel to* CLARINDA.

Mor. Bless thy divine beauty!
Fran. Mirror of sweetness!
Lam. Ever-springing brightness!
Clar. Nay, stand up, gentlemen; and leave your flatteries.
Mor. She calls us gentlemen! Sure we shall have some meat now!
Clar. I am a mortal creature; worship Heaven,
And give these attributes to their divinities.
Methinks you look but thin.
Mor. Oh, we are starved,
Immortal beauty!
Lam. We are all poor starved knaves.
Fran. Neither liberty nor meat, lady.
Mor. We were handsome men, and gentlemen, and sweet men,
And were once gracious in the eyes of beauties;
But now we look like rogues, like poor starved rogues.
Clar. What would ye do, if ye were to die now?
Fran. Alas, we were prepared. If you will hang
Let's have a good meal or two to die with, [us,
To put us in heart!
Mor. Or if you'll drown us,
Let us be drunk first, that we may die merrily,
And bless the founders!
Clar. Ye shall not die so hastily.
What dare ye do to deserve my favour?
Lam. Put us to any service.
Fran. Any bondage,
Let us but live!
Mor. We'll get a world of children;
For we know ye are heinously provided that way:
And you shall beat us when we offend you,
Beat us abundantly, and take our meat from us.
Clar. These are weak abject things, that shew ye poor ones.
What's the great service ye so oft have threaten'd,
If ye might see me, and win my favour?
Jul. That business of discovery?
Mor. Oh, I'll tell ye, lady.
Lam. And so will I.
Fran. And I. Pray let me speak first!
Mor. Good, no confusion!
We are before a lady that knows manners
And, by the next meat I shall eat, 'tis certain,
This little gentlewoman that was taken with us——
Clar. Your captain's sister? she you mean?
Mor. Ay, ay;
She is the business that we would open to you.
You are cozen'd in her.
Clar. How! what is't you would open?
Fran. She is no sister.
Mor. Good sirs, how quick you are!
She is no sister, madam.
Fran. She is his——
Mor. Peace, I say!
Clar. What is she?
Mor. 'Faith, sweet lady,
She's, as a man would say, his——
Clar. What?
Lam. His mistress.
Mor. Or, as some new translators read, his—
Clar. Oh me!
Mor. And why he should delude you thus,
Unless he meant some villainy—These ten weeks
He has had her at sea, for his own proper appetite.
Lam. His cabin-mate, I'll assure you.
Clar. No sister, say ye?
Mor. No more than I am brother to your beauty.
I know not why he should juggle thus.
Clar. Do not lie to me!
Mor. If ye find me lie, lady, hang me empty!
Clar. How am I fool'd? Away with 'em, Juletta,
And feed 'em:—
But, hark ye, with such food as they have given me,
New misery!
Fran. Nor meat nor thanks for all this?
Clar. Make 'em more wretched.
Oh, I could burst! curse and kill now,
Kill anything I meet!—Juletta, follow me,
And call the rest along.
Jul. We follow, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before* CLARINDA'S *Cabin.*

Enter ALBERT *and* AMINTA.

Amin. I must be gone now, else she may suspect me.
How shall I answer her?
Alb. Tell her directly.
Amin. That were too sudden, too improvident:
Fires of this nature must be put out cunningly;
They will waste all come near 'em else. Farewell
Once more!

Farewell, and keep my love entire!
ss me once again! Methinks we should not part.
. Oh, be wise, sir!
Nay, one kiss more!
. Indeed you are wanton;
y be taken too.

CLARINDA, JULETTA, CROCALE, *and* HIPPOLITA.

Out, thou base woman!
ven, I'll shoot 'em both!
. Nay, stay, brave lady, hold!
en death cuts off a nobler vengeance.
. Am I made bawd to your lascivious meetings?
grown so wise in sin? Shut up that villain;
rrah, now expect my utmost anger.
there starve!
I mock at your mischiefs! [*Exit.*
. Tie that false witch unto that tree; there let
vage beasts gnaw off her sweetness, and snakes
e her beauties; tie her, and watch that none her. [*She is tied to a tree.*
We could wish you better fortune, lady;
e not help you.
. Be your own friends; I thank ye!
[*Exeunt all but* AMINTA.
nly my last audit, and my greatest!
Oh, Heaven, be kind unto me;
And, if it be thy will, preserve——

Enter RAYMOND.

Raym. Who's this?
Sure 'tis a woman. I have trod this place,
And found much footing; now I know 'tis peopled.
Ha! let me see! it is her face! Oh, Heaven!
Turn this way, maid!
Amin. Oh, Raymond, oh, brother!
Raym. Her tongue too! 'tis my sister. What
Nay, kiss me first; oh, joy! [rude hand—
Amin. Fly, fly, dear brother!
You are lost else.

Enter JULETTA, CROCALE, *and* CLARINDA.

Jul. A man, a man, a new man!
Raym. What are these?
Croc. An enemy, an enemy!
Clar. Dispatch him;
Take him off; shoot him straight!
Raym. I dare not use my sword, ladies,
Against such comely foes.
Amin. Oh, brother, brother!
Clar. Away with 'em, and in dark prisons bind 'em!—
One word replied, ye die both.—Now, brave mother,
Follow thy noble anger, and I'll help thee!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

E I.—*Another part of the same Island.*

ROSELLIA, CLARINDA, CROCALE, JULETTA, *and* HIPPOLITA.

I am deaf to all your entreaties; she that moves me
r or compassion to these pirates,
her father's, or her brother's tomb,
urns about their ashes.—Couldst thou remember
father thou hadst once, 'twould steel thy foolish pity: By his memory, [heart
e remembrance of his dear embraces,
ught, that in a noble cause revenge is noble:
ey shall fall the sacrifices, to appease
nd'ring ghost and my incensed fury.
. The new-come prisoner too?
He too:—Yet, that we may learn
r they are the same, or near allied
e that forced me to this cruel course,
heir poor allowance, and permit 'em
t together, and confer,
the distance of your ear. Perhaps
ay discover something that may kill
in me, and be a means to save 'em
ertain ruin.
That shall be my charge.
Yet, to prevent
e of rescue, (for this new-come captain
oth a ship and men not far off from us,
ignorant to find the only port
n yield entrance to our happy island)
he place strongly; and, ere the next sun
s diurnal progress, I will be
n my revenge, or set 'em free. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The inside of* CROCALE'S *Cabin.*

Enter CROCALE, JULETTA, *and* HIPPOLITA. *A Table furnished.*

Croc. So, serve it plentifully, and lose not time
To inquire the cause; there is a main design
That hangs upon this bounty. See the table
Furnish'd with wine too; that discovers secrets
Which tortures cannot open: Open the doors too
O' th' several prisons, and give all free entrance
Into this room! Undiscover'd I can here mark all.
[*Exeunt* JULETTA *and* HIPPOLITA; CROCALE *conceals herself on one side of the Stage.*

Enter TIBALT *and* Master.

Here's captain Careless, and the tough Ship-Master;
The slaves are nosed like vultures: How wild they [look!
Tib. Ha!
The mystery of this some good hobgoblin
Rise and reveal!
Mast. I am amazed at it;
Nor can I sound the intent.
Tib. Is not this bread?
Substantial bread, not painted?
Mast. But take heed!
You may be poison'd.
Tib. I am sure I am famish'd;
And famine, as the wise man says, gripes the guts
As much as any mineral. This may be treacle
Sent to preserve me after a long fast;
Or be it viper's spittle, I'll run the hazard.
Mast. We are past all fear; I'll take part with [you.
Tib. Do:
And now, i'faith, how do you feel yourself? [*They eat*
I find great ease in't. What's here? wine, sa't l,

Thy will! strong lusty wine! [*Drinks.*] Well, fools
Of mithridate, cordials, and elixirs; [may talk
But from my youth this was my only physic.
Here's a colour!
What lady's cheek, though cerused o'er, comes near it?
It sparkles too, hangs out diamonds: oh, my sweetheart,
How I will hug thee! again, and again!
They are poor drunkards, and not worth thy favours,
That number thy moist kisses in these crystals.
Mast. But, monsieur,
Here are suckets, and sweet dishes.
Tib. Tush! boy's meat!
I am past it; Here is strong food, fit for men,
Nectar, old lad!—Mistress of merry hearts,
Once more I am bold with you.
Mast. Take heed, man!
Too much will breed distemper.
Tib. Hast thou lived at sea
The most part of thy life, where to be sober,
While we have wine aboard, is capital treason,
And dost thou preach sobriety?
Mast. Pr'ythee, forbear;
We may offend in it; we know not for whom
It was provided.
Tib. I am sure for me;
Therefore *footra!* when I am full, let 'em hang
I care not! [me;
Mast. This has been his temper ever.——
See, provoking dishes; candied eringoes, and pota-
Tib. I'll not touch 'em; I will drink; [toes!
But not a bit on a march; I'll be an eunuch rather.

Enter ALBERT, AMINTA, *and* RAYMOND, *on one side;* LAMURE, MORILLAT, *and* FRANVILLE, *on the other.*

Mast. Who are these?
Tib. Marry, who you will;
I keep my text here.
Alb. Raymond?
Raym. Albert?
Tib. Away! I'll be drunk alone;
Keep off, rogues, or I'll belch ye into air;
Not a drop here!
Amin. Dear brother, put not in your eyes such anger!
Those looks, poison'd with fury, shot at him,
Reflect on me. Oh, brother, look milder, or
The crystal of his temperance will turn
Them on yourself.
Alb. Sir, I have sought you long
To find your pardon; you have plough'd the ocean,
To wreak your vengeance on me, for the rape
Of this fair virgin. Now our fortune guides us
To meet on such hard terms, that we need rather
A mutual pity of our present state,
Than to expostulate of breaches past,
Which cannot be made up. And though it be
Far from your power to force me to confess
That I have done you wrong, or such submission
Failing to make my peace, to vent your anger,
You being yourself slaved, as I to others;
Yet for your sister's sake, her blessed sake,
In part of recompence of what she has suffer'd
For my rash folly, the contagion
Of my black actions catching hold upon
Her purer innocence, I crave your mercy;
And wish, however several motives kept us
From being friends while we had hope to live,
Let death, which we expect, and cannot fly from,
End all contention!
Tib. Drink upon it;
'Tis a good motion! ratify it in wine,
And 'tis authentical!
Raym. When I consider
The ground of our long difference, and look on
Our not-to-be-avoided miseries,
It doth beget in me, I know not how,
A soft religious tenderness; which tells me,
Though we have many faults to answer for
Upon our own account, our father's crimes
Are in us punish'd. Oh, Albert, the course
They took to leave us rich was not honest;
Nor can that friendship last, which Virtue joins not.
When first they forced the industrious Portugals
From their plantations in the Happy Islands——
Croc. This is that I watch for. [*Apart.*
Raym. And did omit no tyranny which men,
Inured to spoil and mischief, could inflict
On the grieved sufferers; when by lawless rapine
They reap'd the harvest which their labours sow'd;
And not content to force 'em from their dwelling,
But laid for 'em at sea, to ravish from 'em
The last remainder of their wealth; then, then,
After a long pursuit, each doubting other,
As guilty of the Portugals' escape,
They did begin to quarrel, like ill men:
(Forgive me, piety, that I call 'em so!)
No longer love or correspondence holds,
Than it is cemented with prey or profit:
Then did they turn those swords they oft had bloodied
With innocent gore, upon their wretched selves,
And paid the forfeit of their cruelty
Shewn to Sebastian and his colony,
By being fatal enemies to each other.
Thence grew Aminta's rape, and my desire
To be revenged. And now observe the issue!
As they for spoil forgot compassion
To women, (who should ever be exempted
From the extremities of a lawful war)
We now, young able men, are fallen into
The hands of women; that, against the soft
Tenderness familiar to their sex,
Will shew no mercy.

Enter CROCALE.

Croc. None, unless you shew us
Our long-lost husbands.
We are those Portugals you talk'd of.
Raym. Stay!
I met upon the sea in a tall ship
Two Portugals, famish'd almost to death.
Tib. Our ship, by this wine,
And those the rogues that stole her,
Left us to famish in the Barren Islands!
Raym. Some such tale they told me;
And something of a woman, which I find
To be my sister.
Croc. Where are these men?
Raym. I left 'em,
Supposing they had deluded me
With forged tales, in the island, where they said
They had lived many years, the wretched owners
Of a huge mass of treasure.
Alb. The same men,
And that the fatal muck we quarrell'd for.
Croc. They were Portugals, you say?

ym. So they profess'd.
oc. They may prove such men as may save your lives:
so much I am taken with fair hope,
I will hazard life to be resolved on't.
came you hither?
ym. My ship lies by the river's mouth,
can convey ye to these wretched men
h you desire to see.
oc. Back to your prisons,
pray for the success! If they be those
h I desire to find, you are safe; if not,
re to die to-morrow! for the world
ot redeem ye.
b. However, we are arm'd
ither fortune.
[*Exeunt all but* TIBALT *and* CROCALE.
b. What must become of me now,
I am not dismiss'd?
oc. Oh, sir, I purpose
ave your company.
b. Take heed, wicked woman!
apt to mischief now.
oc. You cannot
unkind, to her that gives you liberty.
b. No,
ll be too kind, that's the devil on't!
e had store of good wine; and when I am
is a lady to me, and I shall lay [drunk,
t me, like a lord. I feel strange motions!
l me, temptation!
oc. Come, sir, I'll help you in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Desart Island.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* NICUSA.

ic. What may that be
moves upon the lake?
b. Still it draws nearer;
now I plainly can discern it:
the French ship.
ic. In it a woman,
seems to invite us to her.
b. Still she calls
signs of love to hasten to her:
vely hope doth still appear,
l nor age, nor weakness.
ic. Though it bring death,
s 'tis comfort, and deserves a meeting:
lse Fortune tired with what we have suffered,
in it overcome, as it may be,
sets a period to our misery. [*Exeunt.*

NE IV.—*The Island of the Amazons. An Altar prepared. Horrid Music.*

nter severally, RAYMOND, ALBERT, *and* AMINTA.

ym. What dreadful sounds are these?
min. Infernal music,
r a bloody feast.
b. It seems prepared
ill our courages, ere they divorce
souls and bodies.
ym. But they that fearless fall,
ive them of their triumph.

tar prepared. Enter ROSELLIA, CLARINDA, JULETTA, HIPPOLITA, *&c.*

min. See the furies,
eir full trim of cruelty!
Ros. 'Tis the last
Duty that I can pay to my dead lord.
Set out the altar! I myself will be
The priest, and boldly do those horrid rites
You shake to think on. Lead these captains nearer;
For they shall have the honour to fall first
To my Sebastian's ashes. And now, wretches,
As I am taught already, that you are,
And lately by your free confession,
French pirates, and the sons of those I hate
Even equal with the devil; hear, with horror,
What 'tis invites me to this cruel course,
And what you are to suffer! No Amazons we,
But women of Portugal, that must have from you
Sebastian and Nicusa: We are they
That groan'd beneath your fathers' wrongs! We
Those wretched women [are
Their injuries pursued and overtook,
And from the sad remembrance of our losses
We are taught to be cruel. When we were forced
From that sweet air we breathed in, by their rapine,
And sought a place of being, as the seas
And winds conspired with their ill purposes,
To load us with afflictions, in a storm
That fell upon us, the two ships that brought us,
To seek new fortunes in an unknown world,
Were severed; the one bore all the able men,
Our treasure and our jewels; in the other
We women were embark'd, and fell upon,
After long tossing in the troubled main,
This pleasant island; but in few months,
The men that did conduct us hither died:
We long before had given our husbands lost.
Rememb'ring what we had suffer'd by the French,
We took a solemn oath ne'er to admit
The curs'd society of men. Necessity
Taught us those arts, not usual to our sex;
And the fertile earth yielding abundance to us,
We did resolve, thus shaped like Amazons
To end our lives: But when you arrived here,
And brought as presents to us our own jewels,
Those which were borne in the other ship—
How can ye hope to 'scape our vengeance?
Amin. It boots not then to swear our innocence?
Alb. Or that we never forced it from the owners?
Raym. Or that there are a remnant of that wreck,
And not far off?
Ros. All you affirm, I know,
Is but to win time; therefore prepare your throats;
The world shall not redeem ye! And, that your cries
May find no entrance to our ears, to move
Pity in any, bid loud music sound
Their fatal knells! If ye have prayers, use 'em
Quickly, to any power will own ye.—

Enter CROCALE, SEBASTIAN, NICUSA, *and* TIBALT

But ha! who are these? what spectacles of misfortune?
Why are their looks so full of joy and wonder?
Croc. Oh, lay by
These instruments of death, and welcome to
Your arms what you durst never hope to embrace!
This is Sebastian: this Nicusa, madam;
Preserved by miracle.—Look up, dear sir,
And know your own Rosellia! be not lost
In wonder and amazement; or if nature
Can, by instinct, instruct you what it is
To be bless'd with the name of father, freely
Enjoy it in this fair virgin!

Seb. Though my miseries,
And many years of wants I have endured,
May well deprive me of the memory
Of all joys past; yet, looking on this building,
This ruin'd building of a heavenly form
In my Rosellia, I must remember
I am Sebastian.
Ros. Oh, my joys!
Seb. And here,
I see a perfect model of thyself,
As thou wert when thy choice first made thee mine!
These cheeks and fronts, though wrinkled now with time,
Which art cannot restore, had equal pureness
Of natural white and red, and as much ravishing:
Which, by fair order and succession,
I see descend on her; and may thy virtues
Wind into her form, and make her a perfect dower,
No part of thy sweet goodness wanting to her!
I will not now, Rosellia, ask thy fortunes,
Nor trouble thee with hearing mine;
Those shall hereafter serve to make glad hours
In their relation. All past wrongs forgot,—
I'm glad to see you, gentlemen; but most,
That it is in my power to save your lives;
You saved ours, when we were near starved at
And I despair not—for, if she be mine,
Rosellia can deny Sebastian nothing.
Ros. She does give up
Herself, her power and joys, and all, to you,
To be discharged of 'em as too burdensome;
Welcome in any shape!
Seb. Sir, in your looks I read [To Ravm
Your suit of my Clarinda; she is yours.
And, lady, if it be in me to confirm
Your hopes in this brave gentleman, presume
I am your servant.
Alb. We thank you, sir.
Amin. Oh, happy hour!
Alb. Oh, my dear Aminta,
Now all our fears are ended.
Tib. Here I fix; she is mettle,
Steel to the back, and will cut my leaden dagg
If not used with discretion.
Croc. You are still no changeling.
Seb. Nay, all look cheerfully; for none shal
Denied their lawful wishes. When a while
We have here refresh'd ourselves, we will retur
To our several homes: And well that Voyage e
That makes of deadly enemies, faithful friends
[*Exeun*

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT, *an old Knight, a great admirer of Wit.*
WITTYPATE OLDCRAFT, *his Father's own Son.*
SIR GREGORY FOP, *a witless Lord of Land.*
CUNNINGHAM, *a discreet Gentleman,* SIR GREGORY'S *Comrade and supplanter.*
SIR RUINOUS GENTRY, *a decay'd Knight,* } *Two sharking Companions.*
PRISCIAN, *a poor Scholar,* }
POMPEY DOODLE, *a Clown,* SIR GREGORY'S *Man, a piece of puff-paste, like his Master.*
MASTER CREDULOUS, *Nephew to* SIR PERFIDIOUS, *a shallow-brained Scholar.*

Niece *to* SIR PERFIDIOUS, *a rich and witty Heir.*
LADY RUINOUS, *Wife to* SIR RUINOUS.
Guardianess *to* SIR PERFIDIOUS *his* Niece, *an old doting Crone.*
MIRABELL, *the* Guardianess's *Niece.*

SCENE,— LONDON.

ACT I.

CENE I.—*A Room in* OLDCRAFT'S *House.*

Enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT *and* WITTYPATE.

Witty. Sir, I'm no boy; I'm deep in one and
: second year's approaching. [twenty;
Oldc. A fine time for
outh to live by his wits then, I should think,
'er he mean to make account of any.
Witty. Wits, sir?
Oldc. Ay, wits, sir; if it be so strange to thee,
, sorry I spent that time to get a fool,
ight have employ'd my pains a great deal better:
ou know'st all that I have I ha' got by my wits.
d yet to see how urgent thou art too!
grieves me thou art so degenerate
trouble me for means; I never offer'd it
parents from a school-boy; past nineteen once,
e what these times are grown to,) before twenty
ush'd into the world, which is indeed much like
e art of swimming, he that will attain to't
ust fall plump, and duck himself at first,
d that will make him hardy and adventurous;
d not stand putting in one foot, and shiver,
d then draw t'other after, like a quake-buttock;
ell he may make a padler i' the world,
om hand to mouth, but never a brave swimmer,
rne up by th' chin, as I bore up myself,
th my strong industry that never fail'd me;
r he, that lies borne up with patrimonies,
oks like a long great ass that swims with bladders:
me but one prick of adverse fortune to him,
: sinks, because he never tried to swim,
hen Wit plays with the billows that choak'd him.
Witty. Why, is it not a fashion for a father, sir,
it of his yearly thousands to allow
s only son a competent brace of hundreds,
uch a toy?

Oldc. Yes; if he mean to spoil him,
Or mar his wits, he may, but never I.
This is my humour, sir, which you'll find constant;
I love wit so well, because I lived by't, that I'll
Give no man power out of my means to hurt it,
And that's a kind of gratitude to my raiser,
Which great ones oft forget. I admire much
This age's dullness! When I scarce writ man,
The first degree that e'er I took in thriving,
I lay intelligencer close for wenching,
Could give this lord, or knight, a true certificate
Of all the maidenheads extant; how many lay
'Mongst chambermaids, how many 'mongst Exchange wenches,
(Though never many there, I must confess,
They have a trick to utter ware so fast;)
I knew which lady had a mind to fall,
Which gentlewoman new divorced, which tradesman breaking,
The price of every sinner to a hair,
And where to raise each price; which were the termers
That would give velvet petticoats, tissue gowns,
Which pieces, angels, suppers, and half-crowns:
I knew how to match, and make my market;
Could give intelligence where the pox lay leger,
And then to see the lechers shift a point
'Twas sport and profit too; how they would shun
Their adored mistress' chambers, and run fearfully,
Like rats from burning houses! so brought I
My clients o' the game still safe together,
And noble gamesters loved me, and I felt it.
Give me a man that lives by his wits, say I,
And's never left a groat! there's the true gallant.
When I grew somewhat pursy, I grew then
In men's opinions too, and confidences;
They put things call'd executorships upon me,
The charge of orphans, little senseless creatures

Whom in their childhoods I bound forth to felt-makers,
To make 'em lose, and work away their gentry,
Disguise their tender natures with hard custom,
So wrought 'em out in time; there I rose ungently.
Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee;
I'm arm'd at all points against treachery,
I hold my humour firm; if I can see thee thrive by
Thy wits while I live, I shall have the more courage
To trust thee with my lands when I die; if not,
The next best wit I can hear of, carries 'em:
For since in my time and knowledge so many rich children
Of the city conclude in beggary, I'd rather
Make a wise stranger my executor
Than a foolish son my heir, and have my lands call'd after
My wit than after my name; and that's my nature.

Witty. 'Tis a strange harsh one! Must I still shift then?—
I come, brave cheats! once to my trade again!
And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for't.—
You'll part with nothing then, sir?

Oldc. Not a jot, sir.

Witty. If I should ask your blessing ere I go,
I think you would not give't me. [sir,

Oldc. Let me but hear thou livest by thy wits once,
Thou shalt have anything; thou'rt none of mine
Then why should I take care for thee? [else!

Witty. Thank your bounty! [*Exit.*

Oldc. So wealth love me, and long life, I beseech
As I do love the man that lives by his wits, [it,
He comes so near my nature! I'm grown old now,
And even arrived at my last cheat, I fear me;
But 'twill make shift to bury me, by day-light too,
And discharge all my legacies, 'tis so wealthy,
And never trouble any interest money.
I've yet a niece to wed, over whose steps
I have placed a trusty watchful Guardianess,
For fear some poor earl steal her ('t has been threaten'd)
To redeem mortgaged land, but he shall miss on't;
To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her,
Fop of Fop-Hall he writes himself, (I take it,
The ancient'st Fop in England,) with whom I'm privately
Compounded for the third part of her portion,
And she seems pleased; so two parts rest with me.

Enter SIR GREGORY FOP *and* CUNNINGHAM.

He's come.—Sir Gregory, welcome! What's he, sir?

Greg. Young Cunningham, a Norfolk gentleman,
One that has lived upon the Fops, my kindred,
Ever since my remembrance. He's a wit indeed,
And we all strive to have him; nay, 'tis certain
Some of our name has gone to law for him.
Now 'tis my turn to keep him; and indeed
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your wits are:
But I will give him over when I list;
I ha' used wits so before.

Oldc. I hope when you're married, sir,
You'll shake him off.

Greg. Why, what do you take me to be,
Old father-i'-law that shall be? Do you think
I'll have any of the wits hang upon me after I'm married once?
None of my kindred ever had before me.
But where's this niece? Is it a fashion in London
To marry a woman and never see her?

Oldc. Excuse the niceness, sir! that care's your friend;
Perhaps, had she been seen, you had never seen her:
There's many a spent thing, call'd *An't like your honour*,
That lies in wait for her: At first snap she's a countess,
Drawn with six mares through Fleet-street, and a coachman,
Sitting bareheaded to their Flanders buttocks.—
This whets him on. [*Aside.*

Greg. Pray let's clap up the business, sir!
I long to see her. Are you sure you have her?
Is she not there already? Hark, oh, hark!

Oldc. How now? what's that, sir?

Greg. Every caroch goes by,
Goes even to th' heart of me.

Oldc. I'll have that doubt eased, sir,
Instantly eased, Sir Gregory: And, now I think on't,
A toy comes i' my mind, seeing your friend there;
We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't,
And put a trick upon her; I love wit preciously!
You shall not be seen yet; we'll stale your friend first,
If't please but him to stand for th' anti-masque.

Greg. Puh, he shall stand for anything (why his supper
Lies i' my breeches here;) I'll make him fast else.

Oldc. Then come you forth more unexpectedly,
The masque itself, a thousand a-year jointure:
The cloud, your friend, will be then drawn away,
And only you the beauty of the play.

Greg. For red and black, I'll put down all your fullers;
Let but your niece bring white, and we have three colours. [*Exit* GREGORY.

Oldc. I'm given to understand you are a wit, sir.

Cunn. I'm one that fortune shews small favour to, sir.

Oldc. Why, there you conclude it, whether you will or no, sir.
To tell you truth, I'm taken with a wit.

Cunn. Fowlers catch woodcocks so; let not them know so much!

Oldc. A pestilence mazard! a duke Humphrey spark, [*Aside.*
He had rather lose his dinner than his jest!
I say, I love a wit the best of all things.

Cunn. Always except yourself.

Oldc. He has given't me twice now
All with a breath, I thank him! But that I love a [wit,
I should be heartily angry.

Enter Niece *and* Guardianess.

Cuds, my Niece!
You know the business with her?

Cunn. With a woman?
'Tis even the very same it was, I'm sure,
Five thousand years ago, no fool can miss it.

Oldc. This is the gentleman I promised, Niece,
To present to your affection.

Cunn. 'Ware that arrow!

Oldc. Deliver me the truth now of your liking.

Cunn. I'm spoil'd already; that such poor lean game
Should be found out as I am!

Oldc. Go, set to her, sir.—Ha, ha, ha!

Cunn. How noble is this virtue in you, lady!

Your eye may seem to commit a thousand slaugh-
Or your dull servants, which, truly tasted, [ters
Conclude all in comforts.
Oldc. Puh!
Niece. It rather shews what a true worth can
Such as yours is. [make,
Oldc. And that's not worth a groat.—
How like you him, Niece?
Niece. It shall appear how well, sir:
I humbly thank you for him.
Oldc. Ha, ha! good gullery! he does it well, i'faith.
'Light, as if he meant to purchase Lip-land there:
Hold, hold! bear off, I say!
'Slid, your part hangs too long.
Cunn. My joys are mockeries.
Niece. You have both express'd a worthy care and love, sir:
Had mine own eye been set at liberty
To make a public choice, (believe my truth, sir,)
It could not ha' done better for my heart
Than your good providence has.
Oldc. You will say so then!
Alas, sweet Niece, all this is but the scabbard;
Now I draw forth the weapon.
Niece. How!
Oldc. Sir Gregory!
Approach, thou lad of thousands!

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Greg. Who calls me?
Niece. What motion's this? the model of Niniveh?
Oldc. Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee!
Greg. I was advised to bestow dainty cost on you.
Niece. You were ill-advised; back, and take better counsel!
You may have good for an angel: The least cost
You can bestow upon a woman, sir,
Trebles ten counsellors' fees; in lady-ware,
You're over head and ears, ere you be aware.
'Faith, keep a bachelor still, and go to bowls, sir,
Follow your mistress there, and prick and save, sir!
For other mistresses will make you a slave, sir.
Greg. So, so! I have my lerrepoop already?
Oldc. Why, how now, Niece! this is the man, I tell you!
Niece. He? hang him! Sir, I know you do but
This is the man you would say. [mock;
Oldc. The devil rides, I think!
Cunn. I must use cunning here. [*Aside.*
Oldc. Make me not mad! use him with all
This is the man, I swear. [respect!
Niece. 'Would you could persuade me to that!
Alas, you cannot go beyond me, uncle:
You carry a jest well, I must confess,
For a man of your years; but——
Oldc. I'm wrought beside myself!
Cunn. [*To the* Guardianess.] I ne'er beheld comeliness till this minute.
Guard. Oh, good sweet sir, pray offer not these
To an old gentlewoman! [words
Niece. Sir!
Cunn. Away, fifteen!
Here's fifty-one exceeds thee.
Niece. What's the business?
Cunn. Give me these motherly creatures! Come, ne'er smother it;
I know you are a teeming woman yet.
Guard. 'Troth, a young gentleman might do much, I think, sir.
Cunn. Go to then.
Guard. And I should play my part, or I were
Niece. Can you so soon neglect me? [ingrateful.
Cunn. Hence! I'm busy.
[*Whispers with the* Guardianess.
Oldc. This cross point came in luckily.—Impudent baggage,
Hang from the gentleman! art thou not ashamed
To be a widow's hindrance?
Cunn. Are you angry, sir? [desire
Oldc. You're welcome! pray court on: I shall
Your honest wise acquaintance.—Vex me not,
After my care and pains to find a match for thee,
Lest I confine thy life to some out-chamber,
Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy youth,
Like a consuming light in her own socket,
And not allow'd a male-creature about thee!
A very monkey, thy necessity
Shall prize at a thousand pound; a chimney-
At fifteen hundred. [sweeper
Niece. But are you serious, uncle?
Oldc. Serious.
Niece. Pray let me look upon the gentleman
With more heed? then I did but hum him over,
In haste, 'good faith, as lawyers chancery sheets.—
Beshrew my blood, a tolerable man,
Now I distinctly read him!
Greg. Hum, hum, hum!
Niece. Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch;
Well-ankled, two good confident calves, they look
As if they would not shrink at the ninth child;
The redness in the face—why, that's in fashion,
Most of your high bloods have it; [a] sign of greatness, marry;
'Tis to be taken down too with May-butter:
I'll send to my lady Spend-tail for her medicine.
Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum! [*Hums.*
Niece. He's qualified too, believe me.
Greg. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum!
Niece. Where was my judgment?
Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum!
Niece. Perfection's cover'd mess.
Greg. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum!
Niece. [*Aside.*] It smokes apparently.—Pardon,
The error of my sex! [sweet sir,
Oldc. Why, well said, Niece!
Upon submission, you must pardon her now, sir.
Greg. I'll do't by course: Do you think I am an ass, knight?
Here's first my hand; now it goes to the seal-office.
[*Kisses her.*
Oldc. Formally finish'd!—How goes this suit forward?
Cunn. I'm taking measure of the widow's mind,
I hope to fit her heart. [sir;
Guard. Who would have dreamt
Of a young morsel now? Things come in minutes!
Greg. Trust him not, widow; he's a younger brother,
He'll swear and lie; believe me, he's worth nothing.
Guard. He brings more content to a woman with that nothing,
Than he that brings his thousands without anything;
We have precedents for that amongst great ladies.
Oldc. Come, come! no language now shall be in fashion
But your love-phrase, the bell to procreation.
Exeunt

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter Sir RUINOUS GENTRY, WITTYPATE, *and* PRISCIAN, *disguised.*

Witty. Pox, there's nothing puts me besides my wits, but this fourth, this lay illiterate share; there's no conscience in't.

Ruin. Sir, it has ever been so where I have practised, and must be still where I am. Nor has it been undeserved at the year's end, and shuffle the almanack together, vacations and term-times, one with another; though I say't, my wife is a woman of a good spirit; then it is no lay-share.

Pris. 'Faith, for this five year, *ego possum probare,* I have had a hungry penurious share with 'em, and she has had as much as I always.

Witty. Present, or not present?

Pris. *Residens aut non residens, per fidem!*

Witty. And what precedent's this for me! because your *hic et hæc, turpis* and *qui mihi discipulus* brains (that never got anything but by accidence and uncertainty) did allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded conclusions of wit, hereditary rules from my father, to get by?

Ruin. Sir, be compendious; either take or refuse: I will bate no token of my wife's share; make even the last reckonings, and either so unite, or here divide company.

Pris. A good resolution *profecto!* let every man beg his own way, and happy man be his dole!

Witty. Well, here's your double share and single brains, *Pol, œdipol,* here's toward; a *castor ecastor* for you! I will endure it a fortnight longer, but by these just five ends——

Pris. Take heed! five's odd; put both hands together, or severally they are all odd unjust ends.

Witty. *Medius fidius,* hold your tongue! I depose you from half a share presently else: I will make you a participle, and decline you; now you understand me! Be you a quiet conjunction amongst the undeclined; you and your Latin ends shall go shift, *solus cum solo,* together else; and then if ever they get ends of gold and silver, enough to serve that gerundine maw of yours, that without *do* will end in *di* and *dum* instantly—

Enter OLDCRAFT *and* Sir GREGORY.

Ruin. Enough, enough! Here comes company! we lose five shares in wrangling about one.

Witty. My father? Put on, Priscian! he has Latin fragments too; but I fear him not! I'll case my face with a little more hair, and relieve.

[*Pulls his hair over his face, and stands apart.*

Oldc. Tush, nephew! I'll call you so, for if there
No other obstacles than those you speak of, [be
They are but powder charges without pellets;
You may safely front 'em, and warrant your own danger.

Greg. No other that I can perceive, i'faith, sir: for I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could: and the strongest repulse was, she said, she would have a little soldier in me, that, if need were, I should defend her reputation.

Oldc. And surely, sir, that is a principle
Amongst your principal ladies: They require
Valour either in a friend or a husband.

Greg. And I allow their requests i'faith, as well as any woman's heart can desire: If I knew where to get valour, I would as willingly entertain it as any man that blows.

Oldc. Breathes, breathes, sir; that's the sweeter phrase.

Greg. Blows for a soldier, i'faith, sir! and I'm in practice that way.

Oldc. For a soldier I grant it.

Greg. 'Slid! I'll swallow some bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have a little soldier in me.

Ruin. Will you on and beg, or steal and be hanged? [*Aside to his Comrades.*

Greg. And some scholar she would have me besides.

Oldc. Tush, that shall be no bar; it is a quality in a gentleman, but of the least question.

Pris. *Salvete, domini benignissimi, munificentissimi!*

Oldc. *Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te salvere!* Nay, sir, we have Latin, and other metal in us too, sir.—You shall see me talk with this fellow now.

Greg. I could find in my heart to talk with him too, if I could understand him.

Pris. *Charissimi, doctissimique, domini, ex abundantiâ charitatis vestræ estote propitii in me juvenem miserum, pauperem, et omni consolatione exulem!*

Oldc. A pretty scholar, by my faith, sir! but I'll to him again.

Greg. Does he beg or steal in this language, can you tell, sir? He may take away my good name from me, and I ne'er the wiser.

Oldc. He begs, he begs, sir.

Pris. *Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flumen! in ore fames sitisque; ignis in vultu, pudor et impudentia; in omni parte necessitas et indigentia.*

Oldc. *Audi tu bonus socius; tu es scholasticus, sic intelligo, ego faciam argumentum.*—Mark now, sir, now I fetch him up!

Greg. I have been fetched up a hundred times for this; yet I could never learn half so much.

Oldc. *Audi, et responde; hoc est argumentum: nomen est nomen—ergo, quod est tibi nomen? Responde nunc, responde argumentum meum.*—Have I not put him to't, sir?

Greg. Yes, sir, I think so.

Witty. Step in! the rascal is put out of his penned speech, and he can go no further.

[*Apart to* Sir RUINOUS.

Oldc. *Cur non respondes?*

Pris. *O domine, tanta mea est miseria*——

Witty. So he's almost in again.

Pris. *Ut nocte mecum pernoctat egestas, luce quotidie paupertas habitet.*

Oldc. *Sed quod est tibi nomen? et quis dedit? responde argumentum.*

Pris. Hem, hem!

Witty. He's dry; he hems: On quickly!

Ruin. Courteous gentlemen, if the brow of a military face may not be offensive to your generous eye-balls, let his wounds speak better than his words, for some branch or small sprig of charity to be planted upon this poor barren soil of a soldier.

Oldc. How now! what, arms and arts both go a-begging?

Ruin. Such is the post-progress of cold charity now-a-days, who (for heat to her frigid limbs) passes in so swift a motion, that two at the least had need be to stay her.

Greg. Sir, let's reward 'em, I pray you; and be gone! If any quarrel should arise amongst us,

I am able to answer neither of them; his iron and steel tongue is as hard as t'other's Latin one.

Oldc. Stay, stay, sir! I will talk a little with him first: let me alone with both! I will try whether they live by their wits or no; for such a man I love.—And, what, you both beg together then?

Pris. *Conjunctis manibus, profecto, domine.*

Ruin. With equal fortunes, equal distribution; there's not the breadth of a sword's point uneven in our division.

Greg. What two qualities are here cast away upon two poor fellows! If a man had 'em that could maintain 'em, what a double man were that! if these two fellows might be bought and sodden, and boiled to a jelly, and eaten fasting every morning, I do not think but a man should find strange things in his stomach.

Oldc. Come, sir, join your charity with mine, and we'll make up a couple of pence betwixt us.

Greg. If a man could have a pennyworth for his penny, I would bestow more money with 'em.

Witty. [*Comes forward.*] Save you, gentlemen! How now?—What, are you encountered here? What fellows are these?

Oldc. 'Faith, sir, here's Mars and Mercury; a pair of poor planets, it seems, that Jupiter has turned out to live by their wits, and we are e'en about a little spark of charity to kindle 'em a new fire.

Witty. Stay, pray you stay, sir! You may abuse your charity, nay, make that goodness in you no better than a vice: so many deceivers walk in these shadows now-a-days, that certainly your bounties were better spilt, than reserved to so lewd and vicious uses.—Which is he that professes the soldier?

Ruin. He that professes his own profession, sir, and the dangerous life he hath led in it this pair of half-score years.

Witty. In what services have you been, sir?

Ruin. The first that fleshed me a soldier, sir, was that great battle at Alcazar, in Barbary, where the noble English Stukeley fell, and where that royal Portugal Sebastian ended his untimely days.

Witty. Are you sure Sebastian died there?

Ruin. 'Faith, sir, there was some other rumour hoped amongst us, that he, wounded, escaped, and touched on his native shore again; where, finding his country at home more distressed by the invasion of the Spaniard, than his loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting a miserable and unfortunate life, which where he ended is yet uncertain.

Witty. By my faith, sir, he speaks the nearest fame of truth in this.

Ruin. Since, sir, I served in France, the Low Countries, lastly, at that memorable skirmish at Newport, where the forward and bold Scot there spent his life so freely, that from every single heart that there fell, came home, from his resolution, a double honour to his country.

Witty. This should be no counterfeit, sir.

Oldc. I do not think he is, sir.

Witty. But, sir, methinks you do not shew the marks of a soldier: Could you so freely 'scape, that you brought home no sears to be your chronicle?

Ruin. Sir, I have wounds, and many; but in those parts where nature and humanity bids me shame to publish.

Witty. A good soldier cannot want those badges.

Greg. Now am not I of your mind in that; for I hold him the best soldier that 'scapes best: always at a mock-fencing I give him the best that has the fewest knocks.

Witty. Nay, I'll have a bout with your scholar, too.—To ask you why you should be poor, yet richly learned, were no question, at least you can easily answer it; but whether you have learning enough to deserve to be poor or no (since poverty is commonly the meed of learning) is yet to be tried: you have the languages? I mean the chief, as the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, &c.

Pris. *Aliquantulum; non totaliter, domine.*

Oldc. The Latin I have sufficiently tried him in, and I promise you, sir, he is very well grounded.

Witty. I will prove him in some of the rest.—*Tois mios fatherois iste cockscomboy?*

Pris. *Kay yonkeron nigitton oy fouleroi asinisoy.*

Witty. *Cheateron ton biton?*

Pris. *Tous pollous strikerous angelo to peeso.*

Witty. Certainly, sir, a very excellent scholar in the Greek.

Oldc. I do note a wond'rous readiness in him.

Greg. I do wonder how the Trojans could hold out ten years' siege, as 'tis reported, against the Greeks: if Achilles spoke but this tongue, I do not think but he might have shaken down the walls in a sevennight, and never troubled the wooden horse.

Witty. I will try him so far as I can in the Syriac. *Kircom bragmen, shag a dou ma dell mathou.*

Pris. *Hashagath rabgabash shobos onoriadka.*

Witty. *Colpack rubasca, gnawerthem shig shag.*

Pris. *Napshamothem ribshe bongomosh lashemech nagothi.*

Witty. Gentlemen, I have done! any man, that can, go further! I confess myself at a nonplus.

Greg. 'Faith, not I, sir; I was at my farthest in my natural language; I was never double-tongued, I thank my hard fortune.

Witty. Well, gentlemen, 'tis pity, (walk further off a little, my friends) I say, 'tis pity such fellows, so endowed, so qualified with the gifts of nature and arts, yet should have such a scarcity of Fortune's benefits: we must blame our iron-hearted age for it.

Oldc. 'Tis pity indeed; and our pity shall speak a little for 'em: Come, sir! here's my groat.

Witty. A groat, sir?—oh fy! give nothing rather! 'Twere better you railed on 'em for begging, and so quit yourself: I am a poor gentleman, that have little but my wits to live on——

Oldc. 'Troth, and I love you the better, sir.

Witty. Yet I'll begin a better example than so:—Here, fellows, there's between you; take purse and all; and I would it were heavier for your sakes! there's a pair of angels to guide you to your lodgings, a poor gentleman's good will!

Pris. *Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime domine!*

Oldc. This is an ill example for us, sir: I would this bountiful gentleman had not come this way to-day.

Greg. Pox, we must not shame ourselves now, sir! I'll give as much as that gentleman, though I never be soldier or scholar while I live:—here, friends; there's a piece, that, if he were divided,

would make a pair of angels for me too, in the love I bear to the sword and the tongues.

Oldc. My largess shall be equal too, and much good do you.—This bounty is a little abatement of my wit though, I feel that.

Ruin. May soldiers ever defend such charities!

Pris. And scholars pray for their encrease!

Oldc. Fare you well!—Sir, these fellows may pray for you; you have made the scholar's commons exceed to-day. And, a word with you, sir! You said you lived by your wits; if you use this bounty, you'll beggar your wits, believe it.

Witty. Oh, sir, I hope to encrease 'em by it; this seed never wants his harvest. Fare you well, sir! [*Exit.*

Greg. I think a man were as good meet with a reasonable thief, as an unreasonable beggar sometimes. I could find in my heart to beg half mine back again: Can you change my piece, my friends?

Pris. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

Greg. My gold is turned into Latin.

Re-enter WITTYPATE.

Witty. Look you, good fellows; here's one round shilling more that lay concealed.

Oldc. Sir, away! we shall be drawn further into damage else.

Greg. A pox of the fool! he live by his wits? If his wits leave him any money but what he begs or steals, very shortly, I'll be hanged for him. [*Exit with* OLDCRAFT.

Ruin. This breakfast parcel was well fetched off, i'faith!

Witty. Tush! a bye-blow for mirth; we must have better purchase: We want a fourth for another project that I have ripened.

Ruin. My wife; she shares, and can deserve it.

Witty. She can change her shape, and be masculine?

Ruin. 'Tis one of the freest conditions: She fears not the crack of a pistol; she dares say "stand!" to a grazier.

Pris. *Probatum fuit, profecto, domine.*

Witty. Good! then you, Sir Bacchus Apollo, shall be dispatched with her share, and some counters, to meet us to-morrow, at a certain place and time appointed, in the masculine gender: my father has a nephew, and I an own cousin, coming up from the university, whom he loves most indulgently; easy master Credulous Oldcraft, (for you know what your mere academic is.) Your carrier never misses his hour: He must not be robbed, because he has but little to lose; but he must join with us in a device that I have, that shall rob my father of a hundred pieces, and thank me to be rid on't: for there's the ambition of my wit, to live upon his professed wit, that has turned me out to live by my wits.

Pris. *Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.*

Witty. A male habit, a bag of an hundred weight, though it be counters, for my alchemy shall turn 'em into gold of my father's; the hour, the place, the action shall be at large set down: And, father, you shall know, that I put my portion to use, that you have given me to live by;
And to confirm yourself in me renate,
I hope you'll find my wit's legitimate! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* Sir RUINOUS.

Enter Lady RUINOUS *and* Servant.

Serv. Nay, lady!

L. Ruin. Put me not in mind on't, pr'ythee!
You cannot do a greater wrong to women;
For in our wants, 'tis the most chief affliction
To have that name remembered; 'tis a title
That misery mocks us by, and the world's malice!
Scorn and Contempt have not wherewith to work
On humble callings; they are safe, and lie
Level with Pity still, and pale Distress
Is no great stranger to 'em; but when Fortune
Looks with a stormy face on our conditions,
We find Affliction work, and Envy pastime,
And our worst enemy then, that most abuses us,
Is that we are called by, "Lady." Oh, my spirit,
Will nothing make thee humble? I am well methinks,
And can live quiet with my fate sometimes,
Until I look into the world again:
Then I begin to rave at my stars' bitterness,
To see how many muckhills placed above me;
Peasants and droyls, caroches full of dunghills,
Whose very birth stinks in a generous nostril,
Glistering by night like glow-worms through the high-streets,
Hurried by torch-light in the footmen's hands,
That shew like running fire-drakes through the city,
And I put to my shifts and wits to live,
(Nay, sometimes danger too) on foot, on horseback.
And earn my supper manfully ere I get it:
Many a meal I have purchased at that rate,
Fed with a wound upon me, stamped at midnight.

Enter PRISCIAN.

Ha! what are you?

Pris. [*Pulls off his beard.*] Now you may tell yourself,
Lady!

L. Ruin. Oh, master Priscian, what's the project?
For you ne'er come without one.

Pris. First, your husband,
Sir Ruinous Gentry, greets you with best wishes,
And here has sent you your full share by me
In five cheats and two robberies.

L. Ruin. And what comes it to?

Pris. Near upon thirteen pound.

L. Ruin. A goodly share!
'Twill put a lady scarce in Philip and cheyney,
With three small bugle laces, like a chambermaid:
Here's precious lifting!

Pris. 'Las, you must consider, lady,
'Tis but young term; attornies ha' small doings yet;
Then highway lawyers, they must needs ha' little:
We have had no great good luck, to speak troth, beauty,
Since your stout ladyship parted from us at Highgate;

But there's a fair hope now for a present hundred.
Here's man's apparel! your horse stands at door.
L. Ruin. And what's the virtuous plot now?
Pris. Marry, lady,
You, like a brave young gallant, must be robb'd.
L. Ruin. I robb'd?
Pris. Nay then——
L. Ruin. Well, well, go on! Let's hear, sir.
Pris. Here's a sealed bag of a hundred; which indeed
Are counters all; only some sixteen groats
Of white money i' th' mouth on't.
L. Ruin. So! what saddle have I?
Pris. Monsieur Laroon's the Frenchman's.
L. Ruin. That again?
You know so well it is not for my stride!
How oft have I complained on't?
Pris. You may have Jockey's then, the little
You must dispatch. [Scotch one.
L. Ruin. I'll soon be ready, sir, [*Exit* PRISCIAN.
Before you ha' shifted saddles.—Many women
Have their wealth flow to 'em; I was made, I see,
To help my fortune, not my fortune me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* OLDCRAFT'S *House.*

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Cunn. My ways are goblin-led, and the night-elf
Still draws me from my home; yet I follow:
Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,
Such hags do get dominion of our tongues;
So soon as we speak, the enchantment binds.
I have dissembled such a trouble on me,
As my best wits can hardly clear again:
Piping through this old reed, the Guardianess,
With purpose that my harmony shall reach
And please the lady's ear; she stops below,
And echoes back my love unto my lips,
Persuaded by most violent arguments
Of self-love in herself, I am so self-fool,
To dote upon her hundred-wrinkled face.
I could beggar her to accept the gifts
She would throw upon me; it were charity;
But for pity's sake I will be a niggard,
And undo her, refusing to take from her.
I'm haunted again! if it take not now,
I'll break the spell.

Enter GUARDIANESS.

Guard. Sweet Cunningham, welcome!
What, a whole day absent? Birds that build nests
Have care to keep 'em.
Cunn. That's granted;
But not continually to sit upon 'em,
'Less in the youngling season: else, they desire
To fly abroad, and recreate their labours;
Then they return with fresher appetite
To work again.
Guard. Well, well, you have built a nest
That will stand all storms; you need not mistrust
A weather-wreck: And, one day, it may be
The youngling season too; then, I hope,
You'll ne'er fly out of sight.
Cunn. There will be pains, [*Aside.*
I see, to shake this bur off!—And, sweetest,
Pr'ythee how fares thy charge? has my good friend,
Sir Gregory, the countenance of a lover?
Guard. No, by my troth, not in my mind; methinks,
(Setting his worship aside) he looks like a fool.
Cunn. Nay, i'faith, ne'er divide his worship from him
For that small matter! fool and worship are
No such strangers now-a-days. But my meaning is,
Has he thy lady's countenance of love?
Looks she like a welcome on him? plainly,
Have they as good hope of one another,
As, Cupid bless us, we have?
Guard. 'Troth, I know not;
I can perceive no forwardness in my charge.
But I protest I wish the knight
Better, for your sake, bird.
Cunn. Why, thanks, sweet bird!
And with my heart I wish that he had as strong
And likely hope of her, as thou hast of me.
Guard. Well, he is like to speed never the worse
For that good wish. And I will tell you, bird,
(For secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)
My charge thinks well of you.
Cunn. Of me? for what?
Guard. For my sake; I mean so: I have heard her
A hundred times say, since her uncle gave her
The first bob about you, that she'd do somewhat
For my sake, if things went well together:
We have spoke of doors and bolts, and things, and things—
Go to! I'll [not] tell you all; but you'll find some
Advancement, for my sake, I do believe.
Cunn. 'Faith, be not sparing; tell me!
Guard. By my lady,
You shall pardon me for that! it were a shame
If men should hear all that women speak behind
Their backs sometimes.
Cunn. You must give me leave yet
At least to give her thanks.
Guard. Nor that neither;
She must not take a notice of my blabbing.
It is sufficient you shall give me thanks: for
'Tis for my sake, if she be bountiful:
She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.
Cunn. How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,
Not to repay her with my dearest duty.
Guard. Ay, but you must not know it; if you [tell
All that I open to you, you'll shame us both:
Afar off, you may kiss your hand, blush, or so,
But I'll allow no nearer conference.
Cunn. Whoop! you'll be jealous, I perceive now.
Guard. Jealous?
Why, there is no true love without it, bird?
I must be jealous of thee: But for her,
(Were it within my duty to my master)
I durst trust her with the strongest tempter,
And I dare swear her now as pure a virgin
As e'er was welcomed to a marriage-bed:
If thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.
Cunn. And where's the cause of your fear then?
Guard. Well, well;
When things are past, and the wedding torches
Lighted at matches, to kindle better fire,
Then I'll tell you more.
Cunn. Come, come, I see further,
That if we were married, you'd be jealous.
Guard. I protest, I should a little, but not of [her
It is the married woman, (if you mark it)
And not the maid, that longs; the appetite
Follows the first taste; when we have relished,
We wish cloying; the taste once pleased before,
Then our desire is whetted on to more.
But I reveal too much to you, i'faith, bird.

Cunn. Not a whit, 'faith, bird, betwixt you and I;
I am beholding for bettering of my knowledge.
Guard. Nay,
You shall know more of me, if you'll be ruled;
But make not things common.
Cunn. Ud' so, your lady!
Guard. Ay, 'tis no matter; she'll like well of this;
Our familiarity is her content.

Enter Niece *and* Pompey.

Niece. This present from Sir Gregory?
Pompey. From my master, the worshipful, right Sir Gregory Fop.
Niece. A ruff? And what might be his high conceit
In sending of a ruff?
Pompey. I think he had two conceits in it, forsooth, to high, to low; ruff high, because as the ruff does embrace your neck all day, so does he desire to throw his knightly arms——
Niece. But then I leave him off a-nights.
Pompey. Why, then he is ruff low, a ruffian; a bold adventurous errant to do any rough service for his lady.
Niece. A witty and unhappy conceit!—Does he mean [*Toward* Cunningham.
As he seems to say unto that reverence?
He does woo her, sure!
Pompey. To tell you truth, lady, his conceit was far better than I have blazed it yet.
Niece. Do you think so, sir?
Pompey. Nay, I know it, forsooth; for it was two days ere he compassed it, to find a fitting present for your ladyship: He was sending once a very fine puppy to you.
Niece. And that he would have brought himself.
Pompey. So he would indeed; but then he altered his device, and sent this ruff, requesting withal, that whensoever it is foul, you (with your own hands) would bestow the starching of it.
Niece. Else she wooes him: Now his eyes shoot this way.— [*Toward* Cunningham.
And what was the reason for that, sir?
Pompey. There lies his main conceit, lady; "For, says he, in so doing, she cannot chuse but in the starching to clap it often between her hands, and so she gives a great liking and applause to my present; whereas, if I should send a puppy, she ever calls it to her with *hist, hiss, hiss*, which is a fearful disgrace:" He drew the device from a play at the Bull, t'other day.
Niece. Ay, marry, sir, this was a rich conceit indeed.
Pompey. And far-fetch'd, therefore good for you, lady.—
Guard. How now? which way look you, bird?
Cunn. At the fool, bird;
Shall I not look at the fool?
Guard. At the fool,
And I here? what need that? pray look this way.
Niece. I'll fit him aptly! Either I'll awake His wits (if he have any) or force him to appear [*Aside.*
(As yet I cannot think him) without any.—
Sirrah, tell me one thing true,
That I shall ask you now: Was this device
Your master's own? I doubt his wit in it;
He is not so ingenious.
Pompey. His own, I assure you, madam.
Niece. Nay, you must not lie.
Pompey. Not with a lady? I'd rather lie with you than lie with my master, by your leave, in such a case as this.—
Guard. Yet again your eye?
Cunn. The fool makes mirth, i'faith;
I would hear some.
Guard. Come, you shall hear none but me.
Niece. Come hither, friend; nay, come nearer me!
Did thy master send thee to me? He may be wise,
But did not shew it much in that; men sometimes
May wrong themselves unawares, when they least think on't.
Was Vulcan ever so unwise to send Mars
To be his spokesman, when he went a-wooing?
Send thee? Hey ho! a pretty rolling eye!
Pompey. I can turn up the white and the black too, an need be, forsooth.
Niece. Why, here's an amorous nose!
Pompey. You see the worst of my nose, forsooth.
Niece. A cheek!
How I could pat it now in dalliance!
A pair of lips! Oh, that we were uneyed!
I could suck sugar from 'em! what a beard's here
When will the knight thy master have such a stamp
Of manhood on his face? Nay, do not blush.
Pompey. 'Tis nothing but my flesh and blood that rises so.—
Cunn. 'Death, she courts the fool!
Guard. Away, away! 'tis sport; do not mind it.
Niece. Give me thy hand: come, be familiar!
Ay, here's a promising palm! what a soft
Handful of pleasure's here! Here's down compared
With flocks and quilted straw; thy knight's fingers
Are lean mattrice-rubbers to these feathers:
I pr'ythee let me lean my cheek upon't!
What a soft pillow's here!
Pompey. Hum, umh, hu, hum!
Niece. Why, there's a courage in that lively passion!
Measure thee all over, there is not a limb
But has his full proportion: It is my voice,
There's no compare betwixt the knight and thee;
The goodlier man by half! at once, now I
See thee all over.
Pompey. If you had seen me swim t'other day on my back, you would have said you had seen! There was two chambermaids that saw me, and my legs by chance were tangled in the flags, and when they saw how I was hang'd, they cried out, "Oh, help the man for fear he be drown'd!"
Niece. They could not do less in pity. Come, We'll walk together.
Cunn. Blindness of love and women! why, she dotes
Upon the fool.
Guard. What's that to you? mind her not.
Cunn. Away, you bur!
Guard. How's that?
Cunn. Hang off, flesh-hook! fasten thine itchy thine arm!
clasp
On some dry toad-stool, that will kindle with thee,
And burn together.
Guard. Oh, abominable!
Why, do you not love me?
Cunn. No; never did!
I took thee down a little way to enforce
A vomit from my offended stomach; now
Thou art up again, I loath thee filthily.

Guard. Oh, villain!
Cunn. Why, dost thou not see a sight
Would make a man abjure the sight of women?
Niece. Ha, ha, ha! he's vex'd! ha, ha, ha!
Pompey. Ha, ha, ha!
Niece. Why dost thou laugh?
Pompey. Because thou laughest; nothing else, i'faith.
Cunn. She has but mock'd my folly! else she finds not
The bosom of my purpose: Some other way
Must make me know. I'll try her; and may chance quit
The fine dexterity of her lady-wit. [*Exit.*
Niece. Yes, in troth, I laugh'd to think of thy master now,
What he would think if he knew this!
Pompey. By my troth, I laugh at him too. 'Faith, sirrah, he's but a fool, to say the truth, though I say't that should not say't.
Niece. Yes, thou shouldst say truth, and I believe thee.
Well, for this time we'll part: You perceive something;
Our tongues betray our hearts, there is our weakness;
But pray be silent! [
Pompey. As mouse in cheese, or goose in hay, i'faith.
Niece. Look, we are cut off! there's my hand where my lips would be.
Pompey. I'll wink, and think 'em thy lips. Farewell! [*Exit.*
Niece. Now, Guardianess, I need not ask where you have been.
Guard. Oh, lady, never was woman so abused!

Re-enter POMPEY.

Pompey. Dost thou hear, lady sweetheart? I had forgot to tell thee; if you will, I will come back in the evening.
Niece. By no means; come not till I send for you.
Pompey. If there be any need, you may think of things when I am gone. I may be conveyed into your chamber; I'll lie under the bed while midnight, or so; or you shall put me up in one of your little boxes! I can creep in at a small hole.
Niece. These are things I dare not venture: I charge you,
On my love, never come till I send for you.
Pompey. *Verbum insipienti!* 'Tis enough to the wise. Nor I think it is not fit the knight should know any thing yet.
Niece. By no means! pray you go now; we are suspected.
Pompey. For the things that are past, let us use our secrets.
Niece. Now I will make a firm trial of your love;
As you love me, not a word more at this time,
Not a syllable; 'tis the seal of love; take heed!
Pompey. Hum, hum, hum, hum! [*Exit humming* "Loth to depart."
Niece. So, this pleasant trouble's gone. Now, Guardianess!
What! your eyes easing your heart? the cause, woman?
Guard. The cause is false man, madam! oh, lady!
I have been gulled in a shining carbuncle,
A very glow-worm, that I thought had fire in't,
And 'tis as cold as ice.
Niece. And justly served;
Wouldst thou once think that such an erring spring
Would dote upon thine autumn?
Guard. Oh, had you heard
Him but protest —
Niece. I would not have believed him.
Thou might'st have perceived how I mock'd thy folly,
In wanton imitation with the fool.
Go, weep the sin of thy credulity,
Not of thy loss! for it was never thine,
And it is gain to miss it. Wert thou so dull?
Nay, yet thou'rt stupid and uncapable.
Why, thou wert but the bait to fish with, not
The prey; the stale to catch another bird with,
Guard. Indeed he call'd me bird.
Niece. Yet thou perceiv'st not;
It is your niece he loves; wouldst thou be made
A stalking jade? 'tis she, examine it.—
I'll hurry all awry, and tread my path [*Apart.*
Over unbeaten ground, go level to the mark,
But by circular bouts: Rare things are pleasing;
And rare's but seldom in the simple sense,
But has her emphasis with eminence. [*Exit.*
Guard. My niece? she the rival of my abuse?
My flesh and blood wrong me? I'll aunt her for't!

Enter MIRABEL.

Oh, Opportunity, thou blessest me!—
Now, gentlewoman! are you parted so soon?
Where is your friend, I pray? your Cunningham?
Mir. What say you, aunt?
Guard. Come, come, your Cunningham!
I am not blind with age yet, nor deaf.
Mir. [*Aside.*] Dumb I am sure you're not.—
What ail you, aunt?
Are you not well?
Guard. No, nor sick; nor mad, nor in my wits; nor sleeping,
Nor waking; nor nothing, nor anything:
I know not what I am, nor what I am not!
Mir. Mercy cover us! what do you mean, aunt:
Guard. I mean to be revenged.
Mir. On whom?
Guard. On thee, baggage!
Mir. Revenge should follow injury
Which never reach'd so far as thought in me
Towards you, aunt.
Guard. Your cunning, minion,
Nor your Cunningham, can either blind me!
The gentle beggar loves you.
Mir. Beseech you,
Let me stay your error! I begin to hear,
And shake off my amazement: If you think
That ever any passage treating love
Hath been betwixt us yet commenced; any
Silent eye-glance that might but sparkle fire,
So much as brother and sister might meet with;
The lip-salute, so much as strangers might
Take a farewell with; the commixed hands;
Nay, but the least thought of the least of these,
In troth you wrong your bosom; by that truth
Which I think yet you durst be bail for in me
If it were offer'd you, I am as free
As all this protestation.
Guard. May I believe this?
Mir. If ever you'll believe truth. Why, I thought
He had spoke love to you; and if his heart
Prompted his tongue, sure I did hear so much.

Guard. Oh, falsest man! Ixion's plague fell on me!
Never by woman, such a masculine cloud,
So airy and so subtle, was embraced.
Mir. By no cause in me, by my life, dear aunt.
Guard. I believe you: Then help me in my revenge,
And you shall do't, or lose my love for ever:
I'll have him quitted at his equal weapon.
Thou art young, follow him, bait his desires
With all the engines of a woman's wit,
Stretch modesty even to the highest pitch;
He cannot freeze at such a flaming beauty;
And when thou hast him by the amorous gills,
Think on my vengeance, choak up his desires,
Then let his banquetings be Tantalism.
Let thy disdain spurn the dis-embler out!
Oh, I should climb the stars, and sit above,
To see him burn to ashes in his love!
Mir. This will be a strange task, aunt, and an
Unwilling labour; yet, in your injunction,
I am a servant to't.
Guard. Thou'lt undertake't?
Mir. Yes; let the success commend itself hereafter!
Guard. Effect it, girl, my substance is thy store;
Nothing but want of will makes woman poor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Sir Gregory *and* Pompey.

Greg. Why, Pompey, thou art not stark mad, art thou? Wilt thou not tell me how my lady does?
Pompey. Your lady?
Greg. Did she receive the thing that I sent her kindly, or no?
Pompey. The thing that you sent her, knight, by the thing that you sent, was, for the thing's sake that was sent to carry the thing that you sent, very kindly received. First, there is your indenture; (now go seek you a servant!) secondly, you are a knight; thirdly and lastly, I am mine own man; and, fourthly, fare you well!
Greg. Why, Pompey! Pr'ythee let me speak with thee! I'll lay my life some hare has crost him.
Pompey. Knight, if you be a knight, so keep you: As for the lady, who shall say that she is not a fair lady? a sweet lady, an honest and virtuous lady? I will say he is a base fellow, a blab of his tongue, and I will make him eat these fingers' ends.
Greg. Why, here's nobody says so, Pompey.
Pompey. Whatsoever things have past between the lady and the other party, whom I will not name at this time, I say she is virtuous and honest, and I will maintain it, as long as I can maintain myself with bread and water.
Greg. Why, I know nobody thinks otherwise.
Pompey. Any man that does but think it in my hearing, I will make him think on't while he has a thought in his bosom! Shall we say that kindnesses from ladies are common? or that favours and protestations are things of no moment betwixt parties and parties? I say still, whatsoever has been betwixt the lady and the party, which I will not name, tha' she is honest, and shall be honest, whatsoever she does by day or by night, by light or by darkness, with cut and long tail.
Greg. Why, I say she is honest.
Pompey. Is she honest? In what sense do you say she is honest, knight?
Greg. If I could not find in my heart to throw my dagger at thy head, hilts and all, I'm an ass, and no gentleman!
Pompey. Throw your dagger at me? do not, knight! I give you fair warning, 'tis but cast away if you do; for you shall have no other words of me: The lady is an honest lady, whatsoever reports may go of sports and toys, and thoughts, and words, and deeds, betwixt her and the party which I will not name. This I give you to understand, that another man may have as good an eye, as amorous a nose, as fair a stampt beard, and be as proper a man, as a knight (I name no parties); a servingman may be as good as a sir, a Pompey as a Gregory, a Doodle as a Fop: So, servingman Pompey Doodle may be respected as well with ladies (though I name no parties) as Sir Gregory Fop. So, farewell! [*Exit.*
Greg. If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I never have any more wit while I live! either the sight of the lady has gaster'd him, or else he's drunk; or else he walks in his sleep, or else he's a fool, or a knave, or both; one of the three I'm sure 'tis. Yet, now I think on't, she has not used me so kindly as her uncle promised me she should. But that's all one; he says I shall have her, and I dare take his word for the best horse I have and that's a weightier thing than a lady, I'm sure on't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*On the Outskirts of the City.*

Enter Lady Ruinous (*as a* Man) Wittypate, Sir Ruinous, Priscian, *and* Master Credulous, *binding and robbing her, and in scarfs.* Credulous *finds the Bag.*

L. Ruin. Nay, I am your own; 'tis in your pleasure
How you will deal with me: Yet I would entreat
You will not make that which is bad enough
Worse than it need be, by a second ill,
When it can render you no second profit!
If it be coin you seek, you have your prey,
All my store I vow (and it weighs a hundred);
My life, or any hurt you give my body,
Can enrich you no more.
Witty. You may pursue.
L. Ruin. As I am a gentleman, I never will!
Witty. Only we'll bind you to quiet behaviour
Till you call out for bail, and on the other
Side of the hedge leave you: But keep the peace
Till we be out of hearing! for by that
We shall be out of danger: If we come back,
We come with a mischief!
L. Ruin. You need not fear me.
Pris. Come, we'll bestow you then.
[*Exeunt* Ruinous, Priscian, *and* Lady Ruinous.
Witty. Why, la you, sir, is not this a swifter revenue
Than *Sic probos, ergos, et igitur*s, can bring in?
Why, is not this one of your syllogisms
In Barbara, *Omne utile est honestum?*
Cred. Well, sir, a little more of this acquaintance
Will make me know you fully: I protest
You have (at first sight) made me conscious
Of such a deed my dreams ne'er prompted. Yet

almost have wish'd rather ye had robb'd
ny cloak, (for my purse, 'tis a scholar's,)
have made me a robber.
ather have answer'd three difficult questions
is one, as easy as yet it seems.
y. Tush! you shall never come to further
answer for't.
confess your penurious uncle,
ull face of love, to be so strict
rd to your commons, that you are fain
your belly out with shoulder fees,
mps and kidnies, and cues of single beer,
t make dainty to feed more daintily,
easier rate? Fy, Master Credulous!
for you.
. This is a truth undeniable.
y. Why, go to then! I hope I know your
uncle;
es he use his son, nearer than you?
. 'Faith, like his jade, upon the bare com-
mons
out to pick his living as he can get it:
ld have been glad to have shared in such
hase, and thank'd his good fortune too.

Enter Ruinous *and* Priscian.

m, no more!—Is all safe, bullies?
. Secure;
tleman thinks him most happy in his loss,
is life and limbs safe, and redoubles
t vow, as he is a gentleman,
o pursue us.
y. Well; away then!
e! you with Master Credulous, who still
ear the purchase; Priscian and I
ke some other course: You know our
meeting
Three Cups in St. Giles'; with this proviso,
s a law with us) that nothing be opened
be present: The loser says a hundred,
can weigh no less.

Ruin. Come, sir, we'll be your guide.
Cred. My honesty, which till now was never
All shall be close till our meeting! [forfeited,
[*Exit with* Ruinous.
Witty. Tush, I believe it;—and then all shall
Where is the thief that's robb'd? [out.

Enter Lady Ruinous.

L. Ruin. Here, master Oldcraft.
All follows now.
Witty. 'Twas neatly done, wench. Now to
turn that bag
Of counterfeits to current pieces, *et actum est!*
L. Ruin. You are the chemist; we'll blow the
If you can mingle the ingredients. [fire still,
Witty. I will not miss a cause, a quantity, a
You know the place. [dram.
Pris. I have told her that, sir.
Witty. Good! Turn Ruinous to be a constable.
(I'm sure we want not beards of all sorts, from
The worshipful magistrate to the under-watchman)
Because we must have no danger of life,
But a cleanly cheat; attach Credulous:
The cause is plain, the theft found about him;
Then fall I in, in his own cousin's shape,
By mere accident, where, finding him distress'd,
I with some difficulty must fetch him off,
With promise that his uncle shall shut up all,
With double restitution: Master constable
Ruinous his mouth shall be stopt;
You, Mistress Rob-thief, shall have your share of
What we can gull my father of. Is't plain enough?
L. Ruin. As plain a cozenage as can be, 'faith.
Witty. Father, I come again, and again! When
Past too, father, one will beget another. [this is
I'd be loth to leave your posterity barren:
You were best to come to composition, father:
Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet,
It will be cheaper, father, than my wit;
For I will cheat none but you, dear father.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

ENE I.—*Before* Oldcraft's *House.*

Enter Oldcraft *and* Gregory.

. Why, now you take the course, Sir Gre-
gory Fop:
enforce her, an I list; but love
gently won is a man's own for ever.
ou prepared good music?
. As fine a noise, uncle,
't can wish.
. Why, that's done like a suitor!
ust be woo'd an hundred several ways,
you obtain the right way in a woman:
odd creature, full of creeks and windings,
pent has not more; for she has all his,
en her own beside came in by her mother.
. A fearful portion for a man to venture
on!
. But the way found once by the wits of
s no creature lies so tame again. [men,
. I promise you, not a house-rabbit, sir.
. No sucker on 'em all.
. What a thing's that?

They are pretty fools, I warrant, when they're
As a man can lay his lips to. [tame,
Oldc. How were you bred, sir?
Did you never make a fool of a tenant's daughter?
Greg. Never, i'faith; they ha' made some fools
for me,
And brought 'em many a time under their aprons.
Oldc. They could not shew you the way plain-
lier, I think,
To make a fool again.
Greg. There's fools enough, sir,
'Less they were wiser.
Oldc. This is wond'rous rare!
Come you to London with a maidenhead, knight?
A gentleman of your rank ride with a cloak-bag?
Never an hostess by the way to leave it with?
Nor tapster's sister? nor head-ostler's wife?
What, nobody?
Greg. Well mock'd, old wit-monger!
I keep it for your Niece.
Oldc. Do not say so, for shame! she'll laugh at
thee:
A wife ne'er looks for't; 'tis a bachelor's penny.

He may give't to a beggar-wench, i' th' progress time,
And ne'er be call'd to account for't. [*Exit.*
Greg. 'Would I had known so much!
I could ha' stopt a beggar's mouth by the way,
That rail'd upon me 'cause I'd give her nothing.

Enter Page *and* Fiddler's Boy.

What, are they come?
Page. And placed directly, sir,
Under her window.
Greg. What may I call you, gentleman?
Boy. A poor servant to the viol; I'm the voice,
Greg. In good time, Master Voice! [sir.
Boy. Indeed, good time does get the mastery.
Greg. What countryman, Master Voice?
Boy. Sir, born at Ely; we all set up in *ela*,
But our house commonly breaks in Rutlandshire.
Greg. A shrewd place by my faith! it may well break your voice;
It breaks many a man's back. Come, set to your business. [*Music.*

SONG

BY THE BOY.

Fain would I wake you, sweet, but fear
I should invite you to worse cheer;
In your dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than music; no compare!
None of your slumbers are compiled
Under the pleasure makes a child;
Your day-delights, so well compact,
That what you think turns all to act:
I'd wish my life no better play,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake, gently wake,
Part softly from your dreams!
The morning flies,
To your fair eyes,
To take her special beams.

Greg. I hear her up. Here, Master Voice,
Pay you the instruments; save what you can,
To keep you when you're crack'd. [*Exit* Boy.

Enter Niece *at a window.*

Niece. Who should this be,
That I'm so much beholding to for sweetness?
Pray Heaven, it happens right!
Greg. Good morrow, mistress!
Niece. An ill day, and a thousand, come upon thee!
Greg. 'Light! that's six hundred more than any almanack has!
Niece. Comes it from thee? it is the mangiest
That ever woman heard. [music
Greg. Nay, say not so, lady!
There's not an itch about 'em.
Niece. I could curse
My attentive powers, for giving entrance to't!
There is no boldness like the impudence
That's lock'd in a fool's blood! How durst you do this?
In conscience I abused you as sufficiently
As woman could a man; insatiate coxcomb!
The mocks and spiteful language I have given thee
Would o' my life ha' served ten reasonable men,
And rise contented too, and left enough for their friends.
Thou glutton at abuses, never satisfied?
I am persuaded thou devour'st more flouts
Than all thy body's worth; and still a-hungred;
A mischief of that maw! pr'ythee seek elsewhere;
In troth I am weary of abusing thee:
Get thee a fresh mistress, thou'lt make work enough.
I do not think there's scorn enough in town
To serve thy turn; take the court-ladies in,
And all their women to 'em, that exceed 'em!
Greg. Is this in earnest, lady?
Niece. Oh, unsatiable!
Dost thou count all this but an earnest yet?
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole sum! trust
Thou'lt beggar my derision utterly; [me,
If thou stay'st longer, I shall want a laugh:
If I knew where to borrow a contempt
Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd thou should'st then:
But thou'st no conscience, now to extort hate from me,
When one has spent all she can make upon thee:
Must I begin to pay thee hire again,
After I have rid thee twice? 'faith, 'tis unreasonable!
Greg. Say you so? I'll know that presently. [*Exit.*
Niece. Now he runs
To fetch my uncle to this musty bargain;
But I have better ware always at hand,
And lay by this still, when he comes to cheapen.

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Cunn. I met the music now; yet cannot learn
What entertainment he received from her.
Niece. There's somebody set already; I must
Well, well, Sir Gregory! [to't, I see.—
Cunn. Ha! Sir Gregory!
Niece. Where'er you come, you may well boast your conquest.
Cunn. She's lost, i'faith! enough! has Fortune then
Remember'd her great boy? she seldom fails 'em.
Niece. He was the unlikeliest man at first methought,
To have my love; we never met but wrangled.
Cunn. A pox upon that wrangling, say I still!
I never knew it fail yet, where'er it came;
It never comes, but, like a storm of hail.
'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the tail on't;
There's not one match 'mongst twenty made without it;
It fights i' th' tongue, but's sure to agree i' th' haunches.
Niece. That man that should ha' told me, when time was,
I should ha' had him, had been laugh'd at pitiously!
But see how things will change! [ously!
Cunn. Here's a heart feels it!
Oh, the deceitful promises of love!
What trust should a man put i' th' lip of woman?
She kiss'd me with that strength, as if she had meant
To ha' set the fair print of her soul upon me.
Niece. I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha' been a match once.
Cunn. I'll hear no more; I'm mad to hear so much!
Why should I aim my thoughts at better fortunes
Than younger brothers have? that's a maid with nothing,
Or some old soap-boiler's widow, without teeth:
There waits my fortune for me; seek no further! [*Exit.*

Enter OLDCRAFT *and* SIR GREGORY.

Oldc. You tell me things, Sir Gregory, that cannot be.
She will not, nor she dare not.
Greg. 'Would I were whipt then!
Niece. I'll make as little show of love, Sir Gregory,
As ever woman did; you shall not know
You have my heart a good while.
Oldc. Heard you that?
Niece. Man will insult so soon; 'tis his condition;
'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can:
I've much ado, I swear; and love i' th' end
Will have his course: Let maids do what they can,
They are but frail things till they end in man.
Oldc. What say you to this, sir?
Greg. This is somewhat handsome.
Niece. And by that little wrangling that I feign'd,
Now I shall try how constant his love is,
Although't went sore against my heart to chide [him.
Greg. Alas, poor gentlewoman!
Oldc. Now you're sure of truth;
You hear her own thoughts speak.
Greg. They speak indeed.
Oldc. Go, you're a brainless cox, a toy, a Fop;
I'll go no further than your name, Sir Gregory,
I'll right myself there. Were you from this place,
You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you!
Offer to sow strife 'twixt my niece and I?—
Good morrow, niece, good morrow!
Niece. Many fair ones to you, sir!
Oldc. Go! you're a coxcomb.—How dost, niece, this morning?—
An idle shallow fool!—Slep'dst thou well, girl?—
Fortune may very well provide thee lordships,
For honesty has left thee little manners.
Greg. How am I bang'd o' both sides!
Oldc. Abuse kindness?—
Wilt take the air to-day, niece?
Niece. When you please, sir.
There stands the heir behind you I must take—
Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear. [*Apart.*
Oldc. La' you! do you hear't continued to your teeth now?
A pox of all such Gregories? what a hand
Have I with you! [Niece *lets fall her scarf.*
Greg. No more! i'feck, I ha' done, sir.—
Lady, your scarf's fallen down.
Niece. 'Tis but your luck, sir,
And does presage the mistress must fall shortly;
You may wear it, an you please.
Oldc. There's a trick for you!
You're parlously beloved; you should complain!
Greg. Yes, when I complain, sir,
Then do your worst; there I'll deceive you, sir.
Oldc. You are a dolt, and so I leave you, sir. [*Exit.*
Greg. Ah, sirrah, mistress, were you caught, i'faith?
We overheard you all; "I must not know
I have your heart;" take heed o' that, I pray!
I knew some scarf would come.
Niece. [*Aside.*] He's quite gone, sure!—
Ah, you base coxcomb, couldst thou come again,
And so abused as thou wast?
Greg. How!
Niece. It would ha' killed
A sensible man; he would ha' gone to his chamber
And broke his heart, by this time.
Greg. Thank you heartily!
Niece. Or fix'd a naked rapier in a wall,
Like him that earn'd his knighthood ere he had it,
And then refused, upon't ran up to th' hilts.
Greg. Yes, let him run for me! I was never brought up to't,
I never profess'd running i' my life.
Niece. What art thou made on, thou tough villainous vermin?
Will nothing destroy thee?
Greg. Yes, yes, assure yourself
Unkind words may do much.
Niece. Why, dost thou want 'em?
I've e'en consumed my spleen to help thee to 'em:
Tell me what sort of words they be would speed [thee,
I'll see what I can do yet.
Greg. I'm much beholding to you.
You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.
Niece. I should account nothing too much to rid thee.
Greg. I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me,
All the while your uncle was here.
Niece. Why, there thou
Betray'st thy house; we of the Oldcrafts were
Born to more wit than so.
Greg. I wear your favour here.
Niece. 'Would it might rot thy arm off! If thou knew'st
With what contempt thou hast it, what heart's bitterness,
How many cunning curses came along with't,
Thou'dst quake to handle it.
Greg. A pox, take't again then!
Who'd be thus plagued of all hands?
Niece. No, wear't still;
But long, I hope, thou shalt not; 'tis but cast
Upon thee purposely to serve another,
That has more right to't; as in some countries they convey
Their treasure upon asses to their friends:
If mine be but so wise and apprehensive
As my opinion gives him to my heart,
It stays not long on thy desertless arm.
I'll make thee, ere I ha' done, not dare to wear
Any thing of mine, although I give't thee freely.
Kiss it you may, and make what show you can.
But sure you carry't to a worthier man!
And so good-morrow to you! [*Exit.*
Greg. Hu hum, ha hum!
I ha'n't the spirit now to dash my brains out,
Nor the audacity to kill myself,
But I could cry my heart out; that's as good,
For so't be out, no matter which way't comes.
If I can die with a fillip, or depart
At hot-cockles, what is that to any man?
If there be so much death, that serves my turn there.
Every one knows the state of his own body;
No carrion kills a kite, but then again
There's cheese will choak a daw. Time I were dead i'faith,
If I knew which way, without hurt or danger.
I am a maiden-knight, and cannot look
Upon a naked weapon with any modesty,
Else 'twould go hard with me; and to complain
To Sir Perfidious the old knight again,
Were to be more abused: Perhaps he would beat me well.

But ne'er believe me,
And few men die o' beating; that were lost too.

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Oh, here's my friend! I'll make my moan to him.
Cunn. I cannot tear her memory from my heart,
That treads mine down! Was ever man so fool'd
That profess'd wit?
Greg. Oh, Cunningham!
Cunn. Sir Gregory!
The choice, the victor, the town's happy man!
Greg. 'Snigs, what dost mean? come I to thee
And dost abuse me too? [for comfort,
Cunn. Abuse you? how, sir?
With justifying your fortune and your joys?
Greg. Pray hold your hand, sir! I've been bobb'd enough:
You come with a new way now, strike me merrily;
But when a man's sore beaten o' both sides already,
Then the least tap in jest goes to the guts on him.
Wilt ha' the truth? I'm made the rankest ass
That e'er was born to lordships!
Cunn. What? no, sir!
Greg. I had not thought my body could a' yielded
All those foul scurvy names that she has call'd me;
I wonder whence she fetch'd 'em.
Cunn. Is this credible?
Greg. She pinn'd this scarf upon me, afore her uncle;
But, his back turn'd, she cursed me so for wearing on't,
The very brawn of mine arm has ach'd ever since;
Yet in a manner forced me to wear't still,
But hoped I should not long: If good luck serve,
I should meet one that has more wit and worth
Should take it from me; 'twas but lent to me,
And sent to him for a token.
Cunn. I conceit it! I know the man
That lies in wait for't: Part with't, by all means,
In any case! you are way-laid about it.
Greg. How, sir! way-laid?
Cunn. Pox of a scarf, say I!
I prize my friend's life 'bove a million of 'em:
You shall be ruled, sir; I know more than you.
Greg. If you know more than I, let me be rid on't!
'Las, 'tis not for my wearing; so she told me.
Cunn. No, no, give me't; the knave shall miss
And you shall live. [his purpose,
Greg. I would as long as I could, sir.
Cunn. No more replies! you shall; I'll prevent
Pompey shall march without it. [this:
Greg. What, is't he?
My man that was?
Cunn. Call him your deadly enemy!
You give him too fair a name, you deal too nobly;
He bears a bloody mind, a cruel foe, sir;
I care not if he heard me.
Greg. But, do you hear, sir?
Can it sound with reason she should affect him?
Cunn. Do you talk of reason? I ne'er thought to have heard
Such a word come from you: Reason in love?
Would you give that no doctor could e'er give?
Has not a deputy married his cook-maid?
An alderman's widow, one that was her turn-broach?
Nay, has not a great lady brought her stable
Into her chamber? lay with her horse-keeper?
Greg. Did ever love play such jade's tricks, sir?
Cunn. Oh, thousands, thousands.
Beware a sturdy clown, e'er while you live, sir:
'Tis like a housewifry in most shires about us:
You shall ha' farmers' widows wed thin gentlemen
Much like yourself, but put 'em to no stress;
What work can they do, with small trap-stick legs?
They keep clowns to stop gaps and drive in pegs,
A drudgery fit for hinds. E'en back again, sir!
You're safest at returning.
Greg. Think you so, sir?
Cunn. But how came this clown to be call'd Pompey first?
Greg. Pish! one goodman Cæsar, a pump-maker, kersen'd him;
Pompey he writes himself, but his right name's Pumpey,
And stunk too when I had him; now he's crank.
Cunn. I'm glad I know so much to quell his pride, sir.
Walk you still that way; I'll make use of this
To resolve all my doubts, and place this favour
On some new mistress, only for a try;
And if it meet my thoughts, I'll swear 'tis I. [*Exit.*
Greg. Is Pompey grown so malapert, so frampel?
The only cutter about ladies' honours,
And his blade soonest out?

Enter OLDCRAFT.

Oldc. Now, what's the news, sir?
Greg. [*Aside.*] I dare not say but good:—Oh, excellent good, sir!
Oldc. I hope now you're resolved she loves you, knight?
Greg. Cuds me, what else, sir? that's not to do now.
Oldc. You would not think how desperately you anger'd me,
When you belied her goodness: Oh, you vex'd me
Even to a palsey.
Greg. What a thing was that, sir!

Enter Niece.

Niece. 'Tis, that 'tis, [*Aside.*
As I have hope of sweetness, the scarf's gone!
Worthy wise friend, I dote upon thy cunning:
We two shall be well match'd: our issue male sure
Will be born counsellors. Is't possible?
Thou shalt have another token out of hand for't;
Nay, since the way's found, pity thou shouldst want, i'faith.——
Oh, my best joy and dearest!
Oldc. Well said, Niece!
So violent 'fore your uncle? What will you do
In secret then!
Greg. Marry, call me slave and rascal.
Niece. Your scarf—the scarf I gave you——
Oldc. 'Mass, that's true, Niece!
I ne'er thought upon that:—The scarf she gave you, sir!
What, dumb? no answer from you? the scarf!
Greg. I was way-laid about it, my life threatened;
Life's life, scarf's but a scarf, and so I parted from't.
Niece. Unfortunate woman! my first favour too?
Oldc. Will you be still an ass? no reconcilement
'Twixt you and Wit? Are you so far fallen out,
You'll never come together? I tell you true,

I'm very lousily ashamed on you;
That's the worst shame that can be.—
Thus baiting on him, now his heart's hook'd in,
[*Aside.*
I'll make him, ere I ha' done, take her with nothing.
I love a man that lives by his wits, a'-life!—
Nay, leave, sweet Niece; 'tis but a scarf; let it go!

Niece. The going of it never grieves me, sir;
It is the manner, the manner——

Greg. Oh, dissembling marmaset! If I durst speak,
Or could be believed when I speak, what a tale
Could I tell, to make hair stand upright now!

Niece. Nay, sir, at your request, you shall perceive, uncle,
With what renewing love I forgive this:—
Here's a fair diamond, sir; I'll try how long
You can keep that.

Greg. Not very long; you know't too,
Like a cunning witch as you are!

Niece. You're best let him ha' that too.

Greg. So I were, I think; there were no living else,
I thank you, as you have handled the matter.

Oldc. Why, this is musical now, and Tuesday next
Shall tune your instruments; that's the day set.

Niece. A match, good uncle!

Oldc. Sir, you hear me too?

Greg. Oh, very well; I'm for you.

Niece. Whate'er you hear, you know my mind!
[*Exeunt* OLDCRAFT *and* Niece.

Greg. Ay, a pox on't, too well! If I do not wonder how we two shall come together, I'm a bear-whelp. He talks of Tuesday next, as familiarly as if we loved one another; but 'tis as unlikely to me, as 'twas seven year before I saw her. I shall try his cunning; it may be, he has a way was never yet thought on, and it had need to be such a one; for all that I can think on will never do't. I look to have this diamond taken from me very speedily; therefore I'll take it off o' my finger, for, if it be seen, I shall be way-laid for that too. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* OLDCRAFT'S *House.*

Enter OLDCRAFT *and* WITTYPATE.

Oldc. Oh, torture, torture! Thou carry'st a sting i' thy tail!
Thou never brought'st good news i' thy life yet;
And that's an ill quality, leave it when thou wilt.

Witty. Why, you receive a blessing the wrong way, sir.
Call you not this good news, to save at once, sir,
Your credit and your kinsman's life together?
Would it not vex your peace, and gall your worth,
To have one of your name hang'd?

Oldc. Peace; no such words, boy!

Witty. Be thankful for the blessings of prevention.

Oldc. Let me see!
There was none hang'd out of our house since Brute;
I ha' search'd both Stow and Hollinshed.

Witty. Oh, sir!

Oldc. I'll see what Polychronicon says anon too.

Witty. 'Twas a miraculous fortune that I heard on't!

Oldc. I would thou'dst never heard on't!

Witty. That's true too,
So it had ne'er been done. To see the luck on't!
He was even brought to justice Aurum's threshold;
There had flown forth a mittimus straight for Newgate!
And note the fortune too! Sessions a Thursday,
Jury cull'd out a Friday, judgment a Saturday,
Dungeon a Sunday, Tyburn a Monday:
Misery's quotidian ague, when't begins once,
Every day pulls him, till he pull his last.

Oldc. No more, I say! 'tis an ill theme. Where left you him?

Witty. He's in the constable's hands below i' th' hall, sir,
Poor gentleman, and his accuser with him.

Oldc. What's he?

Witty. A judge's son, 'tis thought; so much the worse too;
He'll hang his enemy and't shall cost him nothing;
That's a great privilege.

Oldc. Within there!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir?

Oldc. Call up the folks i' th' hall.—I had such hope on him,
For a scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for;
Therefore erected all my joys in him,
Got a Welch benefice in reversion for him,
Dean of Cardigan; he has his grace already,
He can marry and bury,
Yet ne'er a hair on's face, like a French vicar;
And does he bring such fruits to town with him?
A thief at his first lighting?—Oh, good den to you!

Enter CREDULOUS, Sir RUINOUS (*as a* Constable,) *and* Lady RUINOUS (*as a* Man).

Witty. Nay, sweet sir! you're so vex'd now, you will grieve him,
And hurt yourself.

Oldc. Away! Ill hear no counsel.—
Come you but once in seven year to your uncle,
And at that time must you be brought home too?
And by a constable?

Witty. Oh, speak low, sir;
Remember your own credit! You profess
You love a man o' wit; begin at home, sir;
Express it i' yourself.

L. Ruin. Nay, master constable,
Shew yourself a wise man, 'gainst your nature too.

Ruin. Sir, no dish-porridgement, we have brought home
As good men as ye.

Old. Out! a North-Britain constable? that tongue
Will publish all, it speaks so broad already.—
Are you the gentleman?

L. Ruin. The unfortunate one, sir,

That fell into the power of merciless thieves,
Whereof this fellow, (whom I'd call your kinsman
As little as I could, for the fair reverence
I owe to fame and years,) was the prime villain.
Oldc. A wicked prime!
Witty. Nay, not so loud, sweet father!
L. Ruin. The rest are fled, but I shall meet with 'em:
Hang one of 'em I will certain, (I ha' swore it)
And 'twas my luck to light upon this first.
Oldc. A Cambridge man for this? these your degrees, sir?
Nine years at university for this fellowship?
Witty. Take your voice lower, dear sir!
Oldc. What's your loss, sir?
L. Ruin. That which offends me to repeat; the money's whole, sir,
'Tis in the constable's hands there, a seal'd hun-
But I will not receive't. [dred;
Oldc. No? not the money, sir,
Having confess'd 'tis all?
L. Ruin. 'Tis all the money, sir,
But 'tis not all I lost; for when they bound me,
They took a diamond hung at my shirt-string,
Which fear of life made me forget to hide;
It being the sparkling witness of a contract
'Twixt a great lawyer's daughter and myself.
Witty. I told you what he was.—What does the
Concern my cousin, say? [diamond
L. Ruin. No more did the money;
But he shall answer all now.
Witty. There's your conscience!
It shews from whence you sprung.
L. Ruin. Sprung? I had leap'd a thief,
Had I leap'd some of your alliance.
Witty. Slave!
L. Ruin. You prevent me still.
Oldc. 'Slid, son, are you mad?
L. Ruin. Come, come, I'll take a legal course.
Oldc. Will you undo us all?—What's your demand, sir?
Now we're in's danger too!
L. Ruin. A hundred mark, sir;
I will not bate a doit.
Witty. A hundred rascals!
L. Ruin. Sir, find 'em out in your own blood, and take 'em.
Witty. Go, take your course; follow the law, and spare not.
Oldc. Does fury make you drunk? Know you what you say?
Witty. A hundred dogs-dungs! do your worst.
Oldc. You do, I'm sure: who is loud now?
Witty. What, his own asking?
Oldc. Not in such a case?
Witty. You shall have but threescore pound, 'spite a' your teeth;
I'll see you hang'd first!
Oldc. And what's seven pound more, man,
That all this coil's about?—Stay!—I say he shall ha't.
Witty. It is your own, you may do what you please with it;
Pardon my zeal! I would ha' saved you money.
Give him all his own asking?
Oldc. What's that to you, sir?
Be sparing of your own! Teach me to pinch
In such a case as this? Go, go; live by your wits,
Witty. I practise all I can. [go!
Oldc. Follow you me, sir;
And, master constable, come from the knave,
And be a witness of a full recompense.
Witty. Pray stop the constable's mouth, what-
Oldc. Yet again? [e'er you do, sir
As if I meant not to do that myself,
Without your counsel?—As for you, precious kinsman,
Your first year's fruits in Wales shall go to rack for this!
You lie not in my house: I'll pack you out,
And pay for your lodging rather.
[*Exeunt* Oldcraft, Ruinous, *and* Lady Ruinous.
Witty. Oh, fy, cousin!
These are ill courses; you a scholar too!
Cred. I was drawn into't most unfortunately,
By filthy debosh'd company.
Witty. Ay, ay, ay;
'Tis even the spoil of all our youth in England.
What were they? gentlemen?
Cred. 'Faith, so like, some of 'em,
They were even the worse again.
Witty. Hum!
Cred. Great tobacco-whiffers;
They would go near to rob with a pipe in their
Witty. What! no? [mouths.
Cred. 'Faith, leave it, cousin, because my rascals use it.
Witty. So they do meat and drink; must worthy gentlemen
Refrain their food for that? an honest man
May eat of the same pig some parson dines with.
A lawyer and a fool feed of one woodcock,
Yet one ne'er the simpler, t'other ne'er the wiser;
'Tis not meat, drink, or smoke, dish, cup, or pipe,
Co-operates to the making of a knave;
'Tis the condition makes a slave a slave:
There's London philosophy for you! I tell you, cousin,
You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,
In your society here, especially
When you come raw from the university,
Before the world has harden'd you a little;
For as a butter'd loaf is a scholar's breakfast there,
So a poach'd scholar is a cheater's dinner here:
I ha' known seven of 'em supp'd up at a meal.
Cred. Why a poach'd scholar?
Witty. 'Cause he pours himself forth,
And all his secrets, at the first acquaintance:
Never so crafty to be eaten i' th' shell,
But is out-stripp'd of all he has at first,
And goes down glib: he's swallow'd with sharp wit,
'Stead of wine vinegar.
Cred. I shall think, cousin,
O' your poach'd scholar, while I live.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Master Credulous,
Your uncle wills you to forbear the house:
You must with me; I'm charged to see you placed
In some new lodging about Thieving-Lane.
What the conceit is I know not: but he commands you
To be seen here no more, till you hear further.
Cred. Here's a strange welcome, sir!
Witty. This is the world, cousin,
When a man's fame's once poison'd! Fare thee well, lad! [*Exeunt* Credulous *and* Servant.
This is the happiest cheat I e'er claim'd share in;
It has a two-fold fortune, gets me coin,
And puts him out of grace that stood between me;

My father's Cambridge jewel, much suspected
To be his heir; now there's a bar in's hopes.

Enter RUINOUS *with a Purse, and* Lady RUINOUS.

Ruin. It chinks; make haste!
L. Ruin. The Goat at Smithfield-Pens. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Witty. Zo, zo, zufficient!—Master Cunningham?
I never have ill luck when I meet a wit.
Cunn. A wit's better to meet than to follow then,
For I ha' none so good I can commend yet;
But commonly men unfortunate to themselves,
Are luckiest to their friends; and so may I be.
Witty. I run o'er so much worth, going but in haste from you,
All my deliberate friendship cannot equal.
Cunn. 'Tis but to shew, that you can place sometimes
Your modesty a-top of all your virtues.—
[*Exit* WITTYPATE.
This gentleman may pleasure me yet again.

Enter MIRABEL.

I am so haunted with this broad-brimm'd hat
Of the last progress block, with the young hat-band,
Made for a sucking devil of two years old,
I know not where to turn myself.
Mir. Sir!
Cunn. More torture?
Mir. 'Tis rumour'd that you love me.
Cunn. O' my troth, gentlewoman,
Rumour's as false a knave as ever piss'd then;
Pray tell him so from me! I cannot feign
With a sweet gentlewoman, I must deal down-right.
Mir. I heard, though you dissembled with my aunt, sir;
And that makes me more confident.
Cunn. There's no falsehood,
But pays us our own some way!—I confess
I feign'd with her, ('twas for a weightier purpose)
But not with thee, I swear.
Mir. Nor I with you then,
Although my aunt enjoin'd me to dissemble,
To right her spleen: I love you faithfully.
Cunn. 'Light, this is worse than 'twas.
Mir. I find such worth in you,
I cannot, nay, I dare not, dally with you,
For fear the flame consume me.
Cunn. Here's fresh trouble!
This drives me to my conscience; for 'tis foul
To injure one that deals directly with me.
Mir. I crave but such a truth from your love, sir,
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.
Cunn. A good geometrician, 'shrew my heart!
Why, are you out o' your wits, pretty plump gentlewoman,
You talk so desperately? 'tis a great happiness
Love has made one on's wiser than another,
We should be both cast away else:
Yet I love gratitude; I must requite you,
I shall be sick else: But to give you me—
A thing you must not take, if you mean to live,
For a' my troth I hardly can myself;
No wise physician will prescribe me for you.
Alas, your state is weak; you had need of cordials,
Some rich electuary, made of a son and heir,
An elder brother, in a cullis, whole;
It must be some wealthy Gregory, boil'd to a jelly,
That must restore you to the state of new gowns,
French ruffs, and mutable head-tires.
Mir. But, where is he, sir?
One that's so rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.
Cunn. Then see thy conscience, and thy wit together!
Wouldst thou have me then, that have nothing neither?
What say you to Fop Gregory the First yonder?
Will you acknowledge your time amply recompensed,
Full satisfaction upon love's record,
Without any more suit, if I combine you?
Mir. Yes, by this honest kiss.
Cunn. You're a wise client,
To pay your fee before-hand; but all do so:
You know the worst already, that's the best too.
Mir. I know he is a fool.
Cunn. You're shrewdly hurt then!
This is your comfort; your great, wisest women
Pick their first husband still out of that house,
And some will have 'em to chuse, if they bury twenty.
Mir. I'm of their minds, that like him for a first husband
To run youth's race with him, 'tis very pleasant;
But when I'm old, I'd always wish a wiser.
Cunn. You may have me by that time. For this first business,
Rest upon my performance!
Mir. With all thankfulness.
Cunn. I have a project you must aid me in too.
Mir. You bind me to all lawful action, sir.
Cunn. Pray wear this scarf about you.
Mir. I conjecture now——
Cunn. There's a court principle for't, one office must help another;
As for example, for your cast o' manchets out o' th' pantry,
I will allow you a goose out of the kitchen.
Mir. 'Tis very sociably done, sir: Farewell. Performance!
I shall be bold to call you so. [*Exit.*
Cunn. Do, sweet Confidence!

Enter Sir GREGORY.

If I can match my two broad-brimm'd hats—
'Tis he! I know the maggot by his head;
Now shall I learn news of him.—My precious chief!
Greg. I have been seeking for you i' th bowling-green,
Enquired at Nettleton's and Anthony's ordinary;
'T has vex'd me to the heart! Look, I've a diamond here,
And it cannot find a master.
Cunn. No? that's hard, i'faith.
Greg. It does belong to somebody: A pox on him,
I would he had it; 'does but trouble me;
And she that sent it is so waspish too,
There's no returning to her till't be gone.
Cunn. Oh, ho! Ah, sirrah, are you come?
Greg. What's that, friend?
Cunn. Do you note that corner sparkle?
Greg. Which? which? which, sir?
Cunn. At the west end o' th' collet.
Greg. Oh, I see't no

Cunn. 'Tis an apparent mark: This is the stone, sir,
That so much blood is threaten'd to be shed for.
Greg. I pray —
Cunn. A tun at least
Greg. They must not find it i' me then; they must
Go where 'tis to be had.
Cunn. 'Tis well it came to my hands first, Sir Gregory;
I know where this must go.
Greg. Am I discharged on't?
Cunn. My life for yours now! [*Draws.*
Greg. What now?
Cunn. 'Tis discretion, sir;
I'll stand upon my guard all the while I ha't.
Greg. 'Troth thou tak'st too much danger on thee still,
To preserve me alive.
Cunn. 'Tis a friend's duty, sir.
Nay, by a toy that I have late thought upon,
I'll undertake to get your mistress for you.
Greg. Thou wilt not? wilt?
Cunn. Contract her by a trick, sir,
When she least thinks on't.
Greg. There's the right way to't;
For if she think on't once, she'll never do't.
Cunn. She does abuse you still then?
Greg. A pox! damnably,
Every time worse than other; yet her uncle
Thinks the day holds 'a Tuesday: Say it did, sir,
She's so familiarly used to call me *rascal*,
She'll quite forget to wed me by my own name;
And then that marriage cannot hold in law, you know.
Cunn. Will you leave all to me?
Greg. Who should I leave it to?
Cunn. 'Tis our luck to love nieces; I love a niece too.
Greg. I would you did, i'faith!
Cunn. But mine's a kind wretch.
Greg. Ay, marry, sir? I would mine were so too!
Cunn. No *rascal* comes in her mouth.
Greg. 'Troth, and mine
Has little else in her's.
Cunn. Mine sends me tokens,
All the world knows not on.
Greg. Mine gives me tokens too,
Very fine tokens; but I dare not wear 'em.
Cunn. Mine's kind in secret.
Greg. And there mine's a hell-cat.
Cunn. We have a day set too.
Greg. 'Slid, so have we, man;
But there's no sign of ever coming together.
Cunn. I'll tell thee who it is; the old woman's niece.
Greg. Is't she?
Cunn. I would your luck had been no worse for mildness;
But mum; no more words on't to your lady!
Greg. Foh!
Cunn. No blabbing, as you love me.
Greg. None of our blood
Were ever babblers.
Cunn. Pr'ythee convey this letter to her;
But at any hand let not your mistress see't!
Greg. Yet again, sir?
Cunn. There is a jewel in't!
The very art would make her dote upon't.
Greg. Say you so?
And she shall see't for that trick only.
Cunn. Remember but your mistress, and all's well.
Greg. Nay, if I do not, hang me! [*Exit.*
Cunn. I believe you.—
This is the only way to return a token:
I know he will do't now, 'cause he's charged to th' contrary.
He's the nearest kin to a woman, of a thing
Made without substance, that a man can find again.
Some petticoat begot him, I'll be whipt else,
Engendring with an old pair of paned hose,
Lying in some hot chamber o'er the kitchen;
Very steam bred him.
He never grew where *rem in re* e'er came;
The generation of a hundred such
Cannot make a man stand in a white sheet,
For 'tis no act in law; nor can a constable
Pick out a bawdy business for Bridewell in't.
A lamentable case!
He's got with a man's urine, like a mandrake.—

Enter Pompey (*as a Gallant.*)

How now? ha? what prodigious bravery's this?
A most preposterous gallant! the doublet sits
As if it mock'd the breeches.
Pompey. Save you, sir!
Cunn. He has put his tongue in the fine suit of words too!
Pompey. How does the party?
Cunn. Takes me for a scrivener.—
Which of the parties?
Pompey. Hum! Simplicity betide thee!—
I would fain hear o' th' party; I would be loth to go
Further with her; honour is not a thing
To be dallied withal, no more is reputation,
No, nor fame, I take it; I must not have her wrong'd
When I'm abroad; my party is not to be compell'd
With any party in an oblique way;
'Tis very dangerous to deal with women;
May prove a lady too, but shall be nameless;
I'll bite my tongue out, ere it prove a traitor.
Cunn. Upon my life, I know her!
Pompey. Not by me;
Know what you can, talk a whole day with me,
You're ne'er the wiser; she comes not from these lips.
Cunn. The old knight's niece.
Pompey. 'Slid, he has got her! Pox of his heart that told him!— [*Aside.*
Can nothing be kept secret? Let me entreat you
To use her name as little as you can, though.
Cunn. 'Twill be small pleasure, sir, to use her name.
Pompey. I had intelligence in my solemn walks,
'Twixt Paddington and Pancridge, of a scarf
Sent for a token, and a jewel follow'd;
But I acknowledge not the receipt of any:
Howe'er 'tis carried, believe me, sir,
Upon my reputation, I received none!
Cunn. What, neither scarf nor jewel?
Pompey. 'Twould be seen
Somewhere about me, you may well think that;
I have an arm for a scarf, as others have,
An ear to hang a jewel too, and that's more
Than some men have, my betters a great deal.
I must have restitution, where'er it lights.
Cunn. And reason good.
Pompey. For all these tokens, sir,
Pass i' my name.
Cunn. It cannot otherwise be.
Pompey. Sent to a worthy friend!
Cunn. Ay, that's to thee.
Pompey. I'm wrong'd under that title.
Cunn. I dare swear thou art;
'Tis nothing but Sir Gregory's circumvention.

His envious spite; when thou'rt at Paddington,
He meets the gifts at Pancridge.
Pompey. Ah, false knight!
False both to honour, and the law of arms.
Cunn. What wilt thou say if I be revenged for
Thou sit as witness? [thee,
Pompey. I should laugh in state then.
Cunn. I'll fob him; here's my hand.
Pompey. I shall be as glad as any man alive to see him well fobb'd, sir. But, now you talk of fobbing, I wonder the lady sends not for me according to promise: I ha' kept out o' town these two days, o' purpose to be sent for: I am almost starved with walking.
Cunn. Walking gets men a stomach.
Pompey. 'Tis most true, sir; I may speak it by experience, for I ha' got a stomach six times, and lost it again, as often as a traveller from Chelsea shall lose the sight of Paul's, and get it again.
Cunn. Go to her, man.
Pompey. Not for a million! Enfringe my oath? There's a toy call'd a vow has past between us, a poor trifle, sir! Pray do me the part and office of a gentleman: If you chance to meet a footman by the way, in orange-tawny ribbands, running before an empty coach, with a buzzard i' th' poop on't, direct him and his horses toward the New-River, by Islington; there they shall have me looking upon the pipes, and whistling. [*Exit.*
Cunn. A very good note! This love makes us all monkies.
But to my work: Scarf first? and now a diamond?
These should be sure signs of her affection's truth;
Yet I'll go forward with my surer proof. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

Enter NIECE *and* GREGORY.

Niece. Is't possible?
Greg. Nay, here's his letter too;
There's a fine jewel in't, therefore I brought it to you.
Niece. You tedious mongril! Is it not enough
To grace thee, to receive this from thy hand,
A thing which makes me almost sick to do,
But you must talk too?
Greg. I ha' done.
Niece. Fall back!
Yet backer, backer yet! You unmannerly puppy,
Do you not see I'm going about to read it?
Greg. Nay, these are golden days! now I stay by't;
She was wont not to endure me in her sight at all;
The world mends, I see that.
Niece. What an ambiguous superscription's
'To the best of nieces.' [here!
Why, that title may be mine, and more than her's:
Sure I much wrong the neatness of his art!
'Tis certain sent to me; and to requite
My cunning in the carriage of my tokens,
Used the same fop for his.
Greg. She nodded now to me; 'twill come in time.
Niece. What's here? An entire ruby, cut into a heart?
And this the word, *Istud amoris opus?*
Greg. Yes, yes;
I have heard him say, that Love is the best stone-cutter.
Niece. Why, thou saucy issue of some travelling sow-gelder,
What makes love in thy mouth? Is it a th'ng
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder
How thou dar'st think on't! Hast thou ever hope
To come i' the same room where lovers are,
And 'scape unbrain'd with one of their velvet slippers?
Greg. Love-tricks break out I see: An you talk of slippers once,
It is not far off to bed-time.
Niece. Is it possible thou canst laugh yet?
I would ha' undertook to ha' kill'd a spider
With less venom far than I have spit at thee.
Greg. You must conceive,
A knight's another manner o' piece of flesh.
Niece. Back, owl's face!
Oldc. [*Within.*] Do, do.
Niece. [*Apart.*] 'Tis my uncle's voice, that.—
Why keep you so far off, Sir Gregory?
Are you afraid, sir, to come near your mistress?
Greg. Is the proud heart come down? I look'd for this still.
Niece. [*Apart.*] He comes not this way yet.—
Away, you dog-whelp!
Would you offer to come near me, though I said so?
I'll make you understand my mind in time!
You're running greedily, like a hound to his breakfast,
That chops in head and all to beguile his fellows;
I'm to be eaten, sir, with grace and leisure,
Behaviour and discourse, things that ne'er trouble
After I have pelted you sufficiently, [you:
I trow you'll learn more manners.
Greg. I am wond'ring still
When we two shall come together. Tuesday's at hand,
But I'm as far off as I was at first, I swear.

Enter Guardianess.

Guard. Now, Cunningham, I'll be revenged at large.—
Lady, what was but all this while suspicion,
Is truth full blown now; my niece wears your scarf.
Niece. Ha!
Guard. Do but follow me, I'll place you instantly
Where you shall see her courted by Cunningham.
Niece. I go with greediness! We long for things
That break our hearts sometimes; there's Pleasure's misery. [*Exeunt* Niece *and* Guardianess.
Greg. Where are those gad-flies going? to some junket now.
That same old humble-bee toles the young one forth
To sweetmeats after kind: Let 'em look to't
The thing you wot on be not miss'd or gone!
I bring a maidenhead, and I look for one. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter CUNNINGHAM, (*seemingly in discourse with a mask'd Gentlewoman, which is a puppet, in a broad hat, and scarfed*) *and* Niece *at another door.*

Cunn. Yes, yes.
Niece. Too manifest now; the scarf and all!
Cunn. It cannot be; you're such a fearful soul
Niece. I'll give her cause of fear ere I part from her!

Cunn. Will you say so? Is't not your aunt's desire too?
Niece. What a dissembling crone's that? She'll forswear't now.
Cunn. I see my project takes; yonder's the grace on't. [*Aside.*
Niece. Who would put confidence in wit again?
I'm plagued for my ambition, to desire
A wise man for a husband! and I see
Fate will not have us go beyond our stint:
We are allow'd but one dish, and that's woodcock.
It keeps up wit to make us friends and servants of;
And thinks anything's good enough to make us husbands.
Oh, that whore's hat o' thine, o' th' riding block,
A shade for lecherous kisses!—
Cunn. Make you doubt on't?
Is not my love of force?
Niece. Yes; me it forces [*Comes forward.*
To tear that sorcerous strumpet from thy embraces.
Cunn. Lady?
Niece. Oh, thou hast wrong'd the exquisitest [love—
Cunn. What mean you, lady?
Niece. Mine; you'll answer for't!
Cunn. Alas, what seek you?
Niece. Sir, mine own, with loss.
Cunn. You shall——
Niece. I never made so hard a bargain.
Cunn. Sweet lady!
Niece. Unjust man, let my wrath reach her,
As you owe Virtue duty! [CUNNINGHAM *falls on purpose.*] Your cause trips you.—
Now, minion, you shall feel what love's rage is,
Before you taste the pleasure.—Smile you, false sir?
Cunn. How can I chuse, to see what pains you take,
Upon a thing will never thank you for't?
Niece. How?
Cunn. See what things you women be, lady!
When clothes are taken for the best part of you.
This was to shew you, when you think I love you not,
How you're deceived still; there the moral lies:
'Twas a trap set to catch you, and the only bait
To take a lady nibbling is fine clothes:
Now I dare boldly thank you for your love;
I'm pretty well resolved in't by this fit,
For a jealous ague always ushers it.
Niece. Now blessings still maintain this wit of thine!
And I've an excellent fortune coming in thee:
Bring nothing else, I charge thee.
Cunn. Not a groat, I warrant you.
Niece. Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my faith for't;
Next opportunity shall make us.
Cunn. The old gentlewoman has fool'd her revenge sweetly.
Niece. 'Las, 'tis her part; she knows her place so well yonder!
Always when women jump upon threescore,
Love shoves 'em from the chamber to the door.
Cunn. Thou art a precious she-wit! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A mean Room in the House of* Sir RUINOUS.

Enter CUNNINGHAM, *(at one door,)* WITTYPATE, RUINOUS, Lady RUINOUS, *and* PRISCIAN *(at the other).*

Cunn. Friend, met in the harvest of our designs!
Not a thought but's busy.
Witty. I knew it, man;
And that made me provide these needful reapers,
Hooks, rakers, gleaners: We will sing it home
With a melodious hornpipe. This is the bond;
That as we further in your great affair,
You'll suffer us to glean, pick up for crumbs,
And, if we snatch a handful from the sheaf,
You will not look a churl on's.
Cunn. Friend, we'll share
The sheaves of gold; only the love acre
Shall be peculiar.
Witty. Much good do you, sir.
Away! you know your way, and your stay; get you
The music ready, while we prepare the dancers.
Ruin. We are a consort of ourselves.
Pris. And can strike up lustily.
Witty. You must bring Sir Fop.
Cunn. That's perfect enough.
Ruin. Bring all the fops you can, the more the better fare;
So the proverb runs backwards.
[*Exeunt* RUINOUS *and* PRISCIAN.
L. Ruin. I'll bring the ladies. [*Exit.*
Witty. Do so first, and then the fops will follow.
I must to my father; he must make one. [*Exit.*

Enter two Servants, *with a Banquet.*

Cunn. While I dispatch a business with the knight,
And I go with you.—Well said! I thank you!
This small banquet will furnish our few guests
With taste and state enough. One reach my gown;
The action craves it, rather than the weather.
1 *Serv.* There is one stays to speak with you, sir.
Cunn. What is he?
1 *Serv.* 'Faith, I know not what, sir; a fool, I think,
That some broker's shop has made half a gentle-
'Has the name of a worthy too. [man'
Cunn. Pompey? is't not?
1 *Serv.* That's he, sir.
Cunn. Alas, poor fellow, pr'ythee enter him,
He will need too. He shall serve for a witness.

Enter second Servant, *with a Gown.*

Oh, gramercy! If my friend Sir Gregory comes,
(You know him) entertain him kindly.

Enter POMPEY.

Oh, Master Pompey!
How is't, man?
Pompey. 'Snails, I'm almost starved with love, and cold, and one thing or other. Has not my lady sent for me yet?
Cunn. Not that I hear: Sure some
Unfriendly messenger's employ'd betwixt you.
Pompey. I was ne'er so cold in my life: In my conscience, I have been seven miles in length, along the New-River; I have seen a hundred stickle-

bags; I do not think but there's gudgeons too: 'Twill ne'er be a true water.

Cunn. Why think you so?

Pompey. I warrant you I told a thousand miller's thumbs in it. I'll make a little bold with your sweetmeats.

Cunn. And welcome, Pompey!

Pompey. 'Tis a strange thing I have no taste in anything.

Cunn. Oh, that's love; that distastes anything but itself.

Pompey. 'Tis worse than cheese in that point. May not a man break his word with a lady? I could find in my heart and my hose too.

Cunn. By no means, sir; that breaks all the laws of love.

Pompey. Well, I'll ne'er pass my word without my deed, to lady, while I live, again. I would fain recover my taste.

Cunn. Well, I have news to tell you.

Pompey. Good news, sir?

Cunn. Happy news! I help you away with a rival, your master's bestow'd——

Pompey. Where, for this plumb's sake——

Cunn. Nay, listen me.

Pompey. I warrant you, sir; I have two ears to one mouth: I hear more than I eat; I'd ne'er row by Queen-Hithe while I lived else.

Cunn. I have a wife for him, and thou shalt witness the contract.

Pompey. The old one, I hope; 'tis not the lady?

Cunn. Choke him first! 'Tis one which thou shalt see; see him, see him deceived, see the deceit, only the injunction is, you shall smile with modesty.

Pompey. I'll simper, i'faith, as cold as I am yet. The old one, I hope! [*Retires.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Sir Gregory.

Cunn. Udso, shelter, shelter! If you be seen, all's ravell'd out again: Stand there private, and you will find the very opportunity to call you forth, and place you at the table.

Enter Gregory.

You are welcome, sir! this banquet will serve, when it is crown'd with such a dainty as you expect, and must have.

Greg. Tush, these sweetmeats are but sauce to that. Well, if there be any honesty, or true word in a dream, she's mine own, nay, and changed extremely, not the same woman.

Cunn. Who? not the lady?

Greg. No, not to me; the edge of her tongue is taken off, gives me very good words; turn'd upside down to me; and we live as quietly as two tortoises: If she hold on, as she began in my dream——

Cunn. Nay, if love send forth such predictions, you are bound to believe 'em. [*Soft Music.*] There's the watch-word of her coming; to your practised part now! If you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.*

[*They both sit down, and cover themselves with the gown.*

Greg. I'll warrant you, sir, I will give arms to your gentry: Look you forward to your business, I am an eye behind you; place her in that chair, and let me alone to grope her out!

[*Hides himself in the gown.*

Enter Mirabel.

Cunn. Silence!—Lady, your sweet presence illustrates
This homely roof, and as coarse entertainment;
But where affections are both host and guest,
They cannot meet unkindly. Please you sit!
Your something long stay made me unmannerly,
To place before you (know him!) this friend here;
(He is my guest) and more especially,
That this our meeting might not be too single,
Without a witness to't.

Mir. I came not unresolved, sir:
And when our hands are clasped in that firm faith
Which I expect from you, Fame shall be bold
To speak the loudest on it. Oh, you grasp me
Somewhat too hard, friend!

Cunn. That's Love's eager will;
I'll touch it gentlier. [*Kisses her hand.*

Mir. That's too low in you,
'Less it be doubly recompensed in me.
[*Kisses his hand.*

Pompey. Puh! I must stop my mouth; I shall be choak'd else.

Cunn. Come, we'll not play and trifle with delays;
We met to join these hands, and willingly
I cannot leave it till confirmation.

Mir. One word first! how does your friend, Kind Sir Gregory?

Cunn. Why do you mention him? you love him not.

Mir. I shall love you the less if you say so, sir:
In troth, I love him; but 'tis you deceive him,
This flattering hand of yours does rob him now,
Now you steal his right from him; and I know
I shall have hate for it, his hate extremely.

Cunn. Why, I thougnt you had not come so weakly arm'd:
Upon my life, the knight will love you for't,
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.

Mir. Ay, you'll persuade me so.

Cunn. Why, he's my friend,
And wishes me a fortune equal with him,
I know and dare speak it for him.

Mir. Oh, this hand betrays him!
You might remember him in some court'sy yet at least.

Cunn. I thank your help in it; here's to his health,
Where'er he be! [*Drinks.*

Mir. I'll pledge it,
Were it against my health.

Pompey. Oh, oh! my heart hops after twelve mile a-day, upon a good return! Now could I walk three hundred mile a-foot, and laugh forwards and backwards.

Mir. You'll take the knight's health, sir?

Pompey. Yes, yes, forsooth. Oh, my sides! Such a banquet once a-week, would make me grow fat in a fortnight.

Cunn. Well; now to close our meeting, with the close [Sir Gregory *puts forth his hand.*
Of mutual hands and hearts, thus I begin:
Here in Heaven's eye, and all Love's sacred powers,
(Which in my prayers stand propitious,)
I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
By force of this initiating contract
Both heart and hand in love, faith, loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all

The dues, rights, and honours, of a faithful husband:
And this firm vow, henceforth till death to stand
Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand!

Mir. Which thus I second: But, oh, Sir Gregory!

Cunn. Again? this interposition's ill, believe me.

Mir. Here, in Heaven's eye, and all Love's sacred powers,
I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
Both heart and hand in love, honour, loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all
The dues, rights, and duties, of a true faithful wife;
And this firm vow, henceforth till death to stand
Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand!

Greg. A full agreement on both parts.

Cunn. Ay, here's witness of that.

Greg. Nay, I have over-reach'd you, lady; and that's much, [*Discovers himself.*
For any knight in England to over-reach a lady.

Mir. I rejoice in my deceit; I am a lady
Now, I thank you, sir.

Pompey. Good morrow, Lady Fop!

Greg. 'Snails, I am gull'd! made a worshipful ass! this is not my lady.

Cunn. But it is, sir; and true as your dream told you,
That your lady was become another woman.

Greg. I'll have another lady, sir, if there were no more ladies
In London; blindman-buff is an unlawful game.

Cunn. Come, down on your knees first, and thank your stars.

Greg. A fire of my stars! I may thank you, I think.

Cunn. So you may pray for me, and honour me,
That have preserved you from a lasting torment,
For a perpetual comfort. Did you call me friend—

Greg. I pray pardon me for that; I did miscall you, I confess.

Cunn. And should I, receiving such a thankful name,
Abuse it in the act? Should I see my friend
Baffled, disgraced, without any reverence
To your title, to be call'd *slave, rascal?* nay,
Cursed to your face, fool'd, scorned, beaten down
With a woman's peevish hate, yet I should stand
And suffer you to be lost, cast away?
I would have seen you buried quick first,
Your spurs of knighthood to have wanted rowels,
And to be hack'd from your heels! *Slave, rascal?*
Hear this tongue.

Mir. My dearest love, sweet knight, my lord, my husband!

Cunn. So! this is not *slave* and *rascal* then.

Mir. What shall your eye command, but shall
In all the duties of a loyal wife? [be done,

Cunn. Good, good!
Are not curses fitter for you? were't not better
Your head were broke with the handle of a fan,
Or your nose bored with a silver bodkin?

Mir. Why, I will be a servant in your lady.

Cunn. 'Pox, but you shall not! she's too good for you!
This contract shall be a nullity; I'll break it off,
And see you better bestow'd.

Greg. 'Slid, but you shall not, sir! she's mine own, and I am hers, and we are one another's lawfully, and let me see him that will take her away by the civil law! If you be my friend, keep you so; if you have done me a good turn, do not hit me i' th' teeth with't! that's not the part of a friend.

Cunn. If you be content——

Greg. Content? I was never in better contention in my life: I'll not change her for both the Exchanges, New or the Old.—Come, kiss me boldly!

Pompey. 'Give you joy, sir!

Greg. Oh, sir, I thank you as much as though I did! You are beloved of ladies; you see we are glad of under-women.

Pompey. Ladies? Let not ladies be disgraced! You're, as it were,
A married man, and have a family;
And, for the party's sake that was unnamed
Before, being peas-cod time, I am appeased;
Yet I would wish you make a ruler of your tongue.

Cunn. Nay, no dissension here! I must bar that.
And this, friend, I entreat you, and be advised;
Let this private contract be yet conceal'd,
And still support a seeming face of love
Unto the lady! mark how it avails you,
And quits all her scorns: Her uncle is now hot
In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her,
Bend her proud stomach, that she shall proffer
Herself to you, which, when you have flouted,
And laugh'd your fill at, you shall scorn her off,
With all your disgraces trebled upon her;
For there the pride of all her heart will bow,
When you shall foot her from you, not she you.

Greg. Good, i'faith! I'll continue it. I'd fain laugh at the old fellow too, for he has abused me as scurvily as his niece.—My knighthood's upon the spur! we'll go to bed, and then to church as fast as we can. [*Exeunt* Gregory *and* Mirabel.

Pompey. I do wonder I do not hear of the lady yet.

Cunn. The good minute may come sooner than you are aware of; I do not think but 'twill ere night yet, as near as 'tis.

Pompey. Well, I will go walk by the New-River, in that meditation; I am o'er shoes, I'm sure, upon the dry bank. This gullery of my master will keep me company this two hours too: If love were not an enemy to laughter, I should drive away the time well enough. You know my walk, sir; if she sends, I shall be found angling, for I will try what I can catch for luck sake; I will fish fair for't.

Oh, knight, that thou shouldst be gull'd so, (ha, ha!)
It does me good at heart,
But oh, lady, thou takest down my merry part. [*Exit.*

Enter Wittypate.

Witty. Friend!

Cunn. Here, friend.

Witty. All is a-foot, and will go smooth away;
The woman has conquer'd the women, they are gone,
Which I have already complain'd to my father,
Suggesting that Sir Gregory is fall'n off
From his charge, for neglects and ill usage,
And that he is most violently bent
On Gentry's wife (whom I have call'd a widow)
And that without most sudden prevention
He will be married to her.

Cunn. 'Foot, all this is wrong!

This wings his pursuit, and will be before me:
I am lost for ever!
Witty. No; stay! you shall not go
But with my father: On my wit let it lie;
You shall appear a friendly assistant,
To help in all affairs, and in execution
Help yourself only.
Cunn. 'Would my belief
Were strong in this assurance!
Witty. You shall credit it,
And my wit shall be your slave, if it deceive you—

Enter OLDCRAFT.

My father!
Oldc. Oh, sir, you are well met! Where's the knight,
Your friend?
Cunn. Sir, I think your son has told you.
Witty. Shall I stand to tell't again? I tell you he loves,
But not my kinswoman; her base usage, and
Your slack performance, which he accuses most
Indeed, has turn'd the knight's heart upside down.
Oldc. I'll curb her for't: Can he be but recover'd,
He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful,
And love him as a wife too.
Witty. With that condition, sir,
I dare recall him were he enter'd the church,
So much interest of love I assure in him.
Oldc. Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you do.
Witty. Ay, but these are words still; will not the deeds be wanting
At the recovery, if it should be again?
Oldc. Why, here, fool, I am provided! five hundred
In earnest of the thousands in the dower;
But were they married once,
I'd cut him short enough, that's my agreement.
Witty. Ay, now I perceive some purpose in you, father.
Oldc. But wherefore is she then stol'n out of doors
To him?
Witty. To him? Oh, fy upon your error!
She has another object, believe it, sir.
Oldc. I never could perceive it.
Cunn. I did, sir; and to her shame I should speak it,
To my own sorrow I saw it, dalliance,
Nay, dotage, with a very clown, a fool.
Oldc. Wit and wantonness; nothing else, nothing else:
She love a fool? she'll sooner make a fool
Of a wise man.
Cunn. Ay, my friend complains so;
Sir Gregory says flatly, she makes a fool of him,
And these bold circumstances are approved:
Favours have been sent by him, yet he, ignorant
Whither to carry 'em, they have been understood,
And taken from him: Certain, sir, there is
An unsuspected fellow lies conceal'd,
What, or where'er he is; these slight neglects
Could not be of a knight else.
Oldc. Well, sir, you have promised (if we recover him
Unmarried) to salve all these old bruises?
Cunn. I'll do my best, sir.
Oldc. I shall thank you costly, sir, and kindly too.
Witty. Will you talk away the time here, sir, and come
Behind all your purposes?
Oldc. Away, good sir!
Witty. Then stay a little, good sir, for my advice.
Why, father, are you broke. your wit beggar'd?
Or are you at your wits' end? or out of love with wit?
No trick of wit to surprise those designs,
But with open hue and cry,
For all the world to talk on? This is strange!
You were not wont to slubber a project so.
Oldc. Can you help at a pinch now? shew yourself
My son? Go to! I leave this to your wit,
Because I'll make a proof on't.
Witty. 'Tis thus then;
I have had late intelligence, they are now
Buxom as Bacchus' froes, revelling, dancing,
Telling the music's numbers with their feet,
Awaiting the meeting of premonish'd friends,
That is questionless, little dreading you;
Now, sir, with a dextrous trick indeed, sudden
And sufficient, were well, to enter on 'em
As something like the abstract of a masque;
What though few persons? if best for our purpose,
That commends the project.
Oldc. This takes up time.
Witty. Not at all; I can presently furnish
With loose disguises that shall fit that scene.
Oldc. Why, what wants then?
Witty. Nothing but charge of music;
That must be paid, you know.
Oldc. That shall be my charge: I will pay the music,
Whate'er it cost.
Witty. And that shall be all your charge.
Now on! I like it; there'll be wit in't, father.
[*Exeunt* OLDCRAFT *and* WITTYPATE.
Cunn. I will neither distrust his wit nor friendship;
Yet if his master-brain should be o'erthrown,
My resolution now shall seize mine own. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

Enter Niece, Lady RUINOUS, Guardianess, Sir RUINOUS, *and* PRISCIAN, *(with instruments) masqued.*

L. Ruin. Nay, let's have music; let that sweet breath at least
Give us her airy welcome! 'twill be the best
I fear this ruin'd receptacle will yield;
But that most freely
Niece. My welcome follows me,
Else I am ill come hither: You assure me
Still Master Cunningham will be here, and that it was
His kind entreaty that wish'd me meet him.
L. Ruin. Else let me be that shame unto my sex,
That all belief may fly 'em.
Niece. Continue still
The knight's name unto my Guardianess;
She expects no other.
L. Ruin. He will, he will; assure you,
Lady, Sir Gregory will be here, and suddenly;
This music fore-ran him; Is't not so, consorts?
Ruin. Yes, lady;

He stays on some device to bring along;
Such a labour he was busy in, some witty device.
Niece. 'Twill be long ere he comes then, for wit's a great labour to him.
Guard. Well, well, you'll agree better one day.
Niece. Scarce two, I think.
Guard. Such a mock-beggar suit of clothes as led me
Into the fool's pair o' dice, with deuce ace,
He that would make me mistress Cun, Cun, Cunnie,
He's quite out of my mind, but I shall ne'er
Forget him while I have a hole in my head:
Such a one I think would please you better,
Though he did abuse you.
Ruin. Fy! speak well of him now,
Your Niece has quitted him.
Guard. I hope she has,
Else she loses me for ever. But, for Sir Gregory,
'Would he were come; I shall ill answer this
Unto your uncle else.
Niece. You know 'tis his pleasure
I should keep him company.
Guard. Ay, and should be your own,
If you did well too. Lord, I do wonder
At the niceness of your ladies now-a-days,
They must have husbands with so much wit forsooth—
Worship and wealth were both wont to be
In better request, I'm sure: I cannot tell, but they
Get ne'er the wiser children that I see.
L. Ruin. La, la, la, sol! this music breathes in vain,
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone;
Let's have a female motion; 'tis in private,
And we'll grace it ourselves, however it deserves.
Niece. What say you, Guardianess?
Guard. 'Las, I'm weary with the walk,
My jaunting days are done.
L. Ruin. Come, come, we'll fetch her in by course, or else
She shall pay the music.
Guard. Nay, I'll have a little for my money then. [*They dance, a cornet is winded.*
L. Ruin. Hark! upon my life, the knight! it is your friend;
This was the warning-piece of his approach.

Enter OLDCRAFT, WITTYPATE, *and* CUNNINGHAM, *masqued, and take them to dance.*

Ha! no words but mum! Well, then we shall need
No counsel-keeping.
Niece. Cunningham?
Cunn. Yes; fear nothing.
Niece. Fear? why do you tell me of it?
Cunn. Your uncle's here.
Niece. Ay, me!
Peace!
Oldc. We have caught 'em.
Witty. Thank my wit, father.
Guard. Which is the knight, think you?
Niece. I know not; he will be found when he speaks;
No masque can disguise his tongue.
Witty. Are you charged?
Oldc. Are you awake?
Witty. I'm answer'd in a question.
Cunn. Next change we meet, we loose our hands no more.
Niece. Are you prepared to tie 'em?
Cunn. Yes.—You must go with me.
Guard. Whither, sir? Not from my charge, believe me.
Cunn. She goes along.
Niece. Will you venture, and my uncle here?
Cunn. His stay's prepared for.
Guard. 'Tis the knight sure; I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CUNNINGHAM, Niece, *and* Guardianess.
Oldc. How now? the music tired before us?
L. Ruin. Yes, sir; we must be paid now.
Witty. Oh, that's my charge, father.
Oldc. But stay! where are our wanton ladies gone?
Son, where are they?
Witty. Only changed the room in a change; that's all, sure.
Oldc. I'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to you.
L. Ruin. You must pay for your music first, sir.
Oldc. *Must?*
Are there *musty* fiddlers? are beggars chusers now?
Ha? Why, Wittypate! son! where am I?
Witty. You were dancing e'en now, in good measure, sir:
Is your health miscarried since? what ail you, sir?
Oldc. 'Death, I may be gull'd to my face!
What are you? [Where's my Niece?
L. Ruin. None of your Niece, sir.
Oldc. How now?
Have you loud instruments too? I will hear
No more, I thank you. What have I done, tro,
To bring these fears about me? Son, where am I?
Witty. Not where you should be, sir; you should be paying
For your music, and you are in a maze.
Oldc. Oh, is it so? Put up, put up, I pray
Here's a crown for you. [you;
L. Ruin. Pish, a crown?
L. Ruin. Pris. Ha, ha, ha! a crown?
Oldc. Which way do you laugh? I have seen
Has made a consort laugh heartily. [a crown
Witty. Father,
To tell you truth, these are no ordinary
Musicians; they expect a bounty above
Their punctual desert.
Oldc. A pox on your punks and their deserts
Am I not cheated, all this while, think you? [too'
Is not your pate in this?
Witty. If you be cheated,
You are not to be indicted for your own goods;
Here you trifle time, to market your bounty,
And make it base, when it must needs be free,
For aught I can perceive.
Oldc. Will you know the lowest price, sir?
Witty. That I will, sir, with all my heart.
[*Talks apart to them.*
Oldc. Unless
I was discover'd, and they now fled home
Again for fear, I am absolutely beguiled;
That's the best can be hoped for.
Witty. 'Faith, 'tis somewhat too dear yet, gentlemen.
L. Ruin. There's not a denier to be bated, sir
Oldc. Now, sir, how dear is it?
Witty. Bate but the other ten pound.
Pris. Not a bawbee, sir.
Oldc. How! bate ten pound? What is the whole sum then?
Witty. Faith, sir, a hundred pound; with much ado.

I got fifty bated; and, faith, father, to say truth,
'Tis reasonable for men of their fashion.

Oldc. La, la, la, down! a hundred pound! la, la, la,
You are a consort of thieves, are you not?

Witty. No; musicians, sir; I told you before.

Oldc. Fiddle faddle!
Is't not a robbery? a plain robbery?

Witty. No,
No, no, by no means, father; you have received
For your money, nay, and that you cannot give back:
'Tis somewhat dear, I confess; but who can help it?
If they had been agreed with beforehand—
'Twas ill forgotten.

Oldc. And how many shares have you in this? I see
My force! case up your instruments. I yield;
As robb'd and taken from me, I deliver it. [here!
[*Gives the money.*

Witty. No, sir, you have perform'd your promise now,
Which was, to pay the charge of music, that's all.

Oldc. I have heard no music, I have received none, sir,
There's none to be found in me, nor about me.

Witty. Why, sir, here's witness 'gainst you, you have danced,
And he that dances acknowledges a receipt
Of music.

Oldc. I deny that, sir: Look you! I can dance without
Music; do you see, sir? And I can sing without it too.
You are a consort of thieves! Do you hear what I do?

Witty. Pray take you heed, sir, if you do move
The music again, it may cost you as much more!

Oldc. Hold, hold! I'll depart quietly.
I need not bid you farewell, I think now,
So long as that hundred pound lasts with you.
[*Going.*

Enter Guardianess.

Ha, ha! am I snapt i'faith?

Guard. Oh, Sir Perfidious——

Oldc. Ay, ay; some howling another while!
Music's too damnable dear.

Guard. Oh, sir! My heart-strings are broke!
If I can but live to tell you the tale, I care not!
Your Niece, my charge, is——

Oldc. What? is she sick?

Guard. No, no, sir, she's lustily well married.

Oldc. To whom?

Guard. Oh, to that cunning dissembler, Cunningham.

Oldc. I'll hang the priest first! What was he?

Guard. Your kinsman, sir, that has the Welch benefice.

Oldc. I saved him from the gallows to that end? Good! Is there any more?

Guard. And Sir Gregory is married too.

Oldc. To my Niece too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

Guard. No, sir; to my niece, thank Cupid! And that's all that's likely to recover me; she's Lady Fop now, and I am one of her aunts, I thank my promotion.

Enter Credulous, Cunningham, Niece, Gregory, *and* Mirabel.

Cred. I have performed your behest, sir.

Oldc. What have you perform'd, sir?

Witty. 'Faith, sir, I must excuse my cousin in this act,
If you can excuse yourself for making him
A priest; there's the most difficult answer.
I put this practice on him, as from your desire:
A truth, a truth, father.

Cred. I protest, sir, he tells you truth;
He moved me to't in your name.

Oldc. I protest, sir,
He told you a lie in my name! and were you
So easy, master Credulous, to believe him?

Cred. If a man should not believe his cousin, sir,
Whom should he believe?

Oldc. Good e'en to you,
Good master cousin Cunningham! and your fair bride,
My cousin Cunningham too! And how do you,
Sir Gregory, with your fair lady?

Greg. A little better than you would have had me, I thank you, sir! The days of *puppy*, and *slave*, and *rascal*, are pretty well blown over now; I know crabs from verjuice, I have tried both: An thou'dst give me thy niece for nothing, I'd not have her.

Cunn. I think so, Sir Gregory; for my sake you would not.

Greg. I would thou hadst 'scaped her too! and then she had died of the green-sickness. Know this, that I did marry in spite, and I will kiss my lady in spite, and love her in spite, and beget children of her in spite, and when I die, they shall have my lands in spite! This was my resolution, and now 'tis out.

Niece. How spiteful are you now, Sir Gregory!
Why, look you, I can love my dearest husband,
With all the honours, duties, sweet embraces,
That can be thrown upon a loving man.

Greg. Pox on't, this is afore your uncle's face; but behind his back, in private, you'll shew him another tale!

Cunn. You see, sir, now, the irrecoverable state of all these things before you. Come out of your muse! They have been but wit-weapons; you were wont to love the play.

Oldc. Let me alone in my muse, a little, sir!
I will wake to you anon.

Enter Pompey.

Cunn. Udso, your friend Pompey! How will you answer him?

Niece. Very well; if you'll but second it, and help me.

Pompey. I do hear strange stories: Are ladies things obnoxious?

Niece. Oh, the dissembling falsest wretch is come!

Cunn. How now, lady?

Niece. Let me come to him! And instead of love
Let me have revenge!

Witty. Pray you now,
Will you first examine whether he be
Guilty or no.

Niece. He cannot be excused!—
How many messengers, thou perjured man,

Hast thou return'd with vows and oaths, that thou
Wouldst follow, and ne'er till this unhappy hour
Could I set eye of thee, since thy false eye
Drew my heart to it? Oh, I could tear thee now,
Instead of soft embraces! Pray give me leave——

Witty. 'Faith, this was ill done of you, sir, if you promised otherwise.

Pompey. By this hand, never any messenger came at me, since the first time I came into her company! That a man should be wronged thus!

Niece. Did not I send thee scarfs and diamonds?
And thou return'dst me letters, one with a false heart in't.

Witty. Oh, fy! to receive favours, return falsehoods,
And hold a lady in hand——

Pompey. Will you believe me, sir? If ever I received diamonds, or scarf, or sent any letter to her, 'would this sword might ne'er go through me!

Witty. Some bad messengers have gone between you then.

Niece. Take him from my sight! if I shall see to-morrow——

Witty. Pray you forbear the place! this discontent
May impair her health much.

Pompey. 'Foot, if a man had been in any fault, 'twould ne'er have grieved him: Sir, if you'll believe—

Witty. Nay, nay, protest no more; I do believe you:
But you see how the lady is wrong'd by't;
She has cast away herself, 'tis to be fear'd,
Against her uncle's will, nay, any consent,
But out of a mere neglect, and spite to herself,
Married suddenly without any advice.

Pompey. Why, who can help it? if she be cast away, she may thank herself: She might have gone further and fared worse. I could do no more than I could do: 'Twas her own pleasure to command me, that I should not come till I was sent for; I had been with her every minute of an hour else.

Witty. Truly I believe you.

Pompey. Night and day she might have commanded me, and that she knew well enough: I said as much to her between her and I; yet I protest, she's as honest a lady for my part; that I'd say, if she would see me hang'd. If she be cast away, I cannot help it; she might have stayed to have spoke with a man.

Witty. Well, 'twas a hard miss on both parts.

Pompey. So 'twas; I was within one of her, for all this cross luck; I was sure I was between the knight and home.

Niece. Not gone yet? Oh, my heart! none regard my health?

Witty. Good sir, forbear her sight awhile! You hear
How ill she brooks it.

Pompey. Foolish woman, to overthrow her fortunes so! I shall think the worse of a lady's wit while I live for't. I could almost cry for anger! If she should miscarry now, 'twould touch my conscience a little; and who knows what love and conceit may do? what would people say as I go along? 'There goes he that the lady died for love on:' I am sure to hear on't i' th' streets; I shall weep beforehand. Foolish woman! I do grieve more for thee now, than I did love thee before. Well, go thy ways! Wouldst thou spare thy husband's head, and break thine own heart, if thou hadst any wit? I would some other had been the cause of thy undoing; I shall be twitted i' th' teeth with it. I'm sure of that: Foolish lady! [*Exit.*

Niece. So, so, this trouble's well shook off.
Uncle, how do you? There's a dowry due, sir.

Cunn. We have agreed it, sweetest, and find your uncle
Fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

Witty. To all the rest, I hope.

Oldc. Never to thee, nor thee, easy cousin Credulous:
Was your wit so raw?

Cred. 'Faith, yours, sir, so long season'd,
Has been faulty too, and very much to blame,
Speaking it with reverence, uncle.

Greg. Yes. 'faith, sir, you have paid as dear for your time as any man here.

Witty. Ay, sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis*, The first preface-cheat of a pair of pieces to the beggars; you remember that; I was the example to your bounty there, I spake Greek and Syriac, sir; you understand me now. Next, the robbery put upon your indulgent cousin; which indeed was no robbery, no constable, no justice, no thief, but all cheaters; there was a hundred mark, mark you that. Lastly, this memorable hundred pounds' worth of music; this was both cheats and wit too. And for the assistance of this gentleman to my cousin (for which I am to have a fee,) that was a little practice of my wit, too, father. Will you come to composition yet, father?

Cunn. Yes, 'faith, sir, do! Two hundred a-year will be easier than so much weekly: I do not think he's barren, if he should be put to't again.

Oldc. Why, this was the day I look'd for! Thou shalt have't;
And the next cheat makes it up three hundred.—
Live thou upon thy ten-pound vicarage;
Thou get'st not a penny more; here's thy full hire now.

Cred. I thank you, sir.

Witty. Why, there was the sum of all my wit, father,
To shove him out of your favour, which I fear'd
Would have disinherited me.

Oldc. Most certain it had,
Had not thy wit recover'd it. Is there any here
That had a hand with thee?

Witty. Yes, all these, sir.

Oldc. Nephew, part a hundred pound amongst 'em;
I'll repay it. Wealth love me as I love wit, when I die,
I'll build an alms-house for decayed wits!

Greg. I'll entertain one in my lifetime: Scholar, you shall be my chaplain; I have the gift of twenty benefices, simple as I am here.

Pris. Thanks, my great patron!

Cunn. Sir, your gentry and your name shall both be raised as high as my fortunes can reach 'em, for your friend's sake.

Witty. Something
Will be in my present power, the future more;
You shall share with me.

Ruin. and *L. Ruin.* Thanks, worthy gentlemen.

Niece. Sir, I would beg one thing of you.

Greg. You can beg nothing of me.

y. Oh, sir! if she begs, there's your power over her.
'. She has begg'd me for a fool already, but 'tis no matter.
begg'd her for a lady, that she might have one for another. [been;
y. Nay, but if she beg——
'. Let her beg again then.
e. That your man Pompey's coat
me over his ears back again; I would not uld be lost for my sake.

Greg. Well, 'tis granted,
For mine own sake.
Mir. I'll entreat it, sir.
Greg. Why then, 'tis granted for your sake.
Oldc. Come, come,
Down with all weapons now! 'tis music time,
So it be purchased at an easy rate:
Some have received the knocks, some given the hits,
And all concludes in love; there's happy wits!
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

We need not tell you, gallants, that this night
The wits have jump'd, or that the scenes hit right.
'Twould be but labour lost for to excuse
What Fletcher had to do in: His brisk muse
Was so mercurial, that if he but writ
An act or two, the whole play rose up wit.
We'll not appeal unto those gentlemen,
Judge by their clothes, if they sit right, nor when
The ladies smile, and with their fans delight
To whisk a clinch aside, then all goes right:
'Twas well received before, and we dare say,
You now are welcome to no vulgar play.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.
ALBERTO, *Admiral of Florence.*
BAPTISTA, *a brave Sea Commander, ancient Friend to* ALBERTO.
CESARIO, *a young Gentleman of a fiery nature, Son to* ALBERTO.
MENTIVOLE, *Son to* BAPTISTA, *Lover of* CLARISSA.
PROSPERO, *a noble Friend to* BAPTISTA.
HOST, *the supposed Father of* BIANCA.
FOROBOSCO, *a cheating Mountebank.*
Clown, *the* Mountebank's *Man, and Setter.*
Dancer, Tailor, Muleteer, Pedant, Clerk, Coxcomb, *Six Fools and Knaves, who pretend Love to* BIANCA.

Secretary *to the* Duke.
Two Magistrates *of Florence.*
Physician, Surgeon, Bishop, *Three* Gentlemen, Sailors, Boys.

MARIANA, *Wife to* ALBERTO, *a virtuous Lady.*
CLARISSA, MARIANA'S *Daughter, in Love with* MENTIVOLE.
JULIANA, *Niece to the* Duke *of* GENOA, BAPTISTA'S *Second Wife.*
BIANCA, *the* FAIR MAID OF THE INN, *beloved of* CESARIO, *and Daughter to* BAPTISTA *and* JULIANA.
HOSTESS, *the supposed Mother of* BIANCA.

SCENE,—FLORENCE.

PROLOGUE.

PLAYS have their fates, not as in their true sense
They're understood, but as the influence
Of idle custom madly works upon
The dross of many-tongued Opinion.
A worthy story, howsoever writ,
For language, modest mirth, conceit, or wit,
Meets oftentimes with the sweet commendation
Of "Hang't! 'tis scurvy!" when for approbation
A jig shall be clapt at, and every rhyme
Praised and applauded by a clamorous chime.
Let Ignorance and Laughter dwell together!
They are beneath the muses' pity: Hither
Come nobler judgments, and to those the strain
Of our invention is not bent in vain:
The Fair Maid of the Inn to you commends
Her hopes and welcomes; and withal intends
In th' entertains to which she doth invite ye,
All things to please, and some things to delight ye.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* ALBERTO.

Enter CESARIO *and* CLARISSA.

Ces. Interpret not, Clarissa, my true zeal
In giving you counsel to transcend the bounds
That should confine a brother! 'tis your honour
And peace of mind (which, honour lost, will leave you)
I labour to preserve: And though you yet are
Pure and untainted, and resolved to be so,
Having a father's eye, and mother's care,
In all your ways to keep you fair and upright,
In which respects my best advices must
Appear superfluous; yet since love, dear sister,
Will sometimes tender things unnecessary,
Misconstrue not my purpose!

Clar. Sir, I dare not;
But still receive it as a large addition
To the much that I already stand engaged for.
Yet, pardon me though I profess, upon
A true examination of myself,
Even to my private thoughts, I cannot find
(Having such strong supporters to uphold me)
On what slight ground the least doubt can be raised
To render me suspected I can fall
Or from my fame or virtue.

Ces. Far be it from me
To nourish such a thought! and yet excuse me,
As you would do a lapidary whose whole fortunes
Depend upon the safety of one jewel,
If he think no case precious enough
To keep it in full lustre, nor no locks,

Though lending strength to iron doors, sufficient
To guard it, and secure him! You to me are
A gem of more esteem, and prized higher,
Than usurers do their muck, or great men title;
And any flaw (which Heaven avert!) in you,
(Whose reputation, like a diamond
Cut newly from the rock, women with envy,
And men with covetous desires, look up at)
By prying eyes discover'd, in a moment
Would render what the braveries of Florence,
For want of counterpoise, forbear to cheapen,
Of little or no value.

Clar. I see, brother,
The mark you shoot at, and much thank your love:
But for my virgin jewel, which is brought
In comparison with your diamond, rest assured
It shall not fall in such a workman's hands,
Whose ignorance or malice shall have power
To cast one cloud upon it, but still keep
Her native splendour.

Ces. 'Tis well; I commend you;
And study your advancement with that care
As I would do a sister's, whom I love
With more than common ardour.

Clar. That from me
I hope's return'd to you.

Ces. I do confess it.
Yet let me tell you, (but still with that love
I wish to increase between us) that you are
Observed, against the gravity long maintain'd
In Italy (where to see a maid unmask'd
Is held a blemish,) to be over frequent
In giving or receiving visits.

Clar. How?

Ces. Whereas the custom's here to woo by picture,
And never see the substance. You are fair,
And beauty draws temptations on, you know it:
I would not live to see a willing grant
From you, to one unworthy of your birth,
Feature or fortune; yet there have been ladies
Of rank, proportion, and of means beyond you,
That have proved this no miracle.

Clar. One unworthy?
Why, pray you, gentle brother, who are they
That I vouchsafe these bounties to? I hope,
In your strict criticism of me and my manners,
That you will not deny they are your equals.

Ces. Angry?

Clar. I have reason! But, in cold blood, tell me,
Had we not one father?

Ces. Yes, and mother too.

Clar. And he a soldier?

Ces. True.

Clar. If I then borrow
A little of the boldness of his temper,
Imparting it to such as may deserve it,
(Howe'er indulgent to yourselves, you brothers
Allow no part of freedom to your sisters)
I hope 'twill not pass for a crime in me,
To grant access and speech to noble suitors,
And you escape for innocent, that descend
To a thing so far beneath you? Are you touch'd?
Why, did you think that you had Gyges' ring?
Or the herb that gives invisibility?
Or that Bianca's name had ne'er been mention'd?
The Fair Maid of the grand Osteria, brother?

Ces. No more!

Clar. A little, brother. Your night-walks,
And offer'd presents, which coy she contemn'd;
Your combats in disguises with your rivals,
Brave muleteers, scullions perfumed with grease,
And such as cry meat for cats, must be remember'd:
And all this pother for a common trull!
A tempting sign, and curiously set forth,
To draw in riotous guests! a thing exposed
To every ruffian's rude assault! and subject,
For a poor salary, to a rich man's lust,
Though made up of diseases!

Ces. Will you end yet?

Clar. And this a mistress for Alberto's son?
One that I should call sister?

Ces. Part not with
Your modesty in this violent heat! The truth is,
(For you shall be my confessor) I love her;
But virtuously: Report, that gives her out
Only for fair, and adds not she is chaste,
Detracts much from her; for indeed she is,
Though of a low condition, composed
Of all those graces dames of highest birth,
Though rich in Nature's bounties, should be proud
But leave her! and to you, my nearest care, [of.
My dearest, best Clarissa! Do not think
(For then you wrong me) I wish you should live
A barren virgin life: I rather aim at
A noble husband, that may make you mother
Of many children; one that, when I know him
Worth your embraces, I may serve, and sue to:
And therefore scorn not to acquaint me with
That man, that happy man, you please to favour!

Clar. I ever purposed it; for I will like
With your allowance.

Ces. As a pawn of this,
Receive this ring; but, ere you part with it
On any terms, be certain of your choice,
And make it known to me!

Clar. You have my hand for't.

Ces. Which, were it not my sister's, I should
With too much heat. [kiss

Enter ALBERTO, BAPTISTA, MARIANA, MENTIVOLE, *and* Servants *with Lights.*

Clar. My father and his guests, sir!

Alb. Oh, my old friend, my tried friend, my Baptista!
These days of rest and feasting suit not with
Our tougher natures; those were golden ones,
Which were enjoy'd at sea! that's our true mother;
The land's to us a step-dame: There we sought
Honour and wealth through dangers; yet those dangers
Delighted more than their rewards, though great ones,
And worth the undertakers: Here we study
The kitchen arts, to sharpen appetite,
Dull'd with abundance; and dispute with Heaven
If that the least puff of the rough north wind
Blast our time's burden, rendering to our palates
The charming juice less pleasing; whereas there,
If we had biscuit, powder'd flesh, fresh water,
We thought them Persian delicates; and, for music,
If a strong gale but made the main-yard crack,
We danced to the loud minstrel.

Bapt. And fear'd less
(So far we were in love with noble action)
A tempest than a calm.

Alb. 'Tis true, Baptista;
There, there, from mutual aids lent to each other

And virtuous emulation to exceed
In manly daring, the true school of friendship,
We learnt those principles which confirmed us
Never to be forgot. [friends
Bapt. Never, I hope.
Alb. We were married there: For bells, the roaring cannon
Aloud proclaim'd it lawful, and a prize
Then newly ta'en, and equally divided,
Served as a dowry to you, then styled my wife;
And did enable me to be a husband
Fit to encounter so much wealth, though got
With blood and horror.
Mar. If so got, 'tis fit, sir,
Now you possess it, that you should enjoy it
In peace and quiet: I, your son, and daughter,
That reap the harvest of your winter's labour,
Though debtors for it, yet have often trembled,
When, in way of discourse, you have related
How you came by it.
Alb. Trembled? How the softness
Of your sex may excuse you, I'll not argue;
But to the world, howe'er I hold thee noble,
I should proclaim this boy some coward's bastard,
And not the image of Alberto's youth,
If, when some wish'd occasion calls him forth
To a brave trial, one weak artery
Of his should shew a fever, though grim death
Put on a thousand dreadful shapes to fright him,
The elements, the sea, and all the winds
We number on our compass, then conspiring
To make the scene more ghastly! I must have thee,
Sirrah, I must, if once you grapple with
An enemy's ship, to board her, though you see
The desperate gunner ready to give fire,
And blow the deck up; or, like Cæsar's soldier,
Thy hands like his cut off, hang by the teeth,
And die undaunted.
Mar. I even die to hear you!
My son, my loved Cesario, run such hazards?
Bless'd saints forbid it! You have done enough
Already for one family, that rude way.
I'll keep him safe at home, and train him up
A complete courtier: May I live to see him,
By sweet discourse and gracious demeanour,
Win and bring home a fair wife, and a rich,
'Tis all I rest ambitious of.
Alb. A wife?
As if there were a course to purchase one
Prevailing more than honourable action!
Or any intercessors move so far,
To take a mistress of a noble spirit,
As the true fame of glorious victories,
Atchieved by sweat and blood! Oh, the brave [dames
Of warlike Genoa! they had eyes to see
The inward man, and only from his worth,
Courage, and conquests, the blind archer knew
To head his shafts, or light his quenched torch;
They were proof against them else: no carpet-knight,
That spent his youth in groves or pleasant bowers,
Or, stretching on a couch his lazy limbs,
Sung to his lute such soft and melting notes
As Ovid nor Anacreon ever knew,
Could work on them; nor once bewitch'd their sense,
Though he came so perfumed as he had robb'd
Sabæa or Arabia of their wealth,
And stored it in one suit. I still remember,
And still remember it with joy, Baptista.
When from the rescue of the Genoa fleet,
Almost surprised by the Venetian gallies,
Thou didst return, and wert received in triumph,
How lovely in thy honour'd wounds and scars
Thou didst appear; what worlds of amorous glances
The beauties of the city, where they stood,
Fix'd like so many of the fairest stars,
Shot from their windows at thee! How it fired
Their bloods to see the enemies' captive streamers
Borne through the streets! nor could chaste Juliana,
The duke's fair niece, though guarded with her greatness,
Resist this gallant charge, but, laying by
Disparity of fortune from the object,
Yielded herself thy prisoner.
Bapt. Pray you choose
Some other theme.
Mar. Can there be one more pleasing?
Bapt. That triumph drew on me a greater torture,
And 'tis in the remembrance little less,
Than ever captive suffer'd.
Mar. How! To gain
The favour of so great a lady?
Bapt. Yes,
Since it proved fatal: To have been happy, madam,
Adds to calamity; and the heavy loss
Of her I durst not hope for, once enjoy'd,
Turns what you think a blessing to a curse,
Which grief would have forgotten.
Alb. I am sorry
I touch'd upon it.
Mar. I burn rather, sir,
With a desire to hear the story of
Your loves; and shall receive it as a favour,
Which you may grant.
Bapt. You must not be denied;
Yet with all brevity I must report it.
'Tis true, fair Juliana, Genoa's pride,
Enamour'd of my actions, like my person;
Nor could I but with joy meet her affection,
Since it was lawful; for, my first wife dead,
We were closely married, and for some few months
Tasted the fruits of 't: But malicious Fate,
Envying our too-much happiness, wrought upon
A faithless servant, privy to our plot,
And cabinet counsellor to Juliana,
Who, either for hope, or reward, or fear,
Discovered us to the incensed duke,
Whose rage made her close prisoner, and pronounced
On me perpetual banishment. Some three years
I wander'd on the seas, since entertain'd
By the Great Duke of Florence; but what fate
Attended her, or Prospero my friend,
That stay'd at Genoa to expect the issue,
Is yet uncertain.

Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. From the duke?
Bapt. He's welcome,
To end my forced relation.
Alb. Signor Baptista,
The Great Duke's will commands your present ear.
Gent. It points indeed at both of you.
Bapt. I wait it.
Alb. In, Mariana; to your rest!
Bapt. Nay, leave us;
We must be private.

Mar. Stay not long, Cesario.
[*Exeunt all but* CESARIO *and* MENTIVOLE.
Ment. So! these old men vanish'd, 'tis allow'd
That we may speak; and howsoe'er they take
Delight in the discourse of former dangers,
It cannot hinder us to treat a little
Of present pleasures.
Ces. Which, if well enjoy'd,
Will not alone continue, but increase,
In us their friendship.
Ment. How shall we spend the night?
To snore it out, like drunken Dutchmen, would
Sort ill with us Italians: We are made
Of other metal, fiery, quick, and active.
Shall we take our fortune? and, while our cold fathers
(In whom long since their youthful heats were dead)
Talk much of Mars, serve under Venus' ensigns,
And seek a mistress?
Ces. That's a game, dear friend,
That does admit no rival in chase of it;
And either to be undertook alone,
Or not to be attempted.
Ment. I'll not press you.
What other sports to entertain the time with
The following morning?
Ces. Any that may become us.
Ment. Is the Neapolitan horse the viceroy sent
In a fit plight to run? [you
Ces. So my groom tells me.
I can boast little of my horsemanship;
Yet, upon his assurance, I dare wager
A thousand crowns 'gainst any horse in Florence,
For an eight-mile course.
Ment. I would not win of you,
In respect you are impatient of loss;
Else I durst match him with my Barbary
For twice the sum.
Ces. You do well to excuse it,
Being certain to be beaten.
Ment. Tush! you know
The contrary.
Ces. To end the controversy,
Put it to trial; by my life, I'll meet you
With the next rising sun.

Enter CLARISSA.

Ment. A match!—But here
Appears a Cynthia, that scorns to borrow
A beam of light from the great eye of Heaven,
She being herself all brightness: How I envy
Those amorous smiles, those kisses, but sure
Which she vouchsafes her brother! [chaste ones,
Clar. You are wanton:
Pray you think me not Bianca: leave, I pray you!
My mother will not sleep before she see you;
And since you know her tenderness, nay, fondness,
In every circumstance that concerns your safety,
You are not equal to her.
Ces. I must leave you;
But will not fail to meet you.
Ment. Soft sleeps to you!
Mar. [*Within.*] Cesario!
Clar. You are call'd again.
Ces. Some sons
Complain of too much rigour in their mothers:
I of too much indulgence. You will follow?
Clar. You are her first care; therefore lead the way! [*Exit* CESARIO.
Ment. She stays; blest opportunity! she stays
As she invited conference! she was ever
Noble and free; but thus to tempt my frailty,
Argues a yielding in her; or, contempt
Of all that I dare offer. Stand I now
Consulting? No; I'll put it home.
Clar. Who waits there?
More lights!
Ment. You need them not; they are as useless
As at noon-day: Can there be darkness where
Nature, then wisely liberal, vouchsafed
To lend two suns?
Clar. Hyperboles!
Ment. No; truths,
Truths, beauteous virgin; so my love-sick heart
Assures me, and my understanding tells me
I must approach them wisely: Should I rashly
Press near their scorching beams, they would consume me;
And, on the contrary, should your disdain
Keep me at too much distance, and I want
Their comfortable heat, the frost of death
Would seize on all my faculties.
Clar. Pray you pause, sir!
This vehemency of discourse must else needs tire you?
These gay words take not me; 'tis simple faith,
Honest integrity, and lawful flames,
I am delighted with.
Ment. Such I bring with me;
And therefore, lady——
Clar. But that you took me off
Ere I came to a period, I had added
A long experience must be required
Both of his faith and trust, with whom a virgin
Trafficks for what is dearest in this life,
Her liberty and honour. I confess
I oft have view'd you with an eye of favour;
And, with your generous parts, the many tenders
Of doing me all fair offices, have won
A good opinion from me——
Ment. Oh, speak ever!
I never heard such music.
Clar. A plain tune, sir,
But 'tis a hearty one. When I perceive,
By evident proofs, your aims are truly noble,
And that you bring the engines of fair love,
Not of foul lust, to shake and undermine
My maiden fortress, I may then make good
What now I dare not promise.
Ment. You already,
In taking notice of my poor deservings,
Have been magnificent, and 'twill appear
A frontless impudence to ask beyond this:
Yet qualify, though not excuse, my error,
Though now I am ambitious to desire
A confirmation of it!
Clar. So it wrong not
My modesty to grant it.
Ment. 'Tis far from me;
I only am a suitor you would grace me
With some toy, but made rich in that you wore it,
To warrant to the world that I usurp not,
When I presume to style myself your servant!
A ribbon from your shoe.
Clar. You are too humble;
I'll think upon't, and something of more value
Shall witness how I prize you. It grows late;
I'll bring you to the door.
Ment. You still more bind me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ALBERTO, BAPTISTA, Magistrates, *and* Attendants.

Duke. You find, by this assured intelligence,
The preparation of the Turk against us.
We have met him oft and beat him; now to fear him
Would argue want of courage; and I hold it
A safer policy for us and our signories,
To charge him in his passage o'er the sea,
Than to expect him here.
Alb. May it please your highness,
Since you vouchsafe to think me worthy of
This great employment, if I may deliver
My judgment freely, 'tis not flattery
Though I say my opinion waits on you;
Nor would I give my suffrage and consent
To what you have proposed, but that I know it
Worth the great speaker, though that the denial
Call'd on your heavy anger. For myself
I do profess thus much, if a blunt soldier
May borrow so much from the oil'd-tongued courtier,
(That echoes whatsoe'er the prince allows of)
All that my long experience hath taught me,
That have spent three parts of my life at sea,
(Let it not taste of arrogance that I say it)
Could not have added reasons of more weight
To fortify your affections, than such
As your grace out of observation merely
Already have propounded.
Bapt. With the honour
To give the daring enemy an affront
In being the first opposer, it will teach
Your soldiers boldness, and strike fear in them
That durst attempt you.
1 *Magis.* Victuals and ammunition,
And money too, the sinews of the war,
Are stored up in the magazine.
2 *Magis.* And the gallies
New rigg'd and train'd up, and at two days' warning
Fit for the service.
Duke. We commend your care;
Nor will we e'er be wanting in our counsels,
As we doubt not your action. You, Baptista,
Shall stay with us; that merchant is not wise,
That ventures his whole fortunes in one bottom.
Alberto, be our admiral! spare your thanks;
'Tis merit in you that invites this honour;
Preserve it such! Ere long you shall hear more.
Things rashly undertaken end as ill;
But great acts thrive when reason guides the will.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An open Place before the City.*

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* No question, 'twas not well done in Cesario
To cross the horse of young Mentivole
In the middest of this course.
2 *Gent.* That was not all;
The switching him dull'd him.
3 *Gent.* 'Would that both the jades
Had broke their necks, when they first started! 'Slight,
We stand here prating; give them leave to whisper,
And, when they have cut one another's throats,
Make in to part 'em!
2 *Gent.* There is no such hazard;
Their fathers' friendship and their love forbid it:
See where they come!

Enter MENTIVOLE *and* CESARIO.

1 *Gent.* With fury in their looks.
Ment. You have the wager; with what foul play got
I'll not dispute.
Ces. Foul play?
Ment. I cannot speak it
In a fairer language; and if some respects
Familiar to myself chain'd not my tongue,
I should say—no more!—I should—but I'll sit down
With this disgrace; howe'er, press me no further!
For, if once more provoked, you'll understand
I dare no more suffer an injury,
Than I dare do one.
Ces. Why, sir, are you injured
In that I take my right, which I would force,
Should you detain it?
Ment. Put it to judgment!
Ces. No;
My will in this shall carry it.
Ment. Your will?
Nay, farewell softness then!
3 *Gent.* This I foresaw.
[*They suddenly draw and fight.*
2 *Gent.* Hold, hold!
Ces. I am hurt.
2 *Gent.* Shift for yourself; 'tis death.
Ment. As you respect me, bear him off with care!
If he miscarry, since he did the wrong,
I'll stand the shock of't.
2 *Gent.* Gently! he will faint else——
Ment. And speedily, I beseech you!
[*Exeunt* Gentlemen *with* CESARIO.
My rage over,
That pour'd upon my reason clouds of error,
I see my folly, and at what dear loss
I have exchanged a real innocence
To gain a mere fantastical report,
Transported only by vain popular wind,
To be a daring, nay, fool-hardy man.
But, could I satisfy myself within here,
How should I bear my father's frowns?

Enter BAPTISTA.

They meet me;
My guilt conjures him hither.
Bapt. Sirrah!
Ment. Sir.
Bapt. I have met the trophies of your ruffian sword:
Was there no other anvil to make trial
How far thou durst be wicked, but the bosom
Of him, which, under the adulterate name
Of friendship, thou hast murder'd?
Ment. Murder'd, sir?
My dreams abhor so base a fact: True valour,
Employ'd to keep my reputation fair,
From the austerest judge, can never merit
To be branded with that title. You begot me
A man, no coward: And but call your youth
To memory! when injured, you could never
Boast of the ass's fortitude, slave-like patience;
And you might justly doubt I were your son,
If I should entertain it. If Cesario
Recover, as I hope his wound's not mortal,
A second trial of what I dare do
In a just cause, shall give strong witness for me

I am the true heir to Baptista's courage,
As to his other fortunes.
Bapt. Boy, to neither,
But on this strict condition, which entreaties
From saints, nay angels, shall not make me alter.
A friendship so began, and so continued
Between me and Alberto my best friend,
Your brawls shall not dissolve: It is my will,
And as I am thy father I command thee,
That instantly, on any terms, how poor
Soe'er it skills not, thou desire his pardon,
And bring assurance to me he has sign'd it,
Or by my father's soul I'll never know thee,
But as a stranger to my blood: Perform it,
And suddenly, without reply! I have said it.
Ment. And in it given a heavier sentence on me
Than the most cruel death: You are my father,
And your will to be served, and not disputed
By me, that am your son: But I'll obey,
And though my heart-strings crack for't, make it known,
When you command, my faculties are your own.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* ALBERTO.

Enter ALBERTO, Physician, *and a* Surgeon.

Phys. Have patience, noble sir! your son
Will recover, without question. [Cesario
Surg. A slight wound;
Though't pierced his body, it hath miss'd the vitals.
Phys. My life for't, he shall take the air again
Within these ten days!
Alb. Oh, but from a friend!
To receive this bloody measure from a friend!
If that a man should meet a violent death,
In a place where he had taken sanctuary,
Would it not grieve him? Such all Florence held
Their friendship; and 'tis that which multiplies
The injury.
Phys. Have patience, worthy signor!
Alb. I do protest, as I am man and soldier,
If I had buried him in a wave at sea,
(Lost in some honourable action)
I would not to the saltness of his grave
Have added the least tear: But these quarrels,
Bred out of game and wine! I had as lief
He should have died of a surfeit.

Enter MARIANA *and* CLARISSA.

Mar. Oh, what comfort?
How is it with our son, sir?
Alb. His work-masters
Bear me in hand here, (as my lawyer does
When I have a crack'd title, or bad suit in law)
All shall go well.
Mar. I pray you, gentlemen,
What think you of his wound?
Phys. 'Tis but a scratch;
Nothing to danger.
Clar. But he received it from a friend;
And the unkindness ta'en at that may kill him.
Mar. Let me see him.
Phys. By no means; he slumbers.
Mar. Then I cannot believe you when you tell
There is hope of him. [me
Alb. Yet many ladies
Do give more faith to their physician
Than to their confessor.
Clar. Oh, my poor lost brother!
And friend, more dear than brother!
Alb. More loud instruments
To disturb his slumbers? Go, go, take caroch!
And, as you love me, you and the girl retire
To our summer-house i' th' country: I'll be with
Within these two days. [you
Mar. I am yours in all things,
Though with much sorrow to leave him.
[*Exeunt* MARIANA *and* CLARISSA.
Alb. I pray you, gentlemen,
With best observance tend your patient:
The loss of my heir-male lies now a-bleeding;
And think what payment his recovery
Shall shower upon you.
[*Exeunt* Physician *and* Surgeon.

Enter MENTIVOLE.

Of all men breathing,
Wherefore do you arrive here? are you mad?
My injury begins to bleed afresh
At sight of you. Why, this affront of yours
I receive more malicious than the other.
Your hurt was only danger to my son;
But your sight to me is death? Why come you hither?
Do you come to view the wounds which you have made,
And glory in them?
Ment. Rather, worthy sir,
To pour oil into them.
Alb. I am a soldier, sir,
Least part of a courtier; and understand
By your smooth oil, your present flattery——
Ment. Sir, for my father's sake, acknowledge me
To be born a gentleman, no slave; I ever
Held flatterers of that breed: Do not misconstrue,
In your distaste of me, the true intent
Of my coming hither, for I do protest
I do not come to tell you I am sorry
For your son's hurt.
Alb. Not sorry?
Ment. No, not sorry:
I have to the lowest ebb lost all my fury,
But I must not lose my honesty. 'Twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which return'd,
Like a petar ill lighted, into th' bosom
Of him gave fire to't: Yet, I hope his hurt
Is not so dangerous but he may recover;
When, if it please him call me to account
For the loss of so much blood, I shall be ready
To do him noble reason.
Alb. You are arm'd
Methinks with wond'rous confidence.
Ment. Oh, with the best, sir;
For I bring penitence and satisfaction.
Alb. Satisfaction? Why, I heard you say but now,
You were not sorry for his wounds.
Ment. Nor am I;
The satisfaction which I bring, sir, is to you.
You are a gentleman ne'er injured me;

One ever loved my father, the right way,
And most approved of noble amity;
Yet I have run my sword quite through your heart,
And slightly hurt your son; for't may be fear'd,
A grief ta'en at these years, for your son's loss,
May hazard yours: And therefore I am sent
By him that has most interest in your sorrow,
Who having chid me almost to the ruin
Of a disheritance, for violating
So continued and so sacred a friendship
Of fifty winters' standing; such a friendship,
That ever did continue like the spring,
Ne'er saw the fall o' th' leaf; by him I am sent
To say the wrong I have done, sir, is to you,
And that I have quite lost him for a father,
Until I find your pardon. Nay, there follows
A weightier deprivation: His estate
I could with a less number of sighs part with;
Fortune might attend my youth and my deservings
In any climate; but a father's blessing,
To settle and confirm that fortune, no where
But only here. Your pardon! give me that;
And when you have done, kill me; for 'tis that
Takes from me the effect of excommunication,
A father's heavy curse.
Alb. Nay, may that curse
Light on himself, for sending thee in this minute,
When I am grown as deaf to all compassion
As the cruellest sea-fight, or most horrid tempest!
That I had drowned i' th' sea a thousand ducats,
Thou hadst not made this visit! Rash young man,
Thou takest me in an ill planet, and hast cause
To curse thy father; for I do protest,
If I had met thee in any part o' th' world,
But under my own roof, I would have kill'd thee.—
Within there!—

Enter Physician, Surgeon, *and* Servants.

Look you! Here's a triumph sent for
The death of your young master.
Serv. Shall we kill him?
Alb. No;
I'll not be so unhospitable.—But, sir,
By my life, I vow to take assurance from you,
That right hand never more shall strike my son.
Ment. That will be easily protested.
Alb. Not easily,
When it must be exacted, and a bloody seal to't.—
Bind him, and cut off his right hand presently:
Fair words shall never satisfy foul deeds.
Chop his hand off!
Ment. You cannot be so unrighteous
To your own honour.
Phys. Oh, sir, collect yourself,
And recall your bloody purpose!
Alb. My intents
Of this nature do ever come to action.
Surg. Then I
Must fetch another stickler. [*Exit.*
Alb. Yet I do grieve at heart;
And I do curse thy father heartily,
That's the cause of my dishonour, sending thee
In such an hour, when I am apt for mischief,
Apt as a Dutchman after a sea-fight,
When his enemy kneels afore him.—Come, dispatch!
Phys. Entreat him, noble sir.
Ment. You shall excuse me;
Whatsoever he dares do, that I dare suffer.

Enter Cesario *and* Surgeon.

Ces. Oh, sir, for honour's sake, stay your foul purpose;
For if you do proceed thus cruelly,
There is no question, in the wound you give him,
I shall bleed to death for't!
Alb. Thou art not of my temper;
What I purpose, cannot be alter'd.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the duke
With all speed expects you: You must instantly
Ship all your followers, and to sea.
Alb. My blessing
Stay with thee upon this condition,
Take away his use of fighting; as thou hopest
To be accounted for my son, perform it! [*Exit.*
Ces. You hear what I'm enjoin'd to.
Ment. Pray thee, take it!
Only this ring, this best-esteemed jewel,
I will not give 't to th' hangman chops it off;
It is too dear a relic: I'll remove it
Nearer my heart.
Ces. Ha! that ring's my sister's; [*Apart.*
The ring I enjoin'd her never part withal
Without my knowledge.——Come, sir, we are friends.
Pardon my father's heat and melancholy;
Two violent fevers which he caught at sea,
And cannot yet shake off: Only one promise
I must enjoin you to, and seriously;
Hereafter you shall never draw a sword
To the prejudice of my life.
Ment. By my best hopes,
I shall not!
Ces. I pray deliver me your sword
On that condition.
Ment. I shall, sir: May it hereafter
Ever fight on your part!
Ces. Noble sir, I thank you:
But, for performance of your vow, I entreat
Some gage from you.
Ment. Any, sir.
Ces. Deliver me that ring.
Ment. Ha! this ring? indeed this jewel binds me,
If you knew the virtue of it, never more
To draw my sword against you.
Ces. Therefore I
Will have it.
Ment. You may not.
Ces. Come, you must: [*Takes the ring.*
I that by violence could take your hand,
Can enforce this from you. This is a token, sir,
That we may prove friends hereafter. Fare you well!
Phys. Why did you seize his sword, sir?
Ces. To perform
What my father bade me; I have for the present
Ta'en away his use of fighting.
Phys. Better so,
Than take that which your father meant!
[*Exeunt all but* Mentivole.
Ment. Was ever the like usage? Oh, that ring,
Dearer than life! whither is honour fled?
Cesario, thou'rt unmanly in each part,
To seize my sword first, and then split my heart.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter Host *and* Clown.

Host. Thy master, that lodges here in my Osteria, is a rare man of art; they say he's a witch.

Clown. A witch? nay, he's one step of the ladder to preferment higher; he is a conjurer.

Host. Is that his higher title?

Clown. Yes, I assure you; for a conjurer is the devil's master, and commands him; whereas a witch is the devil's prentice, and obeys him.

Host. Bound prentice to the devil?

Clown. Bound and enroll'd I assure you, he cannot start; and therefore I would never wish any gentleman to turn witch.

Host. Why, man?

Clown. Oh, he loses his gentility by it; the devil in this case cannot help him; he must go to the herald for new arms, believe it.

Host. As I am true innkeeper, yet a gentleman born, I'll ne'er turn witch for that trick! And thou hast been a great traveller?

Clown. No, indeed, not I, sir.

Host. Come, you are modest.

Clown. No, I am not modest; for I told you a lie, that you might the better understand I have been a traveller.

Host. So, sir! They say your master's a great physician too?

Clown. He was no fool told you that, I assure you.

Host. And you have been in England? But they say ladies in England take a great deal of physic.

Clown. Both ways, on my reputation.

Host. So 'tis to be understood: But they say ladies there take physic for fashion.

Clown. Yes, sir, and many times die to keep fashion.

Host. How! Die to keep fashion?

Clown. Yes; I have known a lady sick of the small-pox, only to keep her face from pit-holes, take cold, strike them in again, kick up the heels, and vanish.

Host. There was a kicking up the heels with a witness!

Clown. No, sir; I confess a good face has many times been the motive to the kicking up of the heels with a witness, but this was not.

Enter Hostess *and* BIANCA.

Host. Here come my wife and daughter.

Clown. You have a pretty commodity of this night-worm.

Host. Why, man?

Clown. She is a pretty lure to draw custom to your ordinary.

Host. Dost think I keep her to that purpose?

Clown. When a dove-house is empty, there is cumin-seed used to purloin from the rest of the neighbours; in England you have several adamants to draw in spurs and rapiers; one keeps silk-worms in a gallery; a milliner has choice of monkies and paraketoes; another shews bawdy East Indian pictures, worse than ever were Aretine's; a goldsmith keeps his wife wedged into his shop like a mermaid, nothing of her to be seen (that's woman) but her upper part.

Host. Nothing but her upper part?

Clown. Nothing but her upper bodice, and he lives at the more heart's ease.

Host. What's the reason?

Clown. Because her nether part can give no temptation. By your leave, sir, I'll tend my master, and instantly be with you for a cup of cherally this hot weather. [*Exit.*

Host. A nimble-pated rascal!—Come hither, daughter;
When was Cesario here?

Bian. Sir, not this fortnight.

Host. I do not like his visits; commonly
He comes by owl-light; both the time and manner
Suspicious; I do not like it. [is

Bian. Sir, the gentleman
Is every way so noble, that you need not
Question his intent of coming: Though you did,
Pray, sir, preserve that good opinion of me,
That, though the custom of the place I was born in
Makes me familiar to every guest,
I shall in all things keep myself a stranger
To the vices they bring with them.

Hostess. Right, my daughter!
She has the right strain of her mother.

Host. Of her mother?
An I would speak, I know from whence she took it.
When I was as young, I was as honest.

Hostess. Leave your prating, and study to be drunk, and abuse your guests over and over!

Enter FOROBOSCO *and* Clown.

Host. Peace, wife; my honourable guest!

For. My endear'd landlord, and the rest of the compliments o' the house!

Host. Breakfast is ready, sir; it waits only the tide of your stomach.

Clown. And mine gapes for't, like a stale oyster.

Host. Ere you go to bed, fail not of that I pray.

[*Exeunt all but* FOROBOSCO *and* Clown.

For. We will instantly be with you.—Now we are all fellows: Nine o'clock, and no clients come yet? Sure thou dost not set up bills enough.

Clown. I have set up bills in abundance.

For. What bills?

Clown. Marry, for curing of all diseases, recovery of stolen goods, and a thousand such impossibilities.

For. The place is unlucky.

Clown. No, certain 'tis scarcity of money; do not you hear the lawyers complain of it? Men have as much malice as e'er they had to wrangle, but they have no money.—Whither should this money be travell'd?

For. To the devil, I think.

Clown. 'Tis with his cofferer I am certain, that's the usurer.

For. Our cheating does not prosper so well as it was wont to do.

Clown. No, sure. Why, in England we could cozen 'em as familiarly, as if we had travell'd with a brief, or a lottery.

For. In the Low-Countries we did pretty well.

Clown. So, so, as long as we kept the mop-headed butter-boxes sober; marry, when they were drunk, then they grew buzzards: You should have them reel their heads together, and deliberate! Your Dutchman, indeed, when he is foxed, is like a fox; for when he's sunk in drink, quite earth to a man's thinking, 'tis full exchange-time with him, then he's subtlest. But your Switzer, 'twas nothing to cheat him.

For. Nothing.

Clown. No, nor conscience to be made of it; for since nature aforehand cozen'd him of his wit, 'twas the less sin for us to cozen him of his money.

For. But these Italians are most nimble-pated, we must have some new trick for them. I protest, but that our Hostess' daughter is a sweet lass. and

draws great resort to th' house, we were as good draw teeth a-horseback.

Clown. I told 'em in the market-place you could conjure, and nobody would believe me; but, ere long, I will make 'em believe you can conjure with such a figuary!

For. What language shall's conjure in? High-Dutch, I think, that's full in the mouth.

Clown. No, no, Spanish; that roars best, and will appear more dreadful.

For. Pr'ythee tell me thy conceit thou hast to gull them.

Clown. No, no, I will not stale it; but, my dear jew's-trump, for thou art but my instrument, I am the plotter, and when we have cozen'd 'em most tightly, thou shalt steal away the innkeeper's daughter, I'll provide myself of another moveable; and we will most purely retire ourselves to Geneva.

For. Thou art the compass I sail by. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter BAPTISTA *and* MENTIVOLE.

Bapt. Was ever expectation of so noble
A requital answered with such contumely!
A wild Numidian, that had suck'd a tigress,
Would not have been so barbarous: Did he threat
To cut thy hand off?

Ment. Yes, sir; and his slaves
Were ready to perform't.

Bapt. What hinder'd it?

Ment. Only his son's entreaty.

Bapt. Noble youth!
I wish thou wert not of his blood; thy pity
Gives me a hope thou art not.

Ment. You mistake, sir;
The injury that follow'd from the son
Was worse than the father's: He did first disarm,
And took from me a jewel, which I prize
Above my hand or life.

Bapt. Take thy sword from thee?
He stole it like a thief rather; he could not
I' th' field deprive thee of it.

Ment. He took it from me,
And sent me forth so thin, and so unmade-up,
As if I had been a foot-boy.

Bapt. Oh, my fury!
I must now ask thee forgiveness, that my rashness,
Bred out of too much friendship, did expose thee
To so imminent a danger; which I vow
I will revenge on the whole family.
All the calamities of my whole life,
My banishment from Genoa, my wife's loss,
Compared to this indignity, is nothing;
Their family shall repair't; it shall be to them
Like a plague, when the dog-star reigns most hot!
An Italian's revenge may pause, but is ne'er forgot.
[*Exit.*

Ment. I would I had conceal'd this from my father,
For my interest in Clarissa! My care now
Must be to untangle this division,
That our most equal flames may be united:
And from these various and perturbed streams,
Rise, like a sweet morn, after terrible dreams. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of* ALBERTO.

Enter CLARISSA *and* CESARIO.

Clar. Brother, I am happy in your recovery.

Ces. And I, sister,
Am ever best pleased in your happiness.
But I miss a toy should be on your finger.

Clar. My ring!
This morning when I wash'd, I put it off;
'Tis in my window.

Ces. Where's your looking-glass?

Clar. Here, sir.

Ces. 'Tis a fair one.

Clar. 'Tis pure crystal.

Ces. Can a diamond cut in crystal? Let me see;
I'll grave my name in't.

Clar. Oh, you'll spoil my glass.

Ces. Would you not have your brother in your eye?
I had thought he had been planted in your heart.
Look you; the diamond cuts quaintly; you are
Your crystal is too brittle. [cozen'd,

Clar. 'Tis the ring [*Aside.*
I gave unto Mentivole! sure, the same!—
You put me to amazement, sir, and horror:
How came you by that ring?

Ces. Does the blood rise?

Clar. Pray, sir, resolve me, (oh, for pity do)
And take from me a trembling at the heart,
That else will kill me! for I too much fear
Nothing but death could ravish it from his hand
That wore it.

Ces. Was it given to Mentivole
On that condition?

Clar. Tell me of his health first,
And then I'll tell you anything.

Ces. By my life, he's well;
In better health than I am.

Clar. Then, it was, sir.

Ces. Then shall I ever hate thee, oh, thou false
Hast thou a faith to give unto a friend, [one!
And break it to a brother? Did I not,
By all the ties of blood, importune thee
Never to part with it without my knowledge?
Thou might'st have given it to a muletteer,
And made a contract with him in a stable,
At as cheap a price of my vengeance! Never more
Shall a woman's trust beguile me: You are all
Like relics; you may well be look'd upon,
But come a man to th' handling of you once,
You fall in pieces!

Clar. Dear sir, I have no way
Look'd either beneath reason, or myself,
In my election; There's parity in our blood,
And in our fortunes; ancient amity
Betwixt our parents; to which wants nothing, but
The fruit of blessed marriage between us,
To add to their posterities. Nor does now
Any impeachment rise, except the sad
And unexpected quarrel, which divided
So noble and so excellent a friendship,
Which, as I ne'er had magic to foresee,
So I could not prevent.

Ces. Well, you must give me leave
To have a hand in your disposing; I shall,
In the absence of my father, be your guardian;
His suit must pass through my office. Mentivole?
He has too much of my blood already; he has,
And he gets no more of't.—Wherefore weep you mother?

Enter MARIANA *and a* Sailor.

Mar. 'Tis occasion'd by a sorrow
Wherein you have a child's part, and the mainest;
Your father's dead.

Ces. Dead?

Mar. There is one can relate the rest.

Sailor. I can, sir; your father's drown'd,
Most unfortunately drown'd.

Ces. How? in a tempest?

Sailor. No, sir, in a calm,
Calm as this evening: The gunner, being drunk,
Forgot to fasten the ordnance to their ports,
When came a sudden gust, which tumbled them
All to the starboard side, o'erturn'd the ship,
And sunk her in a moment; some six men
That were upon the deck were saved; the rest
Perish'd with your father.

Clar. Oh, my dearest father!

Ces. I pray thee, leave us. [*Exit* Sailor.

Mar. I have a sorrow of another nature
Equal to the former.

Ces. And most commonly
They come together.

Mar. The family of the Baptisti
Are grown to faction, and upon distaste
Of the injury late offer'd in my house,
Have vow'd a most severe and fell revenge
'Gainst all our family, but especially
'Gainst you, my dear Cesario.

Ces. Let them threat;
I am prepared to oppose them.

Mar. And is your loss then
Of so easy an estimation? What comfort
Have I but in your life? and your late danger
Presents before me what I am to suffer,
Should you miscarry: Therefore I'll advise you,
When the funeral is over, you would travel;
Both to prevent their fury, and wear out
The injury.

Ces. No, mother, I will not travel—
So in my absence he may marry my sister— [*Aside.*
I will not travel, certain. [*Exit.*

Mar. Oh, my Cesario,
Whom I respect and love 'bove my own life,
Indeed with a kind of dotage! he shall never
Go forth o' doors, but the contrary faction will
Endanger his life; and then am I most wretched!
I am thinking of a strange prevention,
Which I shall witness with a bleeding eye;
Fondness sometimes is worse than cruelty. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter Host, Hostess, *and* BIANCA.

Host. Haunted, my house is haunted with goblins! I shall be frighted out of my wits, and set up a sign only to invite carriers and foot-posts, scarecrows to keep off the cavalry, and gentry of the best rank. I will nail up my doors, and wall up my girl, wife, like an anchoress, or she will be ravished before our faces by rascals and cacafugoes, wife, cacafugoes!

Hostess. These are your incomes! Remember your own proverb, The savour of every gain smelt sweet: Thank nobody but yourself for this trouble!

Host. No galling, dear spouse, no galling! every day's new vexation abates me two inches in the waist; terrible penance for an host!—Girl, girl, which of all this gallimaufry of man's flesh appears tolerable to thy choice? speak shortly, and speak truly! I must and will know, must and will! hear you that?

Bian. Sir, be not jealous of my care and duty!
I am so far from entertaining thoughts
Of liberty, that much more excellent objects
Than any of such coarse contents as these are,
Could not betray mine eye to force my heart
Conceive a wish of any dearer happiness
Than your direction warrants. I am yours, sir.

Hostess. What thinks the man now? Is not this strange at thirteen?

Host. Very good words; there's a tang in 'em, and a sweet one; 'tis music, wife; and now I come t'ye. Let us a little examine the several conditions of our paragraphistical suitors! The first a travelling tailor, who, by the mystery of his needle and thimble, hath survey'd the fashions of the French and English; this Signor Gingerbread, stitch'd up in the shreds of a gaudy outside, sows linings with his cross-legg'd compliment, like an ape doing tricks over a staff, cringes, and crouches, and kisses his fore-finger.

Hostess. Out upon him!

Host. A second, a lavoltetere, a saltatory, a dancer with a kit at his bum; one that, by teaching great madonnas to foot it, has miraculously purchased a ribanded waistcoat, and four clean pair of socks; a fellow that skips as he walks, and instead of sensible discourse, vents the curious conceit of some new tune stolen from a masque, or a bawdy ditty, elevated for the pole arctick of a lady's chamber; in that file stands another of your inamoratoes.

Hostess. Hang him and his fiddle together! he never fiddles any child of ours.

Host. The third, a mongrel, got by a Switzer on an Italian; this puppy, being left well estated, comes to Florence, that the world may take notice how impossible it is for experience to alter the course of nature; a fool, wife! and, indeed, a clown turn'd gallant seldom or never proves other than a gallant fool; this toy prates to little purpose other than—*What's o'clock? Shall's go drink? D'ye forsooth?* and *Thank ye heartily.* I fear no art in him to catch thee; and yet we must be tormented with this buzzard amongst the rest.

Hostess. 'Tis your own folly; forbid him the house.

Host. The fourth, a mule-driver, a stubborn and a harsh knave; the fifth, a schoolmaster, a very amorous pedant, run almost mad with study of sonnets, and compliments out of old play-ends; the last, an advocate's clerk, that speaks pure fustian in law-terms: Excellent courtiers all, and all as neat as a magnifico's post new painted, at his entrance to an office! Thou shalt have none of 'em. Laugh at 'em, do! I say, thou shalt have none of 'em.

Bian. Still your command to me shall stand a law.

Host. Now they throng like so many horse-courses at a fair, in clusters about the man of art, for love-powders, ingredients, potions, counsels, postures, compliments, philters, the devil and the —How now? tumults, batteries, noise?

[Clown *cries within.*

For. [*Within.*] Ha, get from my sight!

Enter Forobosco, *and* Clown *with his Head bloody.*

Clown. Murder me, do; pound me to mummy, do! see what will come on't.

For. Dog, leave thy snarling, or I'll cut thy tongue out!
Thou unlick'd bear, darest thou yet stand my fury,
My generous rage? yet? By the sulphurous damps
That feed the hungry and incessant darkness,
Which curls around the grim Alastor's back,
Mutter again, and with one powerful word,
I'll call an host up from the Stygian lakes,
Shall waft thee to the Acherontic fens;
Where, choak'd with mists as black as thy impos-
Thou shalt live still a-dying! [tures,

Clown. Conjure me to the devil, an you can! I live in hell upon earth already: An you had any mercy, you would not practise upon a kind heart thus.

Host. You have drawn blood from him, signor; is his offence unpardonable?

For. A lump of ignorance, (pray speak not for him)
A drowsy grossness! In all Christian kingdoms,
The mention of my art, my name, and practice,
Merit, and glory, hath begot at once
Delight and wonder.—I'll not be entreated;
Spare intercession for him!—Oh, thou scorn
Of learning, shame of duty, must thy sloth
Draw my just fame in question? I discharge
Thee from my service; see me no more hence-
forth!

Clown. Discharge me? Is that my year's wages? I'll not be so answered.

For. Not, camel? sirrah, I am liberal to thee,
Thou hast thy life; be gone!

Clown. Vengeance, sweet vengeance!

For. Do ye mumble?

Clown. I'll be revenged, monstrously, suddenly, and insatiably: My bulk begins to swell.

For. *Homotolenton, Pragmatophoros, Heliostycorax!*

Clown. Call up your spirits! I defy 'em! Well, I'll have law for my broken pate, (twelve ounces of pure blood, troy-weight) in despite of thee my master, and thy master the grand devil himself: *Vindicta, vindicta!* [*Exit.*

Host. Signor, you are exceeding moved.

Hostess. Mercy upon us, what terrible words thou talk'st!

For. A slave, a cur!—But be not you affrighted,
Young virgin! 'twere an injury to sweetness,
Should any rough sound draw from your cheeks
The precious tincture which makes Nature proud
Of her own workmanship.

Host. Wife, mark; mark that, wife!

Bian. Shake then your anger off, sir.

For. You command it,
Fair one. Mine Host and Hostess, with your leaves,
I have a motion jointly to you all.

Hostess. An honest one, I hope.

Host. Well put in, wife!

For. A very necessary one: The mess
And half of suitors, that attend to usher
Their love's sir-reverence to your daughter, wait
With one consent, which can best please her eye
In offering at a dance: I have provided
Music; and 'twill be something, I dare promise,
Worthy your laughter. Shall they have admit-
tance?

Host. By any means; for I am persuaded the manner will be so ridiculous, that it will confirm the assurance of their miserable fooleries: But no longer trouble with 'em here, than they are in these May-games!

For. So I am resolved.

Hostess. Nor any wise word of senseless love!

For. Not any; I have charm'd them. Did you see how they prepared themselves, how they stroke up their foretops, how they justle for the looking-glass to set their faces by it, (see, they muster!) you would look for some most impossible antic.

Enter Tailor, Dancer, Muletteer, Schoolmaster, Clerk, Coxcomb; *all with several Papers, and present them to* Forobosco.

Host. So, so, so, so! here flutter the nest of hornets, the hotch-potch of rascality: Now, now, now, now! The dunghill of corruption hath yawn'd forth the burden of abomination. I am vex'd, vex'd to the soul; will rid my house of this unchristen'd fry, and never open my doors again.

For. Some other time; I'll give no answer now,
But have preferred your suits; here shew your
cunning.
First, every one in order do his honour
To the fair mark you shoot at; courtly, courtly,
Convey your several loves in lively measure:
Come, let us take our seats. Some sprightly
music!

Host. Dance all and part; 'tis a very necessary farewell. [*Music.*

They all make ridiculous congees to Bianca, *rank themselves, and dance in several postures; during the dance, enter* Cesario, *and stands off.*

Host. Well done, my lusty bloods, preciously well done! One lusty rouse of wine, and take leave on all sides!

Ces. Thanks for your revels, gentlemen! accept
This gold, and drink as freely as you danced.

Host. My noble Lord Cesario? Clear the rooms,

For. Away; attend your answers. [sirs!

[*Exeunt* Forobosco *and* Suitors.

Ces. With your favour,
Rolando, I would change a word or two
With your fair daughter.

Host. At your lordship's pleasure.—Come, wife, no muttering! Have a care, girl!—My love, service, and duty to your good lordship!

[*Exeunt* Host *and* Hostess.

Ces. My often visits, sweet Bianca, cannot
But constantly inform thy judgment wherein
Thy happiness consists: For to steal minutes
From great employments, to converse with beauty,
Lodged in so mean a fortune; to lay by
Consideration of the unequal distance
Between my blood and thine; to shun occasions
Of courtship with the ladies of the time,
Noble and fair, only for love to thee;
Must of necessity invite a tenderness, [woman's,
As low as Nature could have stamp'd a bond-

ntertain quick motions of rare gratitude
my uncommon favours.
ian. 'Deed, my lord,
ar as my simplicity can lead me,
ely thank your courtesies.
s. To thank them
reward them, pretty one.
ian. Then teach me
I may give them back again: In truth
ver yet received a pair of gloves,
ifling ring, from any that expected
qual satisfaction, but as willingly
rted with the gift unto the owner,
e bestow'd it.
s. But I pour before thee
plenties, as it lies not in the ability
ny whole kindred to return proportionable,
for a thousand.
ian. You, my lord, conclude
my instruction: To engage a debt
nd a possibility of payment,
r thought a sin; and therefore justly,
out conceit of scorn, or curious rudeness,
st refuse your bounty.
s. Canst thou love?
ian. Love! is there such a word in any language
carries honest sense?
s. Never dwelt ignorance [*Aside.*
sweet-shaped a building!—Love, Bianca,
at firm knot which ties two hearts in one:
l ours be tied so?
ian. Use a plainer word,
ord; instead of *ties*, say *marries* hearts;
I may understand.
s. Their hearts are married,
se interchange of pleasures and embraces,
kisses, and the privacies of sweets,
s constant league together; when temptation
reat men's oaths and gifts shall urge contempt,
er than batter resolution: Novelty
ights, or taste of new delights in wantonness,
ds surfeit more than appetite in any
rved to noble vows: My excellent maid,
thou but true to me, and my contents,
e only, that no partner may partake
treasure of those sweets thy youth yet glories
I will raise thy lowness to abundance [in,
ll varieties; and more triumph
ich a mistress, than great princes doting
ruth-betraying wives.
ian. Thus to yield up then
cottage of my virtue, to be swallow'd
ome hard-neighbouring landlord, such as you
effect to love? A lord so vicious? [are,
where shall Innocence find some poor dwell-
from Temptation's tyranny? [ing,
s. Nay, pr'ythee!
ian. Gay clothes, high feeding, easy beds of lust,
ge of unseemly sights, with base discourse,
curses on your palaces: For my part,
I will be confirm'd in; I will eat
bread of labour, know no other rest
what is earn'd from honest pains, ere once more
ear to your vile toils! Sir, 'would you were
oble in desires, as I could be
nowing virtue! Pray do not afflict
or soul thus.

Enter a Gentleman.

Ces. I swear——To me? [BIANCA *goes off*
Gent. The duke, my lord, demands your speedy presence,
For answering aggrievances late urged
Against you by your mother.
Ces. By my mother?
Gent. The court is near on sitting.
Ces. I wait on it, sir. [*Exeunt.*

—✦—

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

DUKE, Magistrates, Secretary, *and* BAPTISTA *discovered sitting.* MENTIVOLE *standing by, with* Attendants.

Duke. What waste of blood, what tumults, what divisions,
What outrages, what uproars in a state,
Factions, though issuing from mean springs at first,
Have (not restrain'd) flowed to, the sad example
At Rome, between the Ursins and Colonnas,
Nay, here at home, in Florence, 'twixt the Neri
And the Bianchi, can too mainly witness.
I sit not at the helm, my lords, of sovereignty,
Deputed pilot for the commonwealth,
To sleep whilst others steer, as their wild fancies
Shall counsel, by the compass of disorders.
Baptista, this short preface is directed
Chiefly to you: The petty brawls and quarrels
Late urged betwixt the Alberti and your family,
Must (yes and shall) like tender unknit joints,
Fasten again together of themselves;
Or, like an angry surgeon, we will use
The roughness of our justice, to cut off
The stubborn rancour of the limbs offending!
Bapt. Most gracious Florence——
Duke. Our command was signified,
That neither of the followers of each party
Should appear here with weapons.
Bapt. 'Tis obey'd, sir,
On my side.
Duke. We must leave the general cause
Of state employments, to give ear to brawls
Of some particular grudges; politic government
For tutor'd princes! But no more! henceforth
Our frown shall check presumption, not our clemency.

Enter MARIANA *and* CLARISSA *at one Door,* CESARIO *at the other.*

Mar. All blessings due to unpartial princes
Crown Florence with eternity of happiness!
[*They kneel.*
Ces. If double prayers can double blessings, great sir,
Mine join for your prosperity with my mother's.
Duke. Rise both! Now briefly, lady, without circumstance,
Deliver those aggrievances, which lately
Your importunity possess'd our counsel
Were fit for audience, wherein you petition'd
You might be heard without an advocate,
Which boon you find is granted.
Mar. Though divided
I stand between the laws of truth and modesty,
Yet let my griefs have vent! yet the clearness
Of strange necessity requires obedience
To nature and your mercy! In my weeds
Of mourning, emblems of too dear misfortunes,

Badges of griefs, and widowhood, the burden
Of my charged soul must be laid down before you;
Wherein, if strict opinion cancel shame,
My frailty is my plea.—Stand forth, young man,
And hear a story that will strike all reason
Into amazement!
Ces. I attend.
Mar. Alberto,
(Peace dwell upon his ashes! still the husband
Of my remembrance and unchanging vows)
Has, by his death, left to his heir possession
Of fair revenue, which this young man claims
As his inheritance. I urged him gently,
Friendly, and privately, to grant a partage
Of this estate to her who owns it all,
This his supposed sister.
Bapt. How! supposed?
Ces. Pray, madam, recollect yourself.
Mar. The relish
Of a strange truth begins to work like physic
Already: I have bitterness to mingle
With these preparatives, so deadly loathsome
It will quite choak digestion; shortly hear it;
Cesario, (for I dare not rob unjustly
The poor soul of his name) this, this Cesario,
Neither for father had Alberto, me
For mother, nor Clarissa for his sister.
Clar. Mother, oh, mother!
Ment. I am in a dream sure!
Duke. No interruptions!—Lady, on.
Mar. Mistake not,
Great Duke of Tuscany, or the beginning
Or process of this novelty: My husband,
The now deceased Alberto, from his youth
Inured to an impatiency and roughness
Of disposition, when not many months
After our marriage were worn out, repined
At the unfruitful barrenness of youth,
Which, as he pleased to term it, cut our hopes off
From blessing of some issue: To prevent it,
I grew ambitious of no fairer honour
Than to preserve his love; and as occasions
Still call'd him from me, studied in his absence
How I might frame his welcome home with comfort.
At last I feign'd myself with child; the message
Of freedom, or relief, to one half starved
In prison, is not utter'd with such greediness
Of expectation and delight, as this was
To my much-affected lord: His care, his goodness
(Pardon me, that I use the word) exceeded
All former fears. The hour of my deliverance,
As I pretended, drawing near, I fashion'd
My birth rites at a country garden house,
Where then my falconer's wife was brought a-bed
Of this Cesario: Him I own'd for mine,
Presented him unto a joyful father——
Duke. Can you prove this true?
Mar. Proofs I have most evident.
But oh, the curse of my impatience! shortly,
Ere three new moons had spent their borrow'd lights,
I grew with child indeed; so just is Heaven!
The issue of which burden was this daughter.
Judge now, most gracious prince, my lords, and you,
What combats then, and since, I have endured,
Between a mother's piety, and weakness
Of a soul-trembling wife! To have reveal'd
This secret to Alberto, had been danger
Of ruin to my fame, besides the conflict
Of his distractions; now to have suppress'd it,
Were to defeat my child, my only child,
Of her most lawful honours, and inheritance.—
Cesario, thou'rt a man still; education
Hath moulded thee a gentleman; continue so!
Let not this fall from greatness sink thee lower
Than worthy thoughts may warrant! yet disclaim
All interest in Alberto's blood; thou hast not
One drop of his or mine.
Duke. Produce your witness!
Mar. The falconer's wife his mother, and such women
As waited then upon me, sworn to the privacy
Of this great secret.
Duke. Give them all their oaths.
Ces. Oh, let me crave forbearance, gracious sir!
Vouchsafe me hearing!
Duke. Speak, Cesario.
Ces. Thus long
I have stood silent, and with no unwillingness
Attended the relation of my fall
From a fair expectation: What I fear'd
(Since the first syllable this lady utter'd
Of my not being hers) benevolent fates
Have eased me of: For to be basely born,
If not base-born, detracts not from the bounty
Of Nature's freedom, or an honest birth.
Nobility claimed by the right of blood
Shews chiefly, that our ancestors deserved
What we inherit; but that man whose actions
Purchase a real merit to himself,
And ranks him in the file of Praise and Honour,
Creates his own advancement: Let me want
The fuel which best feeds the fires of greatness,
Lordly possessions! yet shall still my gratitude,
By some attempts, of mention not unworthy,
Endeavour to return a fit acquittance
To that large debt I owe your favours, madam,
And great Alberto's memory and goodness,
Oh, that I could so gently shake off passion
For the loss of that great brave man, as I can shake off
Remembrance of what once I was reputed!
I have not much to say; this princely presence
Needs not too strictly to examine further
The truth of this acknowledgment: A mother
Dares never disavow her only son;
And any woman must come short of piety,
That can or disinherit her own issue,
Or fears the voice of rumour for a stranger.—
Madam, you have confess'd my father was
A servant to your lord and you: By interest
Of being his son, I cannot but claim justly
The honour of continuing still my service
To you and yours; which granted, I beg leave
I may for this time be dismiss'd.
Duke. Bold spirit!
Bapt. I love thee now with pity.
Duke. Go not yet!—
A sudden tempest that might shake a rock,
Yet he stands firm against it; much it moves me!—
He not Alberto's son, and she a widow?
And she a widow? Lords, your ear!
All. Your pleasure? [*Whisper.*
Duke. So, lady; what you have avouch'd is truth?
Mar. Truth only, gracious sir
Duke. Hear then our sentence:
Since from his cradle you have fed and foster'd
Cesario as your son, and trained him up
To hopes of greatness, which now in a moment

utterly again have ruin'd, this way
vith our counsel are resolved; you, being
dow, shall accept him for a husband.
ar. Husband to me, sir?
ke. 'Tis in us to raise him
onours; and his virtues will deserve 'em.
ar. But, sir, 'tis in no prince, nor his prerogative,
rce a woman's choice against her heart.
ke. True; if then you appeal to higher justice,
doom includes this clause upon refusal:
of your lord's revenues shall Cesario
re to any, whom he takes for wife,
nheritance of three parts; the less remainder
wry large enough to marry a daughter;
we, by our prerogative, which you question,
publicly adopt him into the name
our deceased Alberto, that the memory
approved a peer may live in him
can preserve his memory: 'Less you find out
other means, which may as amply satisfy
wrong, our sentence stands irrevocable.—
t think you, lords?
l. The Duke is just and honourable.
pt. Let me embrace Cesario! henceforth ever
a constant friendship.
nt. I remit
ormer difference.
s. I am too poor
ords to thank this justice.—Madam, always
tudies shall be love to you, and duty.
ke. Replies we admit none. Cesario, wait on us!

Exeunt all but MENTIVOLE, BAPTISTA, MARIANA, *and* CLARISSA.

pt. Mentivole!
nt. My lord.
pt. Look on Clarissa;
noble, rich, young, fair.
nt. My lord, and virtuous.
pt. Mentivole, and virtuous.—Madam!
ar. Tyranny
stice! I shall live report's derision
am compell'd to exchange a graceful widow-
continual martyrdom in marriage, [hood
one so much beneath me.
pt. I'll plead for ye
Boldly and constantly, let your daughter only
Admit my son her servant: At next visit,
Madam, I'll be a messenger of comfort.—
Mentivole, be confident and earnest! [*Exit.*
Mar. Married again? to him too? better it had been
The young man should have still retain'd the
Of old Alberto's son, than I the shame [honours
Of making him successor of his bed:
I was to blame.
Ment. Indeed, without offence,
Madam, I think you were.
Clar. You urge it fairly,
And like a worthy friend.
Mar. Can you say anything
In commendation of a mushroom, withered
As soon as started up?
Ment. You scorn an innocent
Of noble growth; for whilst your husband lived
I have heard you boast, Cesario in all actions
Gave matter of report, of imitation,
Wonder, and envy; let not discontinuance
Of some few days estrange a sweet opinion
Of virtue, chiefly when in such extremity!
Your pity, not contempt, will argue goodness.
Mar. Oh, sir!
Clar. If you would use a thriving courtship,
You cannot utter a more powerful language,
That I shall listen to with greater greediness,
Than the argument you prosecute: This speaks
A man complete and excellent. [you
Ment. I speak not;
They are his own deserts.
Mar. Good sir, forbear!
I am now fully sensible of running
Into a violent lethargy, whose deadliness
Locks up all reason; I shall never henceforth
Remember my past happiness!
Ment. These clouds
May be dispersed.
Mar. I fear continual night
Will overshroud me! Yet, poor youth, his trespass
Lies in his fortune, not the cruelty
Of the duke's sentence.
Clar. I dare think it does.
Mar. If all fail, I will learn then to conquer
Adversity with sufferance.
Ment. You resolve nobly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

ENE I.—*A Room in* ALBERTO'S *House.*

Enter CESARIO *and a* Servant.

s. Let any friend have entrance.
rv. Sir, he shall.
s. Any, I except none.
rv. We know your mind, sir. [*Exit.*
s. Pleasures admit no bounds. I am pitch'd so high,
uch a growth of full prosperities,
to conceal my fortunes were an injury
ratefulness, and those more liberal favours
hom my glories prosper. He that flows
acious and swoln tides of best abundance,
will be ignorant of his own fortunes,
rves to live contemn'd, and die forgotten:
The harvest of my hopes is now already
Ripen'd and gather'd; I can fatten youth
With choice of plenty, and supplies of comforts;
My fate springs in my own hand, and I'll use it.

Enter two Servants *and* BIANCA.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis my place.
2 *Serv.* Yours?—Here, fair one; I'll acquaint
My lord.
1 *Serv.* He's here; go to him boldly.
2 *Serv.* Please you
To let him understand how readily
I waited on your errand!
1 *Serv.* Saucy fellow!—
You must excuse his breeding.
Ces. What's the matter?—

Bianca? my Bianca?—To your offices!—
[*Exeunt* Servants.
This visit, sweet, from thee, my pretty dear,
By how much more 'twas unexpected, comes
So much the more timely: Witness this free welcome,
Whate'er occasion led thee!
Bian. You may guess, sir;
Yet indeed 'tis a rare one.
Ces. Pr'ythee speak it,
My honest virtuous maid.
Bian. Sir, I have heard
Of your misfortunes; and I cannot tell you
Whether I have more cause of joy or sadness,
To know they are a truth.
Ces. What truth, Bianca?
Misfortunes? how? wherein?
Bian. You are disclaim'd
For being the Lord Alberto's son, and publicly
Acknowledged of as mean a birth as mine is:
It cannot chuse but grieve you.
Ces. Grieve me? Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Is this all?
Bian. This all?
Ces. Thou art sorry for't,
I warrant thee: Alas, good soul, Bianca!
That which thou call'st misfortune is my happiness!
My happiness, Bianca!
Bian. If you love me,
It may prove mine too.
Ces. May it? I will love thee,
My good, good maid, if that can make thee happy,
Better and better love thee.
Bian. Without breach then
Of modesty, I come to claim the interest
Your protestations, both by vows and letters,
Have made me owner of: From the first hour
I saw you, I confess I wish'd I had been
Or not so much below your rank and greatness,
Or not so much above those humble flames
That should have warmed my bosom with a tem-
Equality of desires in equal fortunes. [perate
Still as you uttered language of affection,
I courted Time to pass more slowly on,
'That I might turn more fool to lend attention
To what I durst not credit, nor yet hope for;
Yet still as more I heard, I wish'd to hear more.
Ces. Didst thou in troth, wench?
Bian. Willingly betray'd
Myself to hopeless bondage.
Ces. A good girl!
I thought I should not miss, whate'er thy answer
Bian. But as I am a maid, sir, (and i'faith [was.
You may believe me, for I am a maid)
So dearly I respected both your fame
And quality, that I would first have perish'd
In my sick thoughts, than e'er have given consent
To have undone your fortunes, by inviting
A marriage with so mean a one as I am:
I should have died sure, and no creature known
The sickness that had kill'd me.
Ces. Pretty heart!
Good soul, alas, alas!
Bian. Now since I know
There is no difference 'twixt your birth and mine,
Not much 'twixt our estates, (if any be,
The advantage is on my side) I come willingly
To tender you the first-fruits of my heart,
And am content to accept you for my husband,
Now when you are at lowest.
Ces. For a husband?
Speak sadly; dost thou mean so?
Bian. In good deed, sir,
'Tis pure love makes this proffer.
Ces. I believe thee.
What counsel urged thee on? tell me; thy father?
My worshipful smug Host? Was't not he, wench?
Or mother Hostess? ha?
Bian. Do you mock my parentage?
I do not scorn yours: Mean folks are as worthy
To be well spoken of, if they deserve well,
As some whose only fame lies in their blood.
Oh, you're a proud poor man! all your oaths false-hood,
Your vows deceit, your letters forged and wicked!
Ces. Thou'dst be my wife, I dare swear.
Bian. Had your heart,
Your hand and tongue been twins, you had reputed
This courtesy a benefit.
Ces. Simplicity,
How prettily thou mov'st me! Why, Bianca,
Report has cozen'd thee; I am not fallen
From my expected honours or possessions,
Though from the hope of birth-right.
Bian. Are you not?
Then I am lost again! I have a suit too;
You'll grant it, if you be a good man.
Ces. Any thing.
Bian. Pray do not talk of aught what I have said to you.
Ces. As I wish health, I will not!
Bian. Pity me; [*She weeps.*
But never love me more!
Ces. Nay, now you are cruel:
Why all these tears?—Thou shalt not go.
Bian. I'll pray for you,
That you may have a virtuous wife, a fair one;
And when I am dead——
Ces. Fy, fy!
Bian. Think on me sometimes,
With mercy for this trespass!
Ces. Let us kiss
At parting as at coming! [*Kisses her*
Bian. This I have
As a free dower to a virgin's grave.
All goodness dwell with you! [*Exit.*
Ces. Harmless Bianca!
Unskill'd! what handsome toys are maids to play with!
How innocent!—But I have other thoughts
Of nobler meditation.—

Enter MARIANA *and* CLARISSA.

My felicity,
Thou com'st as I could wish: Lend me a lip
As soft, as melting, as when old Alberto,
After his first night's trial, taking farewell
Of thy youth's conquest, tasted!
Mar. You are uncivil!
Ces. I will be lord of my own pleasures, madam;
You are mine, mine freely: Come, no whimpering henceforth!
New-con the lessons of Love's best experience,
That our delights may meet in equal measure
Of resolutions and desires! this sullenness
Is scurvy; I like it not.
Mar. Be modest;
And do not learn, Cesario, how to prostitute
The riot of thy hopes to common folly.
Take a sad woman's word! howe'er thou dot'st

Upon the present graces of thy greatness,
Yet I am not fallen so below my constancy
To virtue, nor the care which I once tender'd
For thy behoof, that I prefer a sentence
Of cruelty before my honour.
Ces. Honour?
Mar. Hear me: Thou seest this girl, now the comfort
Of my last days! she is the only pledge
Of a bed truly noble: She had a father
(I need not speak him more than thou remem-
Whom to dishonour by a meaner choice [ber'st)
Were injury and infamy.
Clar. To goodness,
To time, and virtuous mention.
Mar. I have vowed,
(Observe me now, Cesario!) that howe'er
I may be forced to marry, yet no tyranny,
Persuasions, flattery, gifts, intreats, or tortures,
Shall draw me to a second bed.
Clar. 'Tis just too.
Mar. Yes, and 'tis just, Clarissa.—I allow
The duke's late sentence, am resolved, young man,
To be thy wife; but when the ceremony
Of marriage is performed, in life I will be,
Though not in name, a widow.
Ces. Pray a word to you!
Shall I in earnest never be your bedfellow?
Mar. Never, oh, never! and 'tis for your good [too.
Ces. Prove that.
Mar. Alas, too many years are number'd
In my account to entertain the benefit
Which youth in thee, Cesario, and ability,
Might hope for and require: It were injustice
To rob a gentleman deserving memory,
Of issue to preserve it.
Ces. No more! Herein
You are an excellent pattern of true piety.
Let me now turn your advocate. Pray look into
The order of the duke enjoined; admit
I satisfy the sentence, without marriage
With you? how then?
Mar. Cesario!
Ces. If I know
How to acquit your fears, yet keep th' injunction
In every clause whole and entire, your charity
Will call me still your servant?
Mar. Still my son.
Ces. Right, madam, now you have it, still your
The genius of your blessings hath instructed [son:
Your tongue oraculously: We will forget
How once I and Clarissa interchanged
The ties of brother and of sister! henceforth
New-style us man and wife.
Clar. By what authority?
Ces. Heaven's great appointment. Yet, in all my dotage
On thy perfections, when I thought, Clarissa,
We had been pledges of one womb, no loose,
No wanton heat of youth desired to claim
Priority in thy affections, other
Than Nature might commend: chastely I tender'd
Thy welfare as a brother ought: But since
Our bloods are strangers, let our hearts contract
A long life-lasting unity! for this way
The sentence is to be observed, or no way.
Mar. Then no way!
Ces. I expected other answer,
Madam, from you.
Mar. No; every age shall curse me,
The monster and the prodigy of Nature!
Horrors beyond extremity——
Clar. Pray, mother,
Confine the violence of grief!
Ces. Yes, mother,
Pray do!
Mar. Thus some catch at a matron's honour
By flying lust, to plot incestuous witchcrafts,
More terrible than whoredoms: Cruel mercy!
When, to preserve the body from a death,
The soul is strangled!
Ces. This is more than passion;
It comes near to distraction.
Mar. I am quieted.
Cesario, thou mayst tell the duke securely,
Alberto's titles, honours, and revenues,
The duke may give away; enjoy them thou!
Clarissa's birth-right, Mariana's dower,
Thou shalt be lord of; turn us to the world
Unpitied and unfriended; yet my bed
Thou never sleep'st in. As for her, (she hears me)
If she as much as in a thought consent,
That thou mayst call her wife, a mother's curse
Shall never leave her.
Clar. As a brother once
I loved you, as a noble friend yet honour you;
But for a husband, sir, I dare not own you:
My faith is given already.
Ces. To a villain;
I'll cut his throat.
Mar. "Why this is more than passion;
It comes near a distraction."
Clar. Call to mind, sir,
How much you have abated of that goodness
Which once reign'd in you, which appear'd so lovely,
That such as friendship led to observation,
Courted the great example!
Ces. Left, and flatter'd
Into a broad derision!
Mar. Why d'ye think so—

Enter BAPTISTA *and* MENTIVOLE

My lord Baptista, is your son grown cold
In hasting on the marriage, which his vows
Have seal'd to my wrong'd daughter?
Bapt. We come, lady,
To consummate the contract.
Ces. With Mentivole!
Is he the man!
Ment. Clarissa's troth and mine,
Cesario, are recorded in a character
So plain and certain, that except the hand
Of Heaven, which writ it first, would blot it out again,
No human power can raze it.
Ces. But say you
So too, young lady!
Clar. I should else betray
My heart to falsehood, and my tongue to perjury.
Ces. Madam, you know the sentence.
Bapt. From the duke
I have particular comforts, which require
A private ear.
Mar. I shall approve it gladly.—
We are resolved, Cesario.
Bapt. Be not insolent
Upon a prince's favour!
Clar. Lose no glory,
Your younger years have purchased!

Ment. And deserved too;
You have many worthy friends.
Bapt. Preserve and use them!
[*Exeunt all but* CESARIO.
Ces. Good, very good! why, here's a compli-
Of mirth in desperation! I could curse [ment
My fate: Oh, with what speed men tumble down
From hopes that soar too high! Bianca now
May scorn me justly too; Clarissa married,
Alberto's widow resolute, Bianca
Refused, and I forsaken. Let me study!—
I can but die a bachelor, that's the worst on't.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter Host, Tailor, Muleteer, Dancer, Pedant, Coxcomb.

Host. Come, gentlemen; this is the day that our great artist hath promised to give all your several suits satisfaction.

Dancer. Is he stirring?

Host. He hath been at his book these two hours.

Pedant. He's a rare physician.

Host. Why, I'll tell you; were Paracelsus the German now living, he'd take up his single rapier against his terrible long sword: He makes it a matter of nothing to cure the gout; sore eyes he takes out as familiarly, washes them, and puts them in again, as you'd blanch almonds.

Tailor. They say he can make gold.

Host. Ay, ay, he learnt it of Kelly in Germany. There's not a chemist in Christendom can go beyond him for multiplying.

Pedant. Take heed then he go not up your daughter's belly, my host!

Host. You are a merry gentleman, and the man of art will love you the better.

Dancer. Does he love mirth and crotchets?

Host. Oh, he's the most courteous physician! you may drink or drab in's company freely; the better he knows how your disease grows, the better he knows how to cure it.

Dancer. But I wonder, my Host, he has no more resort of ladies to him.

Host. Why, sir?

Dancer. Oh, divers of 'em have great belief in conjurors: Lechery is a great help to the quality.

Host. He's scarce known to be in town yet; ere long we shall have 'em come hurrying hither in feather-beds.

Dancer. How! bed-ridden?

Host. No, sir; in feather-beds that move upon four wheels, in Spanish caroches.

Pedant. Pray acquaint him we give attendance.

Host. I shall, gentlemen.—I would fain be rid of these rascals, but that they raise profit to my wine-cellar. When I have made use of them sufficiently, I'll entreat the conjuror to tie crackers to their tails, and send them packing.

Enter FOROBOSCO *as studying.*

For. Come hither, mine Host! Look here.

Host. What's that?

For. A challenge from my man.

Host. For breaking's pate?

For. He writes here, if I meet him not i' th' field within this half-hour, I shall hear more from him.

Host. Oh, sir, mind your profit; ne'er think of the rascal; Here are the gentlemen.

For. 'Morrow, my worthy clients! what, are you all prepared of your questions, that I may give my resolution upon them?

All. We are, sir.

Pedant. And have brought our money.

For. Each then in order! and differ not for precedency.

Dancer. I am buying of an office, sir, and to that purpose I would fain learn to dissemble cunningly.

For. Do you come to me for that? you should rather have gone to a cunning woman.

Dancer. Ay, sir, but their instructions are but like women; pretty well, but not to the depth, as I'd have it: You are a conjuror, the devil's master, and I would learn it from you so exactly——

For. That the devil himself might not go beyond you?

Dancer. You are i' th' right, sir.

For. And so your money for your purchase might come in again within a twelvemonth?

Dancer. I would be a graduate, sir, no freshman.

For. Here's my hand, sir: I will make you dissemble so methodically, as if the devil should be sent from the Great Turk, in the shape of an ambassador, to set all the Christian princes at variance.

Dancer. I cannot with any modesty desire any more. There's your money, sir!

For. For the art of dissembling. [*Writes.*

Coxc. My suit, sir, will be news to you when I tell it.

For. Pray, on!

Coxc. I would set up a press here in Italy, to write all the corantoes for Christendom.

For. That's news indeed; and how would you employ me in't?

Coxc. Marry, sir, from you I would gain my intelligence.

For. I conceive you: You would have me furnish you with a spirit to inform you.

Coxc. But as quiet a devil as the woman the first day and a half after she's married; I can by no means endure a terrible one.

For. No, no, I'll qualify him: he shall not fright you: It shall be the ghost of some lying stationer, a spirit shall look as if butter would not melt in his mouth; a new *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus!*

Coxc. Oh, there was a captain was rare at it.

For. Ne'er think of him. Though that captain writ a full hand-gallop, and wasted indeed more harmless paper than ever did laxative physic, yet will I make you to out-scribble him; and set down what you please, the world shall better believe you.

Coxc. Worthy sir, I thank you! there's money!

For. A new office for writing pragmatical corantoes. [*Writes.*

Pedant. I am a schoolmaster, sir, and would fain confer with you about erecting four new sects of religion at Amsterdam.

For. What the devil should new sects of religion do there?

Pedant. I assure you I would get a great deal of money by it.

For. And what are the four new sects of religion you would plant there?

Pedant. Why, that's it I come about, sir; 'tis

a devil of your raising must invent 'em; I confess I am too weak to compass it.

For. So sir! Then you make it a matter of no difficulty to have them tolerated?

Pedant. Trouble not yourself for that; let but your devil set them a-foot once, I have weavers, and gingerbread-makers, and mighty aquavitæ-men, shall set them a-going.

For. This is somewhat difficult; and will ask some conference with the devil.

Pedant. Take your own leisure, sir. I have another business too, because I mean to leave Italy, and bury myself in those nether parts of the Low-Countries.

For. What's that, sir?

Pedant. Marry, I would fain make nine days to the week, for the more ample benefit of the captain.

For. You have a shrewd pate, sir!

Pedant. But how this might be compass'd——

For. Compass'd easily; it is but making a new almanack, and dividing the compass of the year into larger penny-worths, as a chandler with his compass makes a geometric proportion of the Holland cheese he retails by stivers. But, for getting of it licensed?

Pedant. Trouble not yourself with that, sir; there's your money.

For. For four new sects of religions, and nine days to the week. [*Writes.*

Pedant. To be brought in at general pay-days, write, I beseech you.

For. At general pay-days.

Tailor. I am by profession a tailor; you have heard of me.

For. Yes, sir, and will not steal from you the least part of that commendation I have heard uttered.

Tailor. I take measure of your worth, sir; and because I will not afflict you with any large bill of circumstances, I'll snip off particulars: I would fain invent some strange and exquisite new fashions.

For. Are you not travell'd, sir?

Tailor. Yes, sir, but have observed all we can see, or invent, are but old ones with new names to 'em; now I would some way or other grow more curious.

For. Let me see; to devise new fashions!—Were you never in the moon?

Tailor. In the Moon tavern? Yes, sir, often.

For. No, I do mean in the new world, in the world that's in the moon yonder.

Tailor. How! A new world i' th' moon?

For. Yes, I assure you.

Tailor. And peopled?

For. Oh, most fantastically peopled.

Tailor. Nay, certain then there's work for tailors?

For. That there is, I assure you.

Tailor. Yet I have talked with a Scotch tailor that never discovered so much to me, though he has travelled far, and was a pedlar in Poland.

For. That was out of his way; this lies beyond China. You'd study new fashions, you say? Take my counsel, make a voyage, and discover that new world.

Tailor. Shall I be a moon-man?

For. I am of opinion, the people of that world, if they be like the nature of that climate they live in, do vary the fashion of their clothes oftener than any quick-silver'd nation in Europe.

Tailor. Not unlikely; but what should that be we call the man in the moon, then?

For. Why, it is nothing but an Englishman that stands there stark naked, with a pair of sheers in one hand, and a great bundle of broad-cloth in t'other, (which resembles the bush of thorns) cutting out of new fashions.

Tailor. I have heard somewhat like this; but how shall I get thither?

For. I'll make a new compass shall direct you

Tailor. Certain?

For. Count me else for no man of direction.

Tailor. There's twenty ducats in hand; at my return I'll give you a hundred.

For. A new voyage to discover new fashions. [*Writes.*

Mulet. I have been a traveller too, sir, that have shew'd strange beasts in Christendom, and got money by them, but I find the trade to decay; your camelion, or East-Indian hedgehog, gets very little money; and your elephant devours so much bread, brings in so little profit, his keeper were better every morning cram fifteen tailors with white manchet: I would have some new spectacle, and one that might be more attractive.

For. Let me see! Were you ever in Spain?

Mulet. Not yet, sir.

For. I would have you go to Madrill; and against some great festival, when the court lies there, provide a great and spacious English ox, and roast him whole, with a pudding in's belly; that would be the eighth wonder of the world in those parts, I assure you.

Mulet. A rare project without question!

For. Go beyond all their garlick *olla podridas*, though you sod one in Gargantua's cauldron! Bring in more money than all the monsters of Afric!

Host. Good sir, do your best for him; he's o' my acquaintance, and one, if you knew him——

For. What is he?

Host. He was once a man of infinite letters.

For. A scholar?

Host. No, sir, a packet-carrier, which is always a man of many letters, you know; then he was a mule-driver; now he's a gentleman, and feeds monsters.

For. A most ungrateful calling!

Mulet. There's money for your direction! The price of the ox, sir?

For. A hundred French crowns, for it must be a Lincolnshire ox, and a prime one.—For a rare and monstrous spectacle, to be seen at Madrill. [*Writes.*

Enter Clown, Hostess, *and* Bianca.

Hostess. Pray forbear, sir! We shall have a new quarrel.

Clown. You durst not meet me i' th' field! I am therefore come to spoil your market.

For. What's the news with you, sir?

Clown. Gentlemen, you that come hither to be most abominably cheated, listen, and be as wise as your planet will suffer you: Keep your money, be not gulled, be not laughed at!

Pedant. What means this? 'would I had my money again in my pocket!

Host. The fellow is full of malice; do not mind him.

Clown. This professed cheating rogue was my master, and I confess myself a more preternotorious

rogue than himself, in so long keeping his villainous counsel.

For. Come, come, I will not hear you.

Clown. No, cozener, though thou wouldest not hear me; I do but dare thee to suffer me to speak, and then thou and all thy devils spit fire, and spout aquafortis!

For. Speak on; I freely permit thee.

Clown. Why then, know, all you simple animals, you whose purses are ready to cast the calf, if they have not cast it already, if you give any credit to this juggling rascal, you are worse than simple widgeons, and will be drawn into the net by this decoy-duck, this tame cheater.

For. Ha, ha, ha! Pray mark him!

Clown. He does profess physic, and conjuring; for his physic, he has but two medicines for all manner of diseases; when he was in the Low Countries, he used nothing but butter'd beer, coloured with Alligant, for all kinds of maladies, and that he called his catholic medicine: Sure the Dutch smelt out it was buttered beer, else they would never have endured it, for the name's sake! Then does he minister a grated dog's turd instead of rhubarb, many times of unicorn's horn, which, working strongly with the conceit of the patient, would make them bescummer to the height of a mighty purgation.

For. The rogue has studied this invective.

Clown. Now for his conjuring, the witches of Lapland are the devil's chairwomen to him, for they will sell a man a wind to some purpose; he sells wind, and tells you forty lies over and over.

Hostess. I thought what we should find of him.

Host. Hold your prating; be not you an heretic!

Clown. Conjure? I'll tell you; all the devils' names he calls upon are but fustian names, gather'd out of Welsh heraldry; in brief, he is a rogue of six reprieves, four pardons of course, thrice pilloried, twice sung *Lacrymæ* to the virginals of a cart's tail, he has five times been in the gallies, and will never truly run himself out of breath till he comes to the gallows.

For. You have heard, worthy gentlemen, what this lying, detracting rascal has vomited.

Tailor. Yes, certain; but we have a better trust in you; for you have ta'en our money.

For. I have so. Truth is, he was my servant, and for some chastisement I gave him, he does practise thus upon me. Speak truly, sirrah, are you certain I cannot conjure?

Clown. Conjure? Ha, ha, ha!

For. Nay, nay, but be very sure of it.

Clown. Sure of it? why, I'll make a bargain with thee, before all these gentlemen, use all thy art, all thy roguery, and make me do anything before all this company I have not a mind to, I'll first give thee leave to claim me for thy bond-slave, and, when thou hast done, hang me!

For. 'Tis a match; sirrah, I'll make you caper i' th' air presently.

Clown. I have too solid a body; and my belief is like a puritan's on Good-Friday, too high fed with capon.

For. I will first send thee to Greenland for a haunch of venison, just of the thickness of thine own tallow.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha! I'll not stir an inch for thee!

For. Thence to Amboyna i' th' East Indies, for pepper to bake it.

Clown. To Amboyna? so I might be pepper'd.

For. Then will I convey thee stark naked to Develing, to beg a pair of brogs, to hide thy mountainous buttocks.

Clown. And no doublet to 'em?

For. No, sir; I intend to send you of a sleeveless errand: But before you vanish, in regard you say I cannot conjure, and are so stupid and opinionated a slave, that neither I nor my art can compel you to do anything that is beyond your own pleasure, the gentlemen shall have some sport: You cannot endure a cat, sirrah?

Clown. What's that to thee, juggler?

For. Nor you'll do nothing at my entreaty?

Clown. I'll be hanged first.

For. Sit, gentlemen; and whatsoe'er you see, be not frighted.

Hostess. Alas, I can endure no conjuring.

Host. Stir not, wife!

Bian. Pray let me go, sir; I am not fit for these fooleries.

Host. Move not, daughter!

For. I will make you dance a new dance, called leap-frog.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha!

For. And as naked as a frog.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha! I defy thee!

[FOROBOSCO *looks in a book, strikes with his wand; music plays.*

Enter four Boys, *shaped like Frogs, and dance.*

Pedant. Spirits of the water in the likeness of frogs!

Tailor. He has fished fair, believe me.

Mulet. See, see! he sweats and trembles.

For. Are you come to your quavers?

Clown. Oh, ho, ho!

For. I'll make you run division on those O's, ere I leave you! Look you, here are the playfellows that are so endeared to you: Come, sir, first uncase, and then dance; nay, I'll make him dance stark naked.

Host. Oh, let him have his shirt on, and his mogul's breeches; here are women i' th' house.

For. Well, for their sakes he shall.

[Clown *tears off his doublet, making strange faces as if compelled to it, falls into the dance.*

Tailor. He dances; what a lying rogue was this to say the gentleman could not conjure!

For. He does prettily well; but 'tis voluntary, I assure you, I have no hand in't.

Clown. As you are a conjurer, and a rare artist, free me from these couplets! Of all creatures I cannot endure a frog.

For. But your dancing's voluntary; I can compel you to nothing.

Hostess. Oh, me, daughter, let's take heed of this fellow! he'll make us dance naked, an we vex him. [*Exeunt* Hostess *and* BIANCA.

For. Now cut capers, sirrah! I'll plague that chine of yours.

Clown. Ho, ho, ho! my kidnies are roasted; I drop away like a pound of butter roasted!

Tailor. He'll dance himself to death.

For. No matter; I'll sell his fat to the 'pothecaries, and repair my injury that way.

Host. Enough, in conscience!

For. Well, at your entreaty—Vanish! [*Exeunt* Boys.] And now I will only make him break his neck in doing a somersault, and that's all the revenge I mean to take of him.

Clown. Oh, gentlemen, what a rogue was I to telie so an approved master in the noble dark science! You can witness, this I did only to spoil his practice, and deprive you of the happiness of enjoying his worthy labours: Rogue that I was to do it! Pray, sir, forgive me!

For. With what face canst thou ask it?

Clown. With such a face as I deserve, with a hanging look, as all here can testify.

For. Well, gentlemen, that you may perceive the goodness of my temper, I will entertain this rogue again, in hope of amendment; for, should I turn him off, he would be hanged.

Clown. You may read that in this foul copy.

For. Only with this promise, you shall never cozen any of my patients.

Clown. Never.

For. And remember henceforward, that though I cannot conjure, I can make you dance, sirrah. Go, get yourself into thy cottage again.

Clown. I will never more dance leap-frog.—Now I have got you into credit, hold it up, and cozen them in abundance. [*Aside to* Formosco.

For. Oh, rare rascal! [*Exit* Clown.

Enter Cesario.

Ces. How now? a Fankford mart here? a mountebank
And his worshipful auditory?

Host. They are my guests, sir.

Ces. A pox upon them! Shew your juggling tricks
In some other room.

Host. And why not here, sir?

Ces. Hence,
Or, sirrah, I shall spoil your figure-flinging,
And all their radical questions!

All. Sir, we vanish.

[*Exeunt all but* Host *and* Cesario.

Host. Signor Cesario, you make bold with me,
And somewhat, I must tell you, to a degree
Of ill-manners: They are my guests, and men I live by,
And I would know by what authority
You command thus far.

Ces. By my interest in
Your daughter.

Host. Interest, do you call't? As I remember,
I never put her out to usury
On that condition.

Ces. Pray thee be not angry;
I am come to make thee happy, and her happy.

Enter Bianca *and* Hostess.

She's here: Alas, my pretty soul! I am come
To give assurance that's beyond thy hope,
Or thy belief; I bring repentance 'bout me,
And satisfaction: I will marry thee.

Bian. Ha!

Ces. As I live, I will; but do not entertain it
With too quick an apprehension of joy,
For that may hurt thee; I have heard some die of't.

Bian. Do not fear me.

Ces. Then thou think'st I feign
This protestation? I will instantly,
Before these, testify my new alliance,
Contract myself unto thee; then I hope
We may be more private.

Host. But thou shalt not, sir;
For so has many a maidenhead been lost,
And many a bastard gotten.

Ces. Then to give you
The best of any assurance in the world,
Entreat thy father to go fetch a priest,
We will instantly to bed, and there be married.

Bian. Pride hath not yet forsaken you I see,
Though prosperity has.

Host. Sir, you are too confident
To fashion to yourself a dream of purchase,
When you're a beggar.

Ces. You are bold with me!

Hostess. Do we not know your value is cried down
Fourscore i' th' hundred?

Bian. Oh, sir, I did love you
With such a fixed heart, that in that minute
Wherein you slighted, or contemn'd me rather,
I took a vow to obey your last decree,
And never more look up at any hope
Should bring me comfort that way; and though, since,
Your foster-mother and the fair Clarissa
Have, in the way of marriage, despised you,
That hath not any way bred my revenge,
But compassion rather. I have found
So much sorrow in the way to a chaste wedlock,
That here I will sit down and never wish
To come to th' journey's end: Your suit to me
Henceforth be ever silenced!

Ces. My Bianca!

Hostess. Henceforward, pray, forbear her and my house!
She's a poor virtuous wench; yet her estate
May weigh with yours in a gold balance.

Host. Yes, and her birth in any herald' office
In Christendom.

Hostess. It may prove so; when you'll say,
You have leap'd a whiting. [*Exeunt all but* Cesario

Enter Baptista *and* Mentivole.

Ces. How far am I
Grown behind-hand with fortune!

Bapt. Here's Cesario!—
My son, sir, is to-morrow to be married
Unto the fair Clarissa.

Ces. So!

Ment. We hope
You'll be a guest there.

Ces. No; I will not grace
Your triumph so much.

Bapt. I'll not tax your breeding,
But it alters not your birth, sir; fare you well!

Ment. Oh, sir, do not grieve him;
He has too much affliction already. [*Exeunt.*

Ces. Every way scorn'd and lost! Shame follow you!
For I am grown most miserable.

Enter a Sailor.

Sailor. Sir, do you know
A lady's son in town here, they call Cesario?

Ces. There's none such, I assure thee.

Sailor. I was told
You were the man.

Ces. What's that to thee?

Sailor. A pox on't!
You are melancholy; will you drink, sir?

Ces. With whom?

Sailor. With me, sir; despise not this pitch'd canvas!

The time was we have known them lined with Spanish ducats.
I have news for you.
Ces. For me?
Sailor. Not unless you'll drink:
We are like our sea provision,
Once out of pickle, we require abundance
Of drink. I have news to tell you,
That, were you prince, would make you send your mandate
To have a thousand bonfires made i' th' city,
And piss'd out again with nothing but Greek wine.
Ces. Come, I will drink with thee howsoever.
Sailor. And upon these terms I will utter my mind to you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter ALBERTO, PROSPERO, JULIANA, *and* Sailors.

Sailor. Shall we bring your necessaries ashore, my lord?
Alb. Do what you please; I am land-sick worse
Than e'er I was at sea. [by far
Pros. Collect yourself.
Alb. Oh, my most worthy Prospero, my best
The noble favour I received from thee, [friend,
In freeing me from the Turks, I now account
Worse than my death; for I shall never live
To make requital.—What do you attend for?
Sailor. To understand your pleasure.
Alb. They do mock me!—
I do protest I have no kind of pleasure
In anything i' th' world, but in thy friendship;
I must ever except that.
Pros. Pray leave him, leave him!
[*Exeunt* Sailors.
Alb. The news I heard related since my landing,
Of the division of my family,
How is it possible for any man
To bear it with a set patience?
Pros. You have suffer'd,
Since your imprisonment, more weighty sorrows.
Alb. Ay, then I was a man of flesh and blood;
Now I am made up of fire, to the full height
Of a deadly calenture: Oh, these vile women,
That are so ill preservers of men's honours,
They cannot govern their own honesties!
That I should thirty and odd winters feed
My expectation of a noble heir,
And by a woman's falsehood find him now
A fiction, a mere dream of what he was!
And yet I love him still.
Pros. In my opinion,
The sentence on this trial, from the duke,
Was noble, to repair Cesario's loss
With the marriage of your wife, had you been dead.
Alb. By your favour, but it was not! I conceive
Twas disparagement to my name, to have my widow
Match with a falconer's son: And yet, believe it,
I love the youth still, and much pity him.
I do remember, at my going to sea,
Upon a quarrel, and a hurt received
From young Mentivole, my rage so far
O'er-topt my nobler temper, I gave charge
To have his hand cut off; which since I heard,
And to my comfort, brave Cesario
Worthily prevented.
Pros. And 'twas nobly done.
Alb. Yet the revenge for this intent of mine
Hath bred much slaughter in our families;
And yet my wife (which infinitely moans me)
Intends to marry my sole heir, Clarissa,
To the head branch of the other faction.
Pros. It is the mean to work reconcilement.
Alb. 'Tween whom?
Pros. Yourself and the worthy Baptista.
Alb. Never.
Pros. Oh, you have been of a noble and remarkable friendship;
And, by this match, 'tis generally in Florence
Hoped, will fully be reconciled; to me
'Twould be absolute content.
Jul. And to myself;
I have main interest in it.
Alb. Noble sir,
You may command my heart to break for you,
But never to bend that way. Poor Cesario,
When thou putt'st on thy mournful willow garland,
Thy enemy shall be suited, I do vow,
In the same livery! My Cesario,
Loved as my foster-child, though not my son,
Which in some countries formerly were barbarous,
Was a name held most affectionate; thou art lost,
Unfortunate young man! not only slighted
Where thou receivedst thy breeding, but since scorn'd,
I' th' way of marriage, by the poor Bianca,
The innkeeper's daughter.
Pros. I have heard of that, too;
But let not that afflict you! for this lady
May happily deliver, at more leisure,
A circumstance may draw a fair event,
Better than you can hope for. For this present,
We must leave you, and shall visit you again
Within these two hours.
Alb. Ever to me most welcome!—
[*Exeunt* PROSPERO *and* JULIANA.

Enter CESARIO.

Oh, my Cesario!
Ces. I am none of yours, sir,
So 'tis protested; and I humbly beg,
Since 'tis not in your power to preserve me
Any longer in a noble course of life,
Give me a worthy death!
Alb. The youth is mad.
Ces. Nay, sir, I will instruct you in a way
To kill me honourably.
Alb. That were most strange.
Ces. I am turning pirate; you may be employed
By the duke to fetch me in, and in a sea-fight
Give me a noble grave.
All. Questionless he's mad!
I would give any doctor a thousand crowns
To free him from this sorrow.
Ces. Here's the physician. [*Shews a poniard*

Alb. Hold, sir; I did say
To free you from the sorrow, not from life.
Ces. Why, life and sorrow are unseparable.
Alb. Be comforted, Cesario! Mentivole
Shall not marry Clarissa.
Ces. No, sir; ere he shall,
I'll kill him.
Alb. But you forfeit your own life then.
Ces. That's worth nothing.
Alb. Cesario, be thyself; be mine, Cesario!
Make not thyself uncapable of that portion
I have full purpose to confer upon thee,
By falling into madness; bear thy wrongs
With noble patience, the afflicted's friend,
Which ever in all actions crowns the end!
Ces. You [have] well awaked me, nay, recover'd me
Both to sense and full life. Oh, most noble sir,
Though I have lost my fortune, and lost you
For a worthy father, yet I will not lose
My former virtue; my integrity
Shall not yet forsake me: But as the wild ivy
Spreads and thrives better in some piteous ruin
Of tower, or defaced temple, than it does
Planted by a new building, so shall I
Make my adversity my instrument
To wind me up into a full content.
Alb. 'Tis worthily resolved! Our first adventure
Is to stop the marriage: For thy other losses,
Practised by a woman's malice, but account them
Like conjuror's winds, raised to a fearful blast,
And do some mischief, but do never last!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

Enter Forobosco *and* Clown.

Clown. Now, sir, will not you acknowledge that I have mightily advanced your practice?
For. 'Tis confess'd; and I will make thee a great man for it.
Clown. I take a course to do that myself, for I drink sack in abundance.
For. Oh, my rare rascal! We must remove.
Clown. Whither?
For. Any whither; Europe is too little to be cozened by us: I am ambitious to go to the East Indies, thou and I to ride on our brace of elephants.
Clown. And for my part I long to be in England again; you will never get so much as in England; we have shifted many countries, and many names, but traunce the world over, you shall never purse up so much gold as when you were in England, and called yourself Doctor Lambstones.
For. 'Twas an attractive name, I confess; women were then my only admirers.
Clown. And all their visits were either to further their lust, or revenge injuries.
For. You should have forty in a morning beleaguer my closet, and strive who should be cozened first: 'Mongst fourscore love-sick waiting-women that have come to me in a morning to learn what fortune should betide 'em in their first marriage, I have found above ninety-four to have lost their maidenheads.
Clown. By their own confession: but I was fain to be your male mid-wife, and work it out of them by circumstance.
For. Thou wast; and yet for all this frequent resort of women, and thy handling of their urinals and their cases, thou art not given to lechery. What should be the reason of it? Thou hast wholesome flesh enough about thee; and methinks the devil should tempt thee to't.
Clown. What need he do that, when he makes me his instrument to tempt others?
For. Thou canst not choose but utter thy rare good parts. Thou wast an excellent bawd, I acknowledge.
Clown. Well, and what I have done that way—I will spare to speak of all you and I have done, sir; And though we should—
For. We will for England, that's for certain.
Clown. We shall never want there.
For. Want? their Court of Wards shall want money first; for I profess myself lord paramount over fools and mad folks.
Clown. Do but store yourself with lies enough against you come thither.
For. Why, that's all the familiarity I ever had with the devil, my gift of lying; they say he's the father of lies; and though I cannot conjure, yet I profess myself to be one of his poor gossips. I will now reveal to thee a rare piece of service.
Clown. What is it, my most worshipful Doctor Lambstones?
For. There is a captain come lately from sea, they call Prosper; I saw him this morning, through a chink of wainscot that divides my lodging and the Host of the house, withdraw my Host and Hostess, the fair Bianca, and an ancient gentlewoman into their bedchamber: I could not overhear their conference, but I saw such a mass of gold and jewels! And, when he had done, he locked it up into a casket. Great joy there was amongst them, and forth they are gone into the city, and my Host told me at his going forth, he thought he should not return till after supper: Now, sir, in their absence will we fall to our picklocks, enter the chamber, seize the jewels, make an escape from Florence, and we are made for ever!
Clown. But if they should go to a true conjurer, and fetch us back in a whirlwind?
For. Do not believe there is any such fetch in astrology! And this may be a means to make us live honest hereafter.
Clown. 'Tis but an ill road to't, that lies through the highway of thieving.
For. Indeed I am weary of this trade of fortune-telling, and mean to give all over, when I come into England; for it is a very ticklish quality.
Clown. And i' th' end will hang by a twine thread.
For. Besides, the island has too many of the profession; they hinder one another's market.
Clown. No, no, the pillory hinders their market.
For. You know there the juggling captain.
Clown. Ay; there's a sure card!
For. Only the foreman of their jury is dead but he died like a Roman.
Clown. Else 'tis thought he had made work for the hangman.
For. And the very Ball of your false prophets, he's quashed too.
Clown. He did measure the stars with a false yard, and may now travel to Rome with a mortar on's head, to see if he can recover his money that way.

For. Come, come, let's fish for this casket, and to sea presently!

Clown. We shall never reach London, I fear; my mind runs so much of hanging, landing at Wapping. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* ALBERTO'S *House.*

Enter MARIANA.

Mar. This well may be a day of joy long-wish'd
To my Clarissa; she is innocent, [for
Nor can her youth but with an open bosom
Meet Hymen's pleasing bounties: but to me,
That am environ'd with black guilt and horror,
It does appear a funeral: Though promising much
In the conception - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - were hard to manage,
But sad in the event. It was not hate,
But fond indulgence in me, to preserve
Cesario's threaten'd life, in open court
That forced me to disclaim him, choosing rather
To rob him of his birth-right, and honour,
Than suffer him to run the hazard of
Enraged Baptista's fury: While he lives,
I know I have a son; and the duke's sentence
A while deluded, and this tempest over,
When he assures himself despair hath seized him,
I can relieve and raise him. [*Knocks within.*]
Speak, who is it
That presses on my privacies?—

Enter BAPTISTA.

Sir, your pardon!
You cannot come unwelcome, though it were
To read my secret thoughts.

Bapt. Lady, to you
Mine shall be ever open: *Lady*, said I?
That name keeps too much distance! *sister* rather
I should have styled you; and I now may claim it,
Since our divided families are made one
By this bless'd marriage; to whose honour comes
The duke in person, waited on by all
The braveries of his court, to witness it,
And then to be our guests. Is the bride ready
To meet and entertain him?

Mar. She attends
The coming of your son.

Bapt. Pray you bring her forth.
The duke's at hand: Music, in her loud voice,
Speaks his arrival.

Mar. She's prepared to meet it. [*Exit.*

Enter MARIANA, CLARISSA *led by two* Maids; *at the other door,* BAPTISTA *meets with* MENTIVOLE *led by two* Courtiers; *the* Duke, Bishop, *and divers* Attendants. *A Song, whilst they salute.*

Duke. It were impertinent to wish you joy,
Since all joys dwell about you: Hymen's torch
Was never lighted with a luckier omen,
Nor burnt with so much splendour. To defer
With fruitless compliment the means to make
Your certain pleasures lawful to the world,
(Since in the union of your hearts they are
Confirm'd already) would but argue us
A boaster of our favours: To the temple!
And there the sacred knot once tied, all triumphs
Our dukedom can afford shall grace your nuptials.

Enter ALBERTO *and* CESARIO.

Bapt. On there!

Ment. I hope it is not in the power
Of any to cross us now.

Alb. But, in the breath
Of a wrong'd father, I forbid the bans!

Ces. What, do you stand at gaze?

Bapt. Risen from the dead?

Mar. Although the sea had vomited up the figure
In which thy better part lived long imprison'd,
True love, despising fear, runs thus to meet it.

Clar. In duty I kneel to it. [*Kneels.*

Alb. Hence, vile wretches!
To you I am a substance incorporeal,
And not to be profaned with your vile touch,
That could so soon forget me; but such things
Are neither worth my anger nor reproof.—
To you, great sir, I turn myself, and these
Immediate ministers of your government;
And if in my rude language I transgress,
Ascribe it to the cold remembrance of
My services, and not my rugged temper!

Duke. Speak freely; be thy language ne'er so bitter,
To see thee safe, Alberto, signs thy pardon.

Alb. My pardon? I can need none, if it be not
Received for an offence; I tamely bear
Wrongs, which a slave-born Muscovite woula check at.
Why, if for treason I had been delivered
Up to the hangman's axe, and this dead trunk,
Unworthy of a Christian sepulchre,
Exposed a prey to feed the ravenous vulture,
The memory of the much I oft did for you,
(Had you but any touch of gratitude,
Or thought of my deservings) would have stopp'd
From these unjust proceedings. [you

Duke. Hear the motives,
That did induce us.

Alb. I have heard them all;
Your highness' sentence, the whole court abused,
By the perjuries and practice of this woman;
(Weepest thou, crocodile?) my hopeful son,
Whom I dare swear mine own, degraded of
The honours that descend to him from me;
And from that, in his love scorn'd by a creature
Whose base birth, though made eminent by her beauty,
Might well have mark'd her out Cesario's servant!
All this I could have pardon'd and forgot;
But that my daughter, with my whole estate
(So hardly purchased) is assigned a dower,
To one whose father and whose family
I so detest that I would lose my essence,
And be transformed to a basilisk
To look them dead, to me's an injury
Admits no satisfaction!

Bapt. There's none offered.

Alb. Nor would it be accepted, though upon
Thy knees 'twere tendered.

Mar. Now the storm grows high.

Bapt. But that I thought thee dead, and in thy
The briny ocean had entomb'd thy name, [death
I would have sought a wife in a bordello
For my Mentivole, and gladly hugg'd
Her spurious issue as my lawful nephews,
Before his blood should e'er have mix'd with thine:
So much I scorn it.

Alb. I'll not bandy words;
But thus dissolve the contract. [*Parts them*

Bapt. There I meet thee:
And seize on what's mine own.

Alb. For all my service,

Great sir, grant me the combat with this wretch,
That I may scourge his insolence!
Bapt. I kneel for it.
Ces. And to approve myself Alberto's son,
I'll be his second upon any odds,
'Gainst him that dare most of Baptista's race.
Ment. Already, upon honourable terms,
In me thou hast met thy better; for her sake
I'll add no more.
Alb. Sir, let our swords decide it!
Mar. Oh, stay, sir; and as you would hold the
Of a just prince, ere you grant licence to [title
These madmen's fury, lend your private ear
To the most distress'd of women!
Duke. Speak; 'tis granted.
[*He takes* MARIANA *aside.*
Clar. In the mean time, let not Clarissa be
A patient looker-on! Though as yet doubtful
[*Kneels.*
To whom to bend her knee first, yet to all
I stoop thus low in duty, and would wash
The dust of fury with my virgin tears,
From his bless'd feet, and make them beautiful,
That would move to conditions of peace,
Though with a snail-like pace; they all are wing'd
To bear you to destruction! Reverend sirs,
Think on your ancient friendship, cemented
With so much blood, but shed in noble action,
Divided now in passion for a brawl
The makers blush to own! Much-loved Cesario,
Brother, or friend, (each title may prevail)
Remember with what tenderness from our child-
We loved together, you preferring me [hood
Before yourself, and I so fond of you
That it begot suspicion in ill minds,
That our affection was incestuous:
Think of that happy time, in which I know
That with your dearest blood you had prevented
This shower of tears from me! Mentivole,
My husband, register'd in that bright star-chamber,
Though now on earth made strangers, be the ex-
And offer in one hand the peaceful olive [ample!
Of concord; or, if that can be denied,
By powerful intercession, in the other
Carry the Hermian rod, and force atonement!
[*Rises.*
Nay, we will not be all marble; death's the worst
then, [*Offers to kill herself.*
And he shall be my bridegroom.
Ment. Hold, Clarissa!
This loving violence [I] needs must offer:
In spite of honour——
[*He snatches away her knife, and sets it to his own breast; she stays his hand.*
Duke. Was it to that end then?
On your religion?
Mar. And my hope in heaven, sir!
Duke. We then will leave entreaties, and make
Of our authority.—Must I cry aim [use
To this unheard of insolence? in my presence
To draw your swords, and, as all reverence
That's due to majesty were forfeited,
Cherish this wildness? Sheathe them instantly,
And shew an alteration in your looks;
Or, by my power——
Alb. Cut off my head!
Bapt. And mine!
Rather than hear of peace with this bad man,
I'll not alone give up my throat, but suffer
Your rage to reach my family.
Alb. And my name
To be no more remember'd.

Enter PROSPERO, JULIANA, *and* BIANCA, *in brave Apparel.*

Duke. What are these?
Ces. Bianca? 'tis Bianca, still Bianca!
But strangely alter'd.
Bapt. If that thirteen years
Of absence could raze from my memory
The figure of my friend, I might forget thee;
But if thy image be graven on my heart,
Thou art my Prospero.
Pros. Thou my Baptista.
Duke. A sudden change!
Bapt. I dare not ask, dear friend,
If Juliana live; for that's a blessing
I am unworthy of! but yet deny not
To let me know the place she hath made happy,
By having there her sepulchre.
Pros. If your highness
Please to vouchsafe a patient ear,
We shall make a true relation of a story
That shall call on your wonder.
Duke. Speak; we hear you.
Pros. Baptista's fortune in the Genoa court,
His banishment, with his fair wife's restraint,
You are acquainted with; what since hath followed
I faithfully will deliver. Ere eight moons
After Baptista's absence were complete,
Fair Juliana found the pleasures, that
They had enjoyed together, were not barren,
And, blushing at the burden of her womb,
No father near to own it, it drew on
A violent sickness, which call'd down compassion
From the angry duke; then, careful of her health,
Physicians were inquired of, and their judgment
Prescribed the baths of Lucca as a means
For her recovery: To my charge it pleased her
To be committed; but as on the way
We journied, those throes, only known to women,
Came thick upon her: In a private village——
Bapt. She died?
Pros. Have patience!—She brought to the world
A hopeful daughter: For her body's sickness,
It soon decayed; but the grief of her mind
Hourly increased, and life grew tedious to her;
And, desperate e'er to see you, she enjoin'd me
To place her in a Greekish monastery,
And to my care gave up her pretty daughter.
Bapt. What monastery? as a pilgrim bare-foot,
I'll search it out.
Pros. Pray you interrupt me not.
Now to my fortunes! The girl well disposed of
With a faithful friend of mine, my cruel fate
Made me a prisoner to the Turkish gallies,
Where for twelve years these hands tugg'd at the
oar;
But Fortune tired at length with my afflictions,
Some ships of Malta met the Ottoman fleet,
Charged them, and boarded them, and gave me
With my deliverers I served, and got [freedom
Such reputation with the Great-Master,
That he gave me command over a tall
And lusty ship, where my first happy service
Was to redeem Alberto, rumour'd dead,
But was, like me, surprised by Cortugogli.
Alb. I would I had died there!
Pros. And from him learning
Baptista lived, and their dissolved friendship,
I hois'd up sails for Greece, found Juliana

A votary at her beads: Having made known
Both that you lived, and where you were, she borrowed
So much from her devotion, as to wish me
To bring her to you. If the object please you,
With joy receive her!

Bapt. Rage and fury, leave me!
[*Throws away his sword, and embraces her.*
I am so full of happiness, there's no room left
To entertain you.—Oh, my long-lost jewel,
Light of mine eyes, my soul's strength!

Jul. My best lord!
Having embraced you thus, death cannot fright me.

Bapt. Live long to do so! though I should fix here,
Pardon me, Prospero, though I inquire
My daughter's fortune!

Pros. That your happiness
May be at all parts perfect, here she is!

Ces. Bianca daughter to a princess?

Pros. True.
With my faithful Host I left her, and with him
Till now she hath resided, ignorant
Both of her birth and greatness.

Bapt. Oh, my blest one!
Joy upon joy o'erwhelms me!

Duke. Above wonder!

Alb. I do begin to melt too; this strange story
Works much upon me.

Duke. Since it hath pleased Heaven
To grace us with this miracle, I that am
Heaven's instrument here, determine thus: Alberto,
Be not unthankful for the blessings shewn you,
Nor you, Baptista! Discord was yet never
A welcome sacrifice; therefore, rage laid by,
Embrace as friends, and let pass'd difference
Be as a dream forgotten!

Bapt. 'Tis to me.

Alb. And me; I thus confirm it. [*They embrace.*

Duke. And to tie it
In bonds not to be broken, with the marriage
Of young Mentivole and fair Clarissa,
So you consent, great lady, your Bianca
Shall call Cesario husband.

Jul. 'Tis a motion
I gladly yield to.

Ces. One in which you make
A sad man happy. [*Offers to kneel.*

Bian. Kneel not! all forgiven.

Duke. With the duke your uncle I will make atonement,
And will have no denial.

Mar. Let this day
Be still held sacred!

Enter Host, Forobosco *and* Clown *bound and guarded by* Officers.

Host. Now if you can conjure,
Let the devil unbind you.

For. We are both undone!

Clown. Already we feel it.

Host. Justice, sir!

Duke. What are they?

Pros. I can resolve you; slaves freed from the gallies
By the viceroy of Sicilia.

Duke. What's their offence?

Host. The robbing me of all my plate and jewels; I mean, the attempting of it.

Clown. Please your grace, I will now discover this varlet in earnest; this honest pestilent rogue professed the art of conjuring; but all the skill that ever he had in the black art, was in making a sea-coal fire; only with wearing strange shapes he begot admiration 'mongst fools and women.

For. Wilt thou peach, thou varlet?

Duke. Why does he goggle with his eyes, and stalk so?

Clown. This is one of his magical raptures.

For. I do vilify your censure! You demand, if I am guilty; whir—says my cloak, by a trick of legerdemain! Now I am not guilty; I am guarded with innocence, pure silver lace, I assure you.

Clown. Thus have I read to you your virtues, which, notwithstanding, I would not have you proud of.

For. Out, thou concealment of tallow, and counterfeit mummy!

Duke. To the gallies with them both!

Clown. The only sea-physic for a knave, is to be basted in a galley, with the oil of a bull's pizzle.

For. And will not you make a sour face at the same sauce, sirrah? I hope to find thee so lean in one fortnight, thou mayst be drawn by the ears through the hoop of a firkin.

Duke. Divide them, and away with them to the gallies!

Clown. This will take down your pride, juggler.
[*They are taken off.*

Duke. This day,
That hath given birth to blessings beyond hope,
Admits no criminal sentence. To the temple,
And there with humbleness praise Heaven's bounties!
For blessings ne'er descend from thence, but when
A sacrifice in thanks ascends from men. [*Exeunt.*

CUPID'S REVENGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CUPID.
LEONTIUS, *the old Duke of Lycia.*
LEUCIPPUS, *Son to the* Duke.
ISMENUS, *Nephew to the* Duke.
TELAMON, *a Lycian Lord.*
DORIALUS, } *Courtiers.*
AGENOR, }
NISUS, }
TIMANTUS, *a villainous Sycophant.*
ZOILUS, LEUCIPPUS'S *Dwarf.*
NILO, *sent in Commission to pull down* CUPID'S *Images.*
Priest to CUPID.

Four young Men *and* Maids.
Four Citizens.

HIDASPES, *Daughter to the* Duke.
CLEOPHILA, } *her Attendants.*
HERO, }
BACHA, *a Strumpet.*
URANIA, *her Daughter.*
BACHA'S Maid.
URANIA'S Maid.

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE,—LYCIA.

ACT I.

CENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

enor. Trust me, my lord Dorialus, I had d of this, if you had not called me; I thought rincess's birth-day had been to-morrow.

sus. Why, did your lordship sleep out the

r. I marvel what the duke meant to make an idle vow.

sus. Idle? why?

r. Is't not idle, to swear to grant his daughter ing she shall ask on her birth-day? she may n impossible thing; and I pray Heaven she ot ask an unfit thing, at one time or other: dangerous trusting a man's vow upon the dis- n of his daughter.

e. I wonder most at the marquis her brother, is always vehemently forward to have her s granted.

r. He's acquainted with 'em before.

e. She's doubtless very chaste and virtuous.

r. So is Leucippus her brother.

sus. She's twenty years old; I wonder she ask husband.

r. That were a folly in her, having refused all eat princes in one part of the world; she'll maid.

e. She may ask but once, may she?

sus. A hundred times this day, if she will: indeed, every day is such a day; for though ke has vowed it only on this day, he keeps it day; he can deny her nothing.

. Enter HIDASPES, LEUCIPPUS, LEONTIUS, TIMANTUS, *and* TELAMON.

n. Come, fair Hidaspes! thou art duchess to-day.
Art thou prepared to ask? thou know'st my oath
Will force performance. And, Leucippus, if
She now ask aught that shall or would have performance
After my death, when by the help of Heaven
This land is thine, accursed be thy race,
May every one forget thou art my son,
And so their own obedience——

Leuc. Mighty sir,
I do not wish to know that fatal hour,
That is to make me king: But if I do,
I shall most heartily, (and like a son)
Perform your grants to all, chiefly to her,—
Remember that you ask what we agreed upon.
[*Apart to her*

Leon. Are you prepared? then speak.

Hid. Most royal sir,
I am prepared, nor shall my will exceed
A virgin's bounds; what I request shall both
At once bring me [and you] a full content.

Leon. So it ever does.
Thou only comfort of my feeble age,
Make known thy good desire! for I dare swear
Thou lovest me.

Hid. This is it I beg,
And on my knees: The people of your land,
The Lycians, are, through all the nations
That know their name, noted to have in use
A vain and fruitless superstition;
So much more hateful, that it bears the show
Of true religion, and is nothing else
But a self-pleasing bold lasciviousness.

Leon. What is it?

Hid. Many ages before this,
When every man got to himself a trade,
And was laborious in that chosen course,

Hating an idle life far worse than death,
Some one that gave himself to wine and sloth,
Which breed lascivious thoughts, and found him-
Contemn'd for that by every painful man, [self
To take his stain away, framed to himself
A god, whom he pretended to obey,
In being thus dishonest; for a name
He call'd him Cupid. This created god
(Man's nature being ever credulous
Of any vice that takes part with his blood)
Had ready followers enow; and since
In every age they grew, especially
Amongst your subjects, who do yet remain
Adorers of that drowsy deity,
Which drink invented; and the winged boy
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices,
And these loose naked statues through the land,
In every village; nay the palace
Is not free from 'em. This is my request,
That these erected obscene images
May be pluck'd down and burnt, and every man
That offers to 'em any sacrifice
May lose his life.

Leon. But be advised,
My fairest daughter! If he be a god,
He will express it upon thee, my child;
Which Heaven avert!

Leuc. There is no such power;
But the opinion of him fills the land
With lustful sins: Every young man and maid,
That feel the least desire to one another,
Dare not suppress it, for they think it is
Blind Cupid's motion; and he is a god!

Leon. This makes our youth unchaste: I am resolved.—
Nephew Ismenus, break the statues down
Here in the palace, and command the city
To do the like: Let proclamations
Be drawn, and hastily sent through the land,
To the same purpose!

Ism. Sir, I'll break down none
Myself, but I'll deliver your command:
Hand I'll have none in't, for I like it not.
[*Exit* Ismenus.

Leon. Go and command it.—Pleasure of my life,
Wouldst thou aught else? Make many thousand suits;
They must and shall be granted.

Hid. Nothing else.

Leon. But go and meditate on other suits:
Some six days hence I'll give thee audience again,
And, by a new oath, bind myself to keep it.
Ask largely for thyself: Dearer than life,
In whom I may be bold to call myself
More fortunate than any in my age,
I will deny thee nothing!

Leuc. 'Twas well done, sister.
[*Exeunt all but* Dorialus, Agenor, *and* Nisus.

Nisus. How like you this request, my lord?

Dor. I know not yet, I am so full of wonder!
We shall be gods ourselves shortly,
An we pull 'em out of Heaven o' this fashion.

Age. We shall have wenches now when we can catch 'em,
An we transgress thus.

Nisus. An we abuse the gods once, 'tis a justice
We should be held at hard meat. For my part,
I'll e'en make ready for mine own affection;
I know the god incensed must send a hardness
Through all good women's hearts, and then we have brought
Our eggs and muscadine to a fair market:
'Would I had given an hundred pound for a toleration,
That I might but use my conscience in mine own house!

Dor. The duke, he's old and past it; he would never
Have brought such a plague upon the land else;
'Tis worse than sword and famine! Yet, to say truth,
We have deserved it, we have lived so wickedly,
Every man at his livery; and 'would that
Would have sufficed us! we murmured at
This blessing, that 'twas nothing; and cried out
To the god for endless pleasures: He heard us, and
Supplied us, and our women were new still,
As we needed 'em; yet we, like beasts,
Still cried, "Poor men can number their whores, give us
Abundance!" we had it, and this curse withal.

Age. By'r lady, we are like to have a long Lent on't;
Flesh shall be flesh now! Gentlemen, I had rather
Have anger'd all the gods than that blind gunner.
I remember, once the people did but slight him
In a sacrifice, and what follow'd: Women kept
Their houses, grew good huswives, honest forsooth!
Was not that fine? wore their own faces, nay,
They [let us] wear gay clothes without surveying;
And, which was most lamentable, they loved their husbands.

Nisus. I do remember it to my grief,
Young maids were as cold as cucumbers,
And much of that complexion; bawds were abolish'd;
And (to which misery it must come again)
There were no cuckolds. Well, we had need to pray
To keep these devils from us; the times grow mischievous!—
There he goes! Lord!

Enter one with an Image, and passes over the Stage.

This is a sacrilege I have not heard of!
'Would I were gelt, that I might not feel what follows.

Age. And I too. You shall see, within these few years,
A fine confusion in the country; mark it!
Nay, an we grow for to depose the powers,
And set up Chastity again—Well, I have done!
A fine new goddess certainly, whose blessings
Are hunger and hard beds!

Nisus. This comes of fulness,
A sin too frequent with us; I believe now
We shall find shorter commons.

Dor. 'Would I were married! somewhat has some favour;
The race of gentry will quite run out, now
'Tis only left to husbands; if younger sisters
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawful.

Age. Well, let come what will come, I am but one,
And as the plague falls, I will shape myself:
If women will be honest, I'll be sound.
If the god be not too unmerciful,
I'll take a little still, where I can get it,
And thank him, and say nothing.

Nisus. This ill wind yet may blow the city good,
And let them (if they can) get their own children,
They have hung long enough in doubt: But, howsoever,
The old way was the surer; then they had 'em.

Dor. Farewell, my lords! I'll e'en take up what
I can before the day; I fear the year [rent
Will fall out ill.
Age. We'll with you, sir. And, Love, so favour us,
As we are still thy servants! Come, my lords;
Let's to the duke, and tell him to what folly
His doting now has brought him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Temple of Cupid.*

Enter Priest of Cupid, *with four young* Men *and* Maids.

Priest. Come, my children, let your feet
In an even measure meet!
And your chearful voices rise,
For to present this sacrifice
To great Cupid! in whose name,
I his priest begin the same.
Young men, take your loves and kiss;
Thus our Cupid honour'd is.
Kiss again, and in your kissing
Let no promises be missing!
Nor let any maiden here
Dare to turn away her ear,
Unto the whisper of her love;
But give bracelet, ring, or glove,
As a token to her sweeting,
Of an after secret meeting!
Now, boy, sing, to stick our hearts
Fuller of great Cupid's darts!

SONG.

Lovers, rejoice! your pains shall be rewarded,
The god of love himself grieves at your crying:
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a maid's denying.
No more shall virgins sigh, and say "We dare not,
For men are false, and what they do they care not."
All shall be well again; then do not grieve;
Men shall be true, and women shall believe.

Lovers, rejoice! what you shall say henceforth,
When you have caught your sweethearts in your arms,
It shall be accounted oracle, and worth:
No more faint-hearted girls shall dream of harms,
And cry "They are too young:" The god hath said,
Fifteen shall make a mother of a maid:
Then, wise men, pull your roses yet unblown!
Love hates the too-ripe fruit that falls alone.
[*A measure.*

Enter Nilo, *and other* Gentlemen.

Nilo. No more of this! here break your rites for ever;
The duke commands it so. Priest, do not stare!
I must deface your temple, though unwilling,
And your god Cupid here must make a scarecrow,
For anything I know, or, at the best,
Adorn a chimney-piece.
Priest. Oh, sacrilege unheard-of!
Nilo. This will not help it.—
Take down their images, and away with 'em!—
Priest, change your coat, you had best; all service now
Is given to men; prayers above their hearing
Will prove but babblings; learn to lie and thrive,
'Twill prove your best profession: For the gods,
He that lives by 'em now must be a beggar.
There's better holiness on earth, they say;
Pray God it ask not greater sacrifice! Go home;
And if your god be not deaf as well as blind,
He will make some smoke for it.
Gent. Sir——
Nilo. Gentlemen,
There is no talking; this must be done and speedily:
I have commission that I must not break.
Gent. We are gone to wonder what shall follow.
Nilo. On
To the next temple! [*Exeunt*

Cornets. Cupid *descends.*

Cupid. Am I then scorn'd? is my all-doing will
And power, that knows no limit, nor admits none,
Now look'd into by less than gods, and weaken'd?
Am I, whose bow struck terror through the earth
No less than thunder, and in this exceeding
Even gods themselves, whose knees before my altars,
* * * * * * *
Now shook off? and condemn'd by such, whose [lives
Are but my recreation? Anger, rise!
My sufferance and myself are made the subject
Of sins against us. Go thou out, displeasure!
Displeasure of a great god, fly thyself
Through all this kingdom; sow whatever evils
Proud flesh is taking of, amongst these rebels;
And on the first hearts that despise my greatness
Lay a strange misery, that all may know
Cupid's Revenge is mighty! With this arrow,
Hotter than plagues of mine own anger, will I
Now nobly right myself; nor shall the prayers,
Nor sweet smokes on my altars, hold my hand,
Till I have left this a most wretched land. [*Ascends.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Hidaspes *and* Cleophila.

Hid. Cleophila, what was he that went hence?
Cleo. What means your grace now?
Hid. I mean that handsome man,
That something more than man, I met at door.
Cleo. Here was no handsome man.
Hid. Come, he's some one
You would preserve in private; but you want
Cunning to do it, and my eyes are sharper
Than yours, and can with one neglecting glance
See all the graces of a man. Who was it?
Cleo. That went hence now?
Hid. That went hence now? ay, he!
Cleo. 'Faith, here was no such one as your grace thinks;
Zoilus, your brother's dwarf, went out but now.
Hid. I think 'twas he: How bravely he pass'd
Is he not grown a goodly gentleman? [by!
Cleo. A goodly gentleman, madam? He is
The most deformed fellow in the land.
Hid. Oh, blasphemy! he may perhaps to thee
Appear deformed, for he is indeed
Unlike a man: His shape and colours are
Beyond the art of painting; he is like
Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble
Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,
When rising from his bed he stirs himself,
And shakes day from his hair.
Cleo. He resembles Apollo's recorder.
Hid. Cleophila, go send a page for him,
And thou shalt see thy error, and repent.
[*Exit* Cleophila.
Alas, what do I feel? My blood rebels,
And I am one of those I used to scorn:

My maiden-thoughts are fled; against myself
I harbour traitors; my virginity,
That from my childhood kept me company,
Is heavier than I can endure to bear.
Forgive me, Cupid! for thou art a god,
And I a wretched creature: I have sinn'd;
But be thou merciful, and grant that yet
I may enjoy what thou wilt have me love!

Enter CLEOPHILA *and* ZOILUS.

Cleo. Zoilus is here, madam.
Hid. He's there indeed.
Now be thine own judge? see, thou worse than [mad,
Is he deformed! Look upon those eyes,
That let all pleasure out into the world,
Unhappy that they cannot see themselves!
Look on his hair, that like so many beams,
Streaking the east, shoot light o'er half the world!
Look on him altogether, who is made
As if two natures had contention
About their skill, and one had brought forth him!
Zoilus. Ha, ha, ha!
Madam, though Nature hath not given me
So much as others in my outward show,
I bear a heart as loyal unto you
In this unsightly body (which you please
To make your mirth) as many others do
That are far more befriended in their births.
Yet I could wish myself much more deform'd
Than yet I am, so I might make your grace
More merry than you are—Ha, ha, ha!
Hid. Beshrew me then
If I be merry! but I am content
Whilst thou art with me; thou that art my saint;
By hope of whose mild favour I do live
To tell thee so: I pray thee, scorn me not!
Alas, what can it add unto thy worth
To triumph over me, that am a maid
Without deceit! whose heart doth guide her tongue?
Drown'd in my passions? Yet I will take leave
To call it reason, that I dote on thee.
Cleo. The princess is beside her grace, I think,
To talk thus with a fellow that will hardly
Serve i' the dark when one is drunk.
Hid. What answer wilt thou give me?
Zoilus. If it please your grace to jest on, I can abide it.
Hid. If it be jest, not to esteem my life
Compared with thee; if it be jest in me,
To hang a thousand kisses in an hour
Upon those lips, and take 'em off again;
If it be jest for me to marry thee,
And take obedience on me whilst I live;
Then all I say is jest:
For every part of this, I swear by those
That see my thoughts, I am resolved to do!
And I beseech thee, by thine own white hand,
(Which, pardon me that I am bold to kiss
With so unworthy lips) that thou wilt swear
To marry me, as I do here to thee,
Before the face of Heaven!
Zoilus. Marry you? Ha, ha, ha!
Hid. Kill me, or grant! Wilt thou not speak at all?
Zoilus. Why, I will do your will for ever.
Hid. I ask no more: But let me kiss that [mouth
That is so merciful! that is my will;
Next, go with me before the king in haste,
That is my will; where I will make our peers
Know, that thou art their better.
Zoilus. Ha, ha, ha!
That is fine! ha, ha, ha!
Cleo. Madam, what means your grace?
Consider, for the love of Heaven, to what
You run madly! will you take this viper
Into your bed?
Hid. Away! hold off thy hands!
Strike her, sweet Zoilus: for it is my will,
Which thou hast sworn to do.
Zoilus. Away, for shame!
Know you no manners?—Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exit with* HIDARNES.
Cleo. Thou know'st none, I fear.—
This is just Cupid's anger: Venus look
Down mildly on us! and command thy son
To spare this lady once, and let me be
In love with all; and none in love with me!
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another in the same.*

Enter ISMENUS *and* TIMANTUS.

Tim. Is your lordship for the wars this summer?
Ism. Timantus,
Wilt thou go with me?
Tim. If I had a company,
My lord.
Ism. Of fiddlers? Thou a company?
No, no; keep thy company at home, and cause cuckolds;
The wars will hurt thy face: There are no semsters,
Shoemakers, nor tailors, nor almond-milk i' th' morning,
Nor poached eggs to keep your worship soluble,
No man to warm your shirt, and blow your roses;
Nor none to reverence your round lace breeches.
If thou wilt needs go, and go thus, get a case
For thy captainship! a shower will spoil thee else.
Thus much for thee.
Tim. Your lordship's wondrous witty;
Very pleasant, believe't.

Enter TELAMON, DORIALUS, AGENOR, NISUS, *and* LEONTIUS.

Leon. No news yet of my son?
Tel. Sir, there be divers out in search; no doubt,
They'll bring the truth where he is, or the occasion
That led him hence.
Tim. They must have good eyes then. [*Apart.*
Leon. The gods go with them!—Who are those that wait there?
Tel. The lord Ismenus, your general, for his dispatch.
Leon. Oh, nephew, we have no use to employ your virtue
In our war; now the province is well settled.
Hear you aught of the marquis?
Ism. No, sir.
Leon. 'Tis strange he should be gone thus;
These five days he was not seen.
Tim. I'll hold my life, [*Aside.*
I could boult him in an hour.
Leon. Where's my daughter?
Dor. About the purging of the temples, sir.
Leon. She's chaste and virtuous. Fetch her to [me,
And tell her I am pleased to grant her now
Her last request, without repenting me,
Be it what it will.— [*Exit* NISUS.
She's wise, Dorialus,
And will not press me further than a father.

. I pray the best may follow! yet, if your grace
ken the opinions of your people,
t of such whose wisdoms ever wake
your safety, I may say it, sir,
your noble pardon, that this change
had been more honour to the gods,
ink not at all. Sir, the princess.

Enter HIDASPES, NISUS, *and* ZOILUS.

. Oh, my daughter,
lth! and did I say my soul, I lied not,
rt so near me! Speak, and have whatever
se will leads thee to! Had I a Heaven,
too poor a place for such a goodness!
. What's here?
. An ape's skin stuff'd I think,
plump.
. Sir, you have past your word;
a prince, and hold you to it. Wonder
press you; my life lies in your word;
break that, you have broke my heart! I must
st s my shame, and your will must not deny me;
or Heaven, be not forsworn!
. By the gods,
ot! I cannot, were there no other
than my love called to a witness of it.
. They have much reason to trust; you have forsworn
'em out o' th' country already.
. Then this is my request: This gentleman—
ashamed, sir: you are worth a kingdom.
. In what?
. In the way of marriage.
. How?
. In the way of marriage; it must be so!
ath is tied to Heaven, as my love
.
. I know thou dost but try my age;
ask again!
. If I should ask all my life-time,
all still. Sir, I am serious; I must have
orthy man, without enquiring why;
ddenly, and freely: Do not look
son or obedience in my words;
e admits no wisdom; only haste
pe hangs on my fury. Speak, sir, speak!
t as a father; I am deaf and dull to counsel;
ed blood hears nothing but my will.
d's sake, speak!
. Here's a brave alteration!
s. This comes of chastity.
. Will you not speak, sir?
. The god begins his vengeance: What a sweet youth
sent us here, with a pudding in's belly!
. Oh, let me never speak,
h my words let me speak out my life!
ower abused, great Love, whose vengeance now
l and fear, have mercy on this land!
s. How does your grace?
. Sick; very sick, I hope.
Gods comfort you!
. Will not you speak? is this your royal word?
pull perjury upon your soul!
Sir, you are old, and near your punishment;
Remember!
Leon. Away, base woman!
Hid. Then be no more my father, but a plague
I am bound to pray against! be any sin
May force me to despair, and hang myself!
Be thy name never more remember'd, king,
But in example of a broken faith,
And curs'd even to forgetfulness! may thy land
Bring forth such monsters as thy daughter is!—
I am weary of my rage. I pray forgive me,
And let me have him! will you, noble sir?
Leon. Mercy, mercy, Heaven!
Thou heir of all dishonour, sham'st thou not
To draw this little moisture left for life,
Thus rudely from me?—Carry that slave to death!
Zoilus. For Heaven's sake, sir! it is no fault of mine
That she will love me.
Leon. To death with him, I say!
[*Exit* ZOILUS, *guarded.*
Hid. Then make haste, tyrant, or I'll be before him!
This is the way to Hell.
Leon. Hold fast, I charge you!
Away with him!
Hid. Alas, old man, death hath more doors than one,
And I will meet him! [*Exit.*
Leon. Dorialus, pray
See her in her chamber, and lay a guard about her.
The greatest curse the gods lay on our frailties
Is will and disobedience in our issues.
Which we beget, as well as them, to plague us,
With our fond loves. Beasts, you are only blest,
That have that happy dulness to forget
What you have made! your young ones grieve not you;
They wander where they list, and have their ways
Without dishonour to you; and their ends
Fall on 'em without sorrow of their parents,
Or after ill remembrance. Oh, this woman!
'Would I had made myself a sepulchre,
When I made her!—Nephew, where is the prince?
Pray God he have not more part of her baseness
Than of her blood about him! Gentlemen,
Where is he?
Ism. I know not, sir. He has his ways by himself,
Is too wise for my company.
Leon. I do not like
This hiding of himself, from such society
As [fits] his person, some of you needs must know.
Ism. I'm sure not I, nor have known twice these ten days;
Which, if I were as proud as some of 'em,
I should take scurvily: But he's a young man,
Let him have his swinge! 'twill make him——
[TIMANTUS *whispers to the* DUKE.
There's some good matter now in hand:
How the slave jeers and grins! the duke is pleased;
There's a new pair of scarlet hose now, and as much
Money to spare, as will fetch the old from pawn.
A hat and a cloak to go out to-morrow!
Garters and stockings come by nature.
Leon. Be sure of this!
Tim. I durst not speak else, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Temple.*

Cornets. CUPID *descends.*

Cupid. Leucippus, thou art shot through with a shaft
That will not rankle long, yet sharp enough
To sow a world of helpless misery
In this unhappy kingdom! Dost thou think,
Because thou art a prince, to make a part
Against my power? But it is all the fault
Of thy old father, who believes his age
Is cold enough to quench my burning darts;
But he shall know ere long, that my dart loose
Can thaw ice, and inflame the withered heart
Of Nestor: Thou thyself art lightly struck;
But his mad love shall publish, that the rage
Of Cupid has the power to conquer age. [*Ascends.*

SCENE II.—*The House of* BACHA.

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* BACHA.

Leuc. Why, what's the matter?
Bacha. Have you got the spoil
You thirsted for? Oh, tyranny of men!
Leuc. I pray thee leave!
Bacha. Your envy is, Heaven knows,
Beyond the reach of all our feeble sex:
What pain, alas, could it have been to you,
If I had kept mine honour? You might still
Have been a prince, and still this country's heir.
That innocent guard which I till now had kept,
For my defence, my virtue, did it seem
So dangerous in a state, that [you] yourself
Came to suppress it?
Leuc. Dry thine eyes again!
I'll kiss thy tears away: This is but folly;
'Tis past all help.
Bacha. Now you have won the treasure,
'Tis my request that you would leave me thus,
And never see these empty walls again:
I know you will do so; and well you may,
For there is nothing in them that is worth
A glance: I loath myself, and am become
Another woman! one, methinks, with whom
I want acquaintance.
Leuc. If I do offend thee,
I can be gone: And though I love thy sight,
So highly do I prize thine own content,
That I will leave thee.
Bacha. Nay, you may stay now;
You should have gone before: I know not now
Why I should fear you: All I should have kept
Is stol'n; nor is it in the power of man
To rob me further. If you can invent,
Spare not! No naked man fears robbing less
Than I do; now you may for ever stay.
Leuc. Why, I could do thee further wrong.
Bacha. You have a deeper reach in evil than I;
'Tis past my thoughts.
Leuc. And past my will to act;
But trust me I could do it.
Bacha. Good sir, do;
That I may know there is a wrong beyond
What you have done me.
Leuc. I could tell all the world
What thou hast done.
Bacha. Yes, you may tell the world;
And do you think I am so vain to hope
You will not? You can tell the world but this
That I'm a widow, full of tears in show,
(My husband dead, and one that loved me so,
Hardly a week) forgot my modesty,
And, caught with youth and greatness, gave myself
To live in sin with you: This you may tell;
And this I do deserve!
Leuc. Why, dost thou think me
So base to tell? These limbs of mine shall part
From one another on a rack,
Ere I disclose. But thou dost utter words
That much afflict me; you did seem as ready,
Sweet Bacha, as myself.
Bacha. You are right a man;
When they have witch'd us into misery,
Poor innocent souls, they lay the fault on us.
But be it so! for prince Leucippus' sake,
I will bear anything.
Leuc. Come, weep no more!
I wrought thee to it; it was my fault.
Nay, see if thou wilt leave! Here, take this pearl!
Kiss me, sweet Bacha, and receive this purse
Bacha. What should I do with these? they [will not deck
My mind.
Leuc. Why, keep 'em to remember me.
I must be gone; I have been absent long:
I know the duke my father is in rage,
But I will see thee suddenly again.
Farewell, my Bacha!
Bacha. Gods keep you!—Do you hear, sir!
Pray give me a point to wear.
Leuc. Alas, good Bacha.
Take one, I pray thee, where thou wilt.
Bacha. Coming
From you, this point is of as high esteem
With me, as all pearl and gold. Nothing but good
Be ever with or near you!
Leuc. Fare thee well,
Mine own good Bacha! I will make all haste.
[*Exit*
Bacha. Just as you are a dozen I esteem you;
No more: Does he think I would prostitute
Myself for love? It was the love of these pearls
And gold that won me. I confess I lust
More after him than any other,
And would at any rate, if I had store,
Purchase his fellowship; but being poor,
I'll both enjoy his body and his purse,
And, he a prince, ne'er think myself the worse.

Enter LEONTIUS, LEUCIPPUS, ISMENUS, *and* TIMANTHE.

Leon. Nay, you must back and shew us what it [is
That witches you out of your honour thus.
Bacha. Who's that?
Tim. Look there, sir!
Leon. Lady, never fly;
You are betray'd.
Bacha. Leave me, my tears, a while,
And to my just rage give a little place!—
What saucy man are you, that without leave
Enter upon a widow's mournful house?
You hinder a dead man from many tears,
Who did deserve more than the world can shed,
Though they should weep themselves to images.

for love of me, yet of yourself,
for you can bring no comfort to me!
u may carry hence, you know not what:
orrow is infectious.
. Thou thyself
own infectious! Wouldst thou know my name?
e duke, father to this young man
thou corrupt'st.
a. [*Aside.*] Has he then told him all?
. You do her wrong, sir!
a. Oh, he has not told.—
beseech you pardon my wild tongue,
d by a weak distempered head,
d with grief! Alas, I did not know
ere my sovereign; but now you may
and my poor unworthy life, which will
e, I hope, ere long.
. All thy dissembling
ever hide thy shame: And were't not more
ting womanhood in general,
nything in thee, thou should'st be made
n example, that posterity,
they would speak most bitterly, should say,
art as impudent as Bacha was."
a. Sir, though you be my king, whom I will serve
just causes, yet when wrongfully
ek to take mine honour, I will rise
and defy you; for it is a jewel
than you can give, which whilst I keep,
h in this lowly house) I shall esteem
above the princes of the earth
re without it. If the prince your son,
you accuse me with, know how to speak
our of me, if he do not do it,
agues of hell light on him, may he never
this kingdom! Here I challenge him
the face of Heaven, my liege, and these,
ak the worst he can! If he will lie,
a woman's fame, I'll say he is
ou (I think I cannot call him worse).
lead, that with his life would have defended
putation, and I forced to play
which I am) the foolish woman,
se my liberal tongue.
. Is't possible? [*Aside.*
en are children in our carriages,
ared with women. Wake thyself, for shame,
ave not her (whose honour thou shouldst keep
thine own) alone to free herself!
am press'd, I know not how, with guilt,
el my conscience (never used to lie)
o allow my tongue to add a lie
t too much I did: But it is lawful
end her, that only for my love
evil.
n. Tell me, why did you, Leucippus
ere so long?
. If I can urge aught from me
truth, Hell take me! [*Aside.*
n. What's the matter?
peak you not?
. Alas, good sir, forbear
e the prince; you see his shamefacedness.
a. What does he say, sir?—If thou be a prince,
t, and tell the truth!
. If you have lain with her, tell your father;
No doubt but he has done as ill before now;
The gentlewoman will be proud on't.
Bacha. For God's sake, speak!
Leuc. Have you done prating yet?
Ism. Who prates?
Leuc. Thou know'st I do not speak to thee, Ismenus:—
But what said you,
Timantus, concerning my shamefacedness?
Tim. Nothing, I hope, that might displease your highness.
Leuc. If any of thy great-great-grandmothers,
This thousand years, had been as chaste as she,
It would have made thee honester: I stay'd
To hear what you would say. She is, by Heaven,
Of the most strict and blameless chastity
That ever woman was:—Good gods, forgive me!—
Had Tarquin met with her, she had been kill'd
With a slave by her ere she had agreed.
I lie with her! 'would I might perish then!
Our mothers, whom we all must reverence,
Could ne'er exceed her for her chastity,
Upon my soul! for, by this light, she is
A most obstinate modest creature!
Leon. What did you with her then so long, Leucippus?
Leuc. I'll tell you, sir: You see she's beautiful.
Leon. I see it well.
Leuc. Moved by her face, I came
With lustful thoughts (which was a fault in me;
But, telling truth, something more pardonable,
And for the world I will not lie to you:)
Proud of myself, I thought a prince's name
Had power to blow 'em down flat o' their backs;
But here I found a rock not to be shook:
For, as I hope for good, sir, all the battery
That I could lay to her, or of my person,
My greatness, or gold, could nothing move her.
Leon. 'Tis very strange, being so young and fair.
Leuc. She's almost thirty, sir.
Leon. How do you know
Her age so just?
Leuc. She told it me herself,
Once when she went about to show by reason
I should leave wooing her.
Leon. She stains the ripest virgins of her age.
Leuc. If I had sinn'd with her, I would be loth
To publish her disgrace; but, by my life,
I would have told it you, because I think
You would have pardoned me the rather.
And I will tell you farther: By this light, sir,
(But that I never will bestow myself
But to your liking) if she now would have me,
I now would marry her.
Leon. How's that, Leucippus?
Leuc. Sir, will you pardon me one fault, which
I have not done, but had a will to do, [yet
And I will tell it?
Leon. Be it what it will,
I pardon thee.
Leuc. I offer'd marriage to her.
Leon. Did she refuse it?
Leuc. With that earnestness,
And almost scorn to think of any other
After her lost mate, that she made me think
Myself unworthy of her.
Leon. You have stay'd
Too long, Leucippus.
Leuc. Yes, sir.—[*Aside.*] Forgive me, Heaven,
What multitude of oaths have I bestow'd

On lies! and yet they were officious lies,
There was no malice in 'em.

Leon. She's the fairest creature [*Apart.*
That ever I beheld; and then so chaste,
'Tis wonderful: The more I look on her
The more I am amazed. I have long
Thought of a wife, and one I would have had,
But that I was afraid to meet a woman
That might abuse my age; but here she is
Whom I may trust to: Of a chastity
Impregnable, and approved so by my son;
The meanness of her birth will still preserve her
In due obedience; and her beauty is
Of force enough to pull me back to youth.
My son once sent away, whose rivalship
I have just cause to fear, if power, or gold,
Or wit, can win her to me, she is mine.—
Nephew Ismenus, I have new intelligence,
Your province is unquiet still.

Ism. I am glad on't.

Leon. And so dangerously, that I must send the
In person with you. [prince

Ism. I am glad of that too, sir:
Will you dispatch us? we shall wither here
For ever.

Leon. You shall be dispatch'd within
This hour: Leucippus, never wonder, nor ask;
It must be thus.—Lady, I ask your pardon,
Whose virtue I have slubber'd with my tongue;
And you shall ever be
Chaste in my memory hereafter; but
We old men often dote. To make amends
For my great fault, receive that ring! I'm sorry for
Your grief; may it soon leave you!—Come, my lords;
Let us be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Bacha. Heaven bless your grace!—One that
But so much modesty left as to blush, [had
Or shrink a little at his first encounter,
Had been undone! where I come off with honour,
And gain too: They that never would be track'd
In any course, by the most subtle sense,
Must bear it through with frontless impudence.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, *and* Nisus

Dor. Gentlemen, this is a strange piece of jus-
To put the wretched dwarf to death because [tice,
She doated on him: Is she not a woman,
And subject to those mad figaries her whole sex
Is infected with? Had she loved you, or you,
Or I, or all on's (as indeed the more
The merrier still with them) must we therefore
Have our heads pared with a hatchet? So she may
All the nobility out o' th' dukedom in [love
A month, and let the rascals in.

Nisus. You will not, or you do not, see the
That makes this just to the world? [need

Dor. I cannot tell; I would be loth to feel it:
But, the best is, she loves not proper men;
We three were in wise cases else. But make me
This need. [know

Nisus. Why, yes: He being ta'en away,
This base incontinence dies presently,
And she must see her shame and sorrow for it.

Dor. Pray God she do! But was the sprat beheaded?
Or did they swing him about like a chicken, and
So break his neck?

Agen. Yes, he was beheaded,
And a solemn justice made of it.

Dor. That might have been deducted.

Age. Why, how would you have had him die?

Dor. 'Faith, I would have had him roasted like a warden,
In a brown paper, and no more talk on't; or
A feather stuck in's head like a quail; or hang'd him
In a dog-collar: What, should he be beheaded?
We shall have it grow so base shortly, gentlemen
Will be out of love with it.

Nisus. I wonder from whence this [race] of the dwarfs first sprung?

Dor. From an old lecherous pair of breeches, that lay upon a wench to keep her warm; for certainly they are no man's work; and I am sure a monkey would get one of the guard to this fellow! He was no bigger than a small portmanteau, and much about that making, if't had legs.

Age. But, gentlemen, what say you to the prince?

Nisus. Ay, concerning his being sent I know not whither.

Dor. Why, then, he will come home I know not when.
You shall pardon me; I will talk no more
Of this subject, but say, Gods be with him,
Where'er he is, and send him well home again!
For why he is gone, or when he will return,
Let them know that directed him! Only this,
There's mad moriscoes in the state;
But what they are, I'll tell you when I know.
Come, let's go, hear all, and say nothing!

Age. Content. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another in the same.*

Enter Timantus *and* Telamon.

Tel. Timantus, is the duke ready yet?

Tim. Almost.

Tel. What ails him?

Tim. 'Faith, I know not; I think he has dream'd he's but eighteen; has been worse since he sent you forth for the frizzling iron.

Tel. That cannot be; he lay in gloves all night, and this morning I brought him a new periwig, with a lock at it, and knocked up a swing in's chamber.

Tim. Oh, but since, his tailor came, and they have fallen out about the fashion on's clothes; and yonder's a fellow come, has bored a hole in's ear; and he has bespake a vaulting-horse. You shall see him come forth presently: He looks like Winter, stuck here and there with fresh flowers.

Tel. Will he not tilt, think you?

Tim. I think he will.

Tel. What does he mean to do?

Tim. I know not; but, by this light, I think he is in love! He would ha' been shaved but for me.

Tel. In love? with whom?

Tim. I could guess, but you shall pardon me; he will take me along with him some whither.

Tel. I overheard him ask your opinion of somebody's beauty.

Tim. Yes; there it goes, that makes him so youthful. And he has laid by his crutch, and halts now with a leading staff.

Enter LEONTIUS, *with a Staff and a Looking-glass.*

Leon. Timantus!
Tim. Sir.
Leon. This feather is not large enough.
Tim. Yes, 'faith, 'tis such an one as the rest of the young gallants wear.
Leon. Telamon, does it do well?
Tel. Sir, it becomes you, or you become it, the rareliest——
Leon. Away! dost think so?
Tel. Think, sir? I know it.—Sir, the princess is past all hope of life since the dwarf was put to death.
Leon. Let her be so; I have other matters in hand. But this same tailor angers me; he has made my doublet so wide! And see, the knave has put no points at my arm!
Tim. Those will be put-to quickly, sir, upon any occasion.
Leon. Telamon,
Have you bid the dancer come a-mornings?
Tel. Yes, sir.
Leon. Timantus, let me see the glass again;
Look you how careless you are grown! is this tooth
Well put in?
Tim. Which, sir?
Leon. This, sir.
Tim. It shall be.
Tel. Methinks that tooth should put him in mind on's years! and Timantus stands, as if (seeing the duke in such a youthful habit) he were looking in his mouth how old he were.
Leon. So, so!
Tel. Will you have your gown, sir?
Leon. My gown?
Why, am I sick? Bring me my sword! let a couple
Of the great horses be brought out for us.
[*Exit* TELAMON.
Tim. He'll kill himself.—Why, will you ride,
Leon. Ride? [sir?
Dost thou think I cannot ride?
Tim. Oh, yes, sir, I know it: But, as I conceive your journey, you would have it private; and then you were better take a coach.
Leon. These coaches make me sick: Yet, 'tis no matter;
Let it be so.

Enter TELAMON, *with a sword.*

Tel. Sir, here's your sword.
Leon. Oh, well said; let me see it! I could, methinks— [*Endeavours to draw it.*
Why, Telamon, bring me another! what, think'st thou
I'll wear a sword in vain?
Tel. He has not strength enough to draw it. A yoke of fleas tied to a hair would have drawn it.—'Tis out, sir, now; the scabbard is broke.
Leon. Oh, put it up again, and on with it!
Methinks, I am not dress'd till I feel my sword on.
Telamon, if any of my council ask for me,
Say I am gone to take the air. [*Exit.*
Tim. He has not
Been dress'd this twenty years thus. If this vein
Hold but a week, he'll learn to play o' th' base-viol,
And sing to't: He's poetical already;
For I have spied a sonnet of his making
Lie by his bed's side: I'll be so unmannerly
To read it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Apartment of the* Princess.

HYDASPES *discovered in a bed,* CLEOPHILA *and* HERO *attending.*

Hid. He's dead, he's dead, and I am following!
Cleo. Ask Cupid mercy, madam!
Hid. Oh, my heart!
Cleo. Help!
Hero. Stir her!
Hid. Oh, oh!
Cleo. She's going; wretched women that we are!
Look to her, and I'll pray the while. [*She kneels.*
Hero. Why, madam——
Cleo. Cupid, pardon what is past,
And forgive our sins at last;
Then we will be coy no more,
But thy deity adore:
Troths at fifteen we will plight,
And will tread a dance at night,
In the fields, or by the fire,
With the youths that have desire—
How does she yet?
Hero. Oh, ill!
Cleo. Given ear-rings we will wear,
Bracelets of our lovers' hair,
Which they on our arms shall twist,
With their names carved on our wrist;
All the money that we owe
We in tokens will bestow;
And learn to write, that, when 'tis sent,
Only our loves know what is meant.
Oh, then pardon what is past,
And forgive our sins at last!
What, mends she?
Hero. Nothing; you do it not wantonly; you
Cleo. Why—— [should sing.
Hero. Leave, leave! 'tis now too late: She is
Her last is breathed. [dead,
Cleo. What shall we do?
Hero. Go run,
And tell the duke; and, whilst, I'll close her eyes.
[*Exit* CLEOPHILA.
Thus I shut thy faded light,
And put it in eternal night.
Where is she can boldly say,
Though she be as fresh as May,
She shall not by this corpse be killed,
Ere to-morrow's light do fade?
Let us all now living be
Warn'd by thy strict chastity,
And marry all fast as we can!
Till then we keep a piece of man
Wrongfully from them that owe it:
Soon may every maid bestow it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The House of* BACHA.

Enter BACHA *and her* Maid.

Bacha. Who is it?
Maid. Forsooth there's a gallant coach at the door, and the brave old man in't, that you said was the duke.
Bacha. Cupid, grant he may be taken!
Maid. He's coming up, and looks the swaggering'st, and has such glorious clothes!
Bacha. Let all the house seem sad, and see all handsome!

Enter LEONTIUS *and* TIMANTUS.

Leon. Nay, widow, fly not back; we come not
To chide; stand up, and bid me welcome. [now
Bacha. To a poor widow's house, that knows no end
Of her ill fortune, your highness is most welcome.
Leon. Come, kiss me then! this is but manners, widow:
Ne'er fling your head aside! I have more cause
Of grief than you; my daughter's dead: But what!
'Tis nothing.—Is the rough French horse brought to th' door?
They say he's a high goer; I shall soon try his mettle.
Tim. He will be, sir, and the grey Barbary; they're fiery both.
Leon. They are the better;
Before the gods, I am lightsome, very lightsome!
How dost thou like me, widow?
Bacha. As a person
In whom all graces are.
Leon. Come, come, you flatter!
I'll clap your cheek for that; and you shall not
Be angry. Hast no music? Now could I cut
Three times with ease, and do a cross point, should
Shame all your gallants!
Bacha. I do believe you;—and yourself too:
Lord what a fine old zany my love has made him!
He's mine, I'm sure: Heaven make me thankful for him! [*Aside.*
Leon. Tell me how old thou art, my pretty sweetheart?
Tim. Your Grace will not buy her! she may trip, sir!
Bacha. My sorrow shews me elder than I am
By many years.
Leon. Thou art so witty I must kiss again.
Tim. Indeed her age lies not in her mouth;
Ne'er look it there, sir: She has a better register,
If it be not burnt.
Leon. I will kiss thee;—I am a-fire, Timantus!
Tim. Can you chuse, sir, having such heavenly
Before you? [fire
Leon. Widow, guess why I come; I pr'ythee do.
Bacha. I cannot, sir, unless you be pleased to make
A mirth out of my rudeness; and that I hope
Your pity will not let you, the subject is
So barren.—Bite, king, bite! I'll let you play a while. [*Aside.*
Leon. Now, as I am an honest man, I'll tell thee truly.—
How many foot did I jump yesterday,
Timantus?
Tim. Fourteen of your own, and some
Three fingers.
Bacha. This fellow lies as lightly, [*Aside*
As if he were in cut taffata:
Alas, good almanack, get thee to bed,
And tell what weather we shall have to-morrow!
Leon. Widow, I'm come, in short, to be a suitor.
Bacha. For whom?
Leon. Why, by my troth, I come to woo thee, wench,
And win thee for myself: Nay, look upon me!
I have about me that will do it.
Bacha. Now Heaven defend me! Your whore'
[You] shall never—I thank the gods, I have
A little left me to keep me warm and honest:
If your grace take not that, I seek no more.
Leon. I am so far from taking anything,
I'll add unto thee.
Bacha. Such additions may
Be for your ease, sir, not my honesty;
I'm well in being single; good sir, seek another;
I am no meat for money.
Leon. Shall I fight for thee?
This sword shall cut his throat that dares lay claim
But to a finger of thee, but to a look;
I would see such a fellow!
Bacha. It would be [*Aside.*
But a cold sight to you! This is the father of
St George a-footback; Can such dry mummy talk?
Tim. Before the gods, your Grace looks like Æneas.
Bacha. He looks like his old father upon his back,
Crying to get aboard. [*Aside.*
Leon. How shall I win thy love? I pray thee tell me.
I'll marry thee, if thou desirest that:
That is an honest course, (I am in good earnest)
And presently within this hour (I am mad for thee:)
Pr'ythee deny me not; for, as I live,
I'll pine for thee, but I will have thee!
Bacha. Now he is in the toil, I'll hold him fast. [*Aside.*
Tim. You do not know what 'tis to be a queen:
Go to; you're made! Else what the old man falls short of,
There's others can eke out, when you please to call on 'em.
Bacha. I understand you not.—Love, I adore thee!—
Sir, on my knees I give you hearty thanks,
For so much honouring your humble handmaid
Above her birth, far more her weak deservings.
I dare not trust the envious tongues of all
That must repine at my unworthy rising;
Beside, you have many fair ones in your kingdom,
Born to such worth: Oh, turn yourself about,
And make a noble choice!
Leon. If I do, let me famish! I will have thee,
Or break up house and board here.
Bacha. Sir, you may
Command an unwilling woman to obey you:
But Heaven knows——
Leon. No more!
These half-a-dozen kisses, and this jewel,
And everything I have, and away with me,
And clap it up; and have a boy by morning!—
Timantus, let one be sent
Post for my son again; and for Ismenus!
They are scarce twenty miles on their way yet:
By that time we'll be married.
Tim. There shall, sir. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Nisus. Is not this a fine marriage?

Age. Yes, yes; let it alone.

Dor. Ay, ay, the king may marry whom he list. Let's talk of other matters.

Nisus. Is the prince coming home certainly?

Dor. Yes, yes; he was sent post for yesterday: Let's make haste! we'll see how his new mother-in-law will entertain him.

Nisus. Why, well, I warrant you: Did you not mark how humbly she carried herself to us on her merriage-day, acknowledging her own unworthiness, and that she would be our servant?

Dor. But mark what's done.

Nisus. Regard not show.

Age. Oh, God! I knew her when I have been offer'd her to be brought to my bed for five pounds; whether it could have been perform'd or no, I know not.

Nisus. Her daughter's a pretty lady.

Dor. Yes; and having had but mean bringing up, it talks the prettiliest and innocentliest! The queen will be so angry to hear her betray her breeding by her language! But I'm persuaded she's well disposed.

Age. I think, better than her mother.

Nisus. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* ISMENUS.

Ism. How now, man? struck dead with a tale?

Leuc. No, but with a truth.

Ism. Stand of yourself: Can you endure blows, and shrink at words?

Leuc. Thou know'st I have told thee all.

Ism. But that all's nothing to make you thus; your sister is dead.

Leuc. That's much; but not the most.

Ism. Why, for the other, let her marry and hang; 'tis no purposed fault of yours! and if your father will needs have your cast whore, you shall shew the duty of a child better in being contented, and bidding much good do his good old heart with her, than in repining thus at it: Let her go! what! there are more wenches, man; we'll have another.

Leuc. Oh, thou art vain; thou know'st I do not love her.
What shall I do? I would my tongue had led me
To any other thing, but blasphemy,
So I had miss'd commending of this woman,
Whom I must reverence, now she is my mother!
My sin, Ismenus, has wrought all this ill:
And I beseech thee to be warn'd by me,
And do not lie! If any man should ask thee
But how thou dost, or what o'clock 'tis now,
Be sure thou do not lie! Make no excuse
For him that is most near thee! never let
The most officious falsehood 'scape thy tongue!
For they above (that are entirely truth)
Will make that seed which thou hast sown of lies,
Yield miseries a thousand-fold
Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Tim. Sir, your highness is welcome home! the duke and queen will presently come forth to you.

Leuc. I'll wait on them.

Tim. Worthy Ismenus, I pray you, how have you sped in your wars?

Ism. This rogue mocks me!—Well, Timantus. Pray how have you sped here at home at shuffle-board?

Tim. 'Faith, reasonable. How many towns have you taken in this summer?

Ism. How many stags have you been at the death of this grass?

Tim. A number. Pray how is the province settled?

Ism. Pr'ythee how does the dun nag?

Tim. I think you mock me, my lord.

Ism. Mock thee? Yes, by my troth do I; why, what wouldst thou have me to do with thee? Art good for anything else?

Enter LEONTIUS, BACHA, DORIALUS, AGENOR, NISUS, *and* TELAMON.

Leuc. My good Ismenus, hold me by the wrist;
And if thou see'st me fainting, wring me hard,
For I shall swoon again else! [*Kneels.*

Leon. Welcome, my son! Rise. I did send for thee
Back from the province, by thy mother's counsel,
Thy good mother here, who loves thee well:
She would not let me venture all my joy
Amongst my enemies. I thank thee for her,
And none but thee: I took her on thy word.

Leuc. Pinch harder. [*Aside to* ISMENUS.

Leon. And she shall bid thee welcome. I have now
Some near affairs, but I will drink a health
To thee anon.—Come, Telamon! I'm grown
Lustier, I thank thee for it, since I married;
Why, Telamon, I can stand now alone,
And never stagger.

[*Exeunt* LEONTIUS *and* TELAMON.

Bacha. Welcome, most noble sir, whose fame is come
Hither before you!—Out, alas! you scorn me,
And teach me what to do.

Leuc. No; you are my mother.

Bacha. Far unworthy of that name,
God knows! But trust me, here before these lords,
I am no more but nurse unto the duke;
Nor will I breed a faction in the state:
It is too much for me that I am raised
Unto his bed, and will remain the servant
Of you that did it.

Leuc. Madam, I will serve you
As shall become me.—[*Aside.*] Oh, dissembling woman!
Whom I must reverence though. Take from thy quiver,
Sure-aim'd Apollo, one of thy swift darts,
Headed with thy consuming golden beams,
And let it melt this body into mist,
That none may find it!

Bacha. Shall I beg, my lords,
This room in private for the prince and me!

[*Exeunt all but* LEUCIPPUS *and* BACHA.

Leuc. What will she say now?

Bacha. [*Aside.*] I must still enjoy him:
Yet there is still left in me a spark of woman,
That wishes he would move it; but he stands
As if he grew there with his eyes on earth.—
Sir, you and I, when we were last together,
Kept not this distance, as we were afraid
Of blasting by ourselves.
Leuc. Madam, 'tis true;
Heaven pardon it!
Bacha. Amen! Sir, you may think
That I have done you wrong in this strange mar-
Leuc. 'Tis past now. [riage.
Bacha. But it was no fault of mine:
The world had call'd me mad, had I refused
The king; nor laid I any train to catch him,
'Twas your own oaths that did it.
Leuc. 'Tis a truth,
That takes my sleep away! But 'would to Heaven,
If it had been so pleased, you had refused him,
Though I had gratified that courtesy
With having you myself! But since 'tis thus,
I do beseech you that you will be honest
From henceforth; and not abuse his credulous age,
Which you may easily do. As for myself,
What I can say, you know, alas, too well,
Is tied within me; here 'twill sit like lead,
But shall offend no other; it will pluck me
Back from my entrance into any mirth,
As if a servant came, and whisper'd with me
Of some friend's death: But I will bear myself,
To you, with all the due obedience
A son owes to his mother: More than this
Is not in me, but I must leave the rest
To the just gods, who, in their blessed time,
When they have given me punishment enough
For my rash sin, will mercifully find
As unexpected means to ease my grief,
As they did now to bring it.
Bacha. Grown so godly? [*Aside.*
This must not be.—And I will be to you
No other than a natural mother ought;
And for my honesty, so you will swear
Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe
From any other.
Leuc. Bless me! I should urge you?
Bacha. Nay, but swear then that I may be at
For I do feel a weakness in myself, [peace!
That can deny you nothing: If you tempt me,
I shall embrace sin as it were a friend,
And run to meet it.
Leuc. If you knew how far
It were from me, you would not urge an oath;
But for your satisfaction, when I tempt you——
Bacha. Swear not.—I cannot move him. [*Aside.*]
—This sad talk,
Of things past help, does not become us well:
Shall I send one for my musicians, and we'll dance?
Leuc. Dance, madam?
Bacha. Yes, a *lavalta.*
Leuc. I cannot dance, madam.
Bacha. Then let's be merry!
Leuc. I am as my fortunes bid me
Do not you see me sour?
Bacha. Yes.
And why think you I smile?
Leuc. I am so far
From any joy myself, I cannot fancy
A cause of mirth.
Bacha. I'll tell you; we're alone.
Leuc. Alone?
Bacha. Yes.
Leuc. 'Tis true; what then?
Bacha. What then? you make my smiling now
Break into laughter! What think you is
To be done then?
Leuc. We should pray to Heaven
For mercy.
Bacha. Pray? that were a way indeed
To pass the time! But I will make you blush,
To see a bashful woman teach a man
What we should do alone; try again
If you can find it out.
Leuc. I dare not think
I understand you!
Bacha. I must teach you then:
Come, kiss me.
Leuc. Kiss you?
Bacha. Yes: be not ashamed
You did it not yourself; I will forgive you.
Leuc. Keep, you displeased gods, the due respect
I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,
As she is now my mother, fast within me,
Lest I add sins to sins, till no repentance
Will cure me.
Bacha. Leave these melancholy moods,
That I may swear thee welcome on thy lips
A thousand times!
Leuc. Pray leave this wicked talk:
You do not know to what my father's wrong
May urge me.
Bacha. I am careless, and do weigh
The world, my life, and all my after hopes
Nothing without thy love: Mistake me not,
Thy love, as I have had it, free and open
As wedlock is, within itself; What say you?
Leuc. Nothing.
Bacha. [*Kneels.*] Pity me! behold a duchess
Kneels for thy mercy; and I swear to you,
Though I should lie with you, it is no lust;
For it desires no change; I could with you
Content myself. What answer will you give?
Leuc. They that can answer must be less amazed
Than I am now! You see my tears deliver
My meaning to you.
Bacha. Shall I be contemn'd?
Thou art a beast, worse than a savage beast,
To let a lady kneel, to beg that thing
Which a right man would offer.
Leuc. 'Tis your will, Heav'n;
But let me bear me like myself,
However she does!
Bacha. Were you made an eunuch,
Since you went hence? Yet they have more desire
Than I can find in you. How fond was I
To beg thy love! I'll force thee to my will;
Dost thou not know that I can make the king
Dote as me list? Yield quickly, or by Heaven
I'll have thee kept in prison for my purpose!
Where I will make thee serve my turn, and have
thee
Fed with such meats as best shall fit my ends,
And not thy health.—Why dost not speak to me?—
And when thou dost displease me, and art grown
Less able to perform, then I will have thee
Kill'd and forgotten!—Are you stricken dumb?
Leuc. All you have named, but making of me sin
With you, you may command, but never that,
Say what you will: I'll hear you as becomes me,
If you speak; I will not follow your counsel,
Neither will I tell the world to your disgrace.

ou the just honour that is due
to my father's wife.
Lord, how full
rmality you are grown of late!—
ere telling me you could have wished
I married you: if you will swear so yet,
away the king.
You are a strumpet——
Nay, I care not
ur railings; they will batter walls
in towns, as soon as trouble me:
I care not; I shall undo you only,
no matter.
appeal to you
for ever, that are and cannot be other!—
see 'tis in your power to work
on him; and I desire you
at trains you will for my wish'd death,
him to find his quiet grave
Alas, he never did you wrong.
er, I beseech you pardon me
word I gave you; for however
deserve, it became not me
u so; but passion urges me
t whither.—My heart, break now,
me ever!
Pray you get you hence
goodly humour! I am weary of you
.
Trust me, so am I of myself too:
'll take my leave. Gods set all right!
[*Exit.*
Amen! Sir, get you gone!—
ied? It does not trouble me
ve moved, but that I am refused:
t my patience! I will make him know
t love; for lust will find a mate
re are men, and so will I, and more
or twenty!

Enter TIMANTUS.

Yonder is Timantus,
oid of any worth to raise himself,
fore like to catch at any evil
but pluck him up; him will I make
—Timantus!
Madam?
Thou know'st well
t, by chance, a means of this my raising;
he duke to me; and, though 'twere but
chance
ward thee.
shall bend my service
r highness.
But do it then entirely, and in every
thing;
ne, couldst thou now think that thing
ldst not do for me?
No, by my soul, madam.
Then thou art right.
lodging, and I'll follow thee, with my
instruction. [*Exit* TIMANTUS.
lready,
ce, that did but now contemn me, dead!
never speak an evil word
father of him, till I have
lief I love him; but I'll make
s his undoing, and my praises
o many swords against his breast;
ce perform'd, I'll make Urania,
My daughter, the king's heir, and plant my issue
In this large throne; nor shall it be withstood:
They, that begin in lust, must end in blood! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Dor. We live to know a fine time, gentlemen.
Nisus. And a fine duke, that, through his doting
Suffers himself to be a child again, [age,
Under his wife's tuition.
Age. All the land
Holds in that tenure too, in woman's service:
Sure we shall learn to spin!
Dor. No, that's too honest;
We shall have other liberal sciences
Taught us too soon: Lying and flattering,
Those are the studies now! and murder shortly
I know will be humanity. Gentlemen,
If we live here we must be knaves, believe it.
Nisus. I cannot tell, my lord Dorialus;
Though my own nature hate it,
If all determine to be knaves, I'll try
What I can do upon myself, that's certain:
I will not have my throat cut for my goodness;
The virtue will not quit the pain.
Age. But pray you tell me,
Why is the prince, now ripe and full experienced,
Not made a doer in the state?
Nisus. Because he's honest.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Tim. Goodness attend your honours!
Dor. You must not be amongst us then.
Tim. The duchess,
Whose humble servant I am proud to be,
Would speak with you.
Age. Sir, we are pleased to wait;
When is it?
Tim. An hour hence, my good lords;
And so I leave my service. [*Exit.*
Dor. This is one
Of her ferrets that she boults business out withal:
This fellow, if he were well ript, has all
The linings of a knave within him: How sly he
looks!
Nisus. Have we nothing about our clothes that
May catch at? [he
Age. O' my conscience, there is
No treason in my doublet! if there be,
My elbows will discover it, they're out.
Dor. 'Faith,
And all the harm that I can find in mine
Is, that they are not paid for; let him
Make what he can of that, so he discharge that;
Come, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another in the same.*

Enter BACHA, LEONTIUS, *and* TELAMON.

Bacha. And you shall find, sir, what
A blessing Heaven gave you in such a son.
Leon. Pray gods I may! Let's walk, and change
our subject.
Bacha. Oh, sir, can anything come sweeter to
Or strike a deeper joy into your heart, [you
Than your son's virtue?
Leon. I allow his virtues;

But 'tis not handsome thus to feed myself
With such immoderate praises of mine own.
Bacha. The subject of our commendations
Is itself grown so infinite in goodness,
That all the glory we can lay upon it,
Though we should open volumes of his praises,
Is a mere modesty in his expression,
And shews him lame still, like an ill-wrought piece
Wanting proportion.
Leon. Yet still he is a man, and subject still
To more inordinate vices than our love
Can give him blessings.
Bacha. Else he were a god;
Yet so near, as he is, he comes to Heaven,
That we may see, so far as flesh can point us,
Things only worthy them; and only these
In all his actions.
Leon. This is too much, my queen!
Bacha. Had the gods loved me, that my un-
Had bred this brave man—— [worthy womb
Leon. Still you run wrong!
Bacha. I would have lived upon the comfort of
Fed on his growing hopes! [him,
Leon. This touches me!
Bacha. I know no friends, nor being, but his virtues.
Leon. You have laid out words enough upon a subject.
Bacha. But words cannot express him, sir. Why, what a shape
Heaven has conceived him in! oh, Nature made
Leon. I wonder, duchess—— [him up——
Bacha. So you must; for less than admiration
Loses this godlike man.
Leon. Have you done with him?
Bacha. Done with him? Oh, good gods,
What qualities thus pass by us without reverence!
Leon. I see no such perfection.
Bacha. Oh, dear sir,
You are a father, and those joys to you
Speak in your heart, not in your tongue.
Leon. This leaves
A taste behind it worse than physic.
Bacha. Then
For all his wisdom, valour, good fortune, and all
Those friends of honour, they are in him as free
And natural, as passions in a woman.
Leon. You make me blush at all these years,
To see how blindly you have flung your praises
Upon a boy, a very child; and worthless,
Whilst I live, of these honours.
Bacha. I would not have my love, sir, make my tongue
Shew me so much a woman, as to praise
Or dispraise, where my will is, without reason,
Or general allowance of the people.
Leon. Allowance of the people? what allow they?
Bacha. All I have said for truth; and they must do it,
And dote upon him, love him, and admire him.
Leon. How's that?
Bacha. For in his youth and noble forwardness
All things are bound together that are kingly;
A fitness to bear rule——
Leon. No more!
Bacha. And sovereignty,
Not made to know command.
Leon. I have said, no more!
Bacha. I have done, sir, though unwilling; and
Leon. I do; not a word more! [pardon me!

Bacha. I have given thee poison [*Aside.*
Of more infection than the dragon's tooth,
Or the gross air o'erheated.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Leon. Timantus, when
Saw you the prince?
Tim. I left him, now, sir.
Leon. Tell me truly,
Out of your free opinion, without courting,
How you like him.
Tim. How I like him?
Leon. Yes;
For you in conversation may see more
Than a father.
Bacha. It works. [*Aside.*
Tim. Your grace has chosen out an ill observer.
Leon. Yes, I mean of his ill; you talk rightly.
Tim. But you take me wrong! All I know by him
I dare deliver boldly: He is the storehouse
And head of virtue, your great self excepted,
That feeds the kingdom.
Leon. These are flatteries!
Speak me his vices; there you do a service
Worth a father's thanks.
Tim. Sir, I cannot.
If there be any, sure they are the times,
Which I could wish less dangerous. But pardon
I am too bold. [me,
Leon. You are not; forward,
And open what these dangers are!
Tim. Nay, good sir!
Leon. Nay, fall not off again; I will have all!
Tim. Alas, sir, what am I, you should believe
My eyes or ears so subtle to observe
Faults in a state? all my main business
Is service to your grace, and necessaries
For my poor life.
Leon. Do not displease me, sirrah!
But that you know tell me, and presently.
Tim. Since your grace will have it,
I'll speak it freely; always my obedience
And love preserved unto the prince.
Leon. Pr'ythee to the matter!
Tim. For, sir, if you consider
How like a sun in all his great employments,
How full of heat——
Leon. Make me understand
What I desire!
Tim. And then at his return——
Leon. Do not anger me!
Tim. Then thus, sir: All mislike you,
As they would do the gods, if they did dwell with
Leon. What? ['em.
Tim. Talk and prate, as their ignorant rages
Without allegiance or religion. [lead 'em,
For Heaven's sake, have a care of your own person!
I cannot tell; their wickedness may lead
Further than I dare think yet.
Leon. Oh, base people!
Tim. Yet the prince,
For whom this is pretended, may persuade 'em,
And no doubt will: Virtue is ever watchful;
But be you still secured and comforted!
Leon. Heaven! how have I offended, that this
So heavy and unnatural, should fall upon me [red
When I am old and helpless?
Tim. Brave gentleman!
That such a mar'ding love should follow thee,

To rob thee of a father! All the court
Is full of dangerous whispers.
Leon. I perceive it;
And, 'spite of all their strengths, will make my safety!
I'll cut him shorter—I'll cut him shorter first,
Then let him rule.
Bacha. What a foul age is this,
When virtue's made a sword to smite the virtuous?
Alas, alas!
Leon. I'll teach him to fly lower.
Tim. By no means, sir; rather make more your [love,
And hold your favour to him: For 'tis now
Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts
(As I must ne'er believe) run with their rages
(He ever was so innocent). But what reason
His grace has to withdraw his love from me,
And other good men that are near your person,
I cannot yet find out; I know my duty
Has ever been attending.
Leon. 'Tis too plain
He means to play the villain; I'll prevent him.
Not a word more of this; be private! [*Exit.*
Tim. Madam, 'tis done.
Bacha. He cannot escape me. Have you spoken
The noblemen? [with
Tim. Yes, madam; they are here.
I wait a further service.
Bacha. Till you see the prince,
You need no more instructions.
Tim. No; I have it! [*Exit.*
Bacha. That fool, that willingly provokes a wo-
Has made himself another evil angel, [man,
And a new hell, to which all other torments
Are but mere pastime.—

Enter DORIALUS, NISUS, *and* AGENOR.

Now, my noble lords,
You must excuse me, that unmannerly
We have broke your private business.
Age. Your good grace
May command us, and that———
Bacha. 'Faith, my lord Agenor,
It is so good a cause, I am confident
You cannot lose by it.
Dor. Which way does she fish now? [*Aside.*
The devil's but a fool to a right woman.
Nisus. Madam, we must needs win in doing
To such a gracious lady. [service
Bacha. I thank you, and will let you know the business,
So I may have your helps: Never be doubtful,
For 'tis so just a cause, and will to you
Upon the knowledge seem so honourable,
That I assure myself your willing hearts
Will straight be for me in it.
Age. If she should prove good now, what were it like?
Dor. Thunder in January, or a good woman; that's stranger than all the monsters in Afric.
Bacha. It shall not need your wonder; this it is:
The duke you know is old, and rather subject
To ease and prayers now, than all those troubles,
Cares, and continual watchings, that attend
A kingdom's safety: Therefore, to prevent
The fall of such a flourishing estate
As this has been, and to put off
The murmur of the people, that encrease
Against my government, which the gods know
I only feel the trouble of, I present
The prince unto your loves, a gentleman
In whom all excellencies are knit together,
All pieces of a true man: Let your prayers
Win from the duke half his vexation,
That he may undertake it, whose discretion
I must confess, though it be from a father,
Yet now is stronger, and more apt to govern.
'Tis not my own desire, but all the land's;
I know the weakness of it.
Nisus. Madam, this noble care and love has won us
For ever to your loves: We'll to the king;
And since your grace has put it in our mouths,
We'll win him with the cunning'st words we can.
Dor. [*Aside.*] I was never cozen'd in a woman before, for commonly they are like apples: If once they bruise, they will grow rotten through, and serve for nothing but to assuage swellings.
Bacha. Good lords,
Delay no time, since it is your good pleasures,
To think my counsel good! and by no means
Let the prince know it, whose affections
Will stir mainly against it; besides, his father
May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried
So that his forward will appear not in it.
Go, and be happy!
Dor. Well, I would not be chronicled as thou wilt be for a good woman, for all the world.
Nisus. Madam, we kiss your hand; and so inspired,
Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* ISMENUS.

Leuc. Thus she has used me: Is't not a good [mother?
Ism. Why kill'd you her not?
Leuc. The gods forbid it!
Ism. 'Slight, if all the women in the world were barren, she had died!
Leuc. But 'tis not reason directs thee thus.
Ism. Then have I none at all; for all I have in me directs me. Your father's in a pretty rage.
Leuc. Why?
Ism. Nay, 'tis well if he know himself: But some of the nobility have delivered a petition to him; what is in't I know not; but it has put him to his trumps: He has taken a month's time to answer it, and chafes like himself.

Enter LEONTIUS, BACHA, *and* TELAMON.

Leuc. He's here, Ismenus.
Leon. Set me down, Telamon!—Leucippus!
Leuc. Sir.
Bacha. Nay, good sir, be at peace! I dare swear
He knew not of it.
Leon. You are foolish; peace!

Bacha. All will go ill! Deny it boldly, sir;
Trust me, he cannot prove it by you.
Leuc. What?
Bacha. You'll make all worse too with your [facing it.
Leuc. What is the matter?
Leon. Know'st thou that petition?
Look on it well! Would'st thou be join'd with me?
Unnatural child! to be weary of me,
Ere Fate esteem me fit for other worlds!
Bacha. May be he knows not of it.
Leuc. Oh, strange carriages!
Sir, as I have hope that there is anything
To reward doing well, my usages,
Which have been—but it is no matter what—
Have put me so far from the thought of greatness,
That I should welcome it like a disease
That grew upon me, and I could not cure.
They are my enemies that gave you this;
And yet they call me friend, and are themselves,
I fear, abused. I am weary of my life;
For God's sake take it from me! it creates
More mischief in the state than it is worth.
The usage I have had, I know, would make
Wisdom herself run frantic through the streets,
And Patience quarrel with her shadow. Sir,
This sword——
Bacha. Alas! help, for the love of Heaven!
Make a way through me first; for he is your father.
Leon. What, would he kill me?
Bacha. No, sir, no.
Leon. Thou always mak'st the best on't; but I fear—
Leuc. Why do you use me thus? Who is't can [think
That I would kill my father, that can yet
Forbear to kill you?—Here, sir, is my sword;
I dare not touch it lest she say again
I would have kill'd you. Let me not have mercy
When I most need it, if I would not change
Place with my meanest servant!—Let these faults
[*Apart to* BACHA.
Be mended, madam! if you saw how ill
They did become you, you would part with them.
Bacha. I told the duke as much before.
Leuc. What? what did you tell him?
Bacha. That it was only an ambition,
Nursed in you by your youth, provoked you thus,
Which age would take away.
Leon. It was his doing then?—Come hither,
Bacha. No, indeed, sir. [love!
Leuc. How am I made, that I can bear all this?
If any one had used a friend of mine
Near this, my hand had carried death about it.
Leon. Lead me hence, Telamon! Come, my [dear Bacha!
I shall find time for this.
Ism. Madam, you know I dare not speak before
The king; but you know well, (if not, I'll tell you)
You're the most wicked, and most murderous [strumpet,
That ever was call'd woman!
Bacha. My lord,
What I can do for him, he shall command me.
Leon. I know thou art too kind: Away, I say!
[*Exeunt* LEONTIUS, BACHA, TIMANTUS, *and* TELAMON.
Ism. Sir, I am sure we dream: this cannot be.
Leuc. Oh, that we did! My wickedness has brought
All this to pass, else I should bear myself.
[URANIA *passes over the Stage.*
Ism. Look! do you see who's there? your virtuous mother's issue: Kill her yet! take some little pidling revenge.
Leuc. Away!
The whole court calls her virtuous; for they say
She is unlike her mother; and if so,
She can have no vice.
Ism. I'll trust none of 'em
That come of such a breed.
Leuc. But I have found
A kind of love in her to me. Alas!
Think of her death! I dare be sworn for her,
She is as free from any hate to me
As her bad mother's full. She was brought up
I' th' country, as her tongue will let you know,
If you but talk with her, with a poor uncle,
Such as her mother had.

Enter URANIA.

Ism. She's come again.
Ura. I would fen speak to the good marquis, [my brother,
If I but thought he could abaid me.
Leuc. Sister, how do you?
Ura. Very well, I thank you.
Ism. How does your good mother?
Leuc. Fy, fy, Ismenus!
For shame! mock such an innocent soul as this!
Ura. Feth, a' she be no good, God may her so!
Leuc. I know you wish it with your heart, dear [sister!
But she is good, I hope.
Ism. Are you so simple,
To make so much of this? Do you not know,
That all her wicked mother labours for
Is but to raise her to your right, and leave her
This dukedom?
Ura. Ay; but ne'er, sir, be afred;
For though she take th' ungainest weas she can,
I'll ne'er ha't fro' you.
Leuc. I should hate myself, Ismenus,
If I should think of her simplicity
Aught but extremely well.
Ism. Nay, as you will!
Ura. And though she be my mother,
If she take any caurse to do you wrong,
If I can see't, you'st quickly hear on't, sir:
And so I'll take my leave.
Leuc. Farewell, good sister!
I thank you. [*Exit* URANIA.
Ism. You believe all this?
Leuc. Yes.
Ism. A good faith doth well; but, methinks, it were no hard matter now for her mother to send her.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Yonder's one you may trust if you will too.
Leuc. So I will,
If he can shew me as apparent signs
Of truth as she did. Does he weep, Ismenus?
Ism. Yes, I think so; some good's happen'd I warrant.—Do you hear, you? What honest man has 'scaped misery, that thou art crying thus?
Tim. Noble Ismenus,
Where is the prince?
Ism. Why, there: Hast wept thine eyes out!
Tim. Sir, I beseech you hear me.
Leuc. Well, speak on.
Ism. Why, will you hear him?
Leuc. Yes, Ismenus: why?
Ism. I would hear blasphemy as willingly,
Leuc. You are to blame.
Tim. No, sir, he's not to blame,
If I were as I was.
Ism. Nor as thou art,
I'faith, a whit to blame.

What is your business ?
Faith, sir, I am ashamed to speak before
ience tells me I have injured you, [you ;
the earnest instigation
, have not done you to the king
e best and friendliest offices :
rdon me, or I will never speak!
Never pardon him, and silence a knave !
I pardon thee.
Your mother sure is naught.
Why shouldst thou think so ?
Oh, noble sir, your honest eyes perceive
ers you are led to : Shame upon her, [not
fell miseries the gods can think on,
lown upon her wicked head! She has
plotted,
o well, your death : 'Would my poor life,
and such as mine is, might be offer'd
ifices up for your preserving ;
e oblations would she have to glut her !
s merciless, and bent to ruin,
n and good men step not to your rescue,
ly, very timely. Oh, this dukedom !
weep for the poor orphans in
try, left without friends or parents.
Now, Ismenus, what think you of this
a lying knave, a flatterer ! [fellow ?
this love still shew him so ?
This love ? this halter ! If he prove not yet
ing'st, rankest rogue that ever canted,
see man again ! I know him to bring,
interpret every new face he makes.
he wrings, like a good stool, for a tear !
d ;
and fools first feel the smart, then weep.
Away, away ! such an unkind distrust
than a dissembling, if it be one,
er leads to mischief : I believe it,
an honest man ; he could not carry,
evil cause, so true a sorrow.
'ake heed! this is your mother's scorpion,
ies stings even in his tears, whose soul
poison through : Touch not at him ;
, you are gone, if you had twenty lives.
m for a roguish boy,
would poison dogs, and keep tame toads ;
ith his mother, and infected her,
she begs i' th' hospital, with a patch
where her nose stood, like the queen
, and all her teeth in her purse.
and this fellow are so near,
'et known which is the eviler angel.
Nay, then I see 'tis spite.—Come hither,
friend !
n not heard the cause yet that incensed
er to my death ? for I protest
e in myself.
Her will, sir, and ambition, as I think
rovokers of it, as in women
o are ever powerful to destruction ;
hate of your still-growing virtues,
; only wicked.
Heavens defend me,
innocent, and ever have been,
immoderate thoughts and actions,
y such rewards along with 'em !
Sir, all I know my duty must reveal ;
try and my love command it from me,
n I'll lay my life down : This night com-
l is appointed by the duke, [ing
To sit about your apprehension :
If you dare trust my faith, (which, by all good
Shall ever watch about you !) go along, [things,
And to a place I'll guide you, where no word
Shall 'scape without your hearing, nor no plot,
Without discovering to you ; which once known,
You have your answers and prevention.

Ism. You're not so mad to go? shift off this fellow !
You shall be ruled once by a wise man.—Rats-
Get you gone, or—— [bane !

Leuc. Peace, peace for shame ! thy love is too
'Tis a way offer'd to preserve my life, [suspicious ;
And I will take it.—Be my guide, Timantus,
And do not mind this angry man ! thou know'st
I may live to requite thee. [him.

Tim. Sir, this service
Is done for Virtue's sake, not for reward,
However he may hold me.

Ism. The great pox on you ! but thou hast that curse so much, 'twill grow a blessing in thee shortly.—Sir, for Wisdom's sake, court not your death ! I am your friend and subject, and I shall lose in both ; if I loved you not, I would laugh at you, and see you run your neck into the noose, and cry, a woodcock !

Leuc. So much of man, and so much fearful ; fy!
Pr'ythee have peace within thee ! I shall live yet
Many a golden day to hold thee here,
Dearest and nearest to me.—Go on, Timantus !—
I charge you by your love, no more, no more !
[*Exeunt* Leucippus *and* Timantus.

Ism. Go, and let your own rod whip you ! I pity you ;
And, dog, if he miscarry, thou shalt pay for't :
I'll study for thy punishment, and it shall last
Longer and sharper than a tedious winter,
Till thou blasphem'st ; and then thou diest and damn'st. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

Enter Leontius *and* Telamon.

Leon. I wonder the duchess comes not.

Tel. She has heard, sir, your will is to speak with her :
But there is something leaden at her heart,
(Pray God it be not mortal !) that even keeps her
From conversation with herself.

Enter Bacha.

Bacha. Oh, whither
Will you, my cross affections, pull me ? Fortune,
And you whose powers direct our actions, [Fate,
And dwell within us, you that are angels
Guiding to Virtue, wherefore have you given
So strong a hand to evil ? wherefore suffer'd
A temple of your own, you deities,
Where your fair selves dwelt only, and your good-
Thus to be soil'd with sin ? [ness,

Leon. Heaven bless us all !
From whence comes this distemper ? Speak, my fair one !

Bacha. And have you none, Love and Obedi-
You ever faithful servants, to employ [ence,
In this strange story of impiety,
But me ? a mother ? Must I be your trumpet,
To lay black treason open ? and in him
In whom all sweetness was ; in whom my love
Was proud to have a being ; in whom Justice,

And all the gods for our imitations,
Can work into a man, were more than virtues?
Ambition, down to Hell, where thou wert foster'd!
Thou hast poison'd the best soul, the purest,
And merest innocence itself, that ever [whitest,
Man's greedy hopes gave life to.

Leon. This is still stranger! lay this treason
To my correction. [open

Bacha. Oh, what a combat Duty and Affection
Breed in my blood!

Leon. If thou conceal'st him, may,
Beside my death, the curses of the country,
Troubles of conscience, and a wretched end,
Bring thee unto a poor forgotten grave!

Bacha. My being, for another tongue to tell it!
Oh, ease a mother, some good man that dares
Speak for his king and country! I am full
Of too much woman's pity: Yet, oh, Heaven,
Since it concerns the safety of my sovereign,
Let it not be a cruelty in me,
Nor draw a mother's name in question
'Mongst unborn people, to give up that man
To law and justice, that unrighteously
Has sought his father's death! Be deaf, be deaf,
Your son is the offender: Now have you all; [sir!
'Would I might never speak again!

Leon. My son?
Heaven help me! No more! I thought it;
And since his life is grown so dangerous,
Let them that gave him, take him! he shall die,
And with him all my fears.

Bacha. Oh, use your mercy!
You have a brave subject to bestow it on.
I will forgive him, sir: and for his wrong
To me, I'll be before you.

Leon Durst his villainy
Extend to thee?

Bacha. Nothing but heats of youth, sir.

Leon. Upon my life he sought my bed!

Bacha. I must confess he loved me
Somewhat beyond a son; and still pursued it
With such a lust, I will not say ambition,
That, clean forgetting all obedience,
And only following his first heat unto me,
He hotly sought your death, and me in marriage.

Leon. Oh, villain!

Bacha. But I forget all; and am half ashamed
To press a man so far.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Tim. Where is the duke?
For God's sake, bring me to him!

Leon. Here I am.
Each corner of the dukedom sends new affrights
What wouldst thou? Speak! [forth!

Tim. I cannot, sir; my fear
Ties up my tongue.

Leon. Why, what's the matter? Take
Thy courage to thee, and boldly speak! Where are
The guard? In the gods' name, out with it!

Tim. Treason, treason!

Leon. In whom?

Bacha. Double the guard!

Tim. There is a fellow, sir——

Leon. Leave shaking, man!

Tim. 'Tis not for fear, but wonder.

Leon. Well?

Tim. There is a fellow, sir, close in the lobby:—
You o' the guard, look to the door there!

Leon. But let me know the business

Tim. Oh, that the hearts of men should be so harden'd
Against so good a duke!—For God's sake, sir,
Seek means to save yourself! This wretched slave
Has his sword in his hand; I know his heart:
Oh, it hath almost kill'd me with the thought of it!

Leon. Where is he?

Enter the Guard.

Tim. I' the lobby, sir, close in a corner:
Look to yourselves, for Heaven's sake! methinks,
He's here already. Fellows of the guard, be valiant!

Leon. Go, sirs, and apprehend him! Treason
Never dare me in mine own gates. [shall

[LEUCIPPUS *brought in by the* Guard.

Tim. 'Tis done.

Bacha. And thou shalt find it to thy best content.

Leon. Are these the comforts of my age? They are happy
That end their days contented with a little,
And live aloof from dangers! to a king
Every content doth a new peril bring.
Oh, let me live no longer! Shame of Nature,
Bastard to Honour, traitor, murderer,
Devil in a human shape! Away with him;
He shall not breathe his hot infection here.

Leuc. Sir, hear me.

Leon. Am I or he your duke? Away with him
To a close prison! Your highness now shall know,
Such branches must be cropt before they grow.

Leuc. Whatever fortune comes, I bid it welcome;
My innocence is my armour: Gods preserve you! [*Exit.*

Bacha. Fare thee well!
I shall ne'er see so brave a gentleman.
'Would I could weep out his offences!

Tim. Or
I could weep out mine eyes!

Leon. Come, gentlemen!
We'll determine presently about his death;
We cannot be too forward in our safety.
I am very sick; lead me unto my bed! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Citizen *and his* Boy.

Cit. Sirrah, go fetch my fox from the cutler's:
There's money for the scow'ring: Tell him I stop
A groat since the last great muster, he had in stone pitch
For the bruise he took, with the recoiling of his gun.

Boy. Yes, sir.

Cit. And (do you hear?) when you come, take down my buckler,
And sweep the cobwebs off, and grind the pick on't,
And fetch a nail or two and tack on the bracers:
Your mistress made a pot-lid on't, I thank her,
At her maid's wedding, and burnt off the handle.

Boy. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Cit. [*Knocking at a door.*] Who's within here?
Not stirring yet? [Ho, neighbour!

Enter second Citizen.

2 *Cit.* Oh, good morrow, good morrow!
What news, what news?

1 *Cit.* It holds, he dies this morning.

2 *Cit.* Then happy man be his fortune! I am resolved.

1 *Cit.* And so am I, and forty more good fellows,
That will not give their heads for the washing, I take it.
2 *Cit.* 'Sfoot, man, who would not hang in such good company,
And such a cause? A fire o' wife and children!
'Tis such a jest, that men should look behind 'em
To the world, and let their honours, their honours, neighbour, slip.
1 *Cit.* I'll give thee a pint of bastard and a roll,
For that bare word.
2 *Cit.* They say, that we tailors are
Things that lay one another, and our geese hatch us:
I'll make some of 'em feel they are geese o' the game then.
Jack, take down my bill; 'tis ten to one I use it.—
Take a good heart, man! all the low ward is ours,
With a wet finger.—
And lay my cut-finger'd gauntlet ready for me,
That that I used to work in, when the gentlemen
Were up against us, and beaten out of town,
And almost out of debt too; for a plague on 'em,
They never paid well since! And take heed, sir-
Your mistress hears not of this business; [rah,
She's near her time: Yet, if she do, I care not;
She may long for rebellion, for she has
A devilish spirit.
1 *Cit.* Come, let's call up the new ironmonger!
He's as tough as steel, and has a fine wit in
These resurrections. Are you stirring, neighbour?
[*Knocking at another door.*
3 *Cit.* [*Within.*] Oh, good morrow, neighbours!
I'll come to you presently.
2 *Cit.* Go to——
This is his mother's doing; she's a polecat!
1 *Cit.* As any is in the world.
2 *Cit.* Then say I have hit it; and a vengeance
Let her be what she will. [on her,
1 *Cit.* Amen say I!
She has brought things to a fine pass with her wis-
Do you mark it! [dom,
2 *Cit.* One thing I am sure she has, the good old duke;
She gives him pap again, they say, and dandles
And hangs a coral and bells about his neck, [him,
And makes him believe his teeth will come again;
Which if they did, and I he, I would worry her
As never cur was worried! I would, neighbour,
Till my teeth met I know where; but that's counsel.

Enter third Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbours! Hear you the sad news?
1 *Cit.* Yes; 'would we knew as well how to prevent it!
3 *Cit.* I cannot tell: Methinks, 'twere no great
If men were men; but—— [matter,
2 *Cit.* You do not twit me with my calling, neighbour?
3 *Cit.* No, surely; for I know your spirit to be
Pray be not vexed! [tall:
2 *Cit.* Pray forward with your counsel.
I am what I am, and they that prove me shall
Find me to their cost—Do you mark me, neighbour?
To their cost, I say.
1 *Cit.* Nay, look how soon you are angry!
2 *Cit.* They shall, neighbours; yes, I say they
3 *Cit.* I do believe they shall. [shall.
1 *Cit.* I know they shall.
2 *Cit.* Whether you do or no, I care not twopence!
I am no beast; I know mine own strength, neighbours:
God bless the king! Your companies is fair.
1 *Cit.* Nay, neighbour, now ye err; I must tell
An ye were twenty neighbours. [ye so,
3 *Cit.* Ye had best
Go peach; do peach!
2 *Cit.* *Peach?* I scorn the motion.
3 *Cit.* Do, and see what follows! I'll spend an hundred pound
(An't be two, I care not), but I'll undo thee.
2 *Cit.* *Peach?* oh, disgrace! *peach* in thy face' and do
The worst thou canst! I am a true-man, and a free
Peach? [man!
1 *Cit.* Nay, look, you will spoil all.
2 *Cit.* *Peach?*
1 *Cit.* Whilst you two brawl together,
The prince will lose his life.
3 *Cit.* Come, give me your hand!
I love you well. Are you for the action?
2 *Cit.* Yes;
But *peach* provokes me! 'tis a cold fruit; I feel it
Cold in my stomach still.
3 *Cit.* No more! I'll give you cake to digest it.

Enter fourth Citizen.

4 *Cit.* [*Entering.*] Shut up my shop, and be ready at a call, boys!
And one of you run over my old tuck with a few ashes
('Tis grown odious with toasting cheese), and burn
A little juniper in my murrion (the maid made it
Her chamber-pot); an hour hence I'll come again.
And, as you hear from me, send me a clean shirt!
3 *Cit.* The chandler by the wharf, an it be thy
2 *Cit.* Gossip, good morrow [will!
4 *Cit.* Oh, good morrow, gossip!
Good morrow, all! I see ye of one mind,
Ye cleave so close together. Come; 'tis time!
I have prepared an hundred, if they stand.
1 *Cit.* 'Tis well done: Shall we sever, and about it?
3 *Cit.* First, let's to th' tavern! and a pint
Will make us dragons. [a-piece
2 *Cit.* I will have no mercy,
Come what will of it.
4 *Cit.* If my tuck hold, I'll spit
The guard like larks with sage between 'em.
2 *Cit.* I have
A foolish bill to reckon with 'em, will make
Some of their hearts ache, and I'll lay it on!
Now shall I fight, 'twill do you good to see me.
3 *Cit.* Come, I'll do something for the town to talk of
When I am rotten: Pray God there be enough
To kill, that's all! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace*

Enter Dorialus, Nisus, *and* Agenor.

Age. How black the day begins!
Dor. Can you blame it, and look upon such a deed as shall be done this morning?
Nisus. Does the prince suffer to-day?
Dor. Within this hour, they say.
Age. Well, they that are most wicked are most

safe. 'Twill be a strange justice, and a lamentable: Gods keep us from the too-soon feeling of it!

Dor. I care not if my throat were next; for to live still, and live here, were but to grow fat for the shambles.

Nisus. Yet we must do't, and thank 'em too, that our lives may be accepted.

Age. 'Faith, I'll go starve myself, or grow diseased, to shame the hangman; for I am sure he shall be my herald, and quarter me.

Dor. Ay, a plague on him, he's too excellent at arms.

Nisus. Will you go see this sad sight, my lord Agenor?

Age. I'll make a mourner.

Dor. If I could do him any good, I would go; the bare sight else would but afflict my spirit: My prayers shall be as near him as your eyes. As ye find him settled, remember my love and service to his grace.

Nisus. We will weep for you, sir. Farewell! [*Exeunt.*

Dor. Farewell!
To all our happiness, a long farewell!—
Thou angry Power, whether of heaven or hell,
That lay'st this sharp correction on our kingdom
For our offences, infinite and mighty!
Oh, hear me, and at length be pleased, be pleased
With pity to draw back thy vengeance,
Too heavy for our weakness; and accept
(Since it is your discretion, heavenly wisdoms,
To have it so) this sacrifice for all,
That now is flying to your happiness,
Only for you most fit; let all our sins
Suffer in him!— [*A shout within.*
Gods, what's the matter? I hope
'Tis joy:—How now, my lords?

Enter AGENOR *and* NISUS.

Nisus. I'll tell you with what little breath I have:
More joy than you dare think; the prince is safe
From danger.

Dor. How!

Age. 'Tis true, and thus it was: His hour was
To lose his life; he, ready for the stroke, [come
Nobly, and full of saint-like patience,
Went with his guard; which when the people saw,
Compassion first went out, mingled with tears,
That bred desires, and whispers to each other,
To do some worthy kindness for the prince;
And ere they understood well how to do,
Fury stepped in, and taught them what to do,
Thrusting on every hand to rescue him,
As a white innocent. Then flew the roar
Through all the streets, of *Save him, save him, save him!*
And as they cried, they did; for catching up
Such sudden weapons as their madness shew'd them,
In short, they beat the guard, and took him from
And now march with him like a royal army. ['em,

Dor. Heaven, Heaven, I thank thee! what a slave was I
To have my hand so far from this brave rescue!
'T had been a thing to brag on when I was old.
Shall we run for a wager to the next temple,
And give thanks?

Nisus. As fast as wishes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Street.*

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* ISMENUS; *the People within stop.*

Leuc. Good friends, go home again! there's not
Shall go with me. [a man

Ism. Will you not take revenge?
I'll call them on.

Leuc. All that love me, depart!
I thank you, and will serve you for your loves;
But I will thank you more to suffer me
To govern 'em. Once more, I do beg ye,
For my sake to your houses!

All. [*Within.*] Gods preserve you!

Ism. And what house will you go to?

Leuc. Ismenus, I will take the wariest courses
That I can think of to defend myself,
But not offend.

Ism. You may kill your mother, and ne'er offend your father, an honest man!

Leuc. Thou know'st I can 'scape now; that's all I look for.
I will leave——

Ism. Timantus, a pox take him! 'would I had him here! I would kill him at his own weapon, single scythes. We have built enough on him. Plague on't, I'm out of all patience! discharge such an army as this, that would have follow'd you without paying? Oh, gods!

Leuc. To what end shall I keep 'em? I am free.

Ism. Yes, free o' th' traitors; for you are proclaimed one.

Leuc. Should I therefore make myself one?

Ism. This is one of your moral philosophy, is it? Heaven bless me from subtilties to undo myself with! but I know, if reason herself were here, she would not part with her own safety.

Leuc. Well, pardon, Ismenus! for I know
My courses are most just; nor will I stain 'em
With one bad action. For thyself, thou know'st,
That though I may command thee, I shall be
A ready servant to thee, if thou need'st:
And so I'll take my leave.

Ism. Of whom?

Leuc. Of thee.

Ism. 'Heart, you shall take no leave of me!

Leuc. Shall I not?

Ism. No, by the gods, shall you not! Nay, if you have no more wit but to go absolutely alone, I'll be in a little.

Leuc. Nay, pr'ythee, good Ismenus, part with me!

Ism. I wo'not, i'faith! never move it any more; for by this good light, I wo'not!

Leuc. This is an ill time to be thus unruly:
Ismenus, you must leave me.

Ism. Yes, if you can beat me away; else the gods refuse me, if I will leave you till I see more reason! you shall not undo yourself.

Leuc. But why wilt not leave me?

Ism. Why, I'll tell you: Because when you are gone, then—'Life, if I have not forgot my reason, hell take me! you put me out of patience so. Oh! marry, when you are gone, then will your mother—A pox confound her!—she ne'er comes in my head, but she spoils my memory too. There are a hundred reasons.

Leuc. But shew me one.

Ism. Shew you? what a stir here is! Why I will shew you: Do you think—well, well, I know

what I know; I pray come, come! 'Tis in vain, but I am sure—Devils take 'em! what do I meddle with them? You know yourself—'Soul, I think I am—Is there any man i' th' world—As if you knew not this already better than I! Pish, pish, I'll give no reason!

Leuc. But I will tell thee one, why thou shouldst stay:
I have not one friend in the court but thou,
On whom I may be bold to trust to send me
Any intelligence; and if thou lov'st me,
Thou wilt do this; thou need'st not fear to stay;
For there are new-come proclamations out,
Where all are pardoned but myself.

Ism. 'Tis true; and in the same proclamation your fine sister Urania, whom you used so kindly, is proclaim'd heir-apparent to the crown.

Leuc. What though, thou may'st stay at home without danger?

Ism. Danger? hang danger! what tell you me of danger?

Leuc. Why, if thou wilt not do't, I think thou dar'st not.

Ism. I dare not? If you speak in earnest, you are a boy.

Leuc. Well, sir, if you dare, let me see you do't.

Ism. Why, so you shall; I will stay.

Leuc. Why, God-a-mercy——

Ism. You know I love you but too well!

Leuc. Now take these few directions, and fare-well!
Send to me by the wariest ways thou canst:
I have a soul tells me we shall meet often.
The gods protect thee!

Ism. Pox o' myself for an ass, I am crying now! God be with you! if I never see you again, why then —Pray get you gone; for grief and anger wo'not let me know what I say. I'll to the court as fast as I can, and see the new heir-apparent. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter URANIA, *(in boys' clothes) and her* Maid.

Ura. What, hast thou found him?

Maid. Madam, he's coming in.

Ura. God bless my brother, wheresoe'er he is!
And I beseech you keep me fro' the bed
Of any naughty tyrant, whom my mother
Would ha' me have to wrong him.

Enter ISMENUS.

Ism. What would her new grace have with me?

Ura. Leave us awhile.— [*Exit* Maid.
My lord Ismenus,
I pray, for the love of Heaven and God,
That you would tell me one thing, which I know
You can do weel.

Ism. [*Mocking her.*] Where's her fain grace?

Ura. You know me weel inough, but that you mock;
I'm she my sen.

Ism. God bless him that shall be thy husband! if thou wear'st breeches thus soon, thou'lt be as impudent as thy mother.

Ura. But will you tell me this one thing?

Ism. What is it? if it be no great matter whether I do or no, perhaps I will.

Ura. Yes, 'faith, 'tis matter.

Ism. And what is't?

Ura. I pray you let me know whair the prince my brother is.

Ism. I'faith, you shan be hang'd first! Is your mother so foolish to think your good grace can sift it out of me!

Ura. If you have any mercy
Left in you to a poor wench, tell me!

Ism. Why, wouldst not thou have thy brains beat out for this, to follow thy mother's steps so young!

Ura. But, believe me, she knows none of this.

Ism. Believe you! Why do you think I never had wits! or that I am run out of them! How should it belong to you to know, if I could tell!

Ura. Why, I will tell you; and if I speak false,
Let the de'il ha' me! Yonder's a bad man,
Come from a tayrant to my mother, and what name
They ha' for him, good feith, I cannot tell.

Ism. An ambassador?

Ura. That's it: But he would carry me away,
And have me marry his master; and I'll daye
Ere I will ha' him.

Ism. But what's this to knowing where the prince is?

Ura. Yes; for ye know all my mother does
Agen the prince, is but to ma' me great.

Ism. Pray, (I know that too well) what then?

Ura. Why,
I would go to the good marquis my brother,
And put myself into his hands, that so
He may preserve himself.

Ism. Oh, that thou hadst no seed of thy mother in thee, and couldst mean this now!

Ura. Why, feth I do;
'Would I might never stir more if I do not!

Ism. I shall prove a ridiculous fool, I'll be damn'd else: Hang me if I do not half believe thee?

Ura. By my troth, you may.

Ism. By my troth, I do! I know I'm an ass for't, but I cannot help it.

Ura. And won you tell me then?

Ism. Yes, faith will I, or any thing else i' th' world; for I think thou art as good a creature as ever was born.

Ura. But ail go i'this lad's reparel; but you mun help me
To silver.

Ism. Help thee? why, the pox take him that will not help thee to anything i' th' world! I'll help thee to money, and I'll do't presently too: And yet—'Soul, if you should play the scurvy harlotry, little pocky baggage now, and cozen me, what then?

Ura. Why, an I do, would I might ne'er see day again!

Ism. Nay, by this light, I do not think thou wilt: I'll presently provide thee money and a letter. [*Exit.*

Ura. Ay, but I'll ne'er deliver it.
When I have found my brother, I will beg
To serve him; but he shall never know who I am;
For he must hate me then for my bad mother:

I'll say I am a country lad that want a service,
And have stray'd on him by chance, lest he discover me.
I know I must not live long, but that taime
I ha' to spend, shall be in serving him.
And though my mother seek to take his life
Away, in ai day my brother shall be taught
That I was ever good, though she were naught.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BACHA, *reading a Letter, and* TIMANTUS.

Bacha. Run away! the devil be her guide!
Tim. 'Faith, she's gone!
There's a letter; I found it in her pocket.—
'Would I were with her! she's a handsome lady;
A plague upon my bashfulness! I had bobb'd her
Long ago else. [*Aside.*
Bacha. What a base whore is this, that, after all
My ways for her advancement, should so poorly
Make Virtue her undoer, and chuse this time,
The king being deadly sick, and I intending
A present marriage with some foreign prince,
To strengthen and secure myself! She writes here,
Like a wise gentlewoman, she will not stay;
And the example of her dear brother makes
Her fear herself, to whom she means to fly.
Tim. Why, who can help it?
Bacha. Now poverty and lechery, which is thy end,
Rot thee, where'er thou goest, with all thy goodness!
Tim. By'r lady they'll bruise her, an she were of bra s! I am sure they'll break stone walls: I have had experience of them both, and they have made me desperate. But there's a messenger, madam, come from the prince with a letter to Ismenus, who by him returns an answer.
Bacha. This comes as pat as wishes: Thou shalt presently away, Timantus.
Tim. Whither, madam?
Bacha. To the prince! and take the messenger for guide!
Tim. What shall I do there? I have done too much mischief to be believed again; or, indeed, to 'scape with my head on my back, if I be once known.
Bacha. Thou'rt a weak shallow fool! Get thee a disguise;
And withal, when thou com'st before him, have a letter
Feign'd to deliver him; and then, as thou
Hast ever hope of goodness by me, or after me,
Strike one home stroke that shall not need another!
Dar'st thou? speak! dar'st thou? If thou fall'st off,
Go be a rogue again, and lie and pandar
To procure thy meat! Dar'st thou? speak to me.
Tim. Sure I shall never walk when I am dead,
I have no spirit. Madam, I'll be drunk,
But I will do it; that is all my refuge. [*Exit.*
Bacha. Away! no more! then I will raise an army
Whilst the king yet lives, if all the means and power
I have can do it; I cannot tell.

Enter ISMENUS *and the three* Lords.

Ism. Are you inventing still? we'll ease your studies.
Bacha. Why, how now, saucy lords?
Ism. Nay, I'll shake you! yes, devil, I will shake you!
Bacha. Do not you know me, lords?
Nis. Yes, deadly sin, we know you: 'Would we did not!
Ism. Do you hear, whore? a plague o' God upon thee! The duke is dead.
Bacha. Dead?
Ism. Ay, wildfire and brimstone take thee! Good man, he is dead, and past those miseries, which thou, salt infection, like a disease flungest upon his head. Dost thou hear? An 'twere not more respect to womanhood in general than thee, because I had a mother, who—I will not say she was good, she lived so near thy time—I would have thee, in vengeance of this man, whose peace is made in Heaven by this time, tied to a post, and dried i' th' sun; and after carried about, and shewn at fairs for money, with a long story of the devil thy father, that taught thee to be whorish, envious, bloody.
Bacha. Ha, ha, ha!
Ism. You fleering harlot, I'll have a horse to leap thee, and thy base issue shall carry sumpters.—Come, lords; bring her along! We'll to the prince all, where her hell-hood shall wait his censure; and if he spare thee, she-goat, may he lie with thee again! and beside, may'st thou lay upon him some nasty foul disease, that hate still follows, and his end a dry ditch! - Lead, you corrupted whore, or I ll draw a goad shall make you skip; away to the prince!
Bacha. Ha, ha, ha!
I hope yet I shall come too late to find him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Forest, with a Cave in the Back-ground.*

Cornets. CUPID *descends.*

Cupid. The time now of my revenge draws near;
Nor shall it lessen, as I am a god,
With all the cries and prayers that have been,
And those that be to come, though they be infinite
In need and number! [*Ascends.*

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* URANIA *from the Cave.*

Leuc. Alas, poor boy, why dost thou follow me!
What canst thou hope for? I am poor as thou art.
Ura. In good feth, I shall be weell and rich enough
If you will love me, and not put me from you!
Leuc. Why dost thou chuse out me, boy, to undo thee?
Alas, for pity, take another master,
That may be able to deserve thy love
In breeding thee hereafter! me thou knowest not
More than my misery; and therefore canst not
Look for rewards at my hands: 'Would I were able,
My pretty knave, to do thee any kindness!
Truly, good boy, I would, upon my faith;
Thy harmless innocence moves me at heart.
Wilt thou go save thyself? Why dost thou weep?
Alas, I do not chide thee.
Ura. I cannot tell;
If I go from you, sir, I shall ne'er dawn day more
Pray, if you can, (I will be true to you)
Let me wait on you! If I were a man,

I would fight for you: Sure you have some ill-
I would slay 'em. [willers;
Leuc. Such harmless souls are ever prophets. Well
I take thy wish, thou shalt be with me still:
But, pr'ythee eat, my good boy! thou wilt die,
My child, if thou fast one day more; these four days
Thou hast tasted nothing: Go into the cave,
And eat; thou shalt find something for thee,
To bring thy blood again, and thy fair colour.
Ura. I cannot eat, God thank you! but I'll eat
To-morrow.
Leuc. Thou'lt be dead by that time.
Ura. I should be
Well then; for you'll not love me.
Leuc. Indeed I will.—
This is the prettiest passion that e'er I felt yet!—
Why dost thou look so earnestly upon me?
Ura. You have fair eyes, master.
Leuc. Sure the boy dotes!
Why dost thou sigh, my child?
Ura. To think that such
A fine man should live, and no gay lady love him.
Leuc. Thou wilt love me?
Ura. Yes sure, till I die; and when
I am in Heaven, I'll e'en wish for you.
Leuc. And I'll come to thee, boy.—This is a love
I never yet heard tell of.—Come, thou'rt sleepy, child;
Go in, and I'll sit with thee.—Heaven, what portends this?
Ura. You're sad, but I'm not sleepy: 'Would I could
Do aught to make you merry; shall I sing?
Leuc. If thou wilt, good boy. Alas, my boy, that thou
Shouldst comfort me, and art far worse than I!

Enter TIMANTUS, *disguised.*

Ura. La', master, there is one; look to yourself!
Leuc. What art thou that into this dismal place,
Which nothing could find out but misery,
Thus boldly step'st? Comfort was never here;
Here is no food, nor beds, nor any house
Built by a better architect than beasts;
And ere you get a dwelling from one of them,
You must fight for it: If you conquer him,
He is your meat; if not, you must be his.
Tim. I come to you (for, if I not mistake,
You are the prince) from that most noble lord
Ismenus, with a letter.
Ura. Alas, I fear
I shall be discover'd now.
Leuc. Now I feel
Myself the poorest of all mortal taings;
Where is he that receives such courtesies
But he has means to shew his gratefulness
Some way or other? I have none at all!
I know not how to speak so much as well
Of thee, but to these trees.
Tim. His letters speak him, sir.
Ura. Gods keep him but from knowing me till
Ah me! sure I cannot live a day. [I die!
[LEUCIPPUS *opening the Letter, the whilst* TIMANTUS *runs at him, and* URANIA *steps before, and receives the stroke.*
Oh, thou foul traitor!—How do you, master?
Leuc. How dost thou, my child?—Alas! look
It may make thee repentant, to behold [on this;
Those innocent drops that thou hast drawn from thence.
Ura. 'Tis nothing, sir, an you be well.
Tim. Oh, pardon me!
Know you me now, sir?
[*Kneels and discovers himself.*
Leuc. How couldst thou find me out?
Tim. We intercepted
A letter from Ismenus, and the bearer
Directed me.
Leuc. Stand up, Timantus, boldly!
The world conceives that thou art guilty
Of divers treasons to the state and me:
But oh, far be it from the innocence
Of a just man, to give a traitor death
Without a trial! Here the country is not
To purge thee or condemn thee; therefore,
(A nobler trial than thou dost deserve,
Rather than none at all,) here I accuse thee,
Before the face of Heaven, to be a traitor
Both to the duke my father, and to me,
And the whole land. Speak! is it so, or no?
Tim. 'Tis true, sir; Pardon me!
Leuc. Take heed. Timantus,
How thou dost cast away thyself! I must
Proceed to execution hastily
If thou confess it: Speak once again! is't so, or no?
Tim. I am not guilty, sir.
Leuc. Gods and thy sword
Acquit thee! here it is.
[*Delivers him his Sword.*
Tim. I'll not use any violence
Against your highness.
Leuc. At thy peril then!
For this must be thy trial; and from henceforth
Look to thyself!
[TIMANTUS *draws his sword, they fight,* TIMANTUS *falls.*
Tim. I do beseech you, sir,
Let me not fight.
Leuc. Up, up again, Timantus!
There is no way but this, believe me. Now if—
Fy, fy, Timantus! is there no usage can
Recover thee from baseness! Wert thou longer
To converse with men, I would have chid thee for
Be all thy faults forgiven! [this.
Tim. Oh, spare me, sir, I am not fit for death.
Leuc. I think thou art not; yet trust me, fitter than
For life. Yet tell me, ere thy breath be gone
Know'st of any other plots against me?
Tim. Of none.
Leuc. What course wouldst thou have taken, when thou hadst kill'd me?
Tim. I would have ta'en your page, and married her.
Leuc. What page? [URANIA *swooms.*
Tim. Your boy there—— [*Dies.*
Leuc. Is he fall'n mad in death? what does he mean?
Some good god help me at the worst!—How dost thou?
Let not thy misery vex me; thou shalt have
What thy poor heart can wish: I am a prince,
And I will keep thee in the gayest clothes,
And the finest things that ever pretty boy
Had given him.
Ura. I know you well enough.
Feth, I am dying; and now you know all too.

Leuc. But stir up thyself: Look what a jewel here is,
See how it glisters! what a pretty show
Wilt this make in thy little ear! ha, speak!
Eat but a bit, and take it.
Ura. Do you not know me?
Leuc. I pr'ythee mind thy health! why, that's well said;
My good boy, smile still.
Ura. I shall smile till death,
An I see you! I am Urania,
Your sister-in-law.
Leuc. How!
Ura. I am Urania.
Leuc. Dulness did seize me! now I know thee well:
Alas, why cam'st thou hither?
Ura. Feth, for love:
I would not let you know till I was dying;
For you could not love me, my mother was
So naught. [*Dies.*
Leuc. I will love thee, or anything!
What, wilt thou leave me as soon as I know thee?
Speak one word to me! Alas, she is past it!
She will ne'er speak more.—
What noise is that? it is no matter who
Comes on me now.

Enter Ismenus, *with the* Lords *bringing in* Bacha.

What worse than mad are you
That seek out sorrows? if you love delights,
Begone from hence!
Ism. Sir, for you we come,
As soldiers to revenge the wrongs you have suffer'd
Under this naughty creature: What shall be done with her?
Say; I am ready.
Leuc. Leave her to Heaven, brave cousin!
They shall tell her how she has sinn'd against 'em;
My hand shall ne'er be stain'd with such base blood.
Live, wicked mother! that reverend title be
Your pardon! for I'll use no extremity
Against you, but leave you to Heaven.
Bacha. Hell take you all! or, if there be a place
Of torment that exceeds that, get you thither!
And till the devils have you, may your lives
Be one continued plague, and such a one
That knows no friends nor ending! may all ages
That shall succeed curse you, as I do! and,
If it be possible, I ask it Heaven,
That your base issues may be ever monsters,
That must, for shame of Nature and succession,
Be drown'd like dogs! 'Would I had breath to poison you!
Leuc. 'Would you had love within you, and such grief
As might become a mother! Look you there!
Know you that face? that was Urania:
These are the fruits of those unhappy mothers,
That labour with such horrid births as you do!
If you can weep, there's cause; poor innocent,
Your wickedness has kill'd her; I'll weep for you.
Ism. Monstrous woman! Mars would weep at this,
And yet she cannot.
Leuc. Here lies your minion too, slain by my hand:
I will not say you are the cause; yet certain,
I know you were to blame: The gods forgive you!
Ism. See, she stands as if she were inventing
Some new destruction for the world.
Leuc. Ismenus,
Thou art welcome yet to my sad company.
Ism. I come to make you somewhat sadder, sir.
Leuc. You cannot; I am at the height already.
Ism. Your father's dead.
Leuc. I thought so; Heaven be with him!
Oh, woman, woman, weep now or never! thou
Hast made more sorrows than we have eyes to utter.
Bacha. Now let Heaven fall! I'm at the worst of evils;
A thing so miserably wretched, that every thing,
The last of human comforts, hath left me!
I will not be so base and cold to live,
And wait the mercies of these men I hate:
No, 'tis just I die, since Fortune hath left me.
My steep descent attends me: Hand, strike thou home!
I have soul enough to guide: and let all know,
As I stood a queen, the same I'll fall,
And one with me! [*Stabs the* Prince, *then herself.*
Leuc. Oh!
Ism. How do you, sir?
Leuc. Nearer my health than I think any here
My tongue begins to faulter: What is man!
Or who would be one, when he sees a poor weak woman
Can in an instant make him none!
Dor. She's dead already.
Ism. Let her be damn'd
Already, as she is! Post all for surgeons!
Leuc. Let not a man stir! for I am but dead.
I have some few words which I would have you hear,
And am afraid I shall want breath to speak 'em:
First to you, my lords; you know Ismenus is
Undoubted heir of Lycia; I do beseech you all,
When I am dead, to shew your duties to him.
Lords. We vow to do't.
Leuc. I thank you.—Next to you,
Cousin Ismenus, that shall be the duke,
I pray you let the broken images
Of Cupid be re-edified! I know
All this is done by him.
Ism. It shall be so.
Leuc. Last, I beseech you that my mother-in-law
May have a burial according to—— [*Dies.*
Ism. To what, sir?
Dor. There's a full point!
Ism. I will interpret for him: She shall have burial
According to her own deserts, with dogs!
Dor. I would your majesty
Would haste for settling of the people.
Ism. I am ready.
Age. Go; and let the trumpets sound
Some mournful thing, whilst we convey the body
Of this unhappy prince unto the court,
And of that virtuous virgin to a grave!
But drag her to a ditch, where let her lie,
Accurs'd, whilst one man has a memory!
[*A dead march. Exeunt.*

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THIERRY, *King of France.*
THEODORET, *his Brother, Prince of Austracia.*
MARTELL, *their noble Kinsman.*
PROTALDYE, *Gallant to* BRUNHALT.
BAWDBER, *a Pandar.*
LECURE, *Physician to* BRUNHALT.
DE VITRY, *a disbanded Officer.*
Revellers.
Courtiers.
Huntsmen.
A Priest.
A Post.
Soldiers.
Doctors.

BRUNHALT, *Mother to* THIERRY *and* THEODORET.
ORDELLA, *the* King *of* ARRAGON'S *Daughter, married to* THIERRY.
MEMBERGE, THEODORET'S *Daughter.*
Ladies.

SCENE,—FRANCE AND AUSTRACIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—AUSTRACIA. *An Apartment in* THEODORET'S *Palace.*

Enter THEODORET, BRUNHALT, *and* BAWDBER.

Brun. Tax me with these hot taintures?
Theod. You're too sudden;
I do but gently tell you what becomes you,
And what may bend your honour! how these courses,
Of loose and lazy pleasures, not suspected,
But done and known; your mind that grants no limit,
(And all your actions follow,) which loose people,
That see but through a mist of circumstance,
Dare term ambitious; all your ways hide sores
Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers.
Your instruments like these may call the world,
And with a fearful clamour, to examine
Why, and to what we govern. From example,
If not for Virtue's sake, you may be honest:
There have been great ones, good ones, and 'tis necessary,
Because you are yourself, and by yourself,
A self-piece from the touch of power and justice,
You should command yourself. You may imagine
(Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women)
The name of greatness glorifies your actions;
And strong power, like a pent-house, promises
To shade you from opinion: Take heed, mother!
And let us all take heed! these most abuse us:
The sins we do people behold through optics,
Which shew them ten times more than common vices,
And often multiply them: Then what justice
Dare we inflict upon the weak offenders,
When we are thieves ourselves?
Brun. This is Martell,
Studied and penn'd unto you; whose base person,
I charge you by the love you owe a mother,
And as you hope for blessings from her prayers,
Neither to give belief to, nor allowance!
Next, I tell you, sir, you, from whom obedience
Is so far fled that you dare tax a mother,
Nay, further, brand her honour with your slanders,
And break into the treasures of her credit,
Your easiness is abused, your faith freighted
With lies, malicious lies; your merchant Mischief;
He that ne'er knew more trade than tales, and tumbling
Suspicions into honest hearts: What you, or he,
Or all the world, dare lay upon my worth,
This for your poor opinions! I am she,
And so will bear myself, whose truth and white-
Shall ever stand as far from these detections [ness
As you from duty. Get you better servants,
People of honest actions, without ends,
And whip these knaves away! they eat your favours,
And turn 'em unto poisons. My known credit,
Whom all the courts o' this side Nile have envied,
And happy she could cite me, brought in question,
Now in my hours of age and reverence,
When rather superstition should be render'd?
And by a rush that one day's warmth
Hath shot up to this swelling? Give me justice,
Which is his life!
Theod. This is an impudence,
(And he must tell you, that till now, mother,
Brought you a son's obedience, and now breaks it)
Above the sufferance of a son.
Baw. Bless us! [*Aside.*
For I do now begin to feel myself
Turning into a halter, and the ladder
Turning from me, one pulling at my legs too.
Theod. These truths are no man's tales, but all men's troubles;

So much importance attached to honour

They are, though your strange greatness would out-stare 'em:
Witness the daily libels, almost ballads,
In every place, almost in every province,
And made upon your lust; tavern discourses;
Crowds cramm'd with whispers; nay, the holy temples
Are not without your curses. Now you would blush;
But your black tainted blood dare not appear,
For fear I should fright that too.

Brun. Oh, ye gods!

Theod. Do not abuse their names! they see your actions:
And your conceal'd sins, though you work like moles,
Lie level to their justice.

Brun. Art thou a son?

Theod. The more my shame is of so bad a mother,
And more your wretchedness you let me be so.
But, woman, (for a mother's name hath left me,
Since you have left your honour) mend these ruins,
And build again that broken fame; and fairly,
(Your most intemperate fires have burnt) and quickly,
Within these ten days, take a monastery,
A most strict house; a house where none may whisper,
Where no more light is known but what may make you
Believe there is a day; where no hope dwells,
Nor comfort but in tears——

Brun. Oh, misery!

Theod. And there to cold repentance, and starved penance,
Tie your succeeding days: Or curse me, Heaven,
If all your gilded knaves, brokers, and bedders,
Even he you built from nothing, strong Protaldye,
Be not made ambling geldings! all your maids,
If that name do not shame 'em, fed with spunges
To suck away their rankness! and yourself
Only to empty pictures and dead arras
Offer your old desires!

Brun. I will not curse you,
Nor lay a prophecy upon your pride,
Though Heaven might grant me both; unthankful, no!
I nourish'd you; 'twas I, poor I, groan'd for you;
'Twas I felt what you suffer'd; I lamented
When sickness or sad hours held back your sweetness;
'Twas I pay'd for your sleeps; I watch'd your wakings;
My daily cares and fears that rid, play'd, walk'd,
Discoursed, discover'd, fed and fashion'd you
To what you are; and am I thus rewarded!

Theod. But that I know these tears, I could dote on 'em,
And kneel to catch 'em as they fall, then knit 'em
Into an armlet, ever to be honour'd:
But, woman, they are dangerous drops, deceitful,
Full of the weeper, anger and ill nature.

Brun. In my last hours despised!

Theod. That text should tell
How ugly it becomes you to err thus:
Your flames are spent, nothing but smoke maintains you;
And those your favour and your bounty suffers,
Lie not with you, they do but lay lust on you,
And then embrace you as they caught a palsy;
Your power they may love, and, like Spanish jennets,
Commit with such a gust——

Baw. I would take whipping,
And pay a fine now! [*Aside. Exit.*

Theod. But were you once disgraced,
Or fall'n in wealth, like leaves they would fly from you,
And become browse for every beast. You will'd me
To stock myself with better friends, and servants;
With what face dare you see me, or any mankind,
That keep a race of such unheard-of relics,
Bawds, lechers, leeches, female fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to shew examples, and (lest Art
Should lose herself in act) to call back custom?
Leave these, and live like Niobe! I told you how;
And when your eyes have dropt away remembrance
Of what you were, I am your son: Perform it! [*Exit.*

Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me
To tie this tiger up? a soul to no end?
Have I got shame, and lost my will? Brunhalt,
From this accursed hour forget thou bor'st him,
Or any part of thy blood gave him living!
Let him be to thee an antipathy,
A thing thy nature sweats at, and turns backward;
Throw all the mischiefs on him that thyself,
Or women worse than thou art, have invented,
And kill him drunk, or doubtful!

Enter Bawdber, Protaldye, *and* Lecurs.

Baw. Such a sweat
I never was in yet! clipt of my minstrels,
My toys to prick up wenches withal? uphold me;
It runs like snow-balls through me!

Brun. Now, my varlets,
My slaves, my running thoughts, my executions!

Baw. Lord, how she looks!

Brun. Hell take you all!

Baw. We shall be gelt.

Brun. Your mistress,
Your old and honour'd mistress, you tired curtals,
Suffers for your base sins! I must be cloister'd,
Mew'd up to make me virtuous: Who can help this?
Now you stand still, like statues! Come, Protaldye!
One kiss before I perish, kiss me strongly!
Another, and a third!

Lec. I fear not gelding,
As long as she holds this way.

Brun. The young courser,
That unlick'd lump of mine, will win thy mistress;
Must I be chaste, Protaldye?

Prot. Thus, and thus, lady! [*Kisses her.*

Brun. It shall be so: Let him seek fools for vestals!
Here is my cloister.

Lec. But what safety, madam,
Find you in staying here?

Brun. Thou hast hit my meaning:
I will to Thierry, son of my blessings,
And there complain me, tell my tale so subtilly,
That the cold stones shall sweat, and statues mourn;
And thou shalt weep, Protaldye, in my witness;
And these forswear.

Baw. Yes: any thing but gelding!
I am not yet in quiet, noble lady:
Let it be done to-night, for without doubt
To-morrow we are capons!

Brun. Sleep shall not seize me.

ny food befriend me but thy kisses,
forsake this desart. I live honest?
ay as well bid dead men walk! I humbled,
nt below my power? let night-dogs tear me,
oblins ride me in my sleep to jelly,
forsake my sphere!
. This place you will.
n. What's that to you, or any,
oss, ye powder'd pigsbones, rhubarb glisters!
you know my designs? a college of you
roverb makes but fools.
t. But, noble lady——
n. You are a saucy ass too! Off I will not,
but anger me, till a sow-gelder
cut you all like colts: Hold me, and kiss me!
am too much troubled. Make up my trea-
et me horses private; come, about it! [sure,
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

ter Theodoret, Martell, *and* Attendants.

od. Though I assure myself, Martell, your counsel
o other end but allegiance and my honour,
am jealous, I have pass'd the bounds
on's duty: For, suppose her worse
your report, not by bare circumstance,
ident proof confirm'd, has given her out;
nce all weaknesses in a kingdom are
ore to be severely punish'd, than
ults of kings are, by the Thunderer,
as they offend, to be revenged;
for piety, yet for policy,
some are of necessity to be spared,
it, and now I wish I had not look'd
such strict eyes into her follies.
r. Sir,
y well discharged is never follow'd
l repentance; nor did your highness ever
payment of the debt you owed her, better
in your late reproofs, not of her, but
crimes that made her worthy of reproof.
ost remarkable point in which kings differ
private men, is that they not alone
bound to be in themselves innocent,
at all such as are allied to them
rness, or dependence, by their care
l be free from suspicion of all crime
ou have reap'd a double benefit
this last great act: First, in the restraint
lost pleasures you remove the example
others of the like licentiousness;
when 'tis known that your severity
ded to your mother, who dares hope for
ast indulgence or connivance in
siest slips that may prove dangerous
u, or to the kingdom?
od. I must grant
reasons good, Martell, if, as she is
other, she had been my subject, or
nly here she could make challenge to
e of being: But I know her temper,
ar (if such a word become a king)
in discovering her, I have let loose
ess, whose rage, being shut up in darkness,
rievous only to herself; which, brought
he view of light, her cruelty,
ked by her own shame, will turn on him
That foolishly presumed to let her see
The loath'd shape of her own deformity.
Mar. Beasts of that nature, when rebellious
Begin to appear only in their eyes, [threats
Or any motion that may give suspicion
Of the least violence, should be chained up;
Their fangs and teeth, and all their means of hurt,
Pared off, and knock'd out; and, so made unable
To do ill, they would soon begin to loath it.
I'll apply nothing; but had your grace done,
Or would do yet, what your less-forward zeal
In words did only threaten, far less danger
Would grow from acting it on her, than may
Perhaps have being from her apprehension
Of what may once be practised: For, believe it,
Who, confident of his own power, presumes
To spend threats on an enemy, that hath means
To shun the worst they can effect, gives armour
To keep off his own strength; nay, more, disarms
Himself, and lies unguarded 'gainst all harms
Or doubt or malice may produce.
Theod. 'Tis true:
And such a desperate cure I would have used,
If the intemperate patient had not been
So near me as a mother; but to her,
And from me, gentle unguents only were
To be applied: And as physicians,
When they are sick of fevers, eat themselves
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others, though alike diseased;
So she, considering what she is, may challenge
Those cordials to restore her, by her birth
And privilege, which at no suit must be
Granted to others.
Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aim'd at! I am silent.

Enter Dr Vitry, *laughing.*

Theod. What laugh'd you at, sir?
Vitry. I have some occasion,
I should not else; and the same cause perhaps
That makes me do so, may beget in you
A contrary effect.
Theod. Why, what's the matter?
Vitry. I see, and joy to see, that sometimes poor men
(And most of such are good) stand more indebted
For means to breathe to such as are held vicious,
Than those that wear, like hypocrites, on their foreheads
The ambitious titles of just men and virtuous.
Mart. Speak to the purpose!
Vitry. Who would e'er have thought
The good old queen, your highness' reverend mo-
Into whose house (which was an academe, [ther,
In which all principles of lust were practised)
No soldier might presume to set his foot;
At whose most blessed intercession
All offices in the state were charitably
Conferr'd on pandars, o'er-worn chamber-wrest-
And such physicians as knew how to kill [lers,
With safety, under the pretence of saving,
And such-like children of a monstrous peace;
That she, I say, should at the length provide
That men of war, and honest younger brothers,
That would not owe their feeding to their codpiece,
Should be esteem'd of more than moths or drones,
Or idle vagabonds.
Theod. I am glad to hear it;
Pr'ythee what course takes she to do this?

Vitry. One
That cannot fail: She and her virtuous train,
With her jewels, and all that was worthy the carrying,
The last night left the court; and, as 'tis more
Than said, for 'tis confirm'd by such as met her,
She's fled unto your brother.
Theod. How!
Vitry. Nay, storm not;
For if that wicked tongue of hers hath not
Forgot its pace, and Thierry be a prince
Of such a fiery temper as report
Has given him out for, you shall have cause to use
Such poor men as myself; and thank us too
For coming to you, and without petitions:
Pray Heaven reward the good old woman for't!
Mart. I foresaw this.
Theod. I hear a tempest coming,
That sings mine and my kingdom's ruin. Haste,
And cause a troop of horse to fetch her back!—
Yet stay! why should I use means to bring in
A plague that of herself hath left me?—Muster
Our soldiers up! we'll stand upon our guard;
For we shall be attempted!—Yet forbear!
The inequality of our powers will yield me
Nothing but loss in their defeature: Something
Must be done, and done suddenly. Save your labour!
In this I'll use no counsel but mine own!
That course, though dangerous, is best. Command
Our daughter be in readiness to attend us!
Martell, your company! and, honest Vitry,
Thou wilt along with me?
Vitry. Yes, anywhere;
To be worse than I'm here, is past my fear.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—PARIS. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter THIERRY, BRUNHALT, BAWDBER, *and* LECURE.

Thi. You are here in a sanctuary: and that
Who, since he hath forgot to be a son, [viper
I much disdain to think of as a brother)
Had better, in despite of all the gods,
To have razed their temples, and spurn'd down
Than, in his impious abuse of you, [their altars,
To have call'd on my just anger.
Brun. Princely son,
And in this worthy of a nearer name,
I have, in the relation of my wrongs,
Been modest, and no word my tongue deliver'd
To express my insupportable injuries,
But gave my heart a wound: Nor has my grief
Being from what I suffer; but that he,
Degenerate as he is, should be the actor
Of my extremes, and force me to divide
The fires of brotherly affection,
Which should make but one flame.
Thi. That part of his,
As it deserves, shall burn no more, if or
The tears of orphans, widows, or all such
As dare acknowledge him, to be their lord,
Join'd to your wrongs, with his heart-blood have power
To put it out: And you, and these your servants,
Who in our favours shall find cause to know,
In that they left not you, how dear we hold them,
Shall give Theodoret to understand
His ignorance of the prizeless jewel which
He did possess in you, mother, in you;
Of which I am more proud to be the owner,
Than if the absolute rule of all the world
Were offer'd to this hand. Once more, you are welcome!
Which with all ceremony due to greatness
I would make known, but that our just revenge
Admits not of delay.—Your hand, lord-general!

Enter PROTALDYE *with* Soldiers.

Brun. Your favour and his merit, I must say,
Have made him such: but I am jealous how
Your subjects will receive it.
Thi. How! my subjects?
What do you make of me? Oh, Heaven! my subjects?
How base should I esteem the name of prince,
If that poor dust were any thing before
The whirlwind of my absolute command!
Let 'em be happy, and rest so contented,
They pay the tribute of their hearts and knees
To such a prince, that not alone has power
To keep his own, but to encrease it; that,
Although he hath a body may add to
The famed night-labour of strong Hercules,
Yet is the master of a continence
That so can temper it, that I forbear
Their daughters, and their wives; whose hands, though strong,
As yet have never drawn by unjust mean
Their proper wealth into my treasury!—
But I grow glorious—and let them beware
That, in their least repining at my pleasures,
They change not a mild prince (for if provoked,
I dare and will be so) into a tyrant!
Brun. You see there's hope that we shall rule again, [*Apart to* LECURE *and* BAWDBER.
And your fall'n fortunes rise.
Baw. I hope your highness
Is pleased that I should still hold my place with you;
For I have been so long used to provide you
Fresh bits of flesh since mine grew stale, that surely,
If cashier'd now, I shall prove a bad caterer
In the fish-market of cold Chastity.
Lec. For me, I am your own; nor, since I first
Knew what it was to serve you, have remember'd
I had a soul, but such a one whose essence
Depended wholly on your highness' pleasure;
And therefore, madam——
Brun. Rest assured you are
Such instruments we must not lose!
Lec. Baw. Our service!
Thi. You have view'd them then? what's your opinion of them?
In this dull time of peace, we have prepared 'em
Apt for the war; ha?
Prot. Sir, they have limbs
That promise strength sufficient, and rich armours
The soldier's best-loved wealth: More, it appears

They have been drill'd, nay, very prettily drill'd;
For many of them can discharge their musquets
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offensive to the standers-by,
By sweating too much backwards: Nay, I find
They know the right and left-hand file, and may,
With some impulsion, no doubt be brought
To pass the *A, B, C*, of war, and come
Unto the horn-book.

Thi. Well, that care is yours;
And see that you effect it!

Prot. I am slow
To promise much; but if within ten days,
By precepts and examples, not drawn from
Worm-eaten precedents, of the Roman wars,
But from mine own, I make them not transcend
All that e'er yet bore arms, let it be said
Protaldye brags, which would be unto me
As hateful as to be esteem'd a coward!
For, sir, few captains know the way to win him,
And make the soldier valiant. You shall see me
Lie with them in their trenches, talk, and drink,
And be together drunk; and what seems stranger,
We'll sometimes wench together, which, once practised,
And with some other care and hidden arts,
They being all made mine, I'll breathe into them
Such fearless resolution and such fervour,
That, though I brought them to besiege a fort
Whose walls were steeple-high, and cannon-proof,
Not to be undermined, they should fly up
Like swallows; and, the parapet once won,
For proof of their obedience, if I will'd them,
They should leap down again; and what is more,
By some directions they should have from me,
Not break their necks.

Thi. This is above belief.

Brun. Sir, on my knowledge, though he hath spoke much,
He's able to do more.

Lec. She means on her. [*Apart.*

Brun. And howsoever in his thankfulness,
For some few favours done him by myself,
He left Austracia; not Theodoret,
Though he was chiefly aim'd at, could have laid,
With all his dukedom's power, that shame upon him,
Which in his barbarous malice to my honour,
He swore with threats to effect.

Thi. I cannot but
Believe you, madam.—Thou art one degree
Grown nearer to my heart, and I am proud
To have in thee so glorious a plant
Transported hither: In thy conduct, we
Go on assured of conquest; our remove
Shall be with the next sun.

Enter THEODORET, MEMBERGE, MARTELL, *and* DE VITRY.

Lec. Amazement leave me!
'Tis he.

Baw. We are again undone!

Prot. Our guilt
Hath no assurance nor defence.

Baw. If now
Your ever-ready wit fail to protect us,
We shall be all discovered.

Brun. Be not so
In your amazement and your foolish fears!
I am prepared for't.

Theod. How! not one poor welcome,
In answer of so long a journey made
Only to see you, brother!

Thi. I have stood
Silent thus long, and am yet unresolved
Whether to entertain thee on my sword,
As fits a parricide of a mother's honour;
Or whether, being a prince, I yet stand bound
(Though thou art here condemn'd) to give thee hearing,
Before I execute. What foolish hope,
(Nay, pray you forbear) or desperate madness rather,
(Unless thou com'st assured, I stand in debt
As far to all impiety as thyself)
Has made thee bring thy neck unto the axe?
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw fresh blood from thy sear'd-up conscience,
To make thee sensible of that horror, which
They ever bear about them, that like Nero—
Like, said I? thou art worse; since thou dar'st strive
In her defame to murder thine alive.

Theod. That she that long since had the boldness to
Be a bad woman, (though I wish some other
Should so report her) could not want the cunning,
Since they go hand in hand, to lay fair colours
On her black crimes, I was resolved before;
Nor make I doubt but that she hath impoison'd
Your good opinion of me, and so far
Incensed your rage against me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.

Brun. To excuse
Thy impious scandals rather!

Prot. Rather forced with fear
To be compell'd to come.

Thi. Forbear!

Theod. This moves not me; and yet, had I not been
Transported on my own integrity,
I neither am so odious to my subjects,
Nor yet so barren of defence, but that
By force I could have justified my guilt,
Had I been faulty: But since Innocence
Is to itself an hundred thousand guards,
And that there is no son, but though he owe
That name to an ill mother, but stands bound
Rather to take away, with his own danger,
From the number of her faults, than, for his own
Security, to add unto them: This,
This hath made me to prevent the expence
Of blood on both sides; the injuries, the rapes,
(Pages, that ever wait upon the war)
The account of all which, since you are the cause,
Believe it, would have been required from you;
Rather I say to offer up my daughter,
Who living only could revenge my death,
With my heart-blood a sacrifice to your anger,
Than that you should draw on your head more curses
Than yet you have deserved.

Thi. I do begin [*Apart.*
To feel an alteration in my nature,
And, in his full-sail'd confidence, a shower
Of gentle rain, that, falling on the fire
Of my hot rage, hath quench'd it. Ha! I would
Once more speak roughly to him, and I will;
Yet there is something whispers to me, that
I have said too much: How is my heart divided
Between the duty of a son, and love
Due to a brother! Yet I am sway'd here,
And must ask of you, how 'tis possible
You can affect me, that have learn'd to hate
Where you should pay all love?

Theod. Which, join'd with duty,

Upon my knees I should be proud to tender,
Had she not used herself so many swords
To cut those bonds that tied me to it.
Thi. Fy,
No more of that!
Theod. Alas, it is a theme
I take no pleasure to discourse of: 'Would
It could as soon be buried to the world,
As it should die to me! nay more, I wish
(Next to my part of Heaven) that she would spend
The last part of her life so here, that all
Indifferent judges might condemn me for
A most malicious slanderer, nay, text it
Upon my forehead.—If you hate me, mother,
Put me to such a shame; pray you do! Believe it,
There is no glory that may fall upon me,
Can equal the delight I should receive
In that disgrace; provided the repeal
Of your long-banish'd virtues, and good name,
Usher'd me to it.
Thi. See, she shews herself
An easy mother, which her tears confirm!
Theod. 'Tis a good sign; the comfortablest rain
I ever saw.
Thi. Embrace!—Why, this is well:
May never more but love in you, and duty
On your part, rise between you!
Baw. Do you hear, lord-general?
Does not your new-stamp'd honour on the sudden
Begin to grow sick?
Prot. Yes; I find it fit,
That, putting off my armour, I should think of
Some honest hospital to retire to.
Baw. Sure,
Although I am a bawd, yet being a lord,
They cannot whip me for't: What's your opinion?
Lec. The beadle will resolve you, for I cannot:
There's something that more near concerns myself,
That calls upon me.
Mart. Note but yonder scarabs,
That lived upon the dung of her base pleasures;
How from the fear that she may yet prove honest
Hang down their wicked heads!
Vitry. What's that to me?
Though they and all the polecats of the court,
Were truss'd together, I perceive not how
It can advantage me a cardecue,
To help to keep me honest. [*A horn.*

Enter a Post.

Thi. How! from whence?
Post. These letters will resolve your grace.
Thi. What speak they?— [*Reads*
How all things meet to make me this day happy!
See, mother, brother, to your reconcilement
Another blessing, almost equal to it,
Is coming towards me! my contracted wife
Ordella, daughter of wise Datarick,
The king of Arragon, is on our confines:
Then, to arrive at such a time, when you
Are happily here to honour with your presence
Our long-deferr'd, but much-wish'd nuptial,
Falls out above expression! Heaven be pleased
That I may use these blessings pour'd on me
With moderation!
Brun. Hell and furies aid me, [*Apart.*
That I may have power to avert the plagues,
That press upon me!
Thi. Two days' journey, say'st thou?
We will set forth to meet her. In the mean time,
See all things be prepared to entertain her:
Nay, let me have your companies! there's a forest
In the midway shall yield us hunting sport,
To ease our travel! I'll not have a brow
But shall wear mirth upon it; therefore clear them
We'll wash away all sorrow in glad feasts;
And the war we meant to men, we'll make on beasts.
[*Exeunt all but* BRUNHALT, BAWDER, PROTALDYS, LECURE.
Brun. Oh, that I had the magic to transform you
Into the shape of such, that your own hounds
Might tear you piece-meal! Are you so stupid?
No word of comfort? Have I fed your mouths
From my excess of moisture, with such cost,
And can you yield no other retribution,
But to devour your maker? pandar, sponge,
Impoisoner, all grown barren?
Prot. You yourself,
That are our mover, and for whom alone
We live, have fail'd yourself, in giving way
To the reconcilement of your sons.
Lec. Which if
You had prevented, or would teach us how
They might again be severed, we could easily
Remove all other hindrances that stop
The passage of your pleasures.
Baw. And for me,
If I fail in my office to provide you
Fresh delicates, hang me!
Brun. Oh, you are dull, and find not
The cause of my vexation; their reconcilement
Is a mock castle built upon the sand
By children, which, when I am pleased to o'er-
I can with ease spurn down. [throw,
Lec. If so, from whence
Grows your affliction?
Brun. My grief comes along
With the new queen, in whose grace all my power
Must suffer shipwreck: For me now,
That hitherto have kept the first, to know
A second place, or yield the least precedence
To any other, 's death! to have my sleeps
Less enquired after, or my rising up
Saluted with less reverence, or my gates
Empty of suitors, or the king's great favours
To pass through any hand but mine, or he
Himself to be directed by another,
Would be to me—Do you understand me yet?
No means to prevent this?
Prot. Fame gives her out
To be a woman of a chastity
Not to be wrought upon; and therefore, madam,
For me, though I have pleased you, to attempt her,
Were to no purpose.
Brun. Tush, some other way!
Baw. 'Faith, I know none else; all my bringing up
Aim'd at no other learning.
Lec. Give me leave!
If my art fail me not, I have thought on
A speeding project.
Brun. What is't? but effect it,
And thou shalt be my Æsculapius;
Thy image shall be set up in pure gold,
To which I will fall down, and worship it.
Lec. The lady's fair?
Brun. Exceeding fair.
Lec. And young?
Brun. Some fifteen at the most.

Lec. And loves the king
With equal ardour?
Brun. More; she dotes on him.
Lec. Well then; what think you if I make a drink,
Which, given unto him on the bridal-night,
Shall for five days so rob his faculties
Of all ability to pay that duty
Which new-made wives expect, that she shall swear
She is not match'd to a man?
Prot. 'Twere rare!
Lec. And then,
If she have any part of woman in her,
She'll or fly out, or at least give occasion
Of such a breach which ne'er can be made up;
Since he that to all else did never fail
Of as much as could be perform'd by man,
Proves only ice to her.
Brun. 'Tis excellent!
Baw. The physician
Helps ever at a dead lift: A fine calling,
That can both raise and take down: Out upon thee!
Brun. For this one service, I am ever thine!
Prepare't; I'll give it him myself.—For you, Protaldye,
By this kiss, and our promised sport at night
I do conjure you to bear up, not minding
The opposition of Theodoret,
Or any of his followers: Whatsoever
You are, yet you appear valiant, and make good
The opinion that is had of you! For myself,
In the new queen's remove being made secure,
Fear not, I'll make the future building sure.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest. Winding of Horns.*

Enter THEODORET *and* THIERRY.

Theod. This stag stood well, and cunningly.
Thi. My horse,
I am sure, has found it, for his sides are blooded
From flank to shoulder. Where's the troop?

Enter MARTELL.

Theod. Pass'd homeward,
Weary and tired as we are.—Now, Martell;
Have you remember'd what we thought of?
Mart. Yes, sir; I have snigled him; and if
Any desert in's blood, beside the itch, [there be
Or manly heat, but what decoctions,
Leeches, and cullises have cramm'd into him,
Your lordship shall know perfect.
Thi. What is that?
May not I know too?
Theod. Yes, sir; to that end
We cast the project.
Thi. What is't?
Mart. A desire, sir,
Upon the gilded flag your grace's favour
Has stuck up for a general; and to inform you
(For this hour he shall pass the test) what valour,
Staid judgment, soul, or safe discretion,
Your mother's wandering eyes, and your obedience,
Have flung upon us; to assure your knowledge,
He can be, dare be, shall be, must be nothing
(Load him with piles of honours, set him off
With all the cunning foils that may deceive us!)
But a poor, cold, unspirited, unmanner'd,
Unhonest, unaffected, undone fool,
And most unheard-of coward; a mere lump,
Made to load beds withal, and, like a night-mare,
Ride ladies that forget to say their prayers;
One that dares only be diseased, and in debt;
Whose body mews more plaisters every month,
Than women do old faces!
Thi. No more! I know him;
I now repent my error: Take your time,
And try him home, ever thus far reserved,
You tie your anger up!
Mart. I lose it else, sir.
Thi. Bring me his sword fair-taken without [violence,
(For that will best declare him)——
Theod. That's the thing.
Thi. And my best horse is thine.
Mart. Your grace's servant! [*Exit.*
Theod. You'll hunt no more, sir?
Thi. Not to-day; the weather
Is grown too warm; besides, the dogs are spent:
We'll take a cooler morning. Let's to horse,
And halloo in the troop! [*Exeunt. Wind horns.*

Enter two Huntsmen.

1 *Hunts.* Ay marry, Twainer,
This woman gives indeed; these are the angels
That are the keepers' saints!
2 *Hunts.* I like a woman
That handles the deer's dowsets with discretion,
And pays us by proportion.
1 *Hunts.* 'Tis no treason
To think this good old lady has a stump yet,
That may require a coral.
2 *Hunts.* And the bells too;
She has lost a friend of me else.

Enter PROTALDYE.

But here's the clerk:
No more, for fear o' th' bell-ropes!
Prot. How now, keepers?
Saw you the king?
1 *Hunts.* Yes, sir; he's newly mounted,
And, as we take it, ridden home.
Prot. Farewell then! [*Exeunt* Huntsmen.

Enter MARTELL.

Mart. My honour'd lord, fortune has made me happy
To meet with such a man of men to side me.
Prot. How, sir? I know you not,
Nor what your fortune means.
Mart. Few words shall serve:
I am betray'd, sir; innocent and honest,
Malice and violence are both against me,
Basely and foully laid for; for my life, sir!
Danger is now about me, now in my throat, sir.
Prot. Where, sir?
Mart. Nay, I fear not;
And let it now pour down in storms upon me,
I have met a noble guard.
Prot. Your meaning, sir?
For I have present business.
Mart. Oh, my lord,
Your honour cannot leave a gentleman,
At least a fair design of this brave nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profession
Hatch'd in, and made one piece, in such a peril.
There are but six, my lord.
Prot. What six?
Mart. Six villains;
Sworn, and in pay to kill me.
Prot. Six?

Mart. Alas, sir,
What can six do, or six score, now you're present?
Your name will blow 'em off: Say they have shot too;
Who dare present a piece? your valour's proof, sir.
Prot. No, I'll assure you, sir, nor my discretion,
Against a multitude. 'Tis true, I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough;
But wisdom, sir, and weight of what is on me,
(In which I am no more mine own, nor your's, sir,
Nor, as I take it, any single danger,
But what concerns my place) tells me directly,
Beside my person, my fair reputation,
If I thrust into crowds, and seek occasions,
Suffers opinion. Six? Why Hercules
Avoided two, man: Yet, not to give example,
But only for your present danger's sake, sir,
Were there but four, sir, I cared not if I kill'd them;
They'll serve to whet my sword.
Mart. There are but four, sir;
I did mistake them: But four such as Europe,
Excepting your great valour——
Prot. Well consider'd!
I will not meddle with 'em; four, in honour,
Are equal with four score: Besides, they are people
Only directed by their fury.
Mart. So much nobler
Shall be your way of justice.
Prot. That I find not.
Mart. You will not leave me thus?
Prot. I would not leave you; but, look you, sir,
Men of my place and business must not
Be question'd thus.
Mart. You cannot pass, sir,
Now they have seen me with you, without danger:
They are here, sir, within hearing. Take but two!
Prot. Let the law take 'em! take a tree, sir—
I'll take my horse—that you may keep with safety,
If they have brought no hand-saws. Within this hour
I'll send you rescue, and a toil to take 'em.
Mart. You shall not go so poorly. Stay! but one, sir!
Prot. I have been so hamper'd with these rescues,
So hew'd and tortured, that the truth is, sir,
I have mainly vow'd against 'em. Yet, for your sake,
If, as you say, there be but one, I'll stay
And see fair play o' both sides.
Mart. There is no
More, sir, and, as I doubt, a base one too.
Prot. Fy on him! Go, lug him out by th' ears!
Mart. Yes, this is he, sir; the basest in the kingdom. [*Seizes him.*
Prot. Do you know me?
Mart. Yes, for a general fool,
A knave, a coward, an upstart stallion bawd,
Beast, barking puppy, that dares not bite.
Prot. The best man best knows patience.
Mart. Yes,
This way, sir; now draw your sword, and right you, [*Kicks him.*
Or render it to me; for one you shall do!
Prot. If wearing it may do you any honour,
I shall be glad to grace you; there it is, sir!
Mart. Now get you home, and tell your lady mistress,
She has shot up a sweet mushroom! quit your place too,
And say you are counsell'd well; thou wilt be beaten else
By thine own lanceprisadoes, (when they know thee)
That tuns of oil of roses will not cure thee:
Go, get you to your foining work at court,
And learn to sweat again, and eat dry mutton!
An armour like a frost will search your bones
And make you roar, you rogue! not a reply,
For if you do, your ears go off!
Prot. Still patience! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Paris. *A Hall in the Palace.*

Loud Musick. A Banquet set out.

Enter Thierry, Ordella, Brunhalt, Theodoret, Lecure, Bawdber, *and* Attendants.

Thi. It is your place; and though in all things
You may, and ever shall command me, yet
In this I'll be obey'd.
Ord. Sir, the consent
That made me yours, shall never teach me to
Repent I am so: Yet be you but pleased
To give me leave to say so much: the honour
You offer me were better given to her,
To whom you owe the power of giving.
Thi. Mother,
You hear this, and rejoice in such a blessing
That pays to you so large a share of duty.—
But, fy! no more! for as you hold a place
Nearer my heart than she, you must sit nearest
To all those graces that are in the power
Of majesty to bestow.
Brun. Which I'll provide [*Aside.*
Shall be short-lived.—Lecure!
Lec. I have it ready.
Brun. 'Tis well; wait on our cup.
Lec. You honour me.
Thi. We are dull;
No object to provoke mirth?
Theod. Martell,
If you remember, sir, will grace your feast
With something that will yield matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.
Thi. Touching Protaldye?
Theod. You have it.
Brun. What of him?—I fear his baseness,
In spite of all the titles that my favours
Have cloth'd him with, will make discovery
Of what is yet conceal'd. [*Asun.*

Enter Martell, *with* Protaldye's *sword.*

Theod. Look, sir; he has it!
Nay, we shall have peace, when so great a soldier
As the renown'd Protaldye will give up
His sword, rather than use it.
Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turn on thine own head! [*Aside.*
Thi. Pray you speak;
How won you him to part from't?
Mart. Won him, sir?
He would have yielded it upon his knees,
Before he would have hazarded the exchange
Of a fillip of the forehead: Had you will'd me,
I durst have undertook he should have sent you
His nose, provided that the loss of it
Might have saved the rest of his face. He is, sir,

The most unutterable coward that e'er nature
Bless'd with hard shoulders; which were only
To the ruin of bastinadoes. [given him
Thi. Possible?
Theod. Observe but how she frets!
Mart. Why, believe it,
But that I know the shame of this disgrace
Will make the beast to live with such, and never
Presume to come more among men, I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a parish-top,
And make him dance before you.
Brun. Slave, thou liest!
Thou dar'st as well speak treason in the hearing
Of those that have the power to punish it,
As the least syllable of this before him:
But 'tis thy hate to me.
Mart. Nay, pray you, madam;
I have no ears to hear you, though a foot
To let you understand what he is.
Brun. Villain——
Theod. You are too violent.

Enter PROTALDYE.

Prot. The worst that can come
Is blanketing; for beating, and such virtues,
I have been long acquainted with.
Mart. Oh, strange!
Baw. Behold the man you talk of!
Brun. Give me leave!
Or free thyself—think in what place you are—
From the foul imputation that is laid
Upon thy valour—be bold; I'll protect you—
Or here I vow—deny it or forswear it—
These honours which thou wear'st unworthily—
Which be but impudent enough, and keep them—
Shall be torn from thee, with thy eyes.
Prot. I have it.—
My valour? is there any here, beneath
The style of king, dares question it?
Thi. This is rare!
Prot. Which of my actions, which have still been noble,
Has render'd me suspected?
Thi. Nay, Martell,
You must not fall off.
Mart. Oh, sir, fear it not:—
Do you know this sword?
Prot. Yes.
Mart. 'Pray you on what terms
Did you part with it?
Prot. Part with it, say you?
Mart. So.
Thi. Nay, study not an answer; confess freely.
Prot. Oh, I remember't now: At the stag's fall,
As we to-day were hunting, a poor fellow,
(And, now I view you better, I may say
Much of your pitch) this silly wretch I spoke of,
With this petition falling at my feet,
(Which much against my will he kiss'd) desired,
That, as a special means for his preferment,
I would vouchsafe to let him use my sword,
To cut off the stag's head.
Brun. Will you hear that?
Baw. This lie bears a similitude of truth.
Prot. I, ever courteous (a great weakness in me),
Granted his humble suit.
Mart. Oh, impudence!
Thi. This change is excellent.
Mart. A word with you:
Deny it not! I was that man disguised:
You know my temper, and, as you respect
A daily cudgelling for one whole year,
Without a second pulling by the ears,
Or tweaks by the nose, or the most precious balm
You used of patience, (patience, do you mark me?)
Confess before these kings with what base fear
Thou didst deliver it.
Prot. Oh, I shall burst:
And if I have not instant liberty
To tear this fellow limb by limb, the wrong
Will break my heart, although Herculean,
And somewhat bigger! There's my gage! pray
Let me redeem my credit! [you here
Thi. Ha, ha! Forbear!
Mart. Pray you let me take it up; and if I do not,
Against all odds of armour and of weapons,
With this make him confess it on his knees,
Cut off my head.
Prot. No, that's my office.
Baw. Fy!
You take the hangman's place?
Ord. Nay, good my lord,
Let me atone this difference! do not suffer
Our bridal night to be the centaur's feast.—
You are a knight, and bound by oath to grant
All just suits unto ladies: For my sake,
Forget your suppos'd wrong!
Prot. Well, let him thank you!
For your sake, he shall live, perhaps a day;
And, may be, on submission, longer.
Theod. Nay,
Martell, you must be patient.
Mart. I am yours;
And this slave shall be once more mine.
Thi. Sit all!
One health, and so to bed! for I too long
Defer my choicest delicates.
Brun. Which, if poison [*Aside.*
Have any power, thou shalt, like Tantalus,
Behold and never taste.—Be careful!
Lec. Fear not!
Brun. Though it be rare in our sex, yet for once
I will begin a health.
Thi. Let it come freely!
Brun. Lecure, the cup! Here, to the son we hope
This night shall be an embrion!
Thi. You have named
A blessing that I most desired; I pledge you:
Give me a larger cup; that is too little
Unto so great a good.
Brun. Nay, then you wrong me;
Follow as I began!
Thi. Well, as you please.
Brun. Is't done?
Lec. Unto your wish, I warrant you;
For this night I durst trust him with my mother.
Thi. So, 'tis gone round: Lights!
Brun. Pray you use my service.
Ord. 'Tis that which I shall ever owe you, madam,
And must have none from you: Pray you pardon
Thi. Good rest to all! [me!
Theod. And to you pleasant labour!—
Martell, your company!—Madam, good night!
[*Exeunt all but* BRUNHALT, PROTALDYE, LECURE, *and* BAWDRER.
Brun. Nay, you have cause to blush; but I will hide it,

And, what's more, I forgive you. Is't not pity,
That thou, that art the first to enter combat
With any woman, and what's more, o'ercome her,
In which she is best pleased, should be so fearful
To meet a man?
Prot. Why, would you have me lose
That blood that's dedicated to your service,
In any other quarrel?
Brun. No; reserve it!
As I will study to preserve thy credit.—
You, sirrah, be't your care to find out one
That's poor, though valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeem my servant's reputation,
Receive a public baffling.
Baw. 'Would your highness
Were pleased to inform me better of your purpose!
Brun. Why one, sir, that would thus be box'd or kick'd; [*Kicks him.*
Do you apprehend me now?
Baw. I feel you, madam.
The man that shall receive this from my lord,
Shall have a thousand crowns?
Prot. He shall.
Baw. Besides,
His day of bastinadoing past o'er,
He shall not lose your grace nor your good favour?
Brun. That shall make way to it.
Baw. It must be a man
Of credit in the court, that is to be
The foil unto your valour?
Prot. True, it should.
Baw. And if he have place there, 'tis not the worse?
Brun. 'Tis much the better.
Baw. If he be a lord,
'Twill be the greater grace?
Brun. Thou'rt in the right.
Baw. Why then, behold that valiant man and lord,
That for your sake will take a cudgelling:
For be assured, when it is spread abroad
That you have dealt with me, they'll give you out
For one of the nine worthies.
Brun. Out, you pandar!
Why, to beat thee is only exercise
For such as do affect it: Lose no time
In vain replies, but do it!—Come, my solace,
Let us to bed! and, our desires once quench'd,
We'll there determine of Theodoret's death,
For he's the engine used to ruin us.—
Yet one word more; Lecure, art thou assured
The potion will work?
Lec. My life upon it!
Brun. Come, my Protaldye, then glut me with
Those best delights of man, that are denied
To her that does expect them, being a bride! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the same.*

Enter THIERRY *and* ORDELLA, *as from bed.*

Thi. Sure I have drunk the blood of elephants!
The tears of mandrakes, and the marble dew,
Mix'd in my draught, have quench'd my natural heat,
And left no spark of fire, but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miseries:
Ye wretched flames which play upon my sight,
Turn inward! make me all one piece, though earth!
My tears shall overwhelm you else too.
Ord. What moves my lord to this strange sadness?
If any late-discerned want in me
Give cause to your repentance, care and duty
Shall find a painful way to recompense.
Thi. Are you yet frozen, veins? feel you a breath,
Whose temperate heat would make the north star reel,
Her icy pillars thaw'd, and do you not melt?
Draw nearer! yet nearer,
That from thy barren kiss thou may'st confess
I have not heat enough to make a blush!
Ord. Speak nearer to my understanding, like a husband!
Thi. How should he speak the language of a husband,
Who wants the tongue and organs of his voice?
Ord. It is a phrase will part with the same ease
From you, with that you now deliver.
Thi. Bind not his ears up with so dull a charm,
Who hath no other sense left open! why should thy words
Find more restraint than thy free-speaking actions,
Thy close embraces, and thy midnight sighs,
The silent orators to slow desire?
Ord. Strive not to win content from ignorance,
Which must be lost in knowledge! Heaven can witness,
My furthest hope of good reach'd at your pleasure,
Which seeing alone may in your look be read:
Add not a doubtful comment to a text,
That in itself is direct and easy.
Thi. Oh, thou hast drunk the juice of hemlock too:
Or did upbraided Nature make this pair,
To shew she had not quite forgot her first
Justly-praised workmanship, the first chaste couple,
Before the want of joy taught guilty sight
A way, through shame and sorrow, to delight?
Say, may we mix, as in their innocence,
When turtles kiss'd to confirm happiness,
Not to beget it?
Ord. I know no bar.
Thi. Should I believe thee, yet thy pulse beats woman,
And says the name of *wife* did promise thee
The blest reward of duty to thy mother;
Who gave so often witness of her joy,
When she did boast thy likeness to her husband.
Ord. 'Tis true, that to bring forth a second to yourself
Was only worthy of my virgin loss;
And should I prize you less unpattern'd, sir,
Than being exemplified? Is't not more honour
To be possessor of unequall'd virtue,
Than what is parallel'd? Give me belief;
The name of mother knows no way of good,
More than the end in me: Who weds for lust
Is oft a widow; when I married you,
I lost the name of maid to gain a title
Above the wish of change, which that part can
Only maintain, is still the same in man.

His virtue and his calm society;
Which no grey hairs can threaten to dissolve,
Nor wrinkles bury.
Thi. Confine thyself to silence, lest thou take
That part of reason from me, is only left
To give persuasion to me I'm a man!
Or say, thou hast never seen the rivers haste
With gladsome speed, to meet the amorous sea.
Ord. We are but to praise the coolness of their streams.
Thi. Nor view'd the kids, taught by their lustful fires,
Pursue each other through the wanton lawns,
And liked the sport.
Ord. As it made way unto their envied rest,
With weary knots binding their harmless eyes.
Thi. Nor do you know the reason why the dove,
One of the pair your hands wont hourly feed,
So often clipt and kiss'd her happy mate?
Ord. Unless it were to welcome his wish'd sight,
Whose absence only gave her mourning voice.
Thi. And you could, dove-like, to a single object
Bind your loose spirits? to one? nay, such a one
Whom only eyes and ears must flatter good,
Your surer sense made useless? nay, myself,
As in my all of good, already known?
Ord. Let proof plead for me! let me be mew'd up
Where never eye may reach me, but your own!
And when I shall repent, but in my looks; if sigh—
Thi. Or shed a tear that's warm?
Ord. But in your sadness.
Thi. Or when you hear the birds call for their mates,
Ask if it be Saint Valentine, their coupling day?
Ord. If anything may make a thought suspected
Of knowing any happiness but you,
Divorce me, by the title of Most Falsehood!
Thi. Oh, who would know a wife
That might have such a friend? Posterity,
Henceforth lose the name of blessing, and leave
The earth inhabited to people Heaven!

Enter THEODORET, BRUNHALT, MARTELL, *and* PROTALDYE.

Mart. All happiness to Thierry and Ordella!
Thi. 'Tis a desire but borrow'd from me; my happiness
Shall be the period of all good men's wishes,
Which friends, nay, dying fathers shall bequeath,
And in my one give all! Is there a duty
Belongs to any power of mine, or love
To any virtue I have right to? Here, place it here;
Ordella's name shall only bear command,
Rule, title, sovereignty.
Brun. What passion sways my son?
Thi. Oh, mother, she has doubled every good
The travail of your blood made possible
To my glad being!
Prot. He should have done [*Aside.*
Little unto her, he is so light-hearted.
Thi. Brother, friends, if honour unto shame,
If wealth to want, enlarge the present sense,
My joys are unbounded: Instead of question,
Let it be envy not [to] bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth! banquets and masques
Keep waking our delights, mocking night's malice,
Whose dark brow would fright pleasure from us!
Be but one stage of revels, and each eye [our court
The scene where our content moves!

Theod. There shall want
Nothing to express our shares in your delight, sir.
Mart. Till now I ne'er repented the estate
Of widower.
Thi. Music, why art thou so
Slow-voiced? it stays thy presence, my Ordella;
This chamber is a sphere too narrow for
Thy all-moving virtue. Make way, free way, I say!
Who must alone her sex's want supply,
Had need to have a room both large and high.
Mart. This passion's above utterance!
Theod. Nay, credulity.
[*Exeunt all but* THIERRY *and* BRUNALT.
Brun. Why, son, what mean you? are you a [man?
Thi. No, mother, I'm no man:
Were I a man, how could I be thus happy?
Brun. How can a wife be author of this joy then?
Thi. That, being no man, I am married to no [woman:
The best of men in full ability
Can only hope to satisfy a wife;
And, for that hope ridiculous, I in my want,
And such defective poverty, that to her bed
As my first cradle brought no strength but thought,
Have met a temperance beyond her's that rock'd [me,
Necessity being her bar; where this
Is so much senseless of my depriv'd fire,
She knows it not a loss by her desire.
Brun. It is beyond my admiration!
Thi. Beyond your sex's faith!
The unripe virgins of our age, to hear it,
Will dream themselves to women, and convert
The example to a miracle.
Brun. Alas, 'tis your defect moves my amazement;
But what ill can be separate from ambition?
Cruel Theodoret!
Thi. What of my brother?
Brun. That to his name your barrenness adds rule:
Who, loving the effect, would not be strange
In favouring the cause: Look on the profit,
And gain will quickly point the mischief out.
Thi. The name of father, to what I possess,
Is shame and care.
Brun. Were we begot to single happiness,
I grant you; but from such a wife, such virtue,
To get an heir, what hermit would not find
Deserving argument to break his vow,
Even in his age of chastity?
Thi. You teach a deaf man language.
Brun. The cause found out, the malady may cease.
Have you heard of one Leforte?
Thi. A learn'd astronomer, a great magician,
Who lives hard-by retired?
Brun. Repair to him, with the just hour and [place
Of your nativity: Fools are amazed at fate;
Griefs, but conceal'd, are never desperate.
Thi. You have timely waken'd me; nor shall I sleep
Without the satisfaction of his art. [*Exit* THIERRY.
Brun. Wisdom prepares you to't.—

Enter LECURE.

Lecure, met happily!
Lec. The ground answers your purpose, the con- [veyance
Being secure and easy, falling just
Behind the state set for Theodoret.
Brun. 'Tis well:
Your trust invites you to a second charge;
You know Leforte's cell?

Lec. Who constellated your fair birth?
Brun. Enough; I see thou know'st him; where is Bawdber?
Lec. I left him careful of the project cast
To raise Protaldye's credit.
Brun. A sore that must be plaister'd; in whose wound
Others shall find their graves think themselves sound.
Your ear and quickest apprehension! [*Exit.*

Enter BAWDBER *and a* Servant.

Baw. This man of war will advance?
Lec. His hour's upon the stroke.
Baw. Wind him back, as you favour my ears! I love no noise in my head; my brains have hitherto been employ'd in silent businesses.

Enter DE VITRY.

Lec. The gentleman's within your reach, sir. [*Exit.*
Baw. Give ground, whilst I drill my wits to the encounter.—De Vitry, I take it?
Vitry. All that's left of him.
Baw. Is there another parcel of you? If it be at pawn, I will gladly redeem it, to make you wholly mine.
Vitry. You seek too hard a pennyworth.
Baw. You do ill to keep such distance; your parts have been long known to me, howsoever you please to forget acquaintance.
Vitry. I must confess, I have been subject to lewd company.
Baw. Thanks for your good remembrance! You have been a soldier, De Vitry, and borne arms.
Vitry. A couple of unprofitable ones, that have only served to get me a stomach to my dinner.
Baw. Much good may it do you, sir.
Vitry. You should have heard me say I had dined first: I have built on an unwholesome ground, raised up a house before I knew a tenant, marched to meet weariness, fought to find want and hunger.
Baw. 'Tis time you put up your sword, and run away for meat, sir: Nay, if I had not withdrawn ere now, I might have kept the fast with you: But since the way to thrive is never late, what is the nearest course to profit, think you?
Vitry. It may be your worship will say bawdry.
Baw. True sense, bawdry.
Vitry. Why, is there five kinds of 'em? I ne'er knew but one.
Baw. I'll shew you a new way of prostitution: Fall back! Further yet! Further! There's fifty crowns; do but as much to Protaldye, the queen's favourite, they are doubled.
Vitry. But thus much?
Baw. Give him but an affront as he comes to the presence, and in his drawing make way, like a true bawd to his valour, the sum's thy own; if ye take a scratch in the arm or so, every drop of blood weighs down a ducat.
Vitry. After that rate, I and my friends would beggar the kingdom.
Sir, you have made me blush to see my want,
Whose cure is such a cheap and easy purchase:
This is male-bawdry, belike?

Enter PROTALDYE, *a* Lady, *and* Revellers.

Baw. See! You shall not be long earning your wages; your work's before your eyes.
Vitry. Leave it to my handling; I'll fall upon it instantly.
Baw. What opinion will the managing of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention tickles with apprehension on't!
Prot. These are the joys of marriage, lady, whose sights are able to dissolve virginity. Speak freely! Do you not envy the bride's felicity?
Lady. How should I, being partner of't?
Prot. What you
Enjoy is but the banquet's view; the taste
Stands from your palate: If he impart by day
So much of his content, think what night gave!
Vitry. Will you have a relish of wit, lady?
Baw. This is the man.
Lady. If it be not dear, sir.
Vitry. If you affect cheapness, how can you prize this sullied ware so much? Mine's fresh, my own, not retail'd.
Prot. You are saucy, sirrah!
Vitry. The fitter to be in the dish with such dry stockfish as you are. [PROTALDYE *strikes him.*] How! strike?
Baw. Remember the condition, as you look for payment!
Vitry. That box was left out o' th' bargain. [*Gives him a box on the ear.*
Prot. Help, help, help!
Baw. Plague of the scrivener's running hand! What a blow's this to my reputation!

Enter THIERRY, THEODORET, BRUNHALT, ORDELLA, MEMBERGE, *and* MARTELL.

Thi. What villain dares this outrage?
Vitry. Hear me, sir! This creature hired me, with fifty crown in hand, to let Protaldye have the better of me at single rapier on a made quarrel. He, mistaking the weapon, lays me over the chaps with his club-fist, for which I was bold to teach him the art of memory.
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theod. Your general, mother, will display himself,
'Spite of our peace, I see.
Thi. Forbear these civil jars: Fy, Protaldye!
So open in your projects?—Avoid our presence, sirrah!
Vitry. Willingly. If you have any more wages to earn, you see I can take pains.
Theod. There's somewhat for thy labour,
More than was promised. Ha, ha, ha!
Baw. Where could I wish myself now? in the Isle of Dogs, so I might 'scape scratching; for I see by her cat's eyes I shall be claw'd fearfully.
Thi. We'll hear no more on't; music drown all sadness! [*Soft music.*
Command the Revellers in.—At what a rate I would
Purchase my mother's absence, to give my spleen
Full liberty!
Brun. Speak not a thought's delay; it names thy ruin. [*Apart to* PROTALDYE.
Prot. I had thought life had borne more value with you.
Brun. Thy loss carries mine with it; let that secure thee!
The vault is ready, and the door conveys to't
Falls just behind his chair; the blow once given,
Thou art unseen.
Prot I cannot feel more than I fear, I am sure.

Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their own destruction! [PROTALDYE *withdraws.*
Thi. You 'll add unto her rage.
Theod. 'Sfoot, I shall burst,
Unless I vent myself: Ha, ha, ha!
Brun. Me, sir? [*To one of the Revellers.*
You never could have found a time to invite
More willingness in my dispose to pleasure.
Memb. 'Would you would please to make some other choice!
Rev. 'Tis a disgrace would dwell upon me, lady,
Should you refuse.
Memb. Your reason conquers.—My grandmother's looks [*Aside.*
Have turn'd all air to earth in me; they sit
Upon my heart like night-charms, black and heavy.
Thi. You are too much libertine. [*They dance.*
Theod. The fortune of the fool persuades my laughter
More than his cowardice: was ever rat
Ta'en by the tail thus? ha, ha, ha!
Thi. Forbear, I say!
Prot. [*Rises behind the Throne.*] No eye looks this way: I will wink and strike,
Lest I betray myself.
[*Stabs* THEODORET, *and disappears.*
Theod. Ha! did you not see one near me?
Thi. How! near you? why do you look so pale, brother?
Treason, treason! [THEODORET *dies.*
Memb. Oh, my presage! Father?
Ord. Brother!
Mart. Prince, noble prince!
Thi. Make the gates sure! search into every angle
And corner of the court; oh, my shame!—Mother,
Your son is slain! Theodoret, noble Theodoret,
Here in my arms, too weak a sanctuary
'Gainst treachery and murder!—Say, is the traitor taken?
1 *Guard.* No man hath past the chamber, on my life, sir.
Thi. Set present fire unto the place, that all unseen
May perish in this mischief! who moves slow to't
Shall add unto the flame.
Brun. What mean you? give me your private hearing.
Thi. Persuasion is a partner in the crime:
I will renounce my claim unto a mother,
If you make offer on't.
Brun. Ere a torch can take flame,
I will produce the author of the fact.
Thi. Withdraw! But for your lights——
Memb. Oh, my too-true suspicion!
[*Exeunt all but* THIERRY *and* BRUNHALT.
Thi. Speak! where's the engine to this horrid [act?
Brun. Here you behold her; upon whom
Make good your causeless rage! The deed was [done
By my incitement, and not yet repented.
Thi. Whither did Nature start, when you conceived
A birth so unlike woman? Say, what part
Did not consent to make a son of him,
Reserved itself within you to his ruin?
Brun. Ha, ha! a son of mine? do not dissever
Thy father's dust, shaking his quiet urn,
To which thy breath would send so foul an issue.
My son? thy brother?
Thi. Was not Theodoret my brother?
Or is thy tongue confederate with thy heart,
To speak and do only things monstrous?
Brun. Hear me, and thou shalt make thine own belief:
Thy still-with-sorrow-mention'd father lived
Three careful years, in hope of wished heirs,
When I conceived, being from his jealous fear
Enjoin'd to quiet home: One fatal day,
Transported with my pleasure to the chase,
I forced command, and in pursuit of game
Fell from my horse, lost both my child and hopes.
Despair, which only in his love saw life
Worthy of being, from a gard'ner's arms
Snatch'd this unlucky brat, and call'd it mine;
When the next year repaid my loss with thee,
But in thy wrongs preserved my misery;
Which, that I might diminish, though not end,
My sighs and wet eyes, from thy father's will,
Bequeathed this largest part of his dominions
Of France unto thee, and only left Austracia
Unto that changeling; whose life affords
Too much of ill 'gainst me to prove my words,
And call him stranger.
Thi. Come, do not weep! I must, nay do believe you;
And, in my father's satisfaction, count it
Merit, not wrong, or loss.
Brun. You do but flatter;
There 's anger yet flames in your eyes.
Thi. See, I will quench it, and confess that you
Have suffer'd double travail for me.
Brun. You will not fire the house then?
Thi. Rather reward the author who gave cause
Of knowing such a secret; my oath and duty
Shall be assurance on't.
Brun. Protaldye, rise,
Good faithful servant! Heaven knows how hardly
He was drawn to this attempt.

PROTALDYE *rises from the Trap-door.*

Thi. Protaldye? He had
A gard'ner's fate, I 'll swear, fell by thy hand:
Sir, we do owe unto you for this service.
Brun. Why look'st thou so dejected?
Prot. I want a little
Shift, lady; nothing else.

Enter MARTELL.

Mart. The fires are ready;
Please it your grace withdraw, whilst we perform
Your pleasure.
Thi. Reserve them for the body: Since
He had the fate to live and die a prince,
He shall not lose the title in his funeral. [*Exit.*
Mart. His fate to live a prince? Thou old Impiety,
Made up by lust and mischief! Take up the body.
[*Exeunt with the body of* THEODORET.

SCENE II.—*A mean Hut.*

Enter LECURE, *disguised as an* Astrologer, *and a* Servant.

Lec. Dost think Leforte 's sure enough?
Serv. As bonds
Can make him: I have turn'd his eyes to th' east.
And left him gaping after the morning star.
His head is a mere astrolabe; his eyes
Stand for the poles, the gag in his mouth being
The coachman, his five teeth have the nearest re-
To Charles's Wain—— [semblance

Lec. Thou hast cast a figure
Which shall raise thee: Direct my hair a little;
And in my likeness to him read a fortune
Suiting thy largest hopes.
Serv. You are so far 'bove likeness, you 're the same;
If you love mirth, persuade him from himself.
'Tis but an astronomer out of the way,
And lying will bear the better place for 't.
Lec. I
Have profitabler use in hand: Haste to
The queen, and tell her how you left me changed!
[*Exit* Servant.
Who would not serve this virtuous active queen!
She that loves mischief 'bove the man that does it,
And him above her pleasure; yet knows no Heaven else.

Enter THIERRY.

Thi. How well this loneness suits the art I seek,
Discovering secret and succeeding fate,
Knowledge that puts all lower happiness on,
With a remiss and careless hand!—
Fair peace unto your meditations, father!
Lec. The same to you you bring, sir!
Thi. Drawn by your much-famed skill, I come to know
Whether the man who owes this character
Shall e'er have issue.
Lec. A resolution falling with most ease
Of any doubt you could have named! He is a prince
Whose fortune you enquire.
Thi. He 's nobly born.
Lec. He had a dukedom lately fall'n unto him,
By one, call'd brother, who has left a daughter.
Thi. The question is of heirs, not lands.
Lec. Heirs! yes;
He shall have heirs.
Thi. Begotten of his body! Why look'st thou pale!
Thou canst not suffer in his want.
Lec. Nor thou;
I neither can nor will give further knowledge
To thee.
Thi. Thou must! I am the man myself,
Thy sovereign; who must owe unto thy wisdom
In the concealing of my barren shame.
Lec. Your grace doth wrong your stars: If this be yours,
You may have children.
Thi. Speak it again:
Lec. You may have fruitful issue.
Thi. By whom? when? how?
Lec. It was the fatal means first struck my blood
With the cold hand of wonder, when I read it
Printed upon your birth.
Thi. Can there be any way unsmooth, has end
So fair and good!
Lec. We that behold the sad aspects of Heaven,
Leading sense-blinded men, feel grief enough
To know, though not to speak their miseries.
Thi. Sorrow must lose a name, where mine finds life!
If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed,
Which must know no cure else.
Lec. Then thus:
The first of females which your eyes shall meet
Before the sun next rise, coming from out
The temple of Diana, being slain,
You live father of many sons. [*Exit.*
Thi. Call'st thou this sadness? can I beget a son
Deserving less, than to give recompense
Unto so poor a loss? Whate'er thou art,
Rest peaceable, bless'd creature, born to be
Mother of princes, whose grave shall be more fruitful
Than others' marriage-beds! Methinks his art
Should give her form and happy figure to me;
I long to see my happiness: He 's gone!
As I remember, he named my brother's daughter;
Were it my mother, 'twere a gainful death
Could give Ordella's virtue living breath! [*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Temple of Diana.*

Enter THIERRY *and* MARTELL.

Mart. Your grace is early stirring.
Thi. How can he sleep,
Whose happiness is laid up in an hour,
He knows comes stealing toward him? Oh, Martell!
Is 't possible the longing bride, whose wishes
Out-run her fears, can, on that day she 's married,
Consume in slumbers? or his arms rust in ease,
That hears the charge, and sees the honour'd purchase
Ready to gild his valour? Mine is more,
A power above these passions; this day France
(France, that in want of issue withers with us,
And, like an aged river, runs his head
Into forgotten ways) again I ransom,
And his fair course turn right: This day, Thierry,
The son of France, whose manly powers like prisoners
Have been tied up, and fetter'd by one death
Gives life to thousand ages; this day beauty,
The envy of the world, the pleasure, glory,
Content above the world, desire beyond it,
Are made mine own, and useful!
Mart. Happy woman,
That dies to do these things!
Thi. But ten times happier,
That lives to do the greater! Oh, Martell,
The gods have heard me now; and those that scorn'd me,
Mothers of many children, and bless'd fathers,
That see their issues like the stars unnumber'd,
Their comforts more than them, shall in my praises
Now teach their infants songs; and tell their ages
From such a son of mine, or such a queen,
That chaste Ordella brings me. Blessed marriage,
The chain that links two holy loves together!
And, in the marriage, more than bless'd Ordella,
That comes so near the sacrament itself,
The priests doubt whether purer!
Mart. Sir, you are lost!
Thi. I pr'ythee let me be so!
Mart. The day wears;
And those that have been offering early
Are now retiring homeward.
Thi. Stand, and mark then!

Mart. Is it the first must suffer?
Thi. The first woman.
Mart. What hand shall do it, sir?
Thi. This hand, Martell;
For who less dare presume to give the gods
An incense of this offering?
Mart. 'Would I were she!
For such a way to die, and such a blessing,
Can never crown my parting. [*Two Men pass over.*
Thi. What are those?
Mart. Men, men, sir, men.
Thi. The plagues of men light on 'em!
They cross my hopes like hares. Who 's that?
[*A Priest passes over.*
Mart. A priest, sir.
Thi. 'Would he were gelt!
Mart. May not these rascals serve, sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?
Thi. No.
Mart. Here comes a woman.

Enter ORDELLA, *veiled.*

Thi. Stand, and behold her then!
Mart. I think, a fair one.
Thi. Move not, whilst I prepare her: May her peace,
(Like his whose innocence the gods are pleased with,
And, offering at their altars, gives his soul
Far purer than those fires) pull heaven upon her!
You holy powers, no human spot dwell in her!
No love of anything, but you and goodness,
Tie her to earth! Fear be a stranger to her,
And all weak blood's affections, but thy hope,
Let her bequeath to women! Hear me, Heaven!
Give her a spirit masculine, and noble,
Fit for yourselves to ask, and me to offer!
Oh, let her meet my blow, dote on her death;
And as a wanton vine bows to the pruner,
That by his cutting off more may increase,
So let her fall to raise me fruit!—Hail, woman;
The happiest, and the best (if thy dull will
Do not abuse thy fortune) France e'er found yet!
Ord. She 's more than dull, sir, less, and worse than woman,
That may inherit such an infinite
As you propound, a greatness so near goodness,
And brings a will to rob her.
Thi. Tell me this then;
Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
That for fair fame, unspotted memory,
For Virtue's sake, and only for itself-sake,
Has, or dare make a story?
Ord. Many dead, sir;
Living, I think, as many.
Thi. Say, the kingdom
May from a woman's will receive a blessing,
The king and kingdom, not a private safety,
A general blessing, lady?
Ord. A general curse
Light on her heart denies it!
Thi. Full of honour!
And such examples as the former ages
Were but dim shadows of, and empty figures?
Ord. You strangely stir me, sir; and were my weakness
In any other flesh but modest woman's,
You should not ask more questions: May I do it?
Thi. You may; and, which is more, you must.
Ord. I joy in 't,
Above a moderate gladness! Sir, you promise
It shall be honest?
Thi. As ever Time discover'd.
Ord. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a mind will hazard it.
Thi. But, hark you;
What may that woman merit, makes this blessing?
Ord. Only her duty, sir.
Thi. 'Tis terrible!
Ord. 'Tis so much the more noble.
Thi. 'Tis full of fearful shadows!
Ord. So is sleep, sir,
Or anything that 's merely ours, and mortal;
We were begotten gods else: But those fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.
Thi. Suppose it death!
Ord. I do.
Thi. And endless parting
With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay reason!
For in the silent grave, no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father 's counsel, nothing 's heard,
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness: And dare you, woman,
Desire this place?
Ord. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest:
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall, like spent exhalations, to this centre:
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures, or life's profits,
Can recompence this place; and mad that stay it,
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours
Bring them dispersed to th' earth.
Thi. Then you can suffer?
Ord. As willingly as say it.
Thi. Martell, a wonder!
Here is a woman that dares die.—Yet, tell me,
Are you a wife?
Ord. I am, sir.
Thi. And have children?—
She sighs, and weeps!
Ord. Oh, none, sir.
Thi. Dare you venture,
For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,
To part with these sweet hopes?
Ord. With all but Heaven,
And yet die full of children: He that reads me
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes;
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters.
Thi. Then there is nothing wanting but my knowledge,
And what I must do, lady.
Ord. You are the king, sir,
And what you do I 'll suffer; and that blessing
That you desire, the gods shower on the kingdom!
Thi. Thus much before I strike then; for I must kill you,
The gods have will'd it so: Thou 'rt made the blessing
Must make France young again, and me a man.
Keep up your strength still nobly!
Ord. Fear me not.
Thi. And meet death like a measure!
Ord. I am stedfast.
Thi. Thou shalt be sainted, woman; and thy tomb

Cut out in crystal, pure and good as thou art;
And on it shall be graven, every age,
Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall;
Till thou liest there like old and fruitful Nature.
Dar'st thou behold thy happiness?
Ord. I dare, sir.
Thi. Ha! [*Pulls off her veil, lets fall his sword.*
Mart. Oh, sir, you must not do it.
Thi. No, I dare not!
There is an angel keeps that paradise,
A fiery angel, friend. Oh, virtue, virtue,
Ever and endless virtue!
Ord. Strike, sir, strike!
And if in my poor death fair France may merit,
Give me a thousand blows! be killing me
A thousand days!
Thi. First, let the earth be barren,
And man no more remember'd! Rise, Ordella,
The nearest to thy Maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh shew'd us!—Oh, my heart-strings! [*Exit.*
Mart. I see you full of wonder; therefore no-
And truest amongst women, I will tell you [blest,
The end of this strange accident.
Ord. Amazement
Has so much won upon my heart, that truly
I feel myself unfit to hear: Oh, sir,
My lord has slighted me!
Mart. Oh, no, sweet lady.
Ord. Robb'd me of such a glory, by his pity
And most unprovident respect——
Mart. Dear lady,
It was not meant to you.
Ord. Else where the day is,
Ano hours distinguish time, time runs to ages,
And ages end the world, I had been spoken!
Mart. I'll tell you what it was, if but your
Will give me hearing. [patience
Ord. If I have transgress'd,
Forgive me, sir!
Mart. Your noble lord was counsell'd
(Grieving the barrenness between you both,
And all the kingdom with him) to seek out
A man that knew the secrets of the gods:
He went, found such an one, and had this answer:
That if he would have issue, on this morning,
(For this hour was prefix'd him) he should kill
The first he met being female, from the temple,
And then he should have children: The mistake
Is now too perfect, lady.
Ord. Still 'tis I, sir;
For may this work be done by common women?
Durst any but myself, that knew the blessing,
And felt the benefit, assume this dying?
In any other, 't had been lost and nothing,
A curse and not a blessing: I was figured;
And shall a little fondness bar my purchase?
Mart. Where should he then seek children?
Ord. Where they are?
In wombs ordain'd for issues; in those beauties
That bless a marriage-bed, and make it procreant
With kisses that conceive, and fruitful pleasures:
Mine, like a grave, buries those loyal hopes,
And too a grave it covets.
Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honest! Rob not us,
And those that shall hereafter seek example,
Of such inestimable worths in woman,
Your lord of such obedience, all of honour!
In coveting a cruelty is not yours,
A will short of your wisdom, make not error
A tombstone of your virtues, whose fair life
Deserves a constellation! Your lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, must not run this hazard;
He makes a separation Nature shakes at,
The gods deny, and everlasting Justice
Shrinks back, and sheaths her sword at.
Ord. All's but talk, sir!
I find to what I am reserved, and needful:
And though my lord's compassion makes me poor,
And leaves me in my best use, yet a strength
Above mine own, or his dull fondness, finds me:
The gods have given it to me. [*Draws a knife.*
Mart. Self-destruction? [*Holds her.*
Now all good angels bless thee! oh, sweet lady!
You are abused; this is a way to shame you,
And with you all that know you, all that love you;
To ruin all you build! Would you be famous?
Is that your end?
Ord. I would be what I should be.
Mart. Live, and confirm the gods then! live, and be loaden
With more than olives bear, or fruitful autumn!
This way you kill your merit, kill your cause,
And him you would raise life to; Where or how
Got you these bloody thoughts? what devil durst
Look on that angel face, and tempt? do you know
What 'tis to die thus? how you strike the stars,
And all good things above us? do you feel
What follows a self-blood? whither you venture,
And to what punishment? Excellent lady,
Be not thus cozen'd! do not fool yourself!
The priest was never his own sacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.
Ord. I am counsell'd.
Mart. And I am glad on't; lie, I know, you [dare not.
Ord. I never have done yet.
Mart. Pray take my comfort!
Was this a soul to lose? two more such women
Would save their sex. See, she repents and prays!
Oh, hear her, hear her! if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercies, she hath sent it.
Ord. Now, good Martell, confirm me!
Mart. I will, lady,
And every hour advise you; for I doubt
Whether this plot be Heaven's, or Hell's your [mother,
And I will find it, if it be in mankind
To search the centre of it: In the mean time,
I'll give you out for dead, and by yourself,
And shew the instrument; so shall I find
A joy that will betray her.
Ord. Do what's fittest;
And I will follow you.
Mart. Then ever live
Both able to engross all love, and give! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter BRUNHALT *and* PROTALDYE.

Brun. I am in labour
To be deliver'd of that burthenous project
I have so long gone with! Ha, here's the mid-
Or life, or death? [wife:—

Enter LECURE.

Leo. If in the supposition
Of her death in whose life you die, you ask me,
I think you are safe.
Brun. Is she dead?

Lec. I have used
All means to make her so; I saw him waiting
At the temple door, and used such art within,
That only she, of all her sex, was first
Given up unto his fury.
Brun. Which if love
Or fear made him forbear to execute,
The vengeance he determined his fond pity
Shall draw it on himself; for were there left
Not any man but he, to serve my pleasures,
Or from me to receive commands, (which are
The joys for which I love life) he should be
Removed, and I alone left to be queen
O'er any part of goodness that's left in me.
Lec. If you are so resolved, I have provided
A means to ship him hence: Look upon this,
But touch it sparingly; for this once used,
Say but to dry a tear, will keep the eye-lid
From closing, until Death perform that office.
Brun. Give 't me! I may have use of 't; and on you
"Ll make the first experiment, if one sigh
Or heavy look beget the least suspicion,
Childish compassion can thaw the ice
Of your so-long-congeal'd and flinty hardness
'Slight, go on constant, or I shall——
Pro. Best lady,
We have no faculties which are not yours.
Lec. Nor will be anything without you.
Brun. Be so,
And we will stand or fall together; For
Since we have gone so far, that Death must stay
The journey, which we wish should never end,
And innocent, or guilty, we must die;
When we do so, let's know the reason why!

Enter THIERRY *and* Courtiers.

Lec. The king!
Thi. We'll be alone.
Prot. I would I had
A convoy too, to bring me safe off!
For rage, although it be allayed with sorrow,
Appears so dreadful in him, that I shake
To look upon it.
Brun. Coward, I will meet it,
And know from whence't has birth.—Son! kingly Thierry!
Thi. Is cheating grown so common among men,
And thrives so well here, that the gods endeavour
To practise it above?
Brun. Your mother!
Thi. Ha!—
Or are they only careful to revenge,
Not to reward? or when, for our offences,
We study satisfaction, must the cure
Be worse than the disease?
Brun. Will you not hear me?
Thi. To lose the ability to perform those duties
For which I entertain'd the name of husband,
Ask'd more than common sorrow; but to impose
For the redress of that defect, a torture
In marking her to death, (for whom alone
I felt that weakness as a want) requires
More than the making the head bald, or falling
Thus flat upon the earth, or cursing that way,
Or praying this. Oh, such a scene of grief,
And so set down, (the world the stage to act on)
May challenge a tragedian better practised
Than I am, to express it! for my cause
Of passion is so strong, and my performance
So weak, that though the part be good, I fear
The ill acting of it will defraud it of
The poor reward it may deserve, men's pity.
Brun. I have given you way thus long: A king, and, what
Is more, my son, and yet a slave to that
Which only triumphs over cowards, sorrow?
For shame, look up!
Thi. Is't you? look down on me!
And if that you are capable to receive it,
Let that return to you, that have brought forth
One mark'd out only for it!—What are these?
Come they, upon your privilege, to tread on
The tomb of my afflictions?
Prot. No, not we, sir.
Thi. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funeral of all my hopes?
Or come unto the marriage of my sorrows,
But in such colours as may sort with them?
Prot. Alas, we will wear anything.
Brun. This is madness!
Take but my counsel!
Thi. Yours? dare you again,
Though arm'd with the authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger that will fall on you,
If such another syllable awake it?
Go, and with yours be safe: I have such cause
Of grief, (nay more, to love it) that I will not
Have such as these be sharers in it.
Lec. Madam!
Prot. Another time were better.
Brun. Do not stir,
For I must be resolved, and will: Be statues!

Enter MARTELL.

Thi. Ay, thou art welcome; and upon my soul
Thou art an honest man.—Do you see? he has
To lend to him whom prodigal expence [tears
Of sorrow has made bankrupt of such treasure!—
Nay, thou dost well.
Mart. I would it might excuse
The ill I bring along!
Thi. Thou mak'st me smile
I' the height of my calamities: As if
There could be the addition of an atom,
To the giant body of my miseries!
But try; for I will hear thee.—All sit down! 'tis
To any that shall dare to interrupt him [death
In look, gesture, or word.
Mart. And such attention
As is due to the last, and the best story
That ever was deliver'd, will become you.
The grieved Ordella (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me,
Prompted by your last parting groan, enquired
What drew it from you, and the cause soon learn'd;
For she whom barbarism could deny nothing,
With such prevailing earnestness desired it,
'Twas not in me, though it had been my death,
To hide it from her: She, I say, in whom
All was, that Athens, Rome, or warlike Sparta,
Have register'd for good in their best women,
But nothing of their ill; knowing herself
Mark'd out (I know not by what power, but sure
A cruel one) to die, to give you children;
Having first with a settled countenance
Look'd up to Heaven, and then upon herself,
(It being the next best object) and then smiled,
As if her joy in death to do you service
Would break forth, in despite of the p

She shew'd she had to leave you; and then taking
Me by the hand, (this hand, which I must ever
Love better than I have done, since she touch'd it)
"Go," said she, "to my lord, (and to go to him
Is such a happiness I must not hope for)
And tell him that he too much prized a trifle
Made only worthy in his love, and her
Thankful acceptance, for her sake to rob
The orphan kingdom of such guardians, as
Must of necessity descend from him;
And therefore, in some part of recompense
Of his much love, and to shew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of such most certain blessings: yet, for proof
She did not envy her, that happy her,
That is appointed to them, her quick end
Should make way for her." Which no sooner spoke,
But in a moment this too-ready engine
Made such a battery in the choicest castle
That ever Nature made to defend life,
That straight it shook and sunk.

Thi. Stay! dares any
Presume to shed a tear before me? or
Ascribe that worth unto themselves to merit,
To do so for her? I have done; now on!

Mart. Fall'n thus, once more she smil'd, as if that Death
For her had studied a new way to sever
The soul and body, without sense of pain;
And then, "Tell him," quoth she, "what you have seen,
And with what willingness 'twas done! for which
My last request unto him is, that he
Would instantly make choice of one (most happy
In being so chosen) to supply my place;
By whom, if Heaven bless him with a daughter,
In my remembrance let it bear my name!"
Which said, she died.

Thi. I hear this, and yet live! [*Draws.*
Heart! art thou thunder-proof? will nothing break thee?
She's dead; and what her entertainment may be
In the other world without me is uncertain;
And dare I stay here unresolved?

Mart. Oh, sir!

Brun. Dear son!

Prot. Great king!

Thi. Unhand me! am I fall'n
So low, that I have lost the power to be
Disposer of my own life?

Mart. Be but pleased
To borrow so much time of sorrow, as
To call to mind her last request, for whom
(I must confess a loss beyond expression)
You turn your hand upon yourself! 'twas hers,
And dying hers, that you should live, and happy,
In seeing little models of yourself,
By matching with another: And will you
Leave anything that she desired ungranted?
And suffer such a life, that was laid down
For your sake only, to be fruitless?

Thi. Oh,
Thou dost throw charms upon me, against which
I cannot stop my ears: Bear witness, Heaven!
That not desire of life, nor love of pleasures,
Nor any future comforts, but to give
Peace to her blessed spirit, in satisfying
Her last demand, makes me defer our meeting!
Which in my choice, and sudden choice, shall be
To all apparent.

Brun. How! do I remove one mischief, [*Apart.*
To draw upon my head a greater?

Thi. Go,
Thou only good man, to whom for herself
Goodness is dear, and prepare to inter it
In her that was! Oh, my heart, my Ordella!
A monument worthy to be a casket
Of such a jewel.

Mart. Your command, that makes way
Unto my absence, is a welcome one;
For, but yourself, there's nothing here Martell
Can take delight to look on: Yet some comfort
Goes back with me to her, who, though she want it,
Deserves all blessings. [*Exit.*

Brun. So soon to forget
The loss of such a wife, believe it, will
Be censured in the world.

Thi. Pray you, no more!
There is no argument you can use to cross it,
But does increase in me such a suspicion
I would not cherish.—Who's that?

Enter MEMBEROR.

Memb. One no guard
Can put back from access, whose tongue no threats,
Nor prayers can silence! a bold suitor, and
For that which, if you are yourself, a king,
You were made so to grant it: Justice, justice!

Thi. With what assurance dare you hope for
Which is denied to me? or how can I [that
Stand bound to be just unto such as are
Beneath me, that find none from those that are
Above me?

Memb. There is justice: 'Twere unfit
That anything but vengeance should fall on him,
That, by his giving way to more than murder,
(For my dear father's death was parricide)
Makes it his own.

Brun. I charge you, hear her not!

Memb. Hell cannot stop just prayers from entering Heaven:
I must and will be heard!—Sir, but remember
That he that by her plot fell, was your brother;
And the place where, your palace, against all
The inviolable rights of hospitality;
Your word, a king's word, given for his safety;
His innocence, his protection; and the gods
Bound to revenge the impious breach of such
So great and sacred bonds! and can you wonder
(That in not punishing such a horrid murder
You did it) that Heaven's favour is gone from you?
Which never will return, until his blood
Be wash'd away in hers.

Brun Drag hence the wretch!

Thi. Forbear.—With what variety
Of torments do I meet! Oh, thou hast open'd
A book, in which, writ down in bloody letters,
My conscience finds that I am worthy of
More than I undergo; but I'll begin,
For my Ordella's sake, and for thine own,
To make less Heaven's great anger: Thou hast
A father; I to thee am so: The hope [lost
Of a good husband; in me have one! Nor
Be fearful I am still no man; already
That weakness is gone from me.

Brun. That it might [*Aside.*
Have ever grown inseparably upon thee!—

What will you do? Is such a thing as this
Worthy the loved Ordella's place? the daughter
Of a poor gardener?
Memb. Your son!
Thi. The power
To take away that lowness is in me.
Brun. Stay yet; for rather than that thou shalt
Incest unto thy other sins, I will, [add
With hazard of my own life, utter all:
Theodoret was thy brother.
Thi. You denied it,
Upon your oath; nor will I now believe you:
Your Protean turnings cannot change my purpose!
Memb. And for me, be assured the means to be
Revenged on thee, vile hag, admits no thought
But what tends to it!
Brun. Is it come to that?
Then have at the last refuge!—Art thou grown
Insensible in ill, that thou goest on
Without the least compunction? There, take that!
[*Gives him a handkerchief.*
To witness that thou hadst a mother, which
Foresaw thy cause of grief and sad repentance,
That, so soon after bless'd Ordella's death,
Without a tear, thou canst embrace another!
Forgetful man!
Thi. Mine eyes, when she is named,
Cannot forget their tribute, and your gift
Is not unuseful now.
Lec. He's past all cure;
That only touch is death.
Thi. This night I'll keep it;
To-morrow I will send it you, and full
Of my affliction. [*Exit.*
Brun. Is the poison mortal?
Lec. Above the help of physic.
Brun. To my wish.
Now for our own security! You, Protaldye,
Shall this night post towards Austracia,
With letters to Theodoret's bastard son,
In which we will make known what for his rising
We have done to Thierry: No denial,
Nor no excuse in such acts, must be thought of;
Which all dislike, and all again commend
When they are brought unto a happy end.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Night. *A Forest.*

Enter DE VITRY *and four* Soldiers.

Vitry. No war, no money, no master! banish'd the court, not trusted in the city, whipt out of the country, in what a triangle runs our misery! Let me hear which of you has the best voice to beg in, for other hopes or fortunes I see you have not. Be not nice; Nature provided you with tones for the purpose; the people's charity was your heritage, and I would see which of you deserves his birthright.

All. We understand you not, captain.

Vitry. You see this cardecue; the last, and the only quintessence of fifty crowns, distill'd in the limbeck of your gardage, of which happy piece thou shalt be treasurer: Now he that can soonest persuade him to part with it, enjoys it, possesses it, and, with it, me and my future countenance.

1 *Sold.* If they want art to persuade it, I'll keep it myself.

Vitry. So you be not a partial judge in your own cause, you shall.

All. A match!

2 *Sold.* I'll begin to you: Brave sir, be proud to make him happy by your liberality, whose tongue vouchsafes now to petition, was never heard before less than to command. I am a soldier by profession, a gentleman by birth, and an officer by place; whose poverty blushes to be the cause, that so high a virtue should descend to the pity of your charity.

1 *Sold.* In any case keep your high style! It is not charity to shame any man, much less a virtue of your eminence; wherefore preserve your worth, and I'll preserve my money.

3 *Sold.* You persuade? You are shallow! Give way to merit: Ah, by the bread of God, man, thou hast a bonny countenance and a blithe, promising mickle good to a siking wemb, that has trod a long and a sore ground to meet with friends, that will owe much to thy reverence, when they shall hear of thy courtesy to their wandering countrymen.

1 *Sold.* You that will use your friends so hardly to bring them in debt, sir, will deserve worse of a stranger; wherefore, pead on, pead on, I say!

4 *Sold.* It is the Welsh must do't, I see.—Comrade, man of urship, St. Tavy be her patron, the gods of the mountains keep her cow and her cupboard; may she never want the green of the leek, nor the fat of the onion, if she part with her bounties to him, that is a great deal away from her cousins, and has two big suits in law to recover her heritage!

1 *Sold.* Pardon me, sir; I will have nothing to do with your suits; it comes within the statute of maintenance. Home to your cousins, and sow garlick and hempseed! the one will stop your hunger, the other end your suits: *Gammawash, comrade, gammawash!*

4 *Sold.* 'Foot, he'll hoord all for himself.

Vitry. Yes, let him: Now comes my turn; I'll see if he can answer me: Save you, sir! they say you have that I want, money.

1 *Sold.* And that you are like to want, for aught I perceive yet.

Vitry. Stand, deliver!

1 *Sold.* 'Foot, what mean you? You will not rob the exchequer?

Vitry. Do you prate?

1 *Sold.* Hold, hold! here, captain!

2 *Sold.* Why, I could have done this before you.

3 *Sold.* And I.

4 *Sold.* And I.

Vitry. You have done this: "Brave man, be proud to make him happy!" "By the bread of God, man, thou hast a bonny countenance!" "Comrade, man of urship, St. Tavy be her patron!" Out upon you, you uncurried colts! walking cans, that have no souls in you, but a little rosin to keep your ribs sweet, and hold in liquor!

All. Why, what would you have us to do, captain?

Vitry. Beg, beg, and keep constables waking, wear out stocks and whipcord, maunder for butter-milk, die of the jaundice, yet have the cure about you, lice, large lice, begot of your own dust, and the heat of the brick-kilns! May you starve, and fear of the gallows (which is a gentle consumption to it) only prevent it! or may you fall upon your fear, and be hang'd for selling those purses to keep you from famine, whose monies my valour empties, and be cast without other evidence! Here is my fort, my castle of defence! who comes by shall pay me toll; the first purse is your mittimus, slaves.

2 *Sold.* The purse? 'foot, we'll share in the money, captain, if any come within a furlong of our fingers.

4 *Sold.* Did you doubt but we could steal as well as yourself? Did not I speak Welsh?

3 *Sold.* We are thieves from our cradles, and will die so.

Vitry. Then you will not beg again?

All. Yes, as you did; "Stand and deliver!"

2 *Sold.* Hark! here comes handsel: 'Tis a trade quickly set up, and as soon cast down.

Vitry. Have goodness in your minds, varlets, and to't like men: He that has more money than we cannot be our friend, and I hope there is no law for spoiling the enemy.

3 *Sold.* You need not instruct us further; your example pleads enough.

Vitry. Disperse yourselves; and as their company is, fall on!

2 *Sold.* Come, there are a band of 'em; I'll charge single. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Enter PROTALDYE.

Prot. 'Tis wonderful dark! I have lost my man, and dare not call for him, lest I should have more followers than I would pay wages to. What throes am I in, in this travel! These be honourable adventures! had I that honest blood in my veins again, queen, that your feats and these frights have drain'd from me, honour should pull hard, ere it drew me into these brakes.

Vitry. Who goes there?

Prot. Hey-ho! Here's a pang of preferment!

Vitry. 'Heart, who goes there?

Prot. He that has no heart to your acquaintance. What shall I do with my jewels and my letter? My codpiece, that's too loose; good, my boots!—Who is't that spoke to me? Here's a friend.

Vitry. We shall find that presently: Stand, as you love your safety, stand!

Prot. That unlucky word of standing has brought me to all this.—Hold, or I shall never stand you.

Vitry. I should know that voice. Deliver!

Enter Soldiers.

Prot. All that I have is at your service, gentlemen; and much good may it do you!

Vitry. Zoons, down with him! Do you prate?

Prot. Keep your first word, as you are gentlemen, and let me stand! alas, what do you mean?

2 *Sold.* To tie you to us, sir, bind you in the knot of friendship. [*They tie him to a tree.*

Prot. Alas, sir, all the physic in Europe cannot bind me.

Vitry. You should have jewels about you, stones, precious stones.

1 *Sold.* Captain, away! There's company within hearing; if you stay longer, we are surprised.

Vitry. Let the devil come, I'll pillage this frigate a little better yet!

2 *Sold.* 'Foot, we are lost! they are upon us.

Vitry. Ha! upon us? make the least noise, 'tis thy parting gasp!

3 *Sold.* Which way shall we make, sir?

Vitry. Every man his own! Do you hear? only bind me before you go, and when the company's past, make to this place again: This carvel should have better lading in him. You are slow; why do you not tie harder? [*He is tied to a tree.*

1 *Sold.* You are sure enough, I warrant you, sir.

Vitry. Darkness befriend you! away!

[*Exeunt* Soldiers

Prot. What tyrants have I met with! they leave me alone in the dark, yet would not have me cry. I shall grow wondrous melancholy, if I stay long here without company: I was wont to get a nap with saying my prayers; I'll see if they will work upon me now. But then if I should talk in my sleep, and they hear me, they would make a recorder of my windpipe, slit my throat. Heaven be praised! I hear some noise; it may be new purchase, and then I shall have fellows.

Vitry. They are gone past hearing: Now to task, De Vitry!—Help, help, as you are men, help. some charitable hand, relieve a poor distressed miserable wretch! Thieves, wicked thieves, have robbed me, bound me.

Prot. 'Foot, 'would they had gagged you too! your noise will betray us, and fetch them again.

Vitry. What blessed tongue spake to me? where, where are you, sir?

Prot. A plague of your bawling throat! We are well enough, if you have the grace to be thankful for't. Do but snore to me, and 'tis as much as I desire, to pass away time with, till morning; then talk as loud as you please. Sir, I am bound not to stir, wherefore, lie still and snore, I say.

Vitry. Then you have met with thieves, too, I see.

Prot. And desire to meet with no more of them.

Vitry. Alas, what can we suffer more? They are far enough by this time; have they not all, all that we have, sir?

Prot. No, by my faith, have they not, sir! I gave them one trick to boot for their learning: My boots, sir, my boots! I have saved my stock, and my jewels in them, and therefore desire to hear no more of them.

Vitry. Now blessing on your wit, sir! what a dull slave was I, dream'd not of your conveyance? Help to unbind me, sir, and I'll undo you; my life for yours, no worse thief than myself meets you again this night!

Prot. Reach me thy hands!

Vitry. Here, sir, here; I could beat my brains out, that could not think of boots, boots, sir, wide-topt boots; I shall love them them the better whilst I live. But are you sure your jewels are here, sir?

Prot. Sure, sayst thou? ha, ha, ha!

Vitry. So ho, illo ho!

Sold. [*Within.*] Here, captain, here.

Prot. 'Foot, what do you mean, sir?

Enter Soldiers.

Vitry. A trick to boot, say you? Here, you dull slaves, purchase, purchase! The soul of the rock, diamonds, sparkling diamonds!

Prot. I am betrayed, lost, past recovery, lost! As you are men——

Vitry. Nay, rook, since you will be prating, we will share your carrion with you. Have you any other conveyance now, sir?

1 *Sold.* 'Foot, here are letters, epistles, familiar epistles: We'll see what treasure is in them. They are sealed sure.

Prot. Gentlemen! as you are gentlemen, spare my letters, and take all willingly, all! I'll give you a release, a general release, and meet you here to-morrow with as much more.

Vitry. Nay, since you have your tricks, and your conveyances, we will not leave a wrinkle of you unsearch'd.

Prot. Hark! there comes company; you will be betrayed. As you love your safeties, beat out my brains; I shall betray you else.

Vitry. [*Reads the letters.*] Treason, unheard-of treason! monstrous, monstrous villainies!

Prot. I confess myself a traitor; shew yourselves good subjects, and hang me up for't.

1 *Sold.* If it be treason, the discovery will get our pardon, captain.

Vitry. 'Would we were all lost, hang'd, quarter'd, to save this one, one innocent prince! Thierry's poisoned, by his mother poisoned, the mistress to this stallion! who, by that poison, never shall sleep again!

2 *Sold.* 'Foot, let us mince him by piece-meal, till he eat himself up.

3 *Sold.* Let us dig out his heart with needles, and half broil him, like a mussel!

Prot. Such another and I prevent you; my blood's settled already.

Vitry. Here's that shall remove it! Toad, viper! Drag him unto Martell! Unnatural parricide! cruel, bloody woman!

All. On, you dog-fish, leech, caterpillar!

Vitry. A longer sight of him will make my rage turn pity, and with his sudden end prevent revenge and torture! Wicked, wicked Brunhalt!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Bawdber *and three* Courtiers.

1 *Cour.* Not sleep at all? no means?

2 *Cour.* No art can do it?

Baw. I will assure you, he can sleep no more
Than a hooded hawk; a centinel to him,
Or one of the city constables, are tops.

3 *Cour.* How came he so?

Baw. They are too wise that dare know;
Something's amiss: Heaven help all!

1 *Cour.* What cure has he?

Baw. Armies of those we call physicians;
Some with clisters, some with lettice-caps,
Some posset drinks, some pills; twenty consulting here
About a drench, as many here to blood him:
Then comes a don of Spain, and he prescribes
More cooling opium than would kill a Turk,
Or quench a whore i' th' dog-days; after him,
A wise Italian, and he cries, "Tie unto him
A woman of fourscore, whose bones are marble,
Whose blood snow-water, not so much heat about her
As may conceive a prayer!" After him,
An English doctor, with a bunch of pot-herbs,
And he cries out, "Endive and suckery,
With a few mallow-roots and butter-milk!"
And talks of oil made of a churchman's charity;
Yet still he wakes.

1 *Cour.* But your good honour has a prayer in store,
If all should fail?

Baw. I could have pray'd, and handsomely, but age
And an ill memory——

3 *Cour.* Has spoil'd your primmer.

Baw. Yet if there be a man of faith i' th' court,
And can pray for a pension——

Thierry *is brought in on a bed, with* Doctors *and* Attendants.

2 *Cour.* Here's the king, sir;
And those that will pray without pay.

Baw. Then pray for me too.

1 *Doctor.* How does your grace now feel yourself?

Thi. What's that?

1 *Doctor.* Nothing at all, sir, but your fancy.

Thi. Tell me,
Can ever these eyes more, shut up in slumbers,
Assure my soul there is sleep? is there night
And rest for human labours? do not you
And all the world, as I do, out-stare Time,
And live, like funeral lamps, never extinguish'd?
Is there a grave? (and do not flatter me,
Nor fear to tell me truth) and in that grave
Is there a hope I shall sleep? can I die?
Are not my miseries immortal? Oh,
The happiness of him that drinks his water,
After his weary day, and sleeps for ever!
Why do you crucify me thus with faces,
And gaping strangely upon one another!
When shall I rest?

2 *Doctor.* Oh, sir, be patient!

Thi. Am I not patient? have I not endured
More than a mangy dog, among your doses?
Am I not now your patient? Ye can make
Unwholesome fools sleep for a guarded footcloth;
Whores for a hot sin-offering; yet I must crave,
That feed ye, and protect ye, and proclaim ye.
Because my power is far from your searching,
Are my diseases so? can ye cure none
But those of equal ignorance? Dare ye kill me?

1 *Doctor.* We do beseech your grace be more reclaim'd!
This talk doth but distemper you.

Thi. Well, I will die,
In spite of all your potions! One of you sleep;
Lie down and sleep here, that I may behold
What blessed rest it is my eyes are robb'd of!—
See; he can sleep, sleep any where, sleep now,
When he that wakes for him can never slumber!
Is't not a dainty ease?

2 *Doctor.* Your grace shall feel it.

Thi. Oh, never, never I! The eyes of Heaven
See but their certain motions, and then sleep:
The rages of the ocean have their slumbers,
And quiet silver calms; each violence
Crowns in his end a peace; but my fix'd fires
Shall never, never set!—Who's that?

Enter Martell, Brunhalt, De Vitry, *and* Soldiers.

Mart. No, woman,
Mother of mischief, no! the day shall die first,

And all good things live in a worse than thou art,
Ere thou shalt sleep! Dost thou see him?
Brun. Yes, and curse him;
And all that love him, fool, and all live by him.
Mart. Why art thou such a monster?
Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knave to ask me?
Mart. Hope of hell,
By this fair holy light, and all his wrongs,
Which are above thy years, almost thy vices,
Thou shalt not rest, not feel more what is pity,
Know nothing necessary, meet no society
But what shall curse and crucify thee, feel in thyself
Nothing but what thou art, bane and bad conscience.
Till this man rest; but for whose reverence,
Because thou art his mother, I would say,
Whore, this shall be! Do you nod? I'll waken you
With my sword's point.
Brun. I wish no more of Heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a sufficient anger
To torture thee!
Mart. See, she that makes you see, sir!
And, to your misery, still see your mother,
The mother of your woes, sir, of your waking,
The mother of your people's cries and curses,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother!
Thi. Physicians, half my state to sleep an hour
Is it so, mother? [now!—
Brun. Yes, it is so, son;
And, were it yet again to do, it should be.
Mart. She nods again; swinge her!
Thi. But, mother,
(For yet I love that reverence, and to death
Dare not forget you have been so) was this,
This endless misery, this cureless malice,
This snatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crown'd with eternal time are proud to finish,
Done by your will?
Brun. It was, and by that will——
Thi. Oh, mother, do not lose your name! forget not
The touch of Nature in you, tenderness!
'Tis all the soul of woman, all the sweetness:
Forget not, I beseech you, what are children,
Nor how you have groan'd for them; to what love
They are born inheritors, with what care kept;
And, as they rise to ripeness, still remember
How they imp out your age! and when Time calls you,
That as an autumn flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearse they hang, like
Brun. Holy fool, [penons!
Whose patience to prevent my wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of punishments or fears,
Or what I ought to be; but what I am,
A woman in her liberal will defeated,
In all her greatness cross'd, in pleasure blasted!
My angers have been laugh'd at, my ends slighted,
And all those glories that had crown'd my fortunes,
Suffer'd by blasted Virtue to be scatter'd:
I am the fruitful mother of these angers,
And what such have done, read, and know thy
Thi. Heaven forgive you! [ruin!
Mart. She tells you true; for millions of her mischiefs
Are now apparent: Protaldye we have taken,
An equal agent with her, to whose care,
After the damn'd defeat on you, she trusted
The bringing-in of Leonor the bastard,
Son to your murder'd brother: Her physician
By this time is attach'd too, that damn'd devil!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. 'Tis like he will be so; for ere we came,
Fearing an equal justice for his mischiefs,
He drench'd himself.
Brun. He did like one of mine then!
Thi. Must I still see these miseries? no night
To hide me from their horrors? That Protaldye
See justice fall upon!
Brun. Now I could sleep too.
Mart. I'll give you yet more poppy; Bring the lady,
And Heaven in her embraces give him quiet!

Enter Ordella.

Madam, unveil yourself.
Ord. I do forgive you;
And though you sought my blood, yet I'll pray for [you.
Brun. Art thou alive?
Mart. Now could you sleep?
Brun. For ever.
Mart. Go carry her without wink of sleep, or quiet,
Where her strong knave Protaldye's broke o' th' wheel,
And let his cries and roars be music to her!
I mean to waken her.
Thi. Do her no wrong!
Mart. No, right, as you love justice!
Brun. I will think;
And if there be new curses in old nature,
I have a soul dare send them!
Mart. Keep her waking!
[*Exit* Brunhalt *with a* Guard.
Thi. What's that appears so sweetly? There's that face——
Mart. Be moderate, lady!
Thi. That's angel's face——
Mart. Go nearer.
Thi. Martell, I cannot last long! See the soul
(I see it perfectly) of my Ordella,
The heavenly figure of her sweetness, there!
Forgive me, gods! it comes! Divinest substance!
Kneel, kneel, kneel, every one! Saint of thy sex,
If it be for my cruelty thou comest—
Do ye see her, hoa?
Mart. Yes, sir; and you shall know her.
Thi. Down, down again!—To be revenged for blood!
Sweet spirit, I am ready. She smiles on me!
Oh, blessed sign of peace!
Mart. Go nearer, lady.
Ord. I come to make you happy.
Thi. Hear you that, sirs?
She comes to crown my soul: Away, get sacrifice!
Whilst I with holy honours——
Mart. She is alive, sir.
Thi. In everlasting life; I know it, friend:
Oh, happy, happy soul!
Ord. Alas, I live, sir;
A mortal woman still.
Thi. Can spirits weep too?
Mart. She is no spirit, sir; pray kiss her. Lady,
Be very gentle to him!
Thi. Stay!—She is warm;

And, by my life, the same lips! Tell me, bright-
Are you the same Ordella still? [ness,
Mart. The same, sir,
Whom Heavens and my good angel stay'd from
Thi. Kiss me again! [ruin.
Ord. The same still, still your servant.
Thi. 'Tis she! I know her now, Martell. Sit down, sweet!
Oh, bless'd and happiest woman!—A dead slumber
Begins to creep upon me: Oh, my jewel!
Ord. Oh, sleep, my lord!
Thi. My joys are too much for me!

Enter Messenger *and* Memberge.

Mess. Brunhalt, impatient of her constraint to
Portaldye tortured, has choak'd herself. [see
Mart. No more!
Her sins go with her!
Thi. Love, I must die; I faint:
Close up my glasses!
1 *Doctor.* The queen faints too, and deadly.
Thi. One dying kiss!
Ord. My last, sir, and my dearest!
And now, close my eyes too!
Thi. Thou perfect woman!—
Martell, the kingdom's yours: Take Memberge to you,
And keep my line alive!—Nay, weep not, lady!
Take me! I go. [*Dies.*
Ord. Take me too! Farewell, Honour! [*Dies.*
2 *Doctor.* They are gone for ever.
Mart. The peace of happy souls go after them!
Bear them unto their last beds, whilst I study
A tomb to speak their loves whilst old Time lasteth.
I am your king in sorrows.
All. We your subjects!
Mart. De Vitry, for your services, be near us!
Whip out these instruments of this mad mother
From court, and all good people; and, because
She was born noble, let that title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor honour!
And now lead on! They that shall read this story,
Shall find that Virtue lives in good, not glory.
[*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE.

Our poet knows you will be just; but we
Appeal to mercy; he desires that ye
Would not distaste his muse, because of late
Transplanted; which would grow here if no fate
Have an unlucky bode: Opinion
Comes hither but on crutches yet, the sun
Hath lent no beam to warm us; if this play
Proceed more fortunate, we'll crown the day
And love that brought you hither. 'Tis in you
To make a little sprig of laurel grow,
And spread into a grove, where you may sit
And hear soft stories, when by blasting it
You gain no honour, though our ruins lye
To tell the spoils of your offended eye:
If not for what we are, (for, alas, here
No Roscius moves to charm your eyes or ear!)
Yet as you hope hereafter to see plays,
Encourage us, and give our poet bays.

THE WOMAN-HATER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Milan, *in love with* Oriana.
Count Valore.
Gondarino, *the* Woman-Hater.
Arrigo, *a Courtier.*
Lucio, *a weak formal Statesman.*
Lazarillo, *a voluptuous Smell-Feast.*
Boy, Lazarillo's *Servant.*
Mercer, *a Dupe, and an affected Admirer of Learning.*
Pandar.
Two Intelligencers.
Secretary *to* Lucio.
Gentleman.
Servants, *&c.*
Page.
The Mercer's *Prentice.*

Oriana, *Sister to* Valore.
Julia, } *Two Courtezans.*
Francissina, }
A Deaf Gentlewoman.
Ladies.
Maid.

SCENE,—Milan.

PROLOGUE.

Gentlemen, inductions are out of date, and a Prologue in verse is as stale as a black velvet cloak and a bay garland; therefore you shall have it in plain prose, thus: If there be any amongst you that come to hear lascivious scenes, let them depart; for I do pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all two-penny gallery-men, you shall have no bawdry in it: Or if there be any lurking amongst you in corners, with table-books, who have some hope to find fit matter to feed his——malice on, let them clasp them up, and slink away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this play means to please auditors so, as he may be an auditor himself hereafter, and not purchase them with the dear loss of his ears. I dare not call it comedy or tragedy; 'tis perfectly neither: A play it is, which was meant to make you laugh; how it will please you, is not written in my part: For though you should like it to-day, perhaps yourselves know not how you should digest it to-morrow. Some things in it you may meet with, which are out of the common road: A duke there is, and the scene lies in Italy, as those two things lightly we never miss. But you shall not find in it the ordinary and over-worn trade of jesting at lords, and courtiers, and citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the persons of them: Such, he, that made this, thinks vile, and for his own part vows, That he did never think, but that a lord, lord-born, might be a wise man, and a courtier an honest man.

PROLOGUE,

AT THE REVIVAL.

Ladies, take't as a secret in your ear,
Instead of homage, and kind welcome here,
I heartily could wish you all were gone;
For if you stay, 'good faith, we are undone.
Alas! you now expect the usual ways
Of our address, which is your sex's praise:
But we to-night, unluckily, must speak
Such things will make your lovers' heart-strings [break,
Be-lie your virtues, and your beauties stain,
With words, contrived long since, in your disdain,
'Tis strange you stir not yet; not all this while
Lift up your fans to hide a scornful smile;
Whisper, or jog your lords to steal away,
So leave us to act, unto ourselves, our play:
Then sure, there may be hope, you can subdue
Your patience to endure an act or two;
Nay more, when you are told our poet's rage
Pursues but one example, which that age
Wherein he lived produced; and we rely
Not on the truth, but the variety.
His Muse believed not what she then did write;
Her wings were wont to make a nobler flight.
Soar'd high, and to the stars your sex did raise:
For which, full twenty years he wore the bays.

'Twas he reduced Evadne from her scorn,
And taught the sad Aspatia how to mourn;
Gave Arethusa's love a glad relief;
And made Panthea elegant in grief.
If those great trophies of his noble muse
Cannot one humour 'gainst your sex excuse,
Which we present to-night, you 'll find a way
How to make good the libel in our play:
So you are cruel to yourselves; whilst he
(Safe in the fame of his integrity)
Will be a prophet, not a poet thought,
And this fine web last long, though loosely wrought.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Night. *A Street.*

Enter Duke, Arrigo, *and* Lucio.

Duke. 'Tis now the sweetest time for sleep; the night is
Scarce spent: Arrigo, what 's o'clock?
Arr. Past four.
Duke. Is it so much, and yet the morn not up?
See yonder, where the shame-faced maiden comes:
Into our sight how gently doth she slide,
Hiding her chaste cheeks, like a modest bride,
With a red veil of blushes: as is she,
Even such all modest virtuous women be!
Why thinks your lordship I am up so soon?
Lucio. About some weighty state-plot.
Duke. And what thinks
Your knighthood of it?
Arr. I do think, to cure
Some strange corruptions in the commonwealth.
Duke. You are well conceited of yourselves, to think
I chuse you out to bear me company
In such affairs and business of state!
But am not I a pattern for all princes,
That break my soft sleep for my subjects' good?
Am I not careful? very provident?
Lucio. Your grace is careful.
Arr. Very provident.
Duke. Nay, knew you how my serious working plots
Concern the whole estates of all my subjects,
Ay, and their lives: then, Lucio, thou wouldst swear,
I were a loving prince.
Lucio. I think your grace
Intends to walk the public streets disguised,
To see the streets' disorders.
Duke. 'Tis not so.
Arr. You secretly will cross some other states,
That do conspire against you.
Duke. Weightier far:
You are my friends, and you shall have the cause;
I break my sleeps thus soon to see a wench.
Lucio. You are wond'rous careful for your subjects' good!
Arr. You are a very loving prince indeed!
Duke. This care I take for them, when their dull eyes
Are closed with heavy slumbers.
Arr. Then you rise
To see your wenches.
Lucio. What Milan beauty hath the power
To charm her sovereign's eyes, and break his sleeps?
Duke. Sister to Count Valore! She is a maid
Would make a prince forget his throne and state,
And lowly kneel to her: The general fate
Of all mortality, is hers to give;
As she disposeth, so we die and live.
Lucio. My lord, the day grows clear; the court will rise.
Duke. We stay too long.—Is the umbrana's head,
As we commanded, sent to the sad Gondarino,
Our general
Arr. 'Tis sent.
Duke. But stay! where shines
That light?
Arr. 'Tis in the chamber of Lazarillo.
Duke. Lazarillo? what is he?
Arr. A courtier, my lord; and one that I wonder your grace knows not, for he hath followed your court, and your last predecessor's, from place to place, any time this seven year, as faithfully as your spits and your dripping-pans have done, and almost as greasily.
Duke. Oh, we know him: As we have heard, he keeps
A calendar of all the famous dishes
Of meat, that have been in the court, ever since
Our great-grandfather's time; and when he can thrust
In at no table, he makes his meat of that.
Lucio. The very same, my lord.
Duke. A courtier call'st thou him?
Believe me, Lucio, there be many such
About our court, respected, as they think,
Even by ourself. With thee I will be plain:
We princes do use to prefer many for nothing, and to take particular and free knowledge, almost in the nature of acquaintance, of many whom we do use only for our pleasures; and do give largely to numbers, more out of policy to be thought liberal, and by that means to make the people strive to deserve our love, than to reward any particular desert of theirs to whom we give; and do suffer ourselves to hear flatterers, more for recreation than for love of it, though we seldom hate it:
And yet we know all these; and when we please,
Can touch the wheel, and turn their names about.
Lucio. I wonder they that know their states so well,
Should fancy such base slaves.
Duke. Thou wond'rest, Lucio?
Dost not thou think if thou wert Duke of Milan,
Thou shouldst be flatter'd?
Lucio. I know, my lord, I would not.
Duke. Why, so I thought till I was a duke; I thought I should have left me no more flatterers than there are now plain-dealers; and yet, for all this my resolution, I am most palpably flatter'd: The poor man may loath covetousness and flattery, but fortune will alter the mind when the wind turns; there may be well a little conflict, but it will drive the billows before it. Arrigo, it grows late;
For see, fair Tethys hath undone the bars
To Phœbus' team; and his unrivall'd light
Hath chased the morning's modest blush away:
Now must we to our love.—Bright Paphian queen,
Thou Cytherean goddess, that delights

In stirring glances, and art still thyself
More toying than thy team of sparrows be;
Thou laughing Erecina, oh, inspire
Her heart with love, or lessen my desire! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Lazarillo's *Lodging.*

Enter Lazarillo *and* Boy.

Laz. Go, run, search, pry in every nook and angle of the kitchens, larders, and pasteries; know what meat's boiled, baked, roast, stewed, fried, or soused, at this dinner, to be served directly, or indirectly, to every several table in the court; begone!

Boy. I run; but not so fast as your mouth will do upon the stroke of eleven. [*Exit.*

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man, when he did give him a good stomach! What unbounded graces there are pour'd upon them that have the continual command of the very best of these blessings! 'Tis an excellent thing to be a prince; he is served with such admirable variety of fare, such innumerable choice of delicates; his tables are full fraught with most nourishing food, and his cupboards heavy laden with rich wines; his court is still fill'd with most pleasing varieties: in the summer his palace is full of green-geese, and in winter it swarmeth woodcocks. Oh, thou goddess of Plenty!

Fill me this day with some rare delicates,
And I will every year most constantly,
As this day, celebrate a sumptuous feast
(If thou wilt send me victuals) in thine honour!
And to it shall be bidden, for thy sake,
Even all the valiant stomachs in the court;
All short-cloak'd knights, and all cross-garter'd gentlemen;
All pump and pantofle, foot-cloth riders;
With all the swarming generation
Of long stocks, short pain'd hose, and huge stuff'd doublets:
All these shall eat, and, which is more than yet
Hath e'er been seen, they shall be satisfied!—
I wonder my ambassador returns not.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am, master.

Laz. And welcome!

Never did that sweet virgin in her smock,
Fair-cheek'd Andromeda, when to the rock
Her ivory limbs were chain'd, and straight before
A huge sea-monster, tumbling to the shore,
To have devour'd her, with more longing sight
Expect the coming of some hardy knight,
That might have quell'd his pride, and set her free,
Than I with longing sight have look'd for thee.

Boy. Your Perseus is come, master, that will destroy him;
The very comfort of whose presence shuts
The monster Hunger from your yelping guts.

Laz. Brief, boy, brief!
Discourse the service of each several table
Compendiously.

Boy. Here is a bill of all, sir.

Laz. Give it me! [*Reads.*

"A bill of all the several services this day appointed for every table in the court:"

Ay, this is it on which my hopes rely;
Within this paper all my joys are closed!
Boy, open it, and read it with reverence.

Boy. [*Reads.*] "For the captain of the guard's table, three chines of beef and two joles of sturgeon."

Laz. A portly service,
But gross, gross. Proceed to the Duke's own table,
Dear boy, to the duke's own table!

Boy. "For the duke's own table, the head of an umbrana."

Laz. Is it possible?
Can Heaven be so propitious to the duke?

Boy. Yes, I'll assure you, sir, 'tis possible; Heaven is so propitious to him.

Laz. Why then, he is the richest prince alive!
He were the wealthiest monarch in all Europe,
Had he no other territories, dominions,
Provinces, seats, nor palaces, but only
That umbrana's head.

Boy. 'Tis very fresh and sweet, sir; the fish was taken but this night, and the head, as a rare novelty, appointed by special commandment for the duke's own table, this dinner.

Laz. If poor unworthy I may come to eat
Of this most sacred dish, I here do vow
(If that blind huswife Fortune will bestow
But means on me) to keep a sumptuous house,
A board groaning under the heavy burden of the beast that cheweth the cud, and the fowl that cutteth the air: It shall not, like the table of a country justice, be sprinkled over with all manner of cheap sallads, sliced beef, giblets, and pettitoes, to fill up room; nor should there stand any great, cumbersome, un-cut-up pies, at the nether-end, filled with moss and stones, partly to make a show with, and partly to keep the lower mess from eating; nor shall my meat come in sneaking, like the city service, one dish a quarter of an hour after another, and gone as if they had appointed to meet there, and had mistook the hour; nor should it, like the new court service, come in in haste, as if it fain would be gone again, all courses at once, like a hunting breakfast; but I would have my several courses, and my dishes well filed: My first course should be brought in after the ancient manner, by a score of old bleer-eyed serving-men, in long blue coats;—Marry, they shall buy silk, facing, and buttons themselves; but that's by the way—

Boy. Master, the time calls on; will you be walking?

Laz. Follow, boy, follow! my guts were half an hour since in the privy kitchen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the House of* Count Valore.

Enter Valore *and* Oriana.

Ori. 'Faith, brother, I must needs go yonder.

Val. And i'faith, sister, what will you do yonder?

Ori. I know the lady Honoria will be glad to see me.

Val. Glad to see you? 'Faith, the lady Honoria cares for you as she doth for all other young ladies; she is glad to see you, and will shew you the privy-garden, and tell you how many gowns the duchess had. Marry, if you have ever an old uncle, that would be a lord, or ever a kinsman that hath done a murder, or committed a robbery, and will give good store of money to procure his pardon, then the lady Honoria will be glad to see you.

Ori. Ay, but they say one shall see fine sights at the court.

Val. I'll tell you what you shall see; you shall see many faces of man's making, for you shall find very few as God left them: And you shall see many legs too; amongst the rest you shall behold one pair, the feet of which were in times past sockless, but are now, through the change of time (that alters all things,) very strangely become the legs of a knight and a courtier; another pair you shall see, that were heir-apparent legs to a glover, these legs hope shortly to be honourable; when they pass by they will bow, and the mouth to these legs will seem to offer you some courtship; it will swear, but it will lie; hear it not!

Ori. Why, and are not these fine sights?

Val. Sister,
In seriousness you yet are young, and fair;
A fair young maid, and apt——

Ori. Apt?

Val. Exceeding apt;
Apt to be drawn to——

Ori. To what?

Val. To that you should not be; 'tis no dispraise;
She is not bad that hath desire to ill,
But she that hath no power to rule that will:
For there you shall be woo'd in other kinds
Than yet your years have known;
The chiefest men will seem to throw themselves
As vassals at your service, kiss your hand,
Prepare you banquets, masks, shows, all intice-
That Wit and Lust together can devise, [ments
To draw a lady from the state of grace
To an old lady widow's gallery;
And they will praise your virtues; beware that!
The only way to turn a woman whore,
Is to commend her chastity: You'll go?

Ori. I would go, if it were but only to shew you, that I could be there, and be moved with none of these tricks.

Val. Your servants are ready?

Ori. An hour since.

Val. Well, if you come off clear from this hot service, your praise shall be the greater. Farewell, sister!

Ori. Farewell, brother!

Val. Once more! If you stay in the presence till candle-light, keep on the foreside o' th' curtain; and, do you hear, take heed of the old bawd, in the cloth-of-tissue sleeves, and the knit mittens! Farewell, sister!—[*Exit* ORIANA.] Now am I idle; I would I had been a scholar, that I might have studied now! the punishment of meaner men is, they have too much to do; our only misery is, that without company we know not what to do. I must take some of the common courses of our nobility, which is thus: if I can find no company that likes me, pluck off my hat-band, throw an old cloak over my face, and, as if I would not be known, walk hastily through the streets, till I be discovered; then "there goes count Such-a-one," says one; "There goes count Such-a-one," says another; "Look how fast he goes," says a third; "There's some great matters in hand questionless," says a fourth; when all my business is to have them say so. This hath been used. Or, if I can find any company, I'll after dinner to the stage to see a play; where, when I first enter, you shall have a murmur in the house; every one that does not know, cries, "What nobleman is that?" all the gallants on the stage rise, vail to me, kiss their hand, offer me their places: Then I pick out some one, whom I please to grace among the rest, take his seat, use it, throw my cloak over my face, and laugh at him: the poor gentleman imagines himself most highly graced, thinks all the auditors esteem him one of my bosom-friends, and in right special regard with me. But here comes a gentleman, that I hope will make me better sport than either street and stage fooleries. [*Retires to one side of the Stage.*

Enter LAZARILLO *and* Boy.

This man loves to eat good meat; always provided, he do not pay for it himself. He goes by the name of the Hungry Courtier; marry, because I think that name will not sufficiently distinguish him (for no doubt he hath more fellows there) his name is Lazarillo; he is none of these same ord'nary eaters, that will devour three breakfasts, and as many dinners, without any prejudice to their bevers, drinkings, or suppers; but he hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more after novelty than plenty. I'll over-hear him.

Laz. Oh, thou most itching kindly appetite,
Which every creature in his stomach feels,
Oh, leave, leave yet at last thus to torment me!
Three several sallads have I sacrificed,
Bedew'd with precious oil and vinegar,
Already to appease thy greedy wrath.—
Boy!

Boy. Sir?

Laz. Will the count speak with me?

Boy. One of his gentlemen is gone to inform him of your coming, sir.

Laz. There is no way left for me to compass this fish-head, but by being presently made known to the duke.

Boy. That will be hard, sir.

Laz. When I have tasted of this sacred dish,
Then shall my bones rest in my father's tomb
In peace; then shall I die most willingly,
And as a dish be served to satisfy
Death's hunger; and I will be buried thus:
My bier shall be a charger borne by four,
The coffin where I lie a powd'ring-tub,
Bestrew'd with lettuce, and cool sallad-herbs;
My winding-sheet of tansies; the black guard
Shall be my solemn mourners; and, instead
Of ceremonies, wholesome burial prayers;
A printed dirge in rhyme shall bury me.
Instead of tears let them pour capon-sauce
Upon my hearse, and salt instead of dust,
Manchets for stones; for other glorious shields
Give me a voider; and above my hearse,
For a trutch sword, my naked knife stuck up!
[VALORE *comes forward.*

Boy. Master, the count's here.

Laz. Where?—My lord, I do beseech you——
[*Kneeling.*

Val. You are very welcome, sir; I pray you stand up; you shall dine with me.

Laz. I do beseech your lordship, by the love I still have borne to your honourable house——

Val. Sir, what need all this? you shall dine with me. I pray rise.

Laz. Perhaps your lordship takes me for one of these same fellows, that do, as it were, respect victuals.

Val. Oh, sir, by no means.

Laz. Your lordship has often promised, that

whensoever I should affect greatness, your own hand should help to raise me.

Val. And so much still assure yourself of.

Lax. And though I must confess I have ever shunn'd popularity, by the example of others, yet I do now feel myself a little ambitious: Your lordship is great, and, though young, yet a privy-counsellor.

Val. I pray you, sir, leap into the matter; what would you have me do for you?

Lax. I would entreat your lordship to make me known to the duke.

Val. When, sir?

Lax. Suddenly, my lord; I would have you present me unto him this morning.

Val. It shall be done: But for what virtues would you have him take notice of you?

Lax. Your lordship shall know that presently.

Val. [*Aside.*] 'Tis pity of this fellow; he is of good wit, and sufficient understanding, when he is not troubled with this greedy worm.

Lax. 'Faith, you may entreat him to take notice of me for anything; for being an excellent farrier, for playing well at span-counter, or sticking knives in walls, for being impudent, or for nothing; why may not I be a favourite on the sudden? I see nothing against it.

Val. Not so, sir; I know you have not the face to be a favourite on the sudden.

Lax. Why then, you shall present me as a gentleman well qualified, or one extraordinary seen in divers strange mysteries.

Val. In what, sir? as how?

Lax. Marry as thus——

Enter Intelligencer.

Val. Yonder's my old spirit, that hath haunted me daily, ever since I was a privy-counsellor; I must be rid of him.—[*To the* Intelligencer.] I pray you stay there; I am a little busy; I will speak with you presently.

Lax. You shall bring me in, and after a little other talk, taking me by the hand, you shall utter these words to the duke: "May it please your grace, to take note of a gentleman, well read, deeply learned, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sallads and pot-herbs whatsoever."

Val. 'Twill be rare! If you will walk before, sir, I will overtake you instantly.

Lax. Your lordship's ever. [*Exit.*

Val. [*Aside.*] This fellow is a kind of an informer, one that lives in ale-houses and taverns; and because he perceives some worthy men in this land, with much labour and great expence, to have discover'd things dangerously hanging over the state, he thinks to discover as much out of the talk of drunkards in tap-houses: He brings me informations, pick'd out of broken words, in men's common talk, which, with his malicious mis-application, he hopes will seem dangerous; he doth, besides, bring me the names of all the young gentlemen in the city, that use ordinaries, or taverns, talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom of their youth teach them, without any further ends, for dangerous and seditious spirits; he is, besides, an arrant whoremaster as any is in Milan, of a layman; I will not meddle with the clergy: He is parcel lawyer, and in my conscience much of their religion: I must put upon him some piece of service.—Come hither, sir: What have you to do with me?

Int. Little, my lord; I only come to know how your lordship would employ me.

Val. Observed you that gentleman that parted from me but now?

Int. I saw him now, my lord.

Val. I was sending for you; I have talk'd with this man, and I do find him dangerous.

Int. Is your lordship in good earnest?

Val. Hark you, sir; there may perhaps be some within ear-shot. [*He whispers with him.*

Enter Lazarillo *and* Boy.

Lax. Sirrah, will you venture your life, the duke hath sent the fish head to my lord?

Boy. Sir, if he have not, kill me, do what you will with me!

Lax. How uncertain is the state of all mortal things! I have these crosses from my cradle, from my very cradle, insomuch that I do begin to grow desperate: Fortune, I do despise thee, do thy worst!—Yet, when I do better gather myself together, I do find it is rather the part of a wise man to prevent the storms of fortune by stirring, than to suffer 'em, by standing still, to pour themselves upon his naked body: I will about it.

Val. Who's within there?

Enter a Serving-man.

Let this gentleman out at the back-door!—Forget not my instructions. If you find anything dangerous, trouble not yourself to find out me, but carry your informations to the lord Lucio; he is a man grave, and well experienced in these businesses.

Int. Your lordship's servant.

[*Exeunt* Intelligencer *and* Serving-man.

Lax. Will it please your lordship walk?

Val. Sir, I was coming; I will overtake you.

Lax. I will attend you over against the lord Gondarino's house.

Val. You shall not attend there long.

Lax. Thither must I
To see my love's face, the chaste virgin head
Of a dear fish, yet pure and undeflower'd,
Not known of man; no rough-bred country hand
Hath once touch'd thee, no pander's wither'd paw,
Nor an un-napkin'd lawyer's greasy fist,
Hath once slubber'd thee; no lady's supple hand,
Wash'd o'er with urine, hath yet seized on thee
With her two nimble talons; no court-hand,
Whom his own natural filth, or change of air,
Hath bedeck'd with scabs, hath marr'd thy whiter [grace:
Oh, let it be thought lawful then for me,
To crop the flower of thy virginity! [*Exit.*

Val. This day I am for fools; I am all theirs:
Though, like to our young wanton cocker'd heirs,
Who do affect those men above the rest
In whose base company they still are best,
I do not with much labour strive to be
The wisest ever in the company;
But for a fool our wisdom oft amends,
As enemies do teach us more than friends. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* GONDARINO'S *House.*

Enter GONDARINO *and* Servants.

Serv. My lord!

Gond. Ha!

Serv. Here's one hath brought you a present.

Gond. From whom? from a woman? if it be from a woman, bid him carry it back, and tell her she's a whore. What is it?

Serv. A fish-head, my lord.

Gond. What fish-head?

Serv. I did not ask that, my lord.

Gond. Whence comes it?

Serv. From the court.

Gond. Oh, 'tis a cod's head.

Serv. No, my lord; 'tis some strange head; it comes from the duke.

Gond. Let it be carried to my mercer; I do owe him money for silks; stop his mouth with that.—[*Exeunt* Servants.] Was there ever any man that hated his wife after death but I? and, for her sake, all women, women that were created only for the preservation of little dogs!

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the count's sister being overtaken in the streets with a great hail-storm, is lit at your gate, and desires room till the storm be overpast.

Gond. Is she a woman?

Serv. Ay, my lord, I think so.

Gond. I have none for her then; bid her get her gone; tell her she is not welcome!

Serv. My lord, she is now coming up.

Gond. She shall not come up! tell her anything; tell her I have but one great room in my house, and I am now in it at the close-stool.

Serv. She's here, my lord.

Gond. Oh, impudence of women! I can keep dogs out of my house, or I can defend my house against thieves; but I cannot keep out women.—Now, madam;

Enter ORIANA, *a* Waiting-woman, *and a* Page.

What hath your ladyship to say to me?

Ori. My lord, I was bold to crave the help of your house against the storm.

Gond. Your ladyship's boldness in coming will be impudence in staying; for you are most unwelcome.

Ori. Oh, my lord!

Gond. Do you laugh? by the hate I bear to you, 'tis true!

Ori. You are merry, my lord.

Gond. Let me laugh to death if I be, or can be, whilst thou art here, or livest, or any of thy sex!

Ori. I commend your lordship.

Gond. Do you commend me? why do you commend me! I give you no such cause: Thou art a filthy, impudent whore; a woman, a very woman!

Ori. Ha, ha, ha!

Gond. Begot when thy father was drunk.

Ori. Your lordship hath a good wit.

Gond. How? what? have I good wit?

Ori. Come, my lord; I have heard before of your lordship's merry vein in jesting against our sex; which I being desirous to hear, made me rather chuse your lordship's house than any other; but I know I am welcome.

Gond. Let me not live, if you be! Methinks it doth not become you to come to my house, being a stranger to you: I have no woman in my house to entertain you, nor to shew you your chamber; why should you come to me? I have no galleries, nor banqueting-houses, nor bawdy-pictures, to shew your ladyship.

Ori. Believe me, this your lordship's plainness makes me think myself more welcome than if you had sworn, by all the pretty court-oaths that are, I had been welcomer than your soul to your body.

Gond. Now she's in, talking treason will [not] get her out; I durst sooner undertake to talk an intelligencer out of the room, and speak more than he durst hear, than talk a woman out of my company.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the Duke being in the streets, and the storm continuing, is entered your gate, and now coming up.

Gond. The Duke?—Now I know your errand, madam; you have plots and private-meetings in hand: Why do you chuse my house? are you ashamed to go to it in the old coupling-place? though it be less suspicious here, (for no Christian will suspect a woman to be in my house) yet you may do it cleanlier there, for there is a care had of those businesses; and wheresoever you remove, your great maintainer and you shall have your lodgings directly opposite: it is but putting on your night-gown and your slippers: Madam, you understand me?

Ori. Before, I would not understand him; but now he speaks riddles to me indeed.

Enter the DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Duke. 'Twas a strange hail-storm.

Lucio. 'Twas exceeding strange.

Gond. Good morrow to your grace!

Duke. Good morrow, Gondarino.

Gond. Justice, great prince!

Duke. Why should you beg for justice? I never did you wrong; what's the offender?

Gond. A woman.

Duke. Oh, I know your ancient quarrel against that sex; but what heinous crime hath she committed?

Gond. She hath gone abroad.

Duke. What? it cannot be.

Gond. She hath done it.

Duke. How! I never heard of any woman that did so before.

Gond. If she have not laid by that modesty
That should attend a virgin, and, quite void
Of shame, hath left the house where she was born,
(As they should never do,) let me endure
The pains that she should suffer!

Duke. Hath she so?
Which is the woman?

Gond. This, this.

Duke. How!—Arrigo! Lucio!

Gond. Ay, then it is a plot: No prince alive
Shall force me make my house a brothel-house;
Not for the sin's, but for the woman's sake;
I will not have her in my doors so long:
Will they make my house as bawdy as their own [are?

Duke. Is it not Oriana?

Lucio. It is.
Duke. Sister to count Valore?
Arr. The very same.
Duke. She that I love!
Lucio. She that you love.
Duke. I do suspect——
Lucio. So do I.
Duke. This fellow to be but a counterfeit;
One that doth seem to loath all woman-kind,
To hate himself because he hath some part
Of woman in him, seems not to endure
To see or to be seen of any woman,
Only because he knows it is their nature
To wish to taste that which is most forbidden;
And with this show he may the better compass
(And with far less suspicion) his base ends.
Lucio. Upon my life, 'tis so.
Duke. And I do know,
Before his late wife gave him that offence,
He was the greatest servant to that sex
That ever was. What doth this lady here
With him alone? Why should he rail at her
To me?
Lucio. Because your grace might not suspect.
Duke. It was so! I do love her strangely.
I would fain know the truth; counsel me.
[*They three whisper.*

Enter VALORE, LAZARILLO, *and* Boy.

Val. It falls out better than we could expect, sir, that we should find the duke and my lord Gondarino together, both which you desire to be acquainted with.

Laz. 'Twas very happy.—Boy, go down into the kitchen, and see if you can spy that same.—[*Exit* Boy.] I am now in some hope; I have methinks a kind of fever upon me, a certain gloominess within me, doubting, as it were, betwixt two passions: There is no young maid upon her wedding-night, when her husband sets first foot in the bed, blushes, and looks pale again, oftner than I do now. There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings, towards the latter end of his new play, (when he's in that case that he stands peeping betwixt the curtains, so fearfully that a bottle of ale cannot be open'd, but he thinks somebody hisses) than I am at this instant.

Val. Are they in consultation? If they be, either my young Duke hath gotten some bastard, and is persuading my knight yonder to father the child, and marry the wench, or else some cockpit is to be built.

Laz. My lord! what nobleman's that?

Val. His name is Lucio; 'tis he that was made a lord at the request of some of his friends for his wife's sake; he affects to be a great statesman, and thinks it consists in night-caps, and jewels, and toothpicks.

Laz. And what's that other?

Val. A knight, sir, that pleaseth the Duke to favour, and to raise to some extraordinary fortunes: He can make as good men as himself every day in the week, and doth.

Laz. For what was he raised?

Val. Truly, sir, I am not able to say directly for what, but for wearing of red breeches, as I take it: he is a brave man; he will spend three knighthoods at a supper without trumpets.

Laz. My lord, I'll talk with him; for I have a friend that would gladly receive the honour——

Val. If he have the itch of knighthood upon him, let him repair to that physician, he'll cure him. But I will give you a note: Is your friend fat or lean?

Laz. Something fat.

Val. It will be the worse for him.

Laz. I hope that's not material.

Val. Very much, for there's an impost set upon knighthoods, and your friend shall pay a noble in the pound.

Duke. [*Coming forward.*] I do not like exami-
We shall find out the truth more easily, [nations;
Some other way less noted, and that course
Should not be used, till we be sure to prove
Something directly; for when they perceive
Themselves suspected, they will then provide
More warily to answer.
Lucio. Doth she know
Your grace doth love her?
Duke. She hath never heard it.
Lucio. Then thus, my lord.
[*They whisper again.*

Laz. What's he that walks alone so sadly, with his hands behind him?

Val. The lord of the house, he that you desire to be acquainted with. He doth hate women for the same cause that I love them.

Laz. What's that?

Val. For that which apes want: You perceive me, sir?

Laz. And is he sad? can he be sad that hath so rich a gem under his roof, as that which I do follow!—What young lady's that?

Val. Which? Have I mine eye-sight perfect? 'tis my sister! Did I say the Duke had a bastard? what should she make here with him and his council? She hath no papers in her hand to petition to them; she hath never a husband in prison, whose release she might sue for: That's a fine trick for a wench, to get her husband clapt up, that she may more freely, and with less suspicion, visit the private studies of men in authority. Now I do discover their consultation; yon fellow is a pandar without all salvation! but let me not condemn her too rashly, without weighing the matter: She is a young lady; she went forth early this morning with a waiting-woman, and a page or so: This is no garden-house, in my conscience, she went forth with no dishonest intent; for she did not pretend going to any sermon in the further end of the city; neither went she to see any odd old gentlewoman, that mourns for the death of her husband, or the loss of her friend, and must have young ladies come to comfort her; those are the damnable bawds! 'Twas no set meeting certainly, for there was no wafer-woman with her these three days, on my knowledge. I'll talk with her.—Good morrow, my lord!

Gond. You are welcome, sir.—Here's her brother come now to do a kind office for his sister; is it not strange?

Val. I am glad to meet you here, sister.

Ori. I thank you, good brother; and if you doubt of the cause of my coming, I can satisfy you.

Val. No, 'faith, I dare trust thee: I do suspect thou art honest; for it is so rare a thing to be honest, amongst you, that some one man in an age may perhaps suspect some two women to be honest, but never believe it verily.—

Lucio. Let your return be sudden!
Arr. Unsuspected by them.
Duke. It shall; so shall I best
Perceive their love, if there be any: Farewell!
Val. Let me entreat your grace to stay a little,
To know a gentleman, to whom yourself
Is much beholding: He hath made the sport
For your whole court these eight years, on my [knowledge.
Duke. His name?
Val. Lazarillo.
Duke. I heard of him this morning;
Which is he?
Val. Lazarillo, pluck up thy spirits!
Thy fortunes are now raising; the duke calls for [thee
And thou shalt be acquainted with him.
Laz. He's going away,
And I must of necessity stay here,
Upon business.
Val. 'Tis all one; thou shalt know him first.
Laz. Stay a little!— [*Aside.*
If he should offer to take me away with him,
And by that means I should lose that I seek for—
But if he should, I will not go with him.
Val. Lazarillo, the duke stays! wilt thou lose
This opportunity?
Laz. How must I speak to him?
Val. 'Twas well thought of; you must not talk [to him
As you do to an ordinary man,
Honest plain sense, but you must wind about him;
For example; if he should ask you what o'clock it is,
You must not say, "If it please your grace, 'tis nine;"
But thus, "Thrice three o'clock, so please my sovereign;"
Or thus, "Look how many muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,
And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"
And so forth: And you must now and then
Enter into a description.
Laz. I hope I shall do it.
Val. Come! "May it please your grace to take note of a gentleman, well seen, deeply read, and throughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sallads and pot-herbs whatsoever."
Duke. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.
Laz. I kiss the ox-hide of your grace's foot.
Val. Very well!—Will your grace question him [a little?
Duke. How old are you?
Laz. Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks
Have been compiled, all for several years,
Since first I drew this breath; four prenticeships
Have I most truly served in this world;
And eight-and-twenty times hath Phœbus' car
Run out his yearly course, since——
Duke. I understand you, sir.
Lucio. How like an ignorant poet he talks!
Duke. You are eight-and-twenty year old. What time of the day do you hold it to be?
Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives,
On thresholds, on their shoe-soles, and on stairs;
Now bread is grating, and the testy cook
Hath much to do now; now the tables all——
Duke. 'Tis almost dinner-time?
Laz. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.
Val. Your grace shall find him, in your further conference, grave, wise, courtly, and scholar-like, understandingly read in the necessities of the life of man:
He knows that man is mortal by his birth;
He knows that man must die, and therefore live:
He knows that man must live, and therefore eat.
And if it shall please your grace to accompany yourself with him, I doubt not but that he will, at the least, make good my commendations.
Duke. Attend us, Lazarillo; we do want
Men of such action, as we have received you
Reported from your honourable friend.
Laz. Good my lord, stand betwixt me and my overthrow! you know I am tied here, and may not depart!—My gracious lord, so weighty are the businesses of mine own, which at this time do call upon me, that I will rather choose to die, than to neglect them.
Val. Nay, you shall well perceive; besides the virtues that I have already inform'd you of, he hath a stomach which will stoop to no prince alive.
Duke. Sir, at your best leisure; I shall thirst to see you.
Laz. And I shall hunger for it.
Duke. Till then, farewell all!
Gond. Val. Long life attend your grace!
Duke. I do not taste this sport. Arrigo! Lucio!
Arr. Lucio. We do attend.
[*Exeunt* Duke, Arrigo, *and* Lucio.
Gond. His grace is gone, and hath left his Helen with me: I am no pandar for him; neither can I be won, with the hope of gain, or the itching desire of tasting my lord's lechery to him, to keep her at my house, or bring her in disguise to his bed-chamber.
The twines of adders and of scorpions
About my naked breast, will seem to me
More tickling than those clasps, which men adore,
The lustful, dull, ill-spirited embraces
Of women! The much-praised Amazons,
Knowing their own infirmities so well,
Made of themselves a people, and what men
They take amongst them they condemn to die;
Perceiving that their folly made them fit
To live no longer, that would willingly
Come in the worthless presence of a woman.—
I will attend, and see what my young lord
Will do with his sister.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My lord, the fish-head is gone again.
Val. Whither?
Boy. I know whither, my lord.
Val. Keep it from Lazarillo!—Sister, shall I confer with you in private, to know the cause of the duke's coming hither? I know he makes you acquainted with his business of state.
Ori. I'll satisfy you, brother; for I see you are jealous of me.
Gond. Now there shall be some course taken for her conveyance.
Laz. Lazarillo, thou art happy! thy carriage hath begot love, and that love hath brought forth fruits; thou art here in the company of a man honourable, that will help thee to taste of the bounties of the sea; and when thou hast so done, thou shalt retire thyself unto the court, and there taste of the delicates of the earth, and be great in the eyes of thy sovereign. Now no more shalt thou need to scramble for thy meat, nor remove

thy stomach with the court; but thy credit shall command thy heart's desire, and all novelties shall be sent as presents unto thee.

Val. Good sister, when you see your own time, will you return home?

Ori. Yes, brother, and not before.

Laz. I will grow popular in this state, and overthrow the fortunes of a number, that live by extortion.

Val. Lazarillo, bestir thyself nimbly and suddenly, and hear me with patience.

Laz. Let me not fall from myself!
Speak! I am bound to hear.

Val. *So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear;*
The fish-head is gone, and we know not whither.

Laz. I will not curse, nor swear, nor rage, nor rail,
Nor with contemptuous tongue accuse my fate
(Though I might justly do it;) nor will I
Wish myself uncreated, for this evil!—
Shall I entreat your lordship to be seen
A little longer in the company
Of a man cross'd by fortune?

Val. I hate to leave my friend in his extremities.

Laz. 'Tis noble in you; then I take your hand,
And do protest, I do not follow this
For any malice or for private ends,
But with a love, as gentle and as chaste,
As that a brother to his sister bears:
And if I see this fish-head, yet unknown,
The last words that my dying father spake,
Before his eye-strings brake, shall not of me
So often be remember'd, as our meeting:
Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,
Full of pure love, and free from servile lust!—

Val. [*To* GONDARINO.] Farewell, my lord! I was entreated to invite your lordship to a lady's up-sitting. [*Exeunt* VALORE, LAZARILLO, *and* Boy.

Gond. Oh, my ears!—Why, madam, will not you follow your brother? You are waited for by great men; he'll bring you to 'em.

Ori. I am very well, my lord; you do mistake me, if you think I affect greater company than yourself.

Gond. What madness possesseth thee, that thou canst imagine me a fit man to entertain ladies? I tell thee, I do use to tear their hair, to kick them, and to twinge their noses, if they be not careful in avoiding me.

Ori. Your lordship may descant upon your own behaviour as please you, but I protest, so sweet and courtly it appears in my eye, that I mean not to leave you yet.

Gond. I shall grow rough.

Ori. A rough carriage is best in a man.—I'll dine with you, my lord.

Gond. Why, I will starve thee; thou shalt have nothing.

Ori. I have heard of your lordship's nothing; I'll put that to the venture.

Gond. Well, thou shalt have meat; I'll send it to thee.

Ori. I'll keep no state, my lord; neither do I mourn; I'll dine with you.

Gond. Is such a thing as this allow'd to live?
What power hath let thee loose upon the earth,
To plague us for our sins? Out of my doors!

Ori. I would your lordship did but see how well
This fury doth become you! it doth show
So near the life, as it were natural.

Gond. Oh, thou damn'd woman! I will fly the vengeance
That hangs above thee: Follow, if thou darest!
[*Exit* GONDARINO.

Ori. I must not leave this fellow; I will torment him to madness!
To teach his passions against kind to move,
The more he hates, the more I'll seem to love.
[*Exeunt* ORIANA, Maid, *and* Page.

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter Pandar *and* Mercer.

Pandar. Sir, what may be done by art shall be done; I wear not this black cloak for nothing.

Mercer. Perform this, help me to this great heir by learning, and you shall want no black cloaks; taffaties, silk-grograms, satins, and velvets are mine; they shall be yours, perform what you have promised; and you shall make me a lover of sciences; I will study the learned languages, and keep my shop-book in Latin.

Pandar. Trouble me not now; I will not fail you within this hour at your shop.

Mercer. Let art have her course. [*Exit.*

Enter JULIA.

Pandar. 'Tis well spoken.—Madonna!

Julia. Hast thou brought me any customers?

Pandar. No.

Julia. What the devil dost thou in black?

Pandar. As all solemn professors of settled courses, cover my knavery with it. Will you marry a citizen, reasonably rich and unreasonably foolish, silks in his shop, money in his purse, and no wit in his head?

Julia. Out upon him! I could have been otherwise than so; there was a knight swore he would have had me, if I would have lent him but forty shillings to have redeem'd his cloak, to go to church in.

Pandar. Then your waistcoat-waiter shall have him; call her in.

Julia. Francissina!

Fran. [*Within.*] Anon.

Julia. Get you to the church, and shrive yourself, for you shall be richly married anon.

Pandar. And get you after her. I will work upon my citizen whilst he is warm; I must not suffer him to consult with his neighbours: The openest fools are hardly cozened, if they once grow jealous. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another Room in* GONDARINO'S *House.*

Enter GONDARINO, *flying from* ORIANA.

Gond. Save me, ye better powers! let me not fall
Between the loose embracements of a woman!
Heaven, if my sins be ripe, grown to a head,
And must attend your vengeance, I beg not to divert my fate,
Or to reprieve a while thy punishment;
Only I crave, (and hear me, equal Heavens!)
Let not your furious rod, that must afflict me,
Be that imperfect piece of Nature
That Art makes up, woman, unsatiate woman!
Had we not knowing souls, at first infused
To teach a difference 'twixt extremes and goods?
Were we not made ourselves, free, unconfined,
Commanders of our own affections?
And can it be, that this most perfect creature,
This image of his Maker, well-squared man,
Should leave the handfast, that he had of grace,
To fall into a woman's easy arms?

Enter ORIANA.

Ori. Now, Venus, be my speed! inspire me with all the several subtle temptations, that thou hast already given, or hast in store hereafter to bestow upon our sex! Grant that I may apply that physic that is most apt to work upon him; whether he will soonest be moved with wantonness, singing, dancing, or (being passionate) with scorn; or with sad and serious looks, cunningly mingled with sighs, with smiling, lisping, kissing the hand, and making short curt'sies; or with whatsoever other nimble power he may be caught, do thou infuse into me; and, when I have him, I will sacrifice him up to thee!

Gond. It comes again! new apparitions,
And tempting spirits! Stand and reveal thyself;
Tell why thou follow'st me? I fear thee,
As I fear the place thou camest from, Hell.

Ori. My lord, I am a woman, and such a one—

Gond. That I hate truly!
Thou hadst better been a devil.

Ori. Why, my unpatient lord?

Gond. Devils were once good; there they excell'd you women.

Ori. Can you be so uneasy? can you freeze,
And such a summer's heat so ready to dissolve?
Nay, gentle lord, turn not away in scorn,
Nor hold me less fair than I am! Look on these cheeks;
They have yet enough of nature, true complexion;
If to be red and white, a forehead high,
An easy melting lip, a speaking eye,
And such a tongue, whose language takes the ear
Of strict religion, and men most austere:
If these may hope to please, look here!

Gond. This woman with entreaty would shew all!
—Lady, there lies your way; I pray you, farewell.

Ori. You're yet too harsh, too dissonant;
There's no true music in your words, my lord.

Gond. What shall I give thee to be gone? Here stay;
An thou want'st lodging, take my house, 'tis big enough,
'Tis thine own; 'twill hold five lecherous lords
And their lackies, without discovery:
There's stoves and bathing-tubs.

Ori. Dear lord, you are too wild.

Gond. 'Shalt have a doctor too, thou shalt,
'Bout six and twenty, 'tis a pleasing age;
Or I can help thee to a handsome usher;
Or if thou lack'st a page, I'll give thee one:
Pr'ythee keep house, and leave me!

Ori. I do confess I am too easy, too much woman,
Not coy enough to take affection;
Yet I can frown, and nip a passion,
Even in the bud: I can say,
Men please their present heats, then please to leave us.
I can hold off, and, by my chymic power,
Draw sonnets from the melting lover's brain;
Ay-me's, and *elegies*: Yet to you, my lord,
My love, my better self, I put these off,
Doing that office not befits our sex,
Entreat a man to love.—Are you not yet
Relenting? ha' you blood and spirit in those veins?
You are no image, though you be as hard
As marble: Sure you have no liver; if you had,
'Twould send a lively and desiring heat
To every member! Is not this miserable?
A thing so truly form'd, shaped out by symmetry,
Has all the organs that belong to man,
And working too, yet to show all these
Like dead motions moving upon wires?
Then, good my lord, leave off what you have been,
And freely be what you were first intended for.
A man!

Gond. Thou art a precious piece of sly damnation!
I will be deaf; I will lock up my ears:
Tempt me not! I will not love! if I do——

Ori. Then I'll hate you.

Gond. Let me be 'nointed with honey, and turn'd
Into the sun, to be stung to death with horse-flies!
Hear'st thou, thou breeder? here I'll sit,
And, in despite of thee, I will say nothing.
[*Sits down.*

Ori. Let me, with your fair patience, sit beside you!

Gond. Madam, lady, tempter, tongue, woman,
Look to me, I shall kick! I say again,
Look to me, I shall kick!

Ori. I cannot think your better knowledge
Can use a woman so uncivilly.

Gond. I cannot think I shall become a coxcomb,
To ha' my hair curl'd by an idle finger,
My cheeks turn tabors, and be play'd upon,
Mine eyes look'd babies in, and my nose blow'd to my hand:
I say again, I shall kick! sure, I shall.

Ori. 'Tis but
Your outside that you show; I know your mind
Never was guilty of so great a weakness:
Or, could the tongues of all men join'd together
Possess me with a thought of your dislike,
My weakness were above a woman's, to fall off
From my affection, for one crack of thunder.
Oh, would you could love, my lord!

Gond. I would thou wouldst
Sit still, and say nothing! What madman let thee loose,
To do more mischief than a dozen whirlwinds?
Keep thy hands in thy muff, and warm the idle

Worms in thy fingers' ends: Will you be doing still?
Will no entreating serve you? no lawful warning?
I must remove, and leave your ladyship:
Nay, never hope to stay me; for I will run
From that smooth, smiling, witching, coaxing, tempting,
Damning face of thine, as far as I can find any land,
Where I will put myself into a daily course
Of curses for thee and all thy family.

Ori. Nay, good my lord, sit still! I'll promise peace,
And fold mine arms up, let but mine eye discourse;
Or let my voice, set to some pleasing chord, sound out
The sullen strains of my neglected love!

Gond. Sing till thou crack thy treble-string in pieces,
And when thou hast done, put up thy pipes and walk!
Do anything, sit still and tempt me not! [walk!

Ori. [*Aside.*] I would rather sing at doors for bread, than sing to
This fellow, but for hate: If this should be
Told in the court, that I begin to woo lords,
What a troop of the untruss'd nobility
Should I have at my lodging to-morrow morning! [Sings.

SONG.

Come, sleep, and, with thy sweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence,
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought:
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

Gond. Have you done your wassail?
'Tis a handsome drowsy ditty, I'll assure you:
Now I had as lief hear a cat cry, when her tail
Is cut off, as hear these lamentations,
These lowsy love-lays, these bewailments.
You think you have caught me, lady; you think I melt now,
Like a dish of May-butter, and run
All into brine and passion: Yes, yes, I am taken;
Look how I cross my arms, look pale, and dwindle,
And would cry, but for spoiling my face!
We must part: Nay, we'll avoid all ceremony;
No kissing, lady! I desire to know
Your ladyship no more.—'Death of my soul, the Duke!

Ori. God keep your lordship!

Gond. From thee and all thy sex.

Ori. I'll be the clerk, and cry, Amen! Your lordship's
Ever-assured enemy, Oriana. [*Exit* ORIANA.

Enter DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Gond. All the day's good attend your lordship!

Duke. We thank you, Gondarino.—Is it possible?
Can belief lay hold on such a miracle?
To see thee (one that hath cloister'd up all passion,
Turn'd wilful votary, and forsworn converse
With women) in company and fair discourse
With the best beauty of Milan?

Gond. 'Tis true; and if your grace, that is the sway
Of the whole state, will suffer this lewd sex,
These women, to pursue us to our homes,
Not to be pray'd nor to be rail'd away,
But they will woo, and dance, and sing,
And, in a manner looser than they are
By nature (which should seem impossible),
To throw their arms on our unwilling necks—

Duke. No more! I can see through your vain dissemble it
No more! Do not I know thou hast used all art
To work upon the poor simplicity
Of this young maid, that yet hath known no ill,
Thinks that damnation will fright those that wait
From oaths and lies? But yet I think her chaste,
And will from thee, before thou shalt apply
Stronger temptations, bear her hence with me.

Gond. My lord, I speak not this to gain my grace,
But howsoever you esteem my words,
My love and duty will not suffer me
To see you favour such a prostitute,
And I stand by dumb; without rack, torture,
Or strapado, I will unrip myself:
I do confess I was in company
With that pleasing piece of frailty, that we call woman;
I do confess, after a long and tedious siege,
I yielded.

Duke. Forward!

Gond. 'Faith, my lord, to come quickly to the point,
The woman you saw with me is a whore,
An arrant whore.

Duke. Was she not count Valore's sister?

Gond. Yes; that count Valore's sister is naught.

Duke. Thou darest not say so.

Gond. Not if it be distasting to your lordship;
But give me freedom, and I dare maintain
She has embraced this body, and grown to it
As close as the hot youthful vine to the elm.

Duke. Twice have I seen her with thee, twice my thoughts
Were prompted by mine eye, to hold thy strictness
False and impostorous:
Is this your mewing-up, your strict retirement,
Your bitterness and gall against that sex?
Have I not heard thee say, thou would'st sooner meet
The basilisk's dead-doing eye, than meet
A woman for an object? Look it be true you tell me;
Or, by our country's saint, your head goes off!—
If thou prove a whore,
No woman's face shall ever move me more.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Gond. So, so! 'tis as't should be.
Are women grown so mankind? must they be wooing?
I have a plot shall blow her up; she flies, she mounts;
I'll teach her ladyship to dare my fury!
I will be known, and fear'd, and more truly hated
Of women than an eunuch.

Enter ORIANA.

She's here again:
Good gall be patient! for I must dissemble.

Ori. Now, my cold frosty lord,
My Woman-Hater, you that have sworn
An everlasting hate to all our sex!
By my troth, good lord, and as I am yet a maid,

Methought 'twas excellent sport to hear your honour
Swear out an alphabet, chafe nobly like a general,
Kick like a resty jade, and make ill faces!
Did your good honour think I was in love?
Where did I first begin to take that heat?
From those two radiant eyes, that piercing sight?
Oh, they were lovely, if the balls stood right!
And there's a leg made out of a dainty staff,
Where, the gods be thanked, there is calf enough!

Gond. Pardon him, lady, that is now a convertite:
Your beauty, like a saint, hath wrought this wonder.

Ori. Alas, has it been pricked at the heart?
Is the stomach come down! will't rail no more
At women, and call 'em devils, she-cats, and goblins?

Gond. [*Aside.*] He that shall marry thee, had better spend
The poor remainder of his days in a dung-barge,
For two-pence a-week, and find himself.
Down again, spleen! I pr'ythee down again!—
Shall I find favour, lady? Shall at length
My true unfeigned penitence get pardon
For my harsh unseasoned follies?
I am no more an atheist; no; I do
Acknowledge that dread powerful deity,
And his all-quick'ning heats burn in my breast:
Oh, be not as I was, hard, unrelenting;
But as I am, be partner of my fires!

Ori. Sure we shall have store of larks; the skies will
Not hold up long: I should have look'd as soon
For frost in the Dog-days, or another inundation,
As hoped this strange conversion above miracle.
Let me look upon your lordship: Is your name
Gondarino? are you Milan's general, that
Great bugbear Bloody-bones, at whose very name
All women, from the lady to the laundress,
Shake like a cold fit?

Gond. Good patience, help me!
This fever will enrage my blood again.—
Madam, I am that man; I am even he
That once did owe unreconciled hate
To you, and all that bear the name of woman;
I am the man that wrong'd your honour to the Duke,
I am the man that said you were unchaste,
And prostitute; yet I am he that dare deny all this.

Ori. Your big nobility is very merry.

Gond. Lady, 'tis true that I have wrong'd you thus,
And my contrition is as true as that;
Yet have I found a means to make all good again:
I do beseech your beauty, not for myself,
(My merits are yet in conception)
But for your honour's safety and my zeal,
Retire a while, while I unsay myself
Unto the Duke, and cast out that evil spirit
I have possess'd him with!
I have a house conveniently private.

Ori. Lord, thou hast wrong'd my innocence;
But thy confession hath gain'd thee faith.

Gond. By the true honest service that I owe those eyes,
My meaning is as spotless as my faith.

Ori. The Duke doubt mine honour? a' may judge strangely.
'Twill not be long before I'll be enlarged again?

Gond. A day or two.

Ori. Mine own servants shall attend me?

Gond. Your ladyship's command is good.

Ori. Look you be true! [*Exit.*

Gond. Else let me lose the hopes my soul aspires to!—I will be a scourge to all females in my life, and, after my death, the name of Gondarino shall be terrible to the mighty women of the earth: they shall shake at my name, and at the sound of it their knees shall knock together; and they shall run into nunneries, for they and I are beyond all hope irreconcileable: for if I could endure an ear with an hole in't, or a plaited lock, or a bareheaded coachman, that sits like a sign where great ladies are to be sold within, agreement betwixt us were not to be despair'd of. If I could be but brought to endure to see women, I would have them come all once a week and kiss me, as witches do the devil, in token of homage. I must not live here; I will to the court,
And there pursue my plot; when it hath took,
Women shall stand in awe but of my look.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Court in the Palace.*

Enter two Intelligencers.

1 *Int.* There take your standing; be close and vigilant! here will I set myself; and let him look to his language! a' shall know the Duke has more ears in court than two.

2 *Int.* I'll quote him to a tittle: Let him speak wisely, and plainly, and as hidden as a' can, I shall crush him; a' shall not 'scape [by] characters; though a' speak Babel, I shall crush him. We have a fortune by this service hanging over us, that, within this year or two, I hope we shall be call'd to be examiners, wear politic gowns guarded with copper-lace, making great faces full of fear and office; our labours may deserve this.

1 *Int.* I hope it shall: Why, have not many men been raised from this worming trade, first, to gain good access to great men; then, to have commissions out for search; and lastly, to be worthily named at a great arraignment? Yes; and why not we? They that endeavour well deserve their fee. Close, close! a' comes; mark well, and all goes well! [*They stand apart.*

Enter Valore, Lazarillo, *and* Boy.

Laz. Farewell, my hopes! my anchor now is broken!
Farewell, my *quondam* joys! of which no token
Is now remaining; such is the sad mischance,
Where lady Fortune leads the slippery dance.
Yet, at the length, let me this favour have,
Give me my wishes, or a wished grave!

Val. The gods defend, so brave and valiant maw
Should slip into the never-satiate jaw
Of black Despair! No; thou shalt live and know
Thy full desires; Hunger, thy ancient foe,
Shall be subdued; those guts that daily tumble,
Through air and appetite, shall cease to rumble;
And thou shalt now at length obtain thy dish,
That noble part, the sweet head of a fish.

Laz. Then am I greater than the duke!—

2 *Int.* There, there's a notable piece of treason? greater than the duke; mark that!

Val. But how, or where; or when this shall be compass'd, is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am so truly miserable, that might I be

now knock'd o' th' head, with all my heart I would forgive a dog-killer.

Val. Yet do I see,
Through this confusedness, some little comfort.

Laz. The plot, my lord, as e'er you came of a woman, discover.

1 *Int.* Plots, dangerous plots! I will deserve by this most liberally.

Val. 'Tis from my head again.

Laz. Oh, that it would stand me, that I might fight, or have some venture for it! that I might be turned loose, to try my fortune amongst the whole fry in a college or an inn of court, or scramble with the prisoners in the dungeon!
Nay, were it set down in the outer court,
And all the guard about it in a ring,
With their knives drawn, (which were a dismal sight,)
And after twenty leisurely were told,
I to be let loose only in my shirt,
To try their valour, how much of the spoil
I would recover from the enemies' mouths,
I would accept the challenge.

Val. Let it go! Hast not thou been held to have some wit in the court, and to make some fine jests upon country people in progress-time? and wilt thou lose this opinion for the cold head of a fish? I say, let it go! I'll help thee to as good a dish of meat.

Laz. God, let me not live, if I do not wonder
Men should talk so profanely!
But 'tis not in the power of loose words,
Or any vain or misbelieving man,
To make me dare to wrong thy purity.
Show me but any lady in the court,
That hath so full an eye, so sweet a breath,
So soft and white a flesh: This doth not lie
In almond-gloves, nor ever hath been wash'd
In artificial baths; no traveller
That hath brought *doctor* home with him, hath
With all his waters, powders, fucuses, [dared,
To make thy lovely corps sophisticate.

Val. I have it; 'tis now infused; be comforted!

Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left
In nature? Shall I once more erect up trophies?
Shall I enjoy the sight of my dear saint,
And bless my palate with the best of creatures?
Ah, good my lord, by whom I breathe again,
Shall I receive this being?

Val. Sir, I have found by certain calculation,
And settled revolution of the stars,
The fish is sent by the lord Gondarino
To his mercer: Now it is a growing hope
To know where 'tis.

Laz. Oh, it is far above
The good of women; the pathick cannot yield
More pleasing titillation!

Val. But how to compass it? search, cast about,
And bang your brains, Lazarillo! Thou art
Too dull and heavy to deserve a blessing.

Laz. My lord, I'll not be idle:—Now, Lazarillo,
Think, think, think!

Val. [*Aside.*] Yonder's my informer, and his fellow, with table-books; they nod at me: upon my life, they have poor Lazarillo (that beats his brains about no such weighty matter) in for treason before this.

Laz. My lord, what do you think, if I should shave myself, put on midwife's apparel, come in with a handkerchief, and beg a piece for a great-bellied woman, or a sick child?

Val. Good, very good!

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting prentice to betray the reversion?

1 *Int.* There's another point in's plot; corrupt with money to betray: sure 'tis some fort a' means. Mark; have a care!

Laz. An 'twere the bare vinegar 'tis eaten with, it would in some sort satisfy nature; but might I once attain the dish itself, though I cut out my means through sword and fire, through poison, through anything that may make good my hopes—

2 *Int.* Thanks to the gods, and our officiousness, the plot's discover'd! fire, steel, and poison; burn the palace, kill the duke, and poison his privy-council.

Val. To the mercer's!—Let me see! how if, before we can attain the means to make up our acquaintance, the fish be eaten?

Laz. If it be eaten, here he stands, that is the most dejected, most unfortunate, miserable, accursed, forsaken slave this province yields! I will not, sure, out-live it; no, I will die bravely, and like a Roman;
And after death, amidst the Elysian shades
I'll meet my love again.

1 *Int.* "I will die bravely, like a Roman;" have a care; mark that: when he hath done all, he will kill himself.

Val. Will nothing ease your appetite but this?

Laz. No; could the sea throw up his vastness,
And offer free his best inhabitants,
'Twere not so much as a bare temptation to me!

Val. If you could be drawn to affect beef, venison, or fowl, it would be far the better.

Laz. I do beseech your lordship's patience!
I do confess that, in this heat of blood,
I have contemn'd all dull and grosser meats;
But I protest I do honour a chine of beef, I do reverence a loin of veal; but, good my lord, give me leave a little to adore this! But, my good lord, would your lordship, under colour of taking up some silks, go to the mercer's, I would in all humility attend your honour, where we may be invited, if fortune stand propitious.

Val. Sir, you shall work me as you please.

Laz. Let it be suddenly, I do beseech your lordship! 'Tis now upon the point of dinner-time.

Val. I am all yours.

[*Exeunt* LAZARILLO *and* VALINE.

1 *Int.* Come, let's confer: *Imprimis*, a' saith, like a blasphemous villain, he's greater than the duke; this peppers him, an there were nothing else.

2 *Int.* Then a' was naming plots; did you not hear?

1 *Int.* Yes; but a' fell from that unto discovery, to corrupt by money, and so attain—

2 *Int.* Ay, ay, a' meant some fort or citadel the duke hath; his very face betrayed his meaning. Oh, he is a very subtle and a dangerous knave; but if a' deal, a God's name, we shall worm him.

1 *Int.* But now comes the stroke, the fatal blow, fire, sword, and poison: Oh, canibal, thou bloody canibal!

2 *Int.* What had become of this poor state had not we been?

1 *Int.* 'Faith, it had lain buried in its own ashes, had not a greater hand been in't.

2 *Int.* But note the rascal's resolution; after the act's done, because he would avoid all fear of

torture, and cozen the law, a' would kill himself: Was there ever the like danger brought to light in this age? Sure we shall merit much: we shall be able to keep two men a-piece, and a two-hand sword between us; we will live in favour of the state, betray our ten or twelve treasons a-week, and the people shall fear us. Come; to the lord Lucio! the sun shall not go down 'till he be hang'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* Mercer's *House.*

Enter Mercer *and a* Prentice.

Mercer. Look to my shop; and if there come ever a scholar in black, let him speak with me. [*Exit* Boy.] We that are shopkeepers in good trade, are so pestered, that we can scarce pick out an hour for our morning's meditation; and howsoever we are all accounted dull, and common jesting stocks for your gallants, there are some of us do not deserve it; for, for my own part, I do begin to be given to my book. I love a scholar with my heart; for, questionless, there are marvellous things to be done by art: Why, sir, some of them will tell you what is become of horses, and silver spoons, and will make wenches dance naked to their beds. I am yet unmarried, and because some of our neighbours are said to be cuckolds, I will never marry without the consent of some of these scholars, that know what will come of it.

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Are you busy, sir?

Mercer. Never to you, sir, nor to any of your coat. Sir, is there anything to be done by art, concerning the great heir we talk'd on?

Pandar. Will she, nill she, she shall come running into my house, at the further corner in Saint Mark's street, betwixt three and four.

Mercer. Betwixt three and four? She's brave in clothes, is she not?

Pandar. Oh, rich, rich!—[*Aside.*] Where should I get clothes to dress her in? Help me, invention!—Sir, that her running through the street may be less noted, my art more shown, and your fear to speak with her less, she shall come in a white waistcoat, and——

Mercer. What! shall she?

Pandar. [*Aside*] And perhaps torn stockings; she hath left her old wont else.

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, my lord Gondarino hath sent you a rare fish-head.

Mercer. It comes right; all things suit right with me since I began to love scholars! You shall have it home with you against she come. Carry it to this gentleman's house.

Pandar. The fair white house, at the further corner of Saint Mark's street. Make haste!—I must leave you, too, sir; I have two hours to study. Buy a new accidence, and ply your book, and you shall want nothing that all the scholars in the town can do for you! [*Exit.*

Mercer. Heaven prosper both our studies! What a dull slave was I before I fell in love with this learning! not worthy to tread upon the earth; and what fresh hopes it hath put into me! I do hope, within this twelvemonth, to be able by art to serve the court with silks, and not undo myself; to trust knights, and yet get in my money again; to keep my wife brave, and yet she keep nobody else so.

Enter Valore *and* Lazarillo.

Your lordship is most honourably welcome, in regard of your nobility; but most especially in regard of your scholarship. Did your lordship come openly?

Val. Sir, this cloak keeps me private; besides, no man will suspect me to be in the company of this gentleman: with whom I will desire you to be acquainted: he may prove a good customer to you.

Laz. For plain silks and velvets.

Mercer. Are you scholastical?

Laz. Something addicted to the muses.

Val. I hope they will not dispute. [*Aside.*

Mercer. You have no skill in the black art?

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, yonder's a gentleman enquires hastily for count Valore.

Val. For me? what is he?

Pren. One of your followers, my lord, I think.

Val. Let him come in.

Mercer. Shall I talk with you in private, sir?

Enter Messenger, *with a Letter.*

Val. [*Reads.*] "Count, come to the court; your business calls you thither:" I will go. Farewell, sir! I'll see your silks some other time. Farewell, Lazarillo!

Mercer. Will not your lordship take a piece of beef with me?

Val. Sir, I have greater business than eating; I'll leave this gentleman with you.

[*Exeunt* Valore *and* Messenger.

Laz. Now, now, now, now! Now do I feel that strange struggling within me, that I think I could prophesy.

Mercer. The gentleman is meditating.

Laz. Hunger, Valour, Love, Ambition, are alike pleasing, and, let our philosophers say what they will, are one kind of heat; only Hunger is the safest: Ambition is apt to fall; Love and Valour are not free from dangers: only Hunger, begotten of some old limber courtier, in paned hose, and nursed by an attorney's wife; now so thriven, that he need not fear to be of the Great Turk's guard; is so free from all quarrels and dangers, so full of hopes, joys, and ticklings, that my life is not so dear to me as his acquaintance.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, the fish-head is gone.

Laz. Then be thou henceforth dumb, with thy ill-boding voice!
Farewell, Milan! Farewell, noble duke!
Farewell, my fellow-courtiers all, with whom
I have of yore made many a scrambling meal
In corners, behind arrases, on stairs;
And in the action oftentimes have spoil'd
Our doublets and our hose with liquid stuff!
Farewell, you lusty archers of the guard,
To whom I now do give the bucklers up,
And never more with any of your coat
Will eat for wagers! now you happy be;
When this shall light upon you, think on me!
You sewers, carvers, ushers of the court,
Sirnamed *gentle* for your fair demean,
Here I do take of you my last farewell:
May you stand stiffly in your proper places.

And execute your offices aright!
Farewell, you maidens, with your mothers eke,
Farewell, you courtly chaplains that be there!
All good attend you! may you never more
Marry your patron's lady's waiting-woman,
But may you raised be by this my fall!
May Lazarillo suffer for you all!

Mercer. Sir, I was hearkening to you.

Laz. I will hear nothing! I will break my knife, the ensign of my former happy state, knock out my teeth, have them hung at a barber's, and enter into religion.

Boy. Why, sir, I think I know whither it is gone.

Laz. See the rashness of man in his nature!—Whither, whither? I do unsay all that I have said! Go on, go on, boy! I humble myself, and follow thee.—Farewell, sir!

Mercer. Not so, sir; you shall take a piece of beef with me.

Laz. I cannot stay.

Mercer. By my fay, but you shall, sir, in regard of your love to learning, and your skill in the black art.

Laz. I do hate learning, and I have no skill in the black art: I would I had!

Mercer. Why, your desire is sufficient to me; you shall stay.

Laz. The most horrible and detested curses that can be imagined, light upon all the professors of that art! May they be drunk, and, when they go to conjure, reel in the circle! May the spirits by them raised tear 'em in pieces, and hang their quarters on old broken walls and steeple tops!

Mercer. This speech of yours shows you to have some skill in the science; wherefore, in civility, I may not suffer you to depart empty.

Laz. My stomach is up; I cannot endure it! I will fight in this quarrel, as soon as for my prince. Room! make way! [*Draws his rapier.*
Hunger commands; my valour must obey!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter VALORE *and* ARRIGO.

Val. Is the duke private?

Arr. He is alone; but I think your lordship may enter. [*Exit* VALORE.

Enter GONDARINO.

Gond. Who is with the duke?

Arr. The count is new gone in; but the duke will come forth, before you can be weary of waiting.

Gond. I will attend him here.

Arr. I must wait without the door. [*Exit.*

Gond. Doth he hope to clear his sister? She will come no more to my house, to laugh at me: I have sent her to an habitation, where, when she shall be seen, it will set a gloss upon her name: Yet, upon my soul, I have bestowed her amongst the purest-hearted creatures of her sex, and the freest from dissimulation; for their deeds are all alike, only they dare speak what the rest think. The women of this age, (if there be any degrees of comparison amongst their sex,) are worse than those of former times; for I have read of women, of that truth, spirit, and constancy, that, were they now living, I should endure to see them: but I fear the writers of the time belied them; for how familiar a thing is it with the poets of our age, to extol their whores (which they call *mistresses*) with heavenly praises! but, I thank their furies, and their crazed brains, beyond belief! Nay, how many that would fain seem serious, have dedicated grave works to ladies, toothless, hollow-eyed, their hair shedding, purple-faced, their nails apparently coming off, and the bridges of their noses broken down, and have call'd them the choice handy-works of Nature, the patterns of perfection, and the wonderment of women! Our women begin to swarm like bees in summer: As I came hither, there was no pair of stairs, no entry, no lobby, but was pestered with them: Methinks there might be some course taken to destroy them.

Enter ARRIGO, *and an old deaf Country* GENTLEWOMAN, *Suitor to the* DUKE.

Arr. I do accept your money: Walk here; and when the duke comes out, you shall have fit opportunity to deliver your petition to him.

Gentlew. I thank you heartily. I pray you who's he that walks there?

Arr. A lord, and a soldier, one in good favour with the duke: If you could get him to deliver your petition——

Gentlew. What do you say, sir?

Arr. If you could get him to deliver your petition for you, or to second you, 'twere sure.

Gentlew. I hope I shall live to requite your kindness.

Arr. You have already. [*Exit.*

Gentlew. May it please your lordship——

Gond. No, no.

Gentlew. To consider the estate——

Gond. No.

Gentlew. Of a poor oppressed country gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not please my lordship.

Gentlew. First and foremost, I have had great injury; then I have been brought up to the town three times.

Gond. A pox on him that brought thee to the town!

Gentlew. I thank your good lordship heartily! though I cannot hear well, I know it grieves you: And here we have been delay'd, and sent down again, and fetch'd up again, and sent down again, to my great charge; and now at last they have fetch'd me up, and five of my daughters—

Gond. Enough to damn five worlds!

Gentlew. Handsome young women, though I say it: they are all without; if it please your lordship, I'll call them in.

Gond. Five women! how many of my senses should I have left me then? call in five devils first! No, I will rather walk with thee alone,
And hear thy tedious tale of injury,
And give thee answers: whisper in thine ear

And make thee understand through thy French hood;
And all this with tame patience!

Gentlew. I see your lordship does believe that they are without; and I perceive that you are much moved at our injury: Here's a paper will tell you more.

Gond. Away!

Gentlew. It may be you had rather hear me tell it *viva voce*, as they say.

Gond. Oh, no, no, no, no! I have heard it before.

Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough injury, for a poor gentlewoman to receive.

Gond. Never, never!—But that it troubles my conscience to wish any good to these women, I could afford them to be valiant and able, that it might be no disgrace for a soldier to beat them.

Gentlew. I hope your lordship will deliver my petition to his grace; and you may tell him withal——

Gond. What? I will deliver anything against myself, to be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yesterday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I met my adversary.

Gond. Give me thy paper! he can abide no long tales.

Gentlew. 'Tis very short, my lord: And I demanding of him—

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn: Begone! Man never doth remember how great his offences are, 'till he do meet with one of you, that plagues him for them. Why should women only, above all other creatures that were created for the benefit of man, have the use of speech? or why should any deed of theirs, done by their fleshly appetites, be disgraceful to their owners? Nay, why should not an act done by any beast I keep, against my consent, disparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. [*Going, returns.*] Here's some few angels for your lordship.

Gond. Again? yet more torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them.

Gond. Keep off!

Gentlew. A small gratuity for your kindness.

Gond. Hold away! [*Throws them on the ground.*

Gentlew. Why, then, I thank your lordship! I'll gather them up again; and I'll be sworn it is the first money that was refused since I came to the court.

Gond. What can she devise to say more?

Gentlew. Truly, I would have willingly parted with them to your lordship.

Gond. I believe it, I believe it.

Gentlew. But since it is thus——

Gond. More yet?

Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an answer.

Gond. Do; begone, and thou shalt expect, and have anything; thou shalt have thy answer from him: and he were best to give thee a good one at first, for thy deaf importunity will conquer him too in the end.

Gentlew. God bless your lordship, and all that favour poor distressed country gentlewomen!

[*Exit.*

Gond. All the diseases of man light upon them that do, and upon me when I do! A week of such days would either make me stark mad, or tame me. Yonder other woman, that I have sure enough, shall answer for thy sins. Dare they incense me still? I'll make them fear as much to be ignorant of me and my moods, as men are to be ignorant of the law they live under.—Who's there? my blood grew cold! I began to fear my suitor's return.—'Tis the Duke.

Enter DUKE *and* VALORE.

Val. I know her chaste, though she be young
And is not of that forced behaviour [and free,
That many others are; and that this lord,
Out of the boundless malice to the sex,
Hath thrown this scandal on her.

Gond. Fortune befriended me against my will, with this good old country gentlewoman.—I beseech your grace to view favourably the petition of a wronged gentlewoman.

Duke. What, Gondarino, are you become a petitioner for your enemies?

Gond. My lord, they are no enemies of mine: I confess, the better to cover my deeds, which sometimes were loose enough, I pretended it (as it is wisdom to keep close our incontinence); but since you have discovered me, I will no more put on that vizard, but will as freely open all my thoughts to you as to my confessor.

Duke. What say you to this?

Val. He that confesses he did once dissemble,
I'll never trust his words: Can you imagine
A maid, whose beauty could not suffer her
To live thus long untempted by the noblest,
Richest, and cunning'st masters in that art,
And yet hath ever held a fair repute,
Could in one morning, and by him, be brought
To forget all her virtue, and turn whore?

Gond. I would I had some other talk in hand,
Than to accuse a sister to her brother:
Nor do I mean it for a public scandal,
Unless by urging me you make it so.

Duke. I will read this at better leisure.—
Where is the lady? [Gondarino,

Val. At his house.

Gond. No; she is departed thence.

Val. Whither?

Gond. Urge it not thus; or let me be excused,
If what I speak betray her chastity,
And both increase my sorrow, and your own.

Val. Fear me not so: If she deserve the fame
Which she hath gotten, I would have it publish'd,
Brand her myself, and whip her through the city!
I wish those of my blood that do offend,
Should be more strictly punish'd than my foes.
Let it be proved!

Duke. Gondarino, thou shalt
Prove it, or suffer worse than she should do.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the faults
Of one I love more dearly than myself,
Since, opening hers, I shall betray mine own:
But I will bring you where she now intends
Not to be virtuous. Pride and Wantonness,
That are true friends in deed, though not in show,
Have enter'd on her heart; there she doth bathe,
And sleek her hair, and practise cunning looks,
To entertain me with; and hath her thoughts
As full of lust as ever you did think
Them full of modesty.

Duke. Gondarino, lead on; we'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The Street before the Bagnio.*

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Here hope I to meet my citizen, and here hopes he to meet his scholar: I am sure I am grave enough to his eyes, and knave enough to deceive him: I am believed to conjure, raise storms and devils, by whose power I can do wonders: Let him believe so still; belief hurts no man. I have an honest black cloak for my knavery, and a general pardon for his foolery, from this present day, till the day of his breaking. Is't not a misery, and the greatest of our age, to see a handsome, young, fair enough, and well-mounted wench, humble herself in an old stammel petticoat, standing possesed of no more fringe than the street can allow her; her upper parts so poor and wanting, that you may see her bones through her bodice; shoes she would have, if her captain were come over, and is content the while to devote herself to ancient slippers. These premises well considered, gentlemen, will move; they make me melt, I promise you, they stir me much; and were't not for my smooth, soft, silken citizen, I would quit this transitory trade, get me an everlasting robe, sear up my conscience, and turn sergeant. But here he comes is mine; as good as prize: Sir Pandarus, be my speed!—You are most fitly met, sir.

Enter Mercer.

Mercer. And you as well encountered. What of this heir? Have your books been propitious?

Pandar. Sir, 'tis done! She's come, she's in my house; make yourself apt for courtship, stroke up your stockings, lose not an inch of your legs' goodness; I am sure you wear socks.

Mercer. There your books fail you, sir; in truth I wear no socks.

Pandar. I would you had, sir! it were the sweeter grace for your legs. Get on your gloves; are they perfumed?

Mercer. A pretty wash, I will assure you.

Pandar. 'Twill serve. Your offers must be full of bounty; velvets to furnish a gown, silks for petticoats and foreparts, shag for lining; forget not some pretty jewel, to fasten after some little compliment! If she deny this courtesy, double your bounties; be not wanting in abundance: fullness of gifts, link'd with a pleasing tongue, will win an anchorite. Sir, you are my friend, and friend to all that profess good letters; I must not use this office else; it fits not for a scholar and a gentleman. Those stockings are of Naples, they are silk?

Mercer. You are again beside your text, sir; they are of the best of wool, and they are cleped Jersey.

Pandar. Sure they are very dear?

Mercer. Nine shillings, by my love to learning!

Pandar. Pardon my judgment; we scholars use no other objects but our books.

Mercer. There is one thing entomb'd in that grave breast, that makes me equally admire it with your scholarship.

Pandar. Sir, but that in modesty I am bound not to affect mine own commendation, I would enquire it of you.

Mercer. Sure, you are very honest; and yet you have a kind of modest fear to show it: Do not deny it; that face of yours is a worthy, learned, modest face.

Pandar. Sir, I can blush.

Mercer. Virtue and grace are always paired together: But I will leave to stir your blood, sir;—and now to our business!

Pandar. Forget not my instructions.

Mercer. I apprehend you, sir; I will gather myself together with my best phrases, and so I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pandar. This was well worded, sir, and like a scholar.

Mercer. The muses favour me, as my intents are virtuous! Sir, you shall be my tutor; 'tis never too late, sir, to love learning. When I can once speak true Latin——

Pandar. What do you intend, sir?

Mercer. Marry, I will then beggar all your bawdy writers, and undertake, at the peril of my own invention, all pageants, poesies for chimnies, speeches for the Duke's entertainment, whensoever and whatsoever; nay, I will build, at mine own charge, an hospital, to which shall retire all diseased opinions, all broken poets, all prose-men that are fallen from small sense to mere letters; and it shall be lawful for a lawyer, if he be a civil man, though he have undone others and himself by the language, to retire to this poor life, and learn to be honest.

Pandar. Sir, you are very good, and very charitable; you are a true pattern for the city, sir!

Mercer. Sir, I do know sufficiently, their shop-books cannot save them; there is a further end—

Pandar. Oh, sir, much may be done by manuscript.

Mercer. I do confess it, sir, provided still they be canonical, and have some worthy hands set to 'em for probation.—But we forget ourselves.

Pandar. Sir, enter when you please, and all good language tip your tongue!

Mercer. All that love learning pray for my good success! [*Exit into the house.*

Enter Lazarillo *and* Boy.

Laz. Boy, whereabouts are we?

Boy. Sir, by all tokens, this is the house; bawdy, I am sure, because of the broken windows.—The fish-head is within; if you dare venture, here you may surprise it.

Laz. The misery of man may fitly be compared to a didapper, who, when she is under water, past our sight, and indeed can seem no more to us, rises again, shakes but herself, and is the same she was; so is it still with transitory man: This day, oh, but an hour since, and I was mighty, mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes, mighty in blessed means, and was so truly happy, that I durst have said, "Live, Lazarillo, and be satisfied!" But now——

Boy. Sir, you are yet afloat, and may recover; be not your own wreck: Here lies the harbour; go in, and ride at ease!

Laz. Boy, I am received to be a gentleman, a courtier, and a man of action, modest and wise; and, be it spoken with thy reverence, child, abounding virtuous; and wouldst thou have a man of these choice habits, covet the cover of a bawdy-house? Yet, if I go not in, I am but——

Boy. But what, sir?

Laz. Dust, boy, but dust; and my soul, unsa-

tisfied, shall haunt the keepers of my blessed saint, and I will appear.

Boy. [*Aside.*] An ass to all men.—Sir, these are no means to stay your appetite; you must resolve to enter.

Laz. Were not the house subject to martial law——

Boy. If that be all, sir, you may enter, for you can know nothing here that the court is ignorant of; only the more eyes shall look upon you, for there they wink one at another's faults.

Laz. If I do not——

Boy. Then you must beat fairly back again, fall to your physical mess of porridge, and the twice-sack'd carcase of a capon: Fortune may favour you so much, to send the bread to it: but it's a mere venture, and money may be put out upon it.

Laz. I will go in and live; pretend some love to the gentlewoman, screw myself in affection, and so be satisfied.

Pandar. This fly is caught, is meshed already; I will suck him, and lay him by.

Boy. Muffle yourself in your cloak by any means; 'tis a received thing among gallants, to walk to their lechery as though they had the rheum. 'Twas well you brought not your horse.

Laz. Why, boy?

Boy. 'Faith, sir, 'tis the fashion of our gentry, to have their horses wait at door like men, while the beasts their masters are within at rack and manger; 'twould have discover'd much.

Laz. I will lay by these habits, forms, and grave
Respects of what I am, and be myself:
Only my appetite, my fire, my soul,
My being, my dear appetite, shall go
Along with me;
Arm'd with whose strength I fearless will attempt
The greatest danger dare oppose my fury.
I am resolved, wherever that thou art,
Most sacred dish, hid from unhallow'd eyes,
To find thee out!
Be'st thou in hell, by rap'd Proserpina,
To be a rival in black Pluto's love;
Or mov'st thou in the heavens, a form divine,
Lashing the lazy spheres; or if thou be'st
Return'd to thy first being, thy mother sea,
There will I seek thee forth: Earth, air, nor fire,
Nor the black shades below shall bar my sight,
So daring is my powerful appetite!

Boy. Sir, you may save this long voyage, and take a shorter cut: You have forgot yourself; the fish-head's here; your own imaginations have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous fury, good my boy!

Boy. 'Faith, sir, term it what you will, you must use other terms before you can get it.

Laz. *The looks of my sweet love are fair,*
Fresh and feeding as the air!

Boy. Sir, you forget yourself.

Laz. *Was never seen so rare a head,*
Of any fish alive or dead!

Boy. Good sir, remember! this is the house, sir.

Laz. *Cursed be he that dare not venture——*

Boy. Pity yourself, sir, and leave this fury.

Laz. *For such a prize! and so I enter.*

[LAZARILLO *and* BOY *exeunt into the house.*

Pandar. Dun's i' th' mire; get out again, how he can: My honest gallant, I'll show you one trick more than ever the fool your father dream'd of yet. Madonna Julia!

Enter JULIA.

Julia. What news, my sweet rogue? My dear sins' broker, what good news?

Pandar. There is a kind of ignorant thing, much like a courtier, now gone in.

Julia. Is a' gallant?

Pandar. He shines not very gloriously, nor does he wear one skin perfumed to keep the other sweet; his coat is not in *or*, nor does the world run yet on wheels with him; he's rich enough, and has a small thing follows him, like to a boat tied to a tall ship's tail. Give him entertainment; be light and flashing, like a meteor; hug him about the neck, give him a kiss, and lisping cry, "Good sir!" and he's thine own, as fast as he were tied to thine arms by indenture.

Julia. I dare do more than this, if he be of the true court cut; I'll take him out a lesson worth the learning: But we are but their apes.—What's he worth?

Pandar. Be he rich or poor, if he will take thee with him, thou may'st use thy trade, free from constables and marshals.—Who hath been here since I went out?

Julia. There is a gentlewoman sent hither by a lord: She's a piece of dainty stuff, my rogue; smooth and soft as new sattin; she was never gummed yet, boy, nor fretted.

Pandar. Where lies she?

Julia. She lies above, towards the street; not to be spoke with, but by the lord that sent her, or some from him, we have in charge from his servants.

Enter LAZARILLO.

Pandar. Peace! he comes out again upon discovery: Up with all your canvass, hale him in! and, when thou hast done, clap him aboard bravely, my valiant pinnace!

Julia. Be gone! I shall do reason with him.

[Pandar *retires.*

Laz. Are you the special beauty of this house?

Julia. Sir, you have given it a more special regard by your good language, than these black brows can merit.

Laz. Lady, you are fair.

Julia. Fair, sir? I thank you! all the poor means I have left to be thought grateful, is but a kiss, and you shall have it, sir. [*Kisses him.*

Laz. You have a very moving lip.

Julia. Prove it again, sir; it may be your sense was set too high, and so over-wrought itself.

Laz. [*Kisses her.*] 'Tis still the same. How far may you hold the time to be spent, lady?

Julia. Four o'clock, sir.

Laz. I have not eat to-day.

Julia. You will have the better stomach to your supper; in the mean time, I'll feed you with delight.

Laz. 'Tis not so good upon an empty stomach: If it might be without the trouble of your house, I would eat.

Julia. Sir, we can have a capon ready.

Laz. The day?

Julia. 'Tis Friday, sir.

Laz. I do eat little flesh upon these days.

Julia. Come, sweet! you shall not think on meat; I will drown it with a better appetite.

Laz. I feel it work more strangely; I must eat.

Julia. 'Tis now too late to send: I say you shall

not think on meat; if you do, by this kiss, I'll be angry.

Laz. I could be far more sprightful had I eaten, and more lasting.

Julia. What will you have, sir? name but the fish, my maid shall bring it, if it may be got.

Laz. Methinks your house should not be so unfurnished, as not to have some pretty modicum.

Julia. It is so now: but, could you stay till supper——

Laz. Sure I have offended highly, and much, and my inflictions make it manifest! I will retire henceforth, and keep my chamber, live privately, and die forgotten.

Julia. Sir, I must crave your pardon! I had forgot myself: I have a dish of meat within, and 'tis fish: I think this dukedom holds not a daintier; 'tis an umbrana's head.

Laz. Lady, this kiss is yours, and this.

Julia. Ho! within there! cover the board, and set the fish-head on it.

Laz. Now am I so truly happy, so much above all fate and fortune, that I should despise that man durst say, "Remember, Lazarillo, thou art mortal!"

Enter Intelligencers *with a* Guard.

2 *Int.* This is the villain: Lay hands on him!

Laz. [*He is seized.*] Gentlemen, why am I thus entreated? what is the nature of my crime?

2 *Int.* Sir, though you have carried it a great while privately, and (as you think) well, yet we have seen you, sir, and we do know thee, Lazarillo, for a traitor!

Laz. The gods defend our Duke.

2 *Int.* Amen! Sir, sir, this cannot save that stiff neck from the halter.

Julia. Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him: he should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him when he call'd for fish.

Laz. My friends, will ye let me have that little favour——

1 *Int.* Sir, you shall have law, and nothing else.

Laz. To let me stay the eating of a bit or two; for I protest I am yet fasting.

Julia. I'll have no traitor come within my house.

Laz. Now could I wish myself I had been traitor! I have strength enough for to endure it, had I but patience. Man, thou art but grass, thou art a bubble, and thou must perish.

Then lead along; I am prepared for all:
Since I have lost my hopes, welcome my fall!

2 *Int.* Away, sir!

Laz. As thou hast hope of man, stay but this dish this two hours; I doubt not but I shall be discharged: By this light, I will marry thee!

Julia. You shall marry me first then.

Laz. I do contract myself unto thee now, before these gentlemen.

Julia. I'll preserve it till you be hanged or quitted.

Laz. Thanks! thanks!

2 *Int.* Away, away! you shall thank her at the gallows.

Laz. Adieu, adieu!

[*Exeunt* Lazarillo, Intelligencers, *and* Guard.

Julia. If he live, I'll have him; if he be hang'd, there's no loss in it. [*Exit.*

Oriana *and her* Waiting-woman, *looking out at a Window.*

Ori. Hast thou provided one to bear my letter to my brother?

Wait. I have enquired; but they of the house will suffer no letter nor message to be carried from you, but such as the lord Gondarino shall be acquainted with: Truly, madam, I suspect the house to be no better than it should be.

Ori. What dost thou doubt?

Wait. 'Faith, I am loth to tell it, madam.

Ori. Out with it! 'Tis not true modesty to fear to speak that thou dost think.

Wait. I think it be one of these same bawdy-houses.

Ori. 'Tis no matter, wench; we are warm in it; keep thou thy mind pure, and, upon my word, that name will do thee no hurt; I cannot force myself yet to fear anything. When I do get out, I'll have another encounter with my Woman-Hater. Here will I sit: I may get sight of some of my friends; it must needs be a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, Valore, *and* Arrigo, *disguised.*

Gond. Are we all sufficiently disguised? for this house where she attends me, is not to be visited in our own shapes.

Duke. We are not ourselves.

Arr. I know the house to be sinful enough; yet I have been, heretofore, and durst now, but for discovering of you, appear here in my own likeness.

Duke. Where's Lucio?

Arr. My lord, he said the affairs of the commonwealth would not suffer him to attend always.

Duke. Some great ones, questionless, that he will handle.

Val. Come, let us enter.

Gond. [*Aside.*] See, how fortune strives to revenge my quarrel upon these women! She's in the window; were it not to undo her, I should not look upon her.

Duke. Lead us, Gondarino!

Gond. Stay; since you force me to display my shame,
Look there! and you, my lord! know you that face?

Duke. 'Tis she.

Val. It is.

Gond. 'Tis she, whose greatest virtue ever was
Dissimulation; she that still hath strove
More to sin cunningly, than to avoid it;
She that hath ever sought to be accounted
Most virtuous, when she did deserve most scandal;
'Tis she that itches now, and, in the height
Of her intemperate thoughts, with greedy eyes
Expects my coming to allay her lust.
Leave her! forget she is thy sister!

Val. Stay, stay!

Duke. I am as full of this as thou canst be;
The memory of this will easily
Hereafter stay my loose and wand'ring thoughts
From any woman.

Val. This will not down with me; I dare not trust this fellow.

Duke. Leave her here! That only shall be her punishment, never to be fetch'd from hence; but let her use her trade to get her living.

Val. Stay, good my lord! I do believe all this, as great men as I have had known whores to their sisters, and have laugh'd at it. I would fain hear how she talks, since she grew thus light: will your grace make him show himself to her, as if he were now come to satisfy her longing! whilst we, unseen

of her, overhear her wantonness. Let's make our best of it now; we shall have good mirth.

Duke. Do it, Gondarino.

Gond. I must:—Fortune, assist me but this once!

Val. Here we shall stand unseen, and near enough.

Gond. Madam! Oriana!

Ori. Who's that? Oh! my lord!

Gond. Shall I come up?

Ori. Oh, you are merry; shall I come down?

Gond. It is better there.

Ori. What is the confession of the lie you made to the Duke, which I scarce believe yet you had impudence enough to do? Did it not gain you so much faith with me, as that I was willing to be at your lordship's bestowing, till you had recovered my credit, and confessed yourself a liar, as you pretended to do? I confess I began to fear you, and desired to be out of your house; but your own followers forced me hither.

Gond. 'Tis well suspected; dissemble still, for there are some may hear us!

Ori. More tricks yet, my lord? What house this is I know not; I only know myself; 'twere a great conquest, if you could fasten a scandal upon me. 'Faith, my lord, give me leave to write to my brother!

Duke. Come down!

Val. Come down!

Arr. If it please your grace, there is a back door.

Val. Come, meet us there then.

Duke. It seems you are acquainted with the house.

Arr. I have been in it.

Gond. She saw you, and dissembled.

Duke. Sir, we shall know that better.

Gond. Bring me unto her! if I prove her not
To be a strumpet, let me be contemn'd
Of all her sex. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Lucio's *Apartment. A Curtain in the back Part.*

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Now, whilst the young duke follows his delights,
We that do mean to practise in the state,
Must pick our times, and set our faces in,
And nod our heads, as it may prove most fit
For the main good of the dear commonwealth.—
Who's within there?

Enter Secretary.

Secr. My lord?

Lucio. Secretary, fetch the gown I use to read petitions in, and the standish I answer French letters with; and call in the gentleman that attends. [*Exit* Secretary.
Little know they that do not deal in state,
How many things there are to be observed,
Which seem but little; yet, by one of us
(Whose brains do wind about the commonwealth)
Neglected, cracks our credits utterly.

Enter Gentleman *and* Secretary.

Sir, but that I do presume upon your secresy, I would not have appeared to you thus ignorantly attired, without a toothpick in a ribband, or a ring in my bandstring.

Gent. Your lordship sent for me.

Lucio. I did: Sir, your long practice in the state, under a great man, hath led you to much experience.

Gent. My lord!

Lucio. Suffer not your modesty to excuse it. In short, and in private, I desire your direction: I take my study already to be furnished after a grave and wise method.

Gent. What will this lord do? [*Aside.*

Lucio. My book-strings are suitable, and of a reaching colour.

Gent. How's this? [*Aside.*

Lucio. My standish of wood strange and sweet, and my fore-flap hangs in the right place, and as near Machiavel's as can be gather'd by tradition.

Gent. [*Aside.*] Are there such men as will say nothing abroad, and play the fools in their lodgings? This lord must be follow'd.—And hath your lordship some new-made words to scatter in your speeches in public, to gain note, that the hearers may carry them away, and dispute of them at dinner?

Lucio. I have, sir; and, besides, my several gowns and caps agreeable to my several occasions.

Gent. 'Tis well; and you have learned to write a bad hand, that the readers may take pains for it?

Lucio. Yes, sir; and I give out I have the palsy.

Gent. Good!—'Twere better though if you had it. [*Aside.*]—Your lordship hath a secretary that can write fair, when you purpose to be understood?

Lucio. 'Faith, sir, I have one; there he stands; he hath been my secretary these seven years, but he hath forgotten to write.

Gent. If he can make a writing face, it is not amiss, so he keep his own counsel. Your lordship hath no hope of the gout?

Lucio. Uh! little, sir, since the pain in my right foot left me.

Gent. 'Twill be some scandal to your wisdom, though I see your lordship knows enough in public business.

Lucio. I am not employed though to my desert in occasions foreign, nor frequented for matters domestical.

Gent. Not frequented? What course takes your lordship?

Lucio. The readiest way; my door stands wide; my secretary knows I am not denied to any.

Gent. In this (give me leave) your lordship is out of the way: make a back-door to let out intelligencers; seem to be ever busy, and put your door under keepers, and you shall have a troop of clients sweating to come at you.

Lucio. I have a back-door already: I will henceforth be busy.—Secretary, run and keep the door. [*Exit* Secretary.

Gent. This will fetch 'em.

Lucio. I hope so.

Re-enter Secretary.

Secr. My lord, there are some require access to you, about weighty affairs of state.

Lucio. Already?

Gent. I told you so.

Lucio. How weighty is the business?

Secr. Treason, my lord.

Lucio. Sir, my debts to you for this are great.

Gent. I will leave your lordship now.

Lucio. Sir, my death must be sudden, if I requite you not. At the back-door, good sir.

Gent. I will be your lordship's intelligencer for once. [*Exit.*

Secr. My lord.

Lucio. Let 'em in, and say I am at my study. [*Retires behind the curtain.*

Enter LAZARILLO *and two* Intelligencers.

1 *Int.* Where is your lord?

Secr. At his study; but he will have you brought in.

Laz. Why, gentlemen, what will you charge me withal?

2 *Int.* Treason, horrible treason: I hope to have the leading of thee to prison, and prick thee on i' th' arse with a halbert; to have him hang'd that salutes thee, and call all those in question that spit not upon thee.

Laz. My thread is spun; yet, might I but call for this dish of meat at the gallows, instead of a psalm, it were to be endured. The curtain opens; now my end draws on. [*Secretary draws the Curtain.*

Lucio. Gentlemen, I am not empty of weighty occasions at this time. I pray you, your business.

1 *Int.* My lord, I think we have discovered one of the most bloody traitors that ever the world held.

Lucio. Signor Lazarillo, I am glad you are one of this discovery: give me your hand!

2 *Int.* My lord, that is the traitor.

Lucio. Keep him off! I would not for my whole estate have touched him.

Laz. My lord——

Lucio. Peace, sir! I know the devil is at your tongue's end, to furnish you with speeches. What are the particulars you charge him with? [*They deliver a Paper to* LUCIO, *who reads.*

Both Int. We have conferr'd our notes, and have extracted that, which we will justify upon our oaths.

Lucio. [*Reads.*] "That he would be greater than the duke; that he had cast plots for this, and meant to corrupt some to betray him; that he would burn the city, kill the duke, and poison the privy-council; and, lastly, kill himself." Though thou deservest justly to be hang'd with silence, yet I allow thee to speak: be short.

Laz. My lord, so may my greatest wish succeed,
So may I live, and compass what I seek,
As I had never treason in my thoughts,
Nor ever did conspire the overthrow
Of any creatures, but of brutish beasts,
Fowls, fishes, and such other human food,
As is provided for the good of man.
If stealing custards, tarts, and florentines,
By some late statute be created treason,
How many fellow-courtiers can I bring,
Whose long attendance and experience
Hath made them deeper in the plot than I!

Lucio. Peace! such hath ever been the clemency of my gracious master the duke, in all his proceedings, that I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly, that Malice would long ere this have hid herself in her den, and have turned her own sting against her own heart: but I well now perceive, that so froward is the disposition of a depraved nature, that it doth not only seek revenge, where it hath received injury, but many times thirst after their destruction where it hath met with benefits.

Laz. But, my good lord——

2 *Int.* Let's gag him.

Lucio. Peace! again! 'But many times thirst after their destruction where it hath met with benefits;' there I left. Such, and no better, are the business that we have now in hand.

1 *Int.* He's excellently spoken.

2 *Int.* He'll wind a traitor, I warrant him.

Lucio. But surely, methinks, setting aside the touch of conscience, and all other inward convulsions——

2 *Int.* He'll be hang'd, I know by that word.

Laz. Your lordship may consider——

Lucio. Hold thy peace! thou canst not answer this speech; no traitor can answer it. But, because you cannot answer this speech, I take it you have confessed the treason.

1 *Int.* The Count Valore was the first that discovered him, and can witness it; but he left the matter to your lordship's grave consideration.

Lucio. I thank his lordship!—Carry him away speedily to the duke.

Laz. Now, Lazarillo, thou art tumbled down
The hill of fortune, with a violent arm!
All plagues that can be, famine and the sword,
Will light upon thee; black despair will boil
In thy despairing breast; no comfort by,
Thy friends far off, thy enemies are nigh!

Lucio. Away with him! I'll follow you. Look you pinion him, and take his money from him, lest he swallow a shilling, and kill himself.

2 *Int.* Get thou on before! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE, VALORE, GONDARINO, *and* ARRIGO.

Duke. Now, Gondarino, what can you put on now
That may again deceive us?
Have you more strange illusions, yet more mists,
Through which the weak eye may be led to error?
What can you say that may do satisfaction
Both for her wronged honour, and your ill?

Gond. All I can say, or may, is said already:
She is unchaste, or else I have no knowledge,
I do not breathe, nor have the use of sense.

Duke. Dare you be yet so wilful-ignorant
Of your own nakedness? Did not your servants,
In mine own hearing, confess they brought her to
That house we found her in, almost by force,
And with a great distrust of some ensuing hazard?

Val. He that hath begun so worthily,
It fits not with his resolution
To leave off thus, my lord. I know these are
But idle proofs. What says your lordship to them?

Gond. Count, I dare yet pronounce again, thy sister is not honest.

Val. You are yourself, my lord; I like your settledness.

Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienced in

The dark hidden ways of women: Thou dar'st
With confidence, a lady of fifteen [affirm
May be a maid?
Val. Sir, if it were not so,
I have a sister would sit near my heart.
Gond. Let her sit near her shame! it better fits her:
Call back the blood that made your stream in nearness,
And turn the current to a better use;
'Tis too much mudded; I do grieve to know it.
Duke. Dar'st thou make up again? dar'st to [turn face,
Knowing we know thee?
Hast thou not been discover'd openly?
Did not our ears hear her deny thy courtings?
Did we not see her blush with modest anger,
To be so overtaken by a trick?
Can you deny this, lord?
Gond. Had not your grace and her kind brother been
Within level of her eye, you should have had a hotter
Volley from her, more full of blood and fire,
Ready to leap the window where she stood;
So truly sensual is her appetite.
Duke. Sir, sir, these are but words and tricks: give me the proof!
Val. What need a better proof than your lordship? I am sure
You have lain with her, my lord.
Gond. I have confess'd it, sir.
Duke. I dare not give thee credit, without witness.
Gond. Does your grace think we carry seconds with us,
To search us, and see fair play? Your grace hath been
Ill-tutor'd in the business! but if you hope
To try her truly, and satisfy yourself
What frailty is, give her the test:
Do not remember, count, she is your sister;
Nor let my lord the duke believe she's fair;
But put her to it, without hope or pity!
Then ye shall see that golden form fly off,
That all eyes wonder at for pure and fix'd,
And under it base blushing copper; metal
Not worth the meanest honour:
You shall behold her then, my lord, transparent, look through
Her heart, and view the spirits how they leap;
And tell me then I did belie the lady.
Duke. It shall be done!
Come, Gondarino, bear us company.
We do believe thee: she shall die, and thou shalt see it.

Enter LAZARILLO *bound, two* Intelligencers, *and* Guard.

How now, my friends? who have you guarded hither?
2 *Int.* So please your grace, we have discovered a villain and a traitor: the lord Lucio hath examined him, and sent him to your grace for judgment.
Val. My lord, I dare
Absolve him from all sin of treason: I know
His most ambition's but a dish of meat,
Which he hath hunted with so true a scent,
That he deserves the collar, not the halter.
Duke. Why do they bring him thus bound up?
The poor man had more need have some warm meat,
To comfort his cold stomach.
Val. Your grace shall have
The cause hereafter, when you may laugh more freely.
But these are called *informers*; men that live by treason,
As rat-catchers do by poison.
Duke. 'Would there were
No heavier prodigies hung over us
Than this poor fellow! I durst redeem all perils
Ready to pour themselves upon this state,
With a cold custard.
Val. Your grace
Might do it, without danger to your person.
Laz. My lord, if ever I intended treason
Against your person, or the state, unless
It were by wishing from your table some dish
Of meat, which I must needs confess was not
A subject's part; or coveting by stealth
Sups from those noble bottles, that no mouth,
Keeping allegiance true, should dare to taste,—
I must confess, with more than covetous eye,
I have beheld those dear concealed dishes,
That have been brought in by cunning equipage,
To wait upon your grace's palate:
I do confess, out of this present heat,
I have had stratagems and ambuscadoes;
But, God be thanked, they have never took!
Duke. Count,
This business is your own: when you have done,
Repair to us. [*Exit.*
Val. I will attend your grace.—Lazarillo,
You are at liberty; be your own man again:
And, if you can, be master of your wishes;
I wish it may be so.
Laz. I humbly thank your lordship!
I must be unmannerly: I have some present business.
Once more, I heartily thank your lordship. [*Exit.*
Val. Now even a word or two to you, and so farewell:
You think you have deserved much of this state
By this discovery: Ye are a slavish people,
Grown subject to the common curse of all men.
How much unhappy were that noble spirit,
Could work by such base engines! What misery
Would not a knowing man put on with willingness,
Ere he see himself grown fat and full-fed,
By fall of those you rise by? I do discharge
You my attendance! Our healthful state
Needs no such leeches to suck out her blood.
1 *Int.* I do beseech your lordship——
2 *Int.* Good my lord——
Val. Go, learn to be more honest! When I see
You work your means from honest industry,
I will be willing to accept your labours;
[*Exeunt* Intelligencers.
Till then I will keep back my promised favours.

Enter LUCIO.

Here comes another remnant of folly:
I must dispatch him too.—Now, lord Lucio,
What business bring you hither?
Lucio 'Faith, sir, I am discovering what will become of that notable piece of treason intended by that varlet Lazarillo; I have sent him to the duke for judgment.
Val. Sir, you have performed the part of a most careful statesman; and, let me say it to your face, sir, of a father to this state: I would wish you to retire, and insconce yourself in study; for such is

your daily labour, and our fear, that your loss of an hour may breed our overthrow.

Lucio. Sir, I will be commanded by your judgment: And though I find it a trouble scant to be waded through, by these weak years; yet, for the dear care of the commonwealth, I will bruise my brains, and confine myself to much vexation.

Val. Go; and may'st thou knock down treason like an ox!

Lucio. Amen! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Street.*

Enter Mercer, Pandar, *and* Francissina.

Mercer. Have I spoke thus much in the honour of learning, learned the names of the seven liberal sciences, before my marriage; and, since, have in haste written epistles congratulatory to the nine muses, and is she proved a whore and a beggar?

Pandar. 'Tis true. You are not now to be taught that no man can be learned of a sudden; let not your first project discourage you: what you have lost in this, you may get again in alchymy.

Fran. Fear not, husband; I hope to make as good a wife as the best of your neighbours have, and as honest.

Mercer. I will go home. Good sir, do not publish this; as long as it runs amongst ourselves, 'tis good honest mirth. You'll come home to supper? I mean to have all her friends, and mine, as ill as it goes.

Pandar. Do wisely, sir, and bid your own friends; your whole wealth will scarce feast all hers; neither is it for your credit to walk the streets with a woman so noted: get you home, and provide her clothes; let her come an hour hence with a hand basket, and shift herself, she'll serve to sit at the upper end of the table, and drink to your customers.

Mercer. Art is just, and will make me amends.

Pandar. No doubt, sir.

Mercer. The chief note of a scholar, you say, is to govern his passions; wherefore I do take all patiently: In sign of which, my most dear wife, I do kiss thee. Make haste home after me; I shall be in my study. [*Exit.*

Pandar. Go, avaunt!—My new city-dame, send me what you promised me for consideration, and may'st thou prove a lady!

Fran. Thou shalt have it; his silks shall fly for it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Street before the Bagnio.*

Enter Lazarillo *and* Boy.

Laz. How sweet is a calm after a tempest! what is there now that can stand betwixt me and felicity? I have gone through all my crosses constantly, have confounded my enemies, and know where to have my longing satisfied; I have my way before me: there's the door, and I may freely walk in to my delights. Knock, boy!

Julia. [*Within.*] Who's there?

Laz. Madonna, my love! not guilty, not guilty! Open the door!

Enter Julia.

Julia. Art thou come, sweetheart?

Laz. Yes, to thy soft embraces, and the rest of my overflowing blisses! come, let us in and swim in our delights; a short grace as we go, and so to meat!

Julia. Nay, my dear love, you must bear with me in this; we'll to the church first.

Laz. Shall I be sure of it then?

Julia. By my love, you shall!

Laz. I am content; for I do now wish to hold off longer, to whet my appetite, and do desire to meet with more troubles, so I might conquer them:

And, as a holy lover that hath spent
The tedious night with many a sigh and tears,
Whilst he pursued his wench, and hath observed
The smiles and frowns, not daring to displease;
When [he] at last hath with his service won
Her yielding heart, that she begins to dote
Upon him, and can hold no longer out,
But hangs about his neck, and wooes him more
Than ever he desired her love before;
[He] then begins to flatter his desert,
And, growing wanton, needs will cast her off;
Try her, pick quarrels, to breed fresh delight,
And to encrease his pleasing appetite.

Julia. Come, mouse, will you walk?

Laz. I pray thee let me be delivered of the joy I am so big with! I do feel that high heat within me, that I begin to doubt whether I be mortal:

How I contemn my fellows in the court,
With whom I did but yesterday converse!
And in a lower, and an humbler key,
Did walk and meditate on grosser meats!
There are they still, poor rogues, shaking their chops,
And sneaking after cheeses, and do run
Headlong in chase of every jack of beer
That crosseth them, in hope of some repast
That it will bring them to; whilst I am here,
The happiest wight that ever set his tooth
To a dear novelty! Approach, my love;
Come, let us go to knit the true love's knot,
That never can be broken!

Boy. That is, to marry a whore. [*Aside.*

Laz. When that is done, then will we taste the gift
Which fates have sent, my fortunes up to lift.

Boy. When that is done, you will begin to repent upon a full stomach: But I see, 'tis but a form in destiny, not to be altered. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Palace with a Gallery.*

Enter Arrigo *and* Oriana *below;* Duke, Valore, *and* Gondarino *above.*

Ori. Sir, what may be the current of your business,
That thus you single out your time and place?

Arr. Madam, the business now imposed upon me
Concerns you nearly;
I wish some worser man might finish it.

Ori. Why are you changed so? are you not well, sir?

Arr. Yes, madam, I am well: 'Would you were so!

Ori. Why, sir, I feel myself in perfect health.

Arr. And yet you cannot live long, madam.

Ori. Why, good Arrigo?

Arr. Why, you must die.
Ori. I know I must;
But yet my fate calls not upon me.
Arr. It does;
This hand the duke commands shall give you death.
Ori. Heaven, and the powers divine, guard well the innocent!
Arr. Lady, your prayers may do your soul some good,
But sure your body cannot merit by 'em:
You must prepare to die.
Ori. What's my offence? What have these years committed,
That may be dangerous to the duke or state?
Have I conspired by poison? have I given up
My honour to some loose unsettled blood,
That may give action to my plots? dear sir,
Let me not die ignorant of my faults!
Arr. You shall not:
Then, lady, you must know, you are held unhonest:
The duke, your brother, and your friends in court,
With too much grief condemn you; though to me,
The fault deserves not to be paid with death.
Ori. Who's my accuser?
Arr. Lord Gondarino.
Ori. Arrigo, take these words, and bear them to the duke;
It is the last petition I shall ask thee:
Tell him, the child this present hour brought forth
To see the world has not a soul more pure,
More white, more virgin, than I have; tell him,
Lord Gondarino's plot I suffer for,
And willingly; tell him, it had been
A greater honour to have saved than kill'd:
But I have done: strike! I am arm'd for Heaven.
Why stay you? is there any hope?
Arr. I would not strike.
Ori. Have you the power to save?
Arr. With hazard of my life, if it should be known.
Ori. You will not venture that?
Arr. I will: Lady,
There is that means yet to escape your death,
If you can wisely apprehend it.
Ori. You dare not be so kind?
Arr. I dare, and will, if you dare but deserve it.
Ori. If I should slight my life, I were to blame.
Arr. Then, madam,
This is the means, or else you die: I love you.
Ori. I shall believe it if you save my life.
Arr. And you must lie with me.
Ori. I dare not buy my life so.
Arr. Come, you must resolve; say *yea* or *no*.
Ori. Then *no!* Nay, look not ruggedly upon me;
I am made up too strong to fear such looks:
Come, do your butcher's part! before
I would wish life, with the dear loss of honour,
I dare find means to free myself.
Arr. Speak, will you yield?
Ori. Villain, I will not! Murderer, do the worst
Thy base unnoble thoughts dare prompt thee to!
I am above thee, slave!
Arr. Wilt thou not be drawn
To yield by fair persuasions?
Ori. No; nor by——
Arr. Peace! know your doom then: your ladyship must remember
You are not now at home, where you dare feast
All that come about you; but you are fallen
Under my mercy, which shall be but small,
If thou refuse to yield: hear what I have sworn
Unto myself; I will enjoy thee, though it be
Between the parting of thy soul and body;
Yield yet, and live!
Ori. I'll guard the one; let Heaven guard the other!
Arr. Are you so resolute then?
Duke. [*From above.*] Hold, hold, I say!
Ori. What, yet more terror to my tragedy?
Arr. Lady, the scene of blood is done;
You are now as free from scandal as from death.

Enter below DUKE, VALORE, *and* GONDARINO.

Duke. Thou woman, which wert born to teach men virtue,
Fair, sweet, and modest maid, forgive my thoughts;
My trespass was my love.
Seize Gondarino! Let him wait our dooms.
Gond. I do begin a little to love this woman;
I could endure her already, twelve miles off.
Val. Sister,
I am glad you have brought your honour off so fairly,
Without loss; you have done a work above your sex;
The duke admires it: give him fair encounter.
Duke. Best of all comforts, may I take this hand,
And call it mine?
Ori. I am your grace's handmaid!
Duke. 'Would you had said *myself*: might it not be so, lady?
Val. Sister, say *ay*; I know you can afford it.
Ori. My lord, I am your subject; you may command me,
Provided still your thoughts be fair and good.
Duke. Here; I am yours; and when I cease to be so,
Let Heaven forget me! thus I make it good.
Ori. My lord, I am no more mine own.
Val. So! this bargain was well driven.
Gond. Duke,
Thou hast sold away thyself to all perdition;
Thou art this present hour becoming cuckold:
Methinks I see thy gall grate through thy veins,
And jealousy seize on thee with her talons.
I know that woman's nose must be cut off;
She cannot 'scape it.
Duke. Sir, we have punishment for you.
Ori. I do beseech your lordship, for the wrongs
This man hath done me, let me pronounce his punishment!
Duke. Lady, I give it to you; he is your own.
Gond. I do beseech your grace, let me be banish'd,
With all the speed that may be.
Val. Stay still! you shall attend her sentence.
Ori. Lord Gondarino, you have wrong'd me highly;
Yet since it sprung from no peculiar hate
To me, but from a general dislike
Unto all women, you shall thus suffer for it.—
Arrigo, call in some ladies to assist us.—
Will your grace take your state?
Gond. My lord, I do
Beseech your grace for any punishment,
Saving this woman: let me be sent upon
Discovery of some island; I do desire

But a small gondola, with ten Holland cheeses,
And I'll undertake it.
Ori. Sir, you must be content.
Will you sit down? Nay, do it willingly.—
Arrigo, tie his arms close to the chair;
I dare not trust his patience.
Gond. [*He is seized and bound in a chair.*]
Mayst thou
Be quickly old and painted! may'st thou dote
Upon some sturdy yeoman of the wood-yard,
And he be honest! may'st thou be barred
The lawful lechery of thy couch, for want
Of instruments! and, last, be thy womb unopen'd!
Duke. This fellow hath a pretty gall.
Val. My lord,
I hope to see him purged, ere he part.

Enter Ladies.

Ori. Your ladyships are welcome! I must desire your helps,
Though you are no physicians, to do a strange cure
Upon this gentleman.
Ladies. In what we can assist you,
Madam, you may command us.
Gond. Now do I
Sit like a conjuror within my circle,
And these the devils that are raised about me:
I'll pray that they may have no power upon me.
Ori. Ladies, fall off in couples;
Then, with a soft still march, with low demeanours,
Charge this gentleman: I'll be your leader.
Gond. Let me be quarter'd, duke, quickly! I can endure it.
These women long for man's flesh; let them have it!
Duke. Count, have you ever seen so strange a passion?
What would this fellow do, if he should find himself
In bed with a young lady?
Val. 'Faith, my lord,
If he could get a knife, sure he would cut her throat;
Or else he would do as Hercules did by Lycas,
Swing out her soul:
He has the true hate of a woman in him.
Ori. Low with your courtsies, ladies!
Gond. Come not too near me! I have a breath will poison ye;
My lungs are rotten, and my stomach raw;
I am given much to belching: hold off, as you love sweet airs!
Ladies, by your first night's pleasure I conjure you,
As you would have your husbands proper men,
Strong backs, and little legs; as you would have 'em hate
Your waiting-women——
Ori. Sir, we must court you, till we have obtain'd
Some little favour from those gracious eyes;
'Tis but a kiss a-piece.
Gond I pronounce perdition to you all!
Ye are a parcel of that damned crew
That fell down with Lucifer, and here ye stay'd
On earth to plague poor men: Vanish, avaunt!
I am fortified against your charms.
Heaven grant me breath and patience!
1 *Lady.* Shall we not kiss, then?
Gond. No! sear my lips with
Hot irons first, or stitch them up like a ferret's!
Oh, that this brunt were over!

2 *Lady.* Come, come, little rogue, thou art too maidenly; by my troth I think I must box thee till thou be'st bolder; the more bold, the more welcome: I pr'ythee kiss me! be not afraid.
[*She sits on his knee*
Gond. If there be any here
That yet have so much of the fool left in them
As to love their mothers, let them [look] on her,
And loath them too!
2 *Lady.* What a slovenly little villain art thou! why dost thou not stroke up thy hair? I think thou ne'er comb'st it; I must have it lie in better order: so, so, so! Let me see thy hands! are they wash'd?
Gond. I would they were loose for thy sake!
Duke. She tortures him admirably.
Val. The best that ever was.
2 *Lady.* Alas, how cold they are! Poor golls! why dost thee not get thee a muff?
Arr. Madam, here's an old country gentlewoman at the door, that came nodding up for justice; she was with the lord Gondarino to-day, and would now again come to the speech of him, she says.
Ori. Let her in, for sport's sake, let her in!
Gond. Mercy, oh duke! I do appeal to thee:
Plant cannons there, and discharge them
Against my breast rather! Nay, first
Let this she-fury sit still where she does,
And with her nimble fingers stroke my hair,
Play with my fingers' ends, or anything,
Until my panting heart have broke my breast
Duke. You must abide her censure.
[*The* Lady *rises from his knee.*

Enter old Gentlewoman.

Gond. I see her come!
Unbutton me, for she will speak.
Gentlew. Where is he, sir.
Gond. Save me! I hear her.
Arr. There he is in state, to give you audience.
Gentlew. How does your good lordship?
Gond. Sick of the spleen.
Gentlew. How?
Gond. Sick.
Gentlew. Will you chew a nutmeg? you shall not refuse it; 'tis very comfortable.
Gond. Nay, now thou art come, I know it is
The devil's jubilee; hell is broke loose!
My lord, if ever I have done you service,
Or have deserved a favour of your grace,
Let me be turn'd upon some present action,
Where I may sooner die than languish thus!
Your grace hath her petition; grant it her,
And ease me now at last.
Duke. No, sir; you must endure.
Gentlew. For my petition, I hope your lordship hath remembered me.
Ori. 'Faith, I begin to pity him; Arrigo,
Take her off; bear her away; say her petition
Is granted.
Gentlew. Whither do you draw me, sir? I know it is not my lord's pleasure I should be thus used, before my business be dispatched.
Arr. You shall know more of that without.
[*She is led off.*
Ori. Unbind him, ladies! But, before he go,
This he shall promise: For the love I bear
To our own sex, I would have them still
Hated by thee; and enjoin thee, as a punishment,
Never hereafter willingly to come

In the presence or sight of any woman,
Nor never to seek wrongfully the public
Disgrace of any.

Gond. 'Tis that I would have sworn, and do: when I meddle with them, for their good, or their bad, may time call back this day again! and when I come in their companies, may I catch the pox by their breath, and have no other pleasure for it!

Duke. You are too merciful.

Ori. My lord, I shew'd my sex the better.

Val. All is over-blown. Sister, you are like to have a fair night of it, and a prince in your arms. Let's go, my lord.

Duke. Thus, through the doubtful streams of joy and grief,
True love doth wade, and finds at last relief.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

AT A REVIVAL.

The monuments of virtue and desert
Appear more goodly when the gloss of art
Is eaten off by time, than when at first
They were set up, not censured at the worst:
We have done our best, for your contents, to fit,
With new pains, this old monument of wit.

THE NICE VALOUR;

OR,

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF GENOA.
SHAMONT, *his Favourite, a superstitious lover of Reputation.*
A Passionate Lord, *the* Duke's *distracted Kinsman.*
A Soldier, *Brother to* SHAMONT.
LAPET, *the cowardly Monsieur.*
A Gallant *of the same temper.*
FILTROT, MOULRAZON, } *Two mushroom Courtiers.*
Two Brothers *to the* Lady, *affecting the* Passionate Lord.
LA NOVE, *a Courtier.*
Three Gentlemen *of the Bed-Chamber.*
BASE, *Jester to the* Passionate Lord.
A Priest, *Six* Women, } *in a Masque.*
GALOSHIO, *a Clown.*
A Huntsman.
Lords, Gallants, *&c.*

LADY, *Sister to the* Duke, SHAMONT'S *beloved.*
LAPET'S Wife.
A Lady, *personating Cupid, Mistress to the* Mad Lord.

SCENE,—GENOA, EXCEPT IN THE SECOND SCENE OF THE LAST ACT, WHERE IT IS IN THE COUNTRY.

PROLOGUE,

AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

It's grown in fashion of late, in these days,
To come and beg a sufferance to our plays:
'Faith, gentlemen, our poet ever writ
Language so good, mix'd with such sprightly wit,
He made the theatre so sovereign
With his rare scenes, he scorn'd this crouching vein.
We stabb'd him with keen daggers, when we pray'd
Him write a preface to a play well made.
He could not write these toys; 'twas easier far
To bring a felon to appear at th' bar,
So much he hated baseness; which this day,
His scenes will best convince you of in's play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—GENOA. *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, SHAMONT, LA NOVE, *and three* Gentlemen.

Duke. Shamont, welcome, we have missed thee long,
Though absent but two days: I hope your sports
Answered your time and wishes.
Sham. Very nobly, sir;
We found game worthy your delight, my lord,
It was so royal.
Duke. I have enough to hear on't;
Pr'ythee bestow't upon me in discourse.
[*They walk apart.*
La Nove. What is this gentleman, coz? You
Therefore know all their insides. [are a courtier,
1 *Gent.* No further than the taffaty goes, good coz,
For the most part, which is indeed the best part
Of the most general inside. Marry, thus far
I can with boldness speak this one man's character,
And upon honour pass it for a true one:
He has that strength of manly merit in him,
That it exceeds his sovereign's power of gracing;
He's faithfully true to valour, that he hates
The man, from Cæsar's time, or further off,
That ever took disgrace unrevenged;
And if he chance to read his abject story,
He tears his memory out, and holds it virtuous
Not to let shame have so much life amongst us:
There is not such a curious piece of courage

Amongst man's fellowship, or one so jealous
Of honour's loss, or reputation's glory:
There's so much perfect of his growing story!
La Nove. 'Twould make one dote on virtue, as you tell it.
1 *Gent.* I have told it to much loss, believe it, coz.—
2 *Gent.* How the Duke graces him! What is he, brother?
3 *Gent.* Do you not yet know him? a vainglorious coxcomb,
As proud as he that fell for't!
Set but aside his valour, no virtue,
Which is indeed not fit for any courtier,
And we, his fellows, are as good as he,
Perhaps as capable of favour too,
For one thing or another, is twere look'd into.
Give me a man, were I a sovereign now,
Has a good stroke at *tennis*, and a stiff one;
Can play at *æquinoctium* with the line,
As even as the thirteenth of September,
When day and night lie in a scale together!
Or, may I thrive as I deserve at *billiards;*
No otherwise at *chess*, or at *primero!*
These are the parts required; why not advanced?
Duke. Trust me, it was no less than excellent pleasure;
And I'm right glad 'twas thine.—How fares our kinsman?
Who can resolve us best?
La Nove. I can, my lord.
Duke. There, if I had a pity without bounds,
It might be all bestow'd: A man so lost
In the wild ways of passion, that he's sensible
Of nought but what torments him!
La Nove. True, my lord;
He runs through all the passions of mankind,
And shifts 'em strangely too: One while in love;
And that so violent, that, for want of business,
He'll court the very 'prentice of a laundress,
Though she have kib'd heels; and, in his melancholy again,
He will not brook an empress, though thrice fairer
Than ever Maud was, or higher-spirited
Than Cleopatra, or your English Countess.
Then, on a sudden, he's so merry again,
Out-laughs a waiting-woman before her first child;
And, turning of a hand, so angry—
He has almost beat the Northern fellow blind,
That is for that use only: If that mood hold, my lord,
He had need of a fresh man; I'll undertake
He shall bruise three a-month.
Duke. I pity him dearly;
And let it be your charge, with his kind brother,
To see his moods observed: Let every passion
Be fed even to a surfeit, which in time
May breed a loathing: let him have enough
Of every object that his sense is rapt with:
And being once glutted, then the taste of folly
Will come into disrelish.
La Nove. I shall see
Your charge, my lord, most faithfully effected.—
[*Exit* DUKE.
And how does noble Shamont?
Sham. Never ill, man,
Until I hear of baseness; then I sicken:
I am the healthfullest man i' th' kingdom else.
Enter LAPET, *and walks on one side of the Stage.*
La Nove. Be arm'd then for a fit! here comes a fellow
Will make you sick at heart, if baseness do't.
Sham. Let me be gone! What is he?
La Nove. Let me tell you first;
It can be but a qualm. Pray stay it out, sir!
Come, you have borne more than this.
Sham. Borne? never anything
That was injurious.
La Nove. Ha! I am far from that.
Sham He looks as like a man as I have seen one:
What would you speak of him? Speak well, I pr'ythee,
Even for humanity's cause.
La Nove. You would have it truth, though?
Sham. What else, sir? I have no reason to wrong Heaven
To favour Nature; let her bear her own shame
If she be faulty!
La Nove Monstrous faulty there, sir.
Sham. I'm ill at ease already.
La Nove. Pray bear up, sir.
Sham. I pr'ythee let me take him down with speed then,
Like a wild object that I would not look upon.
La Nove. Then thus; he's one that will endure as much
As can be laid upon him.
Sham. That may be noble;
I'm kept too long from his acquaintance.
La Nove. Oh, sir,
Take heed of rash repentance! you're too forward
To find out virtue where it never settled:
Take the particulars, first, of what he endures;
Videlicet, bastinadoes by the great.
Sham. How!
La Nove. Thumps by the dozen, and your kicks by wholesale.
Sham. No more of him!
La Nove. The twinges by the nostril he snuffs up,
And holds it the best remedy for sneezing.
Sham Away!
La Nove. He has been thrice switch'd from seven o'clock till nine;
Yet, with a cart-horse stomach, fell to breakfast,
Forgetful of his smart.
Sham. Nay, the disgrace on't;
There is no smart but that: Base things are felt
More by their shames than hurts.—[*Goes up to* LAPET.] Sir, I know you not;
But that you live an injury to Nature,
I'm heartily angry with you.
Lapet. Pray give your blow or kick, and begone then;
For I ne'er saw you before; and indeed
Have nothing to say to you, for I know you not.
Sham. Why, wouldst thou take a blow?
Lapet. I would not, sir,
Unless 'twere offer'd me; and, if from an enemy,
I would be loth to deny it from a stranger.
Sham. What! a blow?
Endure a blow? and shall he live that gives it?
Lapet. Many a fair year: Why not, sir?
Sham. Let me wonder!
As full a man to see too, and as perfect!
I pr'ythee live not long.
Lapet. How!
Sham. Let me entreat it!
Thou dost not know what wrong thou dost mankind,
To walk so long here; not to die betimes.
Let me advise thee, while thou hast to live here,
Even for man's honour sake, take not a blow more!
Lapet. You should advise them not to strike me then, sir;
For I'll take none, I assure you, 'less they're given.

Sham. How fain would I preserve man's form from shame,
And cannot get it done!—However, sir,
I charge thee live not long.
Lapet. This is worse than beating.
Sham. Of what profession art thou, tell me, sir,
Besides a tailor? for I'll know the truth.
Lapet. A tailor? I'm as good a gentleman—
Can shew my arms and all.
Sham. How black and blue they are:
Is that your manifestation? Upon pain
Of pounding thee to dust, assume not wrongfully
The name of *gentleman*, because I am one
That must not let thee live!
Lapet. I have done, I have done, sir.
If there be any harm, beshrew the herald!
I'm sure I ha' not been so long a gentleman,
To make this anger: I have nothing, no where,
But what I dearly pay for.
Sham. Groom, begone!— [*Exit* LAPET.
I never was so heart-sick yet of man.

Enter the Lady, *and* LAPET'S Wife.

La Nove. Here comes a cordial, sir, from the other sex,
Able to make a dying face look cheerful.
Sham. The blessedness of ladies!
Lady. You're well met, sir.
Sham. The sight of you has put an evil from me,
Whose breath was able to make Virtue sicken.
Lady. I'm glad I came so fortunately. What was it, sir?
Sham. A thing that takes a blow, lives and eats after it,
In very good health: You ha' not seen the like, madam;
A monster worth your sixpence, lowly worth.
Lady. Speak low, sir! by all likelihoods 'tis her husband,
That now bestow'd a visitation on me.
Farewell, sir. [*Exit.*
Sham. Husband? is't possible that he has a wife?
Would any creature have him? 'tis some forced match!
If he were not kick'd to th' church o' th' wedding day,
I'll never come at court. 'Can be no otherwise;
Perhaps he was rich; speak, Mistress Lapet, was't not so?
Wife. Nay, that's without all question.
Sham. Oh, ho! he would not want kickers enough then.
If you are wise, I much suspect your honesty,
For Wisdom never fastens constantly,
But upon Merit: If you incline to fool,
You are alike unfit for his society;
Nay, if it were not boldness in the man
That honours you, to advise you, 'troth, his com-
Should not be frequent with you. [pany
Wife. 'Tis good counsel, sir.
Sham. Oh, I'm so careful where I reverence,
So just to Goodness, and her precious purity,
I am as equally jealous, and as fearful,
That any undeserved stain might fall
Upon her sanctified whiteness, as of the sin
That comes by wilfulness.
Wife. Sir, I love your thoughts,
And honour you for your counsel and your care.
Sham. We are your servants.
Wife. He's but a gentleman o' th' chamber; [*Aside.*
He might have kiss'd me, faith!
Where shall one find less courtesy than at court?
Say, I have an undeserver to my husband,
That's ne'er the worse for him. Well, strange-lipp'd man,
'Tis but a kiss lost; there'll more come again. [*Exit.*

Enter the Passionate Lord; *he makes a congee or two to nothing.*

La Nove. Look, who comes here, sir! his love-fit's upon him:
I know it, by that set smile, and those congees.
How courteous he's to nothing, which indeed
Is the next kin to woman, only shadow,
The elder sister of the twain, because 'tis seen
See how it kisses the fore-finger still! [through!
Which is the last edition, and, being come
So near the thumb, every cobler has got it.
Sham. What a ridiculous piece Humanity
Here makes itself!
La Nove. Nay, good, give leave a little, sir;
You're so precise a manhood——
Sham. It afflicts me
When I behold unseemliness in an image
So near the godhead! 'Tis an injury
To glorious eternity.
La Nove. Pray use patience, sir!
Pas. I do confess it freely, precious lady;
And love's suit is so, the longer it hangs
The worse it is: Better cut off, sweet madam.
Oh, that same drawing-in your nether lip there,
Foreshews no goodness, lady. Make you question
Shame on me, but I love you! [on't?
La Nove. Who is't, sir,
You are at all this pains for? may I know her?
Pas. For thee, thou fairest, yet the falsest wo-
That ever broke man's heart-strings. [man,
La Nove. How? how's this, sir?
Pas. What, the old trick of ladies? man's apparel?
Will't ne'er be left amongst you? Steal from court
La Nove. I see the fit grows stronger. [in't!
Pas. Pray let's talk a little.
Sham. I can endure no more!
La Nove. Good, let us alone a little!
You are so exact a work! love light things some-
Sham. They're all but shames. [what, sir.
La Nove. What is't you would say to me, sir?
Pas. Can you be so forgetful to inquire it, lady?
La Nove. Yes, truly, sir.
Pas. The more I admire your flintiness!
What cause have I given you, illustrious madam,
To play this strange part with me?
La Nove. Cause enough:
Do but look back, sir, into your memory,
Your love to other women. Oh, lewd man,
It has almost kill'd my heart; you see I'm changed with it;
I ha' lost the fashion of my sex with grief on't!
When I have seen you courting of a dowdy
(Compared with me,) and kissing your fore-finger
To one o' th' blackguard's mistresses; would not this
Crack a poor lady's heart, that believed love,
And waited for the comfort? But 'twas said, sir,
A lady of my hair cannot want pitying;
The country's coming up: Farewell to you, sir!
Pas. Whither intend you, sir?

La Nove. A long journey, sir:
The truth is, I'm with child, and go to travail.
Pas. With child? I never got it.
La Nove. I heard you were busy
At the same time, sir; and was loth to trouble you.
Pas. Why, are not you a whore then, excellent madam?
La Nove. Oh, by no means; 'twas done, sir, in the state
Of my belief in you, and that quits me;
It lies upon your falsehood.
Pas. Does it so?—
You shall not carry her though, sir; she's my contract.
Sham. I pr'ythee, thou four elements ill-brewed,
Torment none but thyself! Away, I say,
Thou beast of passion, as the drunkard is
The beast of wine! Dishonour to thy making,
Thou man in fragments!
Pas. Hear me, precious madam!
Sham. Kneel for thy wits to Heaven.
Pas. Lady, I'll father it,
Whoe'er begot it: 'Tis the course of greatness.
Sham. How Virtue groans at this!
Pas. I'll raise the court, but I will stay your flight. [*Exit* Passionate Lord.
Sham. How wretched is that piece!
La Nove. He's the Duke's kinsman, sir.
Sham. That cannot take a passion away, sir,
Nor cut a fit but one poor hour shorter;
He must endure as much as the poorest beggar,
That cannot change his money; there's the equa-
In our impartial essence.—— [lity

Enter a Servant.

What's the news now?
Serv. Your worthy brother, sir, has left his
And come to see you. [charge,

Enter the Soldier.

Sham. Oh, the noblest welcome
That ever came from man, meet thy deservings!
Methinks, I have all joy's treasure in mine arms now.
Sold. You are so fortunate in prevention, brother,
You always leave the answerer barren, sir;
You comprehend in few words so much worth.
Sham. 'Tis all too little for thee: Come, thou'rt welcome! [*Embraces him.*
So I include all.—Take especial knowledge, pray,
Of this dear gentleman, my absolute friend,
That loves a soldier far above a mistress,
Though excellently faithful to 'em both:
But love to manhood owns the purer troth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace. Chairs placed against the wall.*

Enter the Soldier *and the* Lady.

Lady. There should be in this gallery—Oh, they're here.
Pray sit down: Believe me, sir, I'm weary.
Sold. It well becomes a lady to complain a little
Of what she never feels: Your walk was short, madam;
You can be but afraid of weariness,
Which well implies the softness of your sex:
As for the thing itself, you never came to't.
Lady. You're wondrously well read in ladies, sir.
Sold. Shall I think such a creature as you, ma-
Was ever born to feel pain, but in travail? [dam,
There's your full portion,
Besides a little tooth-ache in the breeding,
Which a kind husband too takes from you, madam.
Lady. But where do ladies, sir, find such kind
Perhaps you have heard [husbands?
The rheumatic story of some loving chandler now,
Or some such melting fellow, that you talk
So prodigal of men's kindness: I confess, sir,
Many of those wives are happy, their ambition
Does reach no higher than to love and ignorance,
Which makes an excellent husband, and a fond one:
Now, sir, your great ones aim at height and cunning,
And so are oft deceived, yet they must venture it;
For 'tis a lady's contumely, sir,
To have a lord an ignorant; then the world's voice
Will deem her for a wanton, ere she taste on't:
But, to deceive a wise man, to whose circumspec-
The world resigns itself with all his envy, [tion
'Tis less dishonour to us than to fall;
Because his believed wisdom keeps out all.
Sold. 'Would I were the man, Lady, that should
His wisdom to your goodness! [venture
Lady. You might fail
In the return, as many men have done, sir.
I dare not justify what is to come of me,
Because I know it not; though I hope virtuously:
Marry, what's past, or present, I durst put
Into a good man's hand; which if he take
Upon my word for good, it shall not cozen him.
Sold. No, nor hereafter?
Lady. It may hap so too, sir:
A woman's goodness, when she is a wife,
Lies much upon a man's desert, believe it, sir!
If there be fault in her, I'll pawn my life on't,
'Tis first in him, if she were ever good
That makes one: knowing not a husband yet,
Or what he may be, I promise no more virtues
Than I may well perform; for that were cozenage.
Sold. Happy were he that had you, with all
That's my opinion, Lady. [fears!

Enter SHAMONT *and a* Servant, *listening.*

Serv. What say you now, sir?
Dare you give confidence to your own eyes?
Sham. Not yet I dare not.
Serv. No?
Sham. Scarce yet, or yet,
Although I see 'tis he. Why, can a thing,
That's but myself divided, be so false?
Serv. Nay, do but mark how the chair plays his
How amorously 'tis bent. [part too:
Sham. Hell take thy bad thoughts!
For they are strange ones. Never take delight
To make a torment worse. Look on 'em, Heaven!
For that's a brother! send me a fair enemy,

And take him! for a fouler fiend there breathes
I will not sin to think there's ill in her, [not.
But what's of his producing:
Yet goodness, whose inclosure is but flesh,
Holds out oft-times but sorrily. But, as black, sir,
As ever kindred was, I hate mine own blood,
Because it is so near thine. Live without honesty;
And mayst thou die with an unmoisten'd eye,
And no tear follow thee.
[*Exeunt* SHAMONT *and* Servant.

Lady. You're wond'rous merry, sir;
I would your brother heard you!

Sold. Or my sister;
I would not, out o' th' way, let fall my words, lady,
For the precisest humour.

Enter Passionate Lord.

Pas. Yea, so close?

Sold. They are merry, that's the worst you can report of 'em;
They are neither dangerous, nor immodest.

Pas. So, sir!
Shall I believe you, think you?

Sold. Who's this, lady?

Lady. Oh, the duke's cousin; he came late from [travel, sir.

Sold. Respect belongs to him.

Pas. [*Mimicking the* Soldier.] "For, as I said, lady,
They are merry, that's the worst you can report of 'em;
They are neither dangerous, nor immodest."

Sold. How's this?

Pas. "And there I think I left."

Sold. Abuses me!

Pas. "Now, to proceed, Lady: Perhaps I swore I loved you;
If you believe me not, you're much the wiser"—

Sold. He speaks still in my person, and derides [me!

Pas. "For I can cog with you"—

Lady. You can all do so;
We make no question of men's promptness that way.

Pas. "And smile, and wave a chair with comely grace too,
Play with our tassel gently, and do fine things,
That catch a lady sooner than a virtue."

Sold. I never used to let man live so long,
That wronged me!

Pas. "Talk of battalions, woo you in a skirmish;
Divine my mind to you, lady: and, being sharp-set,
Can court you at half-pike; or name your weapon,
We cannot fail you, lady."

Enter LA NOVE.

Sold. Now he dies, [*Draws.*
Were all succeeding hopes stored up within him!

La Nove. Oh, fy! i' th' court, sir? [*Detains him.*

Sold. I most dearly thank you, sir.

La Nove. 'Tis rage ill spent upon a passionate madman.

Sold. That shall not privilege him for ever, sir.
A madman call you him? I have found too much reason
Sound in his injury to me, to believe him so.

La Nove. If ever truth from man's lips may be held
In reputation with you, give this confidence;
And this his love-fit, which we observe still
By his flattering and his fineness; at some other
He'll go as slovenly as heart can wish. [time
The love and pity that his highness shews to him,
Makes every man the more respectful of him.
He has never a passion but is well provided for,
As this of love; he is full fed in all
His swinge, as I may term it: Have but patience,
And you shall witness somewhat!

Sold. Still he mocks me:
Look you! in action, in behaviour, sir.—
Hold still the chair, with a grand mischief to you!
Or I'll set so much strength upon your heart, sir—

Pas. "I feel some power has restrained me,
If it be sent from Love, say, I obey it, [lady:
And ever keep a voice to welcome it." [*Sings.*

SONG.

Thou deity, swift-winged Love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power;
Thou, that makest a heart thy tower,
And thy loop-holes ladies' eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise;
Did all the shafts in thy fair quiver
Stick fast in my ambitious liver,
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more!

Enter a Lady *disguised as* Cupid, *offering to shoot at the* Passionate Lord.

Pas. I pr'ythee hold though, sweet celestial
I'm not requited yet with love enough [boy!
For the first arrow that I have within me;
And if thou be an equal archer, Cupid,
Shoot this lady, and twenty more for me.

Lady. Me, sir?

La Nove. [*Apart to her.*] 'Tis nothing but device; fear it not, lady!
You may be as good a maid after that shaft, madam,
As e'er your mother was at twelve and a half:
'Tis like the boy that draws it, it has no sting yet.

Cupid. [*Aside.*] 'Tis like the miserable maid that draws it,
That sees no comfort yet, seeing him so passionate.

Pas. Strike me the Duchess of Valois in love with me,
With all the speed thou canst, and two of her women!

Cupid. You shall have more. [*Exit.*

Pas. Tell 'em, I tarry for 'em.

La Nove. Who would be angry with that walk-
That hurts none but itself? [ing trouble now,

Sold. I am better quieted.

Pas. I'll have all woman-kind struck in time for
After thirteen once. [me
I see this Cupid will not let me want;
And let him spend his forty shafts an hour,
They shall be all found from the duke's exchequer.
He's come already.

Enter again the Lady, *personating* Cupid, *her two* Brothers *and six* Women *as* Masquers; Cupid's *bow bent all the way towards them; the first* Woman *singing and playing; one disguised as a* Priest.

SONG.

BY THE FIRST WOMAN.

Oh, turn thy bow!
Thy power we feel and know,
Fair Cupid, turn away thy bow!
They be those golden arrows,
Bring ladies all their sorrows;
And till there be more truth in men,
Never shoot at maid again!

Pas. What a felicity of whores are here!
And all my concubines struck bleeding new!
A man can in his life-time make but one woman,
But he may make his fifty queans a month.
Cup. Have you remember'd a priest, honest brothers? [*Apart to the* Brothers.
1 *Bro.* Yes, sister, and this is the young gentle-
Make you no question of our faithfulness. [man;
2 *Bro.* Thy growing shame, sister, provokes our care.
Priest. He must be taken in this fit of love, gen-
1 *Bro.* What else, sir? he shall do't. [tlemen?
2 *Bro.* Enough.
1 *Bro.* Be cheerful, wench!
[*A Dance*, Cupid *leading.*
Pas. Now, by the stroke of pleasure,—a deep oath!—
Nimbly hopt, ladies all! What height they bear
A story higher than your common statures; [too!
A little man must go up stairs to kiss 'em:
What a great space there is
Betwixt Love's dining-chamber and his garret!
I'll try the utmost height. The garret stoops, methinks:
The rooms are made all bending, I see that,
And not so high as a man takes 'em for.
Cupid. Now, if you'll follow me, sir, I have that
To make them follow you. [power
Pas. Are they all shot?
Cupid. All, all, sir; every mother's daughter of 'em.
Pas. Then there's no fear of following: If they be once shot,
They'll follow a man to the devil. As for you, sir——
[*Exit with the* Lady *and the* Masquers.
Sold. Me, sir?
La Nove. Nay, sweet sir!
Sold. A noise, a threatning! Did you not hear it, sir?
La Nove. Without regard, sir; so would I have you.
Sold. This must come to something; never talk
You never saw it otherwise. [of that, sir!
La Nove. Nay, dear Merit——
Sold. Me, above all men?
La Nove. 'Troth, you wrong your anger.
Sold. I will be arm'd, my honourable lecher—
La Nove. Oh, fy, sweet sir!
Sold. That devours women's honesties by lumps,
And never chew'st thy pleasure.
La Nove. What do you mean, sir?
Sold. What does he mean, t' engross all to himself?
There's others love a whore as well as he, sir.
La Nove. Oh, an that be part o' th' fury, we
Is very well provided for that case: [have a city
Let him alone with her, sir! we have women
Are very charitable to proper men,
And to a soldier that has all his limbs:
Marry, the sick and lame gets not a penny;
Right women's charity! and the husbands follow't
Here comes his highness, sir. [too.

Enter Duke, *attired for the chase, and* Lords.

Sold. I'll walk to cool myself. [*Exit.*
Duke. Who's that?
La Nove. The brother of Shamont.
Duke. He's brother then
To all the court's love, they that love discretely,
And place their friendliness upon desert:
As for the rest, that with a double face
Look upon Merit much like Fortune's visage,
That looks two ways, both to life's calms and storms,
I'll so provide for him, chiefly for him,
He shall not wish their loves, nor dread their envies
And here comes my Shamont.

Enter Shamont, *and walks on one side of the Stage.*

Sham. That lady's virtues are my only joys;
And he to offer to lay siege to them!
Duke. Shamont!
Sham. Her goodness is my pride: In all discourses,
As often as I hear rash-tongued gallants
Speak rudely of a woman, presently
I give in but her name, and they're all silent.
Oh, who would lose this benefit!
Duke. Come hither, sir.
Sham. 'Tis like the gift of healing, but diviner:
For that but cures diseases in the body,
This works a cure on fame, on reputation;
The noblest piece of surgery upon earth!
Duke. Shamont!—He minds me not.
Sham. A brother do't?
Duke. Shamont, I say!
[*Gives him a touch with his switch.*
Sham. Ha!
If he be mortal, by this hand he perishes!
[*Draws.*
Unless it be a stroke from Heaven, he dies for't!
Duke. Why, how now, sir? 'twas I.
Sham. The more's my misery.
Duke. Why, what's the matter, pr'ythee?
Sham. Can you ask it, sir?
No man else should: Stood forty lives before him,
By this I would have op'd my way to him.
It could not be you, sir; excuse him not,
Whate'er he be, as you are dear to honour,
That I may find my peace again!
Duke. Forbear, I say!
Upon my love to truth, 'twas none but I.
Sham. Still miserable!
Duke. Come, come; what ails you, sir?
Sham. Never sat shame cooling so long upon me,
Without a satisfaction in revenge;
And Heaven has made it here a sin to wish it.
Duke. Hark you, sir!
Sham. Oh, you have undone me!
Duke. How?
Sham. Cruelly undone me;
I have lost my peace and reputation by you!
Sir, pardon me; I can ne'er love you more. [*Exit.*
Duke. What language call you this, sirs?
1 *Gent.* 'Truth, my lord,
I have seldom heard a stranger.
La Nove. He is a man of a most curious valour,
Wond'rous precise, and punctual in that virtue.
Duke. But why to me so punctual? my last thought
Was most entirely fixed on his advancement.
Why, I came now to put him in possession
Of his fair fortunes,—what a mis-conceiver 'tis!—
And, from a gentleman of our chamber merely,
Make him vice-admiral; I was settled in't:
I love him next to health. Call him, gentlemen!
Why, would not you, or you, ha' taken as much,
And never murmur'd! [*Exit* La Nove
1 *Gent.* 'Troth, I think we should my lord;

And there's a fellow walks about the court
Would take a hundred of 'em.
Duke. I hate you all for it;
And rather praise his high-pitch'd fortitude,
Though in extremes for niceness: Now I think on't,
I would I had never done it!—Now, sir, where is he?

Enter LA NOVE.

La Nove. His suit is only, sir, to be excused.
Duke. He shall not be excused; I love him dearlier:
Say, we entreat him; go! he must not leave us.
[*Exeunt* LA NOVE *and* 1 Gent.
So Virtue bless me, I ne'er knew him parallel'd!
Why, he's more precious to me now than ever.

Re-enter LA NOVE *and First* Gentleman, *with* SHAMONT, *who stays in the back-ground.*

La Nove. With much fair language we have [brought him.
Duke. Thanks!—
Where is he?
1 *Gent.* Yonder, sir.
Duke. Come forward, man.
Sham. Pray pardon me; I am ashamed to be seen, sir.
Duke. Was ever such a touchy man heard of?
Pr'ythee come nearer.
Sham. More into the light?
Put not such cruelty into your requests, my lord:
First, to disgrace me publickly, and then draw me
Into men's eye-sight, with the shame yet hot
Upon my reputation!
Duke. What disgrace, sir?
Sham. What?
Such as there can be no forgiveness for,
That I can find in honour.
Duke. That's most strange, sir.
Sham. Yet I have search'd my bosom to find [one,
And wrestled with my inclination;
But 'twill not be: 'Would you had kill'd me, sir!
With what an ease had I forgiven you then!
But, to endure a stroke from any hand,
Under a punishing angel's, which is justice,
Honour disclaim that man! For my part chiefly,
Had it been yet the malice of your sword,
Though it had cleft me, it had been noble to me;
You should have found my thanks paid in a smile,
If I had fell unworded: But, to shame me
With the correction that your horse should have,
Were you ten thousand times my royal lord,
I cannot love you, never, nor desire
To serve you more.
If your drum call me, I am vow'd to valour;
But peace shall never know me yours again,
Because I have lost mine own. I speak to die, sir:
'Would you were gracious that way to take off shame,
With the same swiftness as you pour it on!
And since it is not in the power of monarchs
To make a gentleman, which is a substance
Only begot of merit, they should be careful
Not to destroy the worth of one so rare,
Which neither they can make, nor, lost, repair.
[*Exit.*
Duke. You have set a fair light, sir, before my judgment,
Which burns with wond'rous clearness; I acknowledge it,
And your worth with it: But then, sir, my love,
My love—What, gone again?
La Nove. And full of scorn, my lord.
Duke. That language will undo the man that keeps it,
Who knows no difference 'twixt contempt and manhood.
Upon your love to goodness, gentlemen,
Let me not lose him long.—How now?

Enter a Huntsman.

Hunts. The game's at height, my lord.
Duke. Confound both thee and it! Hence, break it off!
He hates me brings me news of any pleasure.
I felt not such a conflict, since I could
Distinguish betwixt worthiness and blood.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter the Two Brothers, LA NOVE, *with those that were the* Masquers, *and the* Lady *disguised as Cupid.*

La Nove. I heartily commend your project, [gentlemen;
'Twas wise and virtuous.
1 *Bro.* 'Twas for the safety
Of precious honour, sir, which near blood binds us to:
He promised the poor easy fool, there, marriage;
There was a good maidenhead lost i' th' belief on't,
Beshrew her hasty confidence!
La Nove. Oh, no more, sir!
You make her weep again: Alas, poor Cupid!—
Shall she not shift herself?
1 *Bro.* Oh, by no means, sir;
We dare not have her seen yet: All the while
She keeps this shape, it is but thought device,
And she may follow him so without suspicion,
To see if she can draw all his wild passions
To one point only, and that's love, the main point:
So far his highness grants, and gave at first
Large approbation to the quick conceit;
Which then was quick indeed.
La Nove. You make her blush, in sooth.
1 *Bro.* I fear 'tis more the flag of shame that grace, sir.
La Nove. They both give but one kind of colour, sir.
If it be bashfulness in that kind taken,
It is the same with grace; and there, she weeps again.
In truth, you are too hard, much, much too bitter, sir;
Unless you mean to have her weep her eyes out,
To play a Cupid truly.
1 *Bro.* Come, have done, then!
We should all fear to sin first; for, 'tis certain,
When 'tis once lodged, though entertained in mirth,
It must be wept out, if it e'er come forth.
La Nove. Now, 'tis so well, I'll leave you.
1 *Bro.* Faithfully welcome, sir!——

pid, to your charge: He's your own now;
ant love, none will be blamed but you.
id. The strangest marriage, and unfortu
nat'st bride,
er human memory contained!
t be myself for't. [*Exit.*

Enter GALOSHIO, *the* Clown.

Oh, gentlemen!
o. How now, sir? what's the matter?
His melancholy passion is half spent already;
omes his angry fit at the very tail on't:
omes in my pain, gentlemen; he has beat me
a cullis: I am nothing, right worshipful,
y pap, and jelly; I have no bones,
ly's all one business: they talk of ribs
ines most freely abroad i' the world; why, I
o such thing; whoever lives to see me
gentlemen, shall find me all mummy,
fill gallipots, and long dildo glasses;
not have a bone to throw at a dog.
Alas, poor vassal, how he goes!
Oh, gentlemen,
ajointed; do but think o' that!
ast is beat into my maw, that what I eat
a to take't in all at mouth with spoons;—
ntable hearing!—and, 'tis well known,
ly's driven into my back. I earned
owns a-month most dearly, gentlemen:
e he must have, when the fit's upon him;
vy purse allows it, and 'tis thriftiness;
ld break else some forty pounds in cascements,
five hundred years, undo the kingdom:
cast it up to a quarrel.
o. There's a fellow
about court, I would he had his place, brother,
one fit of his indignation! [
o. And suddenly I have thought upon a
o. I pr'ythee how? [means for't.
o. 'Tis but preferring, brother,
ock-fish to his service, with a letter
mendations, the same way he wishes it,
en you win his heart; for o' my knowledge
laid wait this half year for a fellow
ill be beaten; and with a safe conscience
y commend the carriage of this man in't.
rvants he has kept, lusty tall feeders,
ey have beat him, and turn'd themselves away:
e that would endure, is like to stay,
t good wages of him; and the service too
imes milder, brother; I would not wish it
e fellow has a sore crush'd body, [else:
e more need he has to be kick'd at ease.
Ay, sweet gentlemen, a kick of ease!
e to such a master.
o. No more, I say!
e one for thee, a soft-footed master,
t wears wool in's toes.
Oh, gentlemen,
rments may ye wear, soft skins may ye wed,
plump as pillows, both for white and red!
w will I reveal a secret to you,
ou provide for my poor flesh so tenderly:
hired mere rogues, out of his chamber-window,
the Soldier, Monsieur Shamont's brother.

1 *Bro.* That nothing concerns us, sir.
Gal. For no cause, gentlemen,
Unless it be for wearing shoulder-points,
With longer taggs than his.
2 *Bro.* Is not that somewhat?
By'r lakin, sir, the difference of long taggs
Has cost many a man's life, and advanced other [some.
Come, follow me! [
Gal. See what a gull am I!
Oh, every man in his profession!
I know a thump now as judiciously
As the proudest he that walks, I'll except none;
Come to a tagg, how short I fall! I'm gone.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter LAPET.

Lapet. I have been ruminating with myself
What honour a man loses by a kick.
Why, what's a kick? the fury of a foot,
Whose indignation commonly is stamp'd
Under the hinder quarter of a man,
Which is a place very unfit for honour,
The world will confess so much:
Then what disgrace, I pray, does that part suffer,
Where honour never comes? I would fain know that.
This being well forced, and urged, may have the power
To move most gallants to take kicks in time,
And spurn out the duellos out o' th' kingdom:
For they that stand upon their honour most,
When they conceive there is no honour lost,—
As, by a table that I have invented
For that purpose alone, shall appear plainly,
Which shews the vanity of all blows at large,
And with what ease they may be took of all sides,
Numbering but twice over the letters *patience*,
From *P. A.* to *C. E.*—I doubt not but in small [time
To see a dissolution of all bloodshed,
If the *Reformed Kick* do but once get up:
For what a lamentable folly 'tis,
If we observe't, for every little justle,
Which is but the ninth part of a sound thump,
In our meek computation, we must fight, forsooth;
If I kill, I'm hanged; if I be killed myself, [yes!
I die for't also: Is not this trim wisdom?
Now for the *con.* A man may be well beaten,
Yet pass away his fourscore years smooth after:
I had a father did it; and, to my power,
I will not be behind him.

Enter SHAMONT.

Sham. Oh, well met!
Lapet. Now a fine *punch* or two! I look for't
Sham. I have been to seek you. [duly.
Lapet. Let me know your lodging, sir:
I'll come to you once a-day, and use your pleasure, sir.
Sham. I'm made the fittest man for thy society!
I'll live and die with thee; Come, shew me a chamber!
There is no house but thine, but only thine,
That's fit to cover me: I have took a blow, sirrah.
Lapet. I would you had indeed! Why, you may see, sir,
You'll all come to't in time, when my book's out.
Sham. Since I did see thee last, I have took blow.

Lapet. Pho, sir, that's nothing; I ha' took forty since.
Sham. What, and I charged thee thou shouldst [not?
Lapet. Ay, sir,
You might charge your pleasure; but they would
Whether I would or no. [give't me
Sham. Oh, I walk
Without my peace; I have no companion now!
Pr'ythee resolve me, (for I cannot ask
A man more beaten to experience,
Than thou art in this kind) what manner of blow
Is held the most disgraceful, or distasteful?
For thou dost only censure 'em by the hurt,
Not by the shame they do thee: Yet, having felt
Abuses of all kinds, thou mayst deliver,
Though it be by chance, the most injurious one.
Lapet. You put me to't, sir; but, to tell you
They're all as one with me, little exception. [truth,
Sham. That little may do much; let's have it from you!
Lapet. With all the speed I may: First then, and foremost,
I hold so reverently of the *bastinado*, sir,
That if it were the dearest friend i' th' world,
I'd put it into his hand.
Sham. Go to! I'll pass that then.
Lapet You're the more happy, sir;
'Would I were past it too: But being accustom'd
It is the better carried. [to't,
Sham. Will you forward?
Lapet. Then there's your *souse*, your *wherrit*, and your *dowst*,
Tugs on the hair, your *bob* o' th' lips, a whelp on't!
I ne'er could find much difference. Now your *thump*,
A thing derived first from your hemp-beaters,
Takes a man's wind away most spitefully;
There's nothing that destroys a cholic like it,
For it leaves no wind i' th' body.
Sham. On, sir, on!
Lapet. Pray give me leave; I'm out of breath with thinking on't.
Sham. This is far off yet.
Lapet. For the *twinge* by th' nose,
'Tis certainly unsightly, so my table says,
But helps against the head-ache, wondrous strangely.
Sham. Is't possible?
Lapet. Oh, your *crushed nostrils* slakes your opilation,
And makes your pent powers flush to wholesome sneezes.
Sham. I never thought there had been half that
In a wrung nose before. [virtue
Lapet. Oh, plenitude, sir.
Now come we lower to our *modern kick*,
Which has been mightily in use of late,
Since our young men drank coltsfoot; and I grant you
'Tis a most scornful wrong, 'cause the foot plays it;
But mark again how we that take't requite it
With the like scorn, for we receive it backward;
And can there be a worse disgrace retorted?
Sham. And is this all?
Lapet. All but a *lug by th' ear*,
Or such a trifle.
Sham. Happy sufferer!
All this is nothing to the wrong I bear:
I see the worst disgrace thou never felt'st yet:
It is so far from thee, thou canst not think on't;
Nor dare I let thee know it, 'tis so abject.
Lapet. I would you would though, that I might prepare for't!
For I shall have it at one time or another.
If it be a *thwack*, I make account of that;
There's no new-fashion'd swap that e'er came up
But I have the first on 'em, I thank 'em for't. [yet,

Enter the Lady *and* Servants.

Lady. [*Entering.*] Hast thou inquired?
1 *Serv.* But can hear nothing, madam.
Sham. [*To* Lapet.] If there be but so much substance in thee
To make a shelter for a man disgraced,
Hide my departure from that glorious woman,
That comes with all perfection about her,
So noble that I dare not be seen of her,
Since shame took hold of me: Upon thy life,
No mention of me! [*Exit.*
Lapet. I'll cut out my tongue first,—
Before I'll lose my life; there's more belongs to't.
Lady. See, there's a gentleman; inquire of him.
2 *Serv.* For Monsieur Shamont, madam?
Lady. For whom else, sir?
1 *Serv.* Why, this fellow dares not see him.
Lady. How!
1 *Serv.* Shamont, madam?
His very name's worse than a fever to him;
And when he cries, there's nothing stills him sooner:
Madam, your page of thirteen is too hard for him;
'Twas tried i' th' wood-yard.
Lady. Alas, poor grieved Merit!
What is become of him? If he once fail,
Virtue shall find small friendship! farewell, then,
To ladies' worths, for any hope in men!
He loved for goodness, not for wealth or lust,
After the world's foul dotage; he ne'er courted
The body, but the beauty of the mind,
A thing which common courtship never thinks on:
All his affections were so sweet and fair,
There is no hope for fame, if he despair.
[*Exeunt* Lady *and* Servants.

Enter Galoshio, *kicks* Lapet, *and gives him a Letter.*

Lapet. Good morrow to you again most heartily, sir! [*Kicks him again.*
Cry you mercy, I heard you not; I was somewhat
Gal. He takes it as familiarly as an *ave*, [busy.
Or precious salutation: I was sick
'Till I had one, because I am so used to't.
Lapet. However you deserve, your friends and mine here
Give you large commendations i' this letter;
They say you will endure well.
Gal. I would be loath
To prove 'em liars: I have endured as much
As mortal pen and ink can set me down for.
Lapet. Say you me so?
Gal. I know and feel it so sir;
I have it under black and white already;
I need no pen to paint me out.
Lapet. He fits me, [*Aside.*
And hits my wishes pat, pat: I was never
In possibility to be better mann'd;
For he's half lamed already; I see't plain,
But take no notice on't, for fear I make
The rascal proud, and dear, to advance his wages.—
First, let me grow into particulars with you!
What have you endured of worth? let me hear.
Gal. Marry, sir,
I am almost beaten blind.

Lapet. That's pretty well
For a beginning; but many a mill-horse
Has endured as much.
Gal. Shame o' the miller's heart
For his unkindness then!
Lapet. Well, sir, what then?
Gal. I have been twice thrown down stairs, just before supper.
Lapet. Puh! so have I; that's nothing.
Gal. Ay, but, sir,
Was yours, pray, before supper?
Lapet. There thou posest me.
Gal. Ay, marry, that's it; it had been less grief to me,
Had I but fill'd my belly, and then tumbled;
But, to be flung down fasting, there's the dolor!
Lapet. It would have grieved me, that, indeed. Proceed, sir!
Gal. I have been pluck'd and tugg'd by th' hair o' th' head
About a gallery half an acre long.
Lapet. Yes, that's a good one, I must needs confess;
A principal good one that, an absolute good one!
I have been trod upon, and spurn'd about,
But never tugg'd by th' hair. I thank my fates.
Gal. Oh, 'tis a spiteful pain!
Lapet. Peace! never speak on't,
For putting men in mind on't!
Gal. To conclude,
I'm bursten, sir; my belly will hold no meat.
Lapet. No? that makes amends for all.
Gal. Unless it be puddings,
Or such fast food; any loose thing beguiles me;
I'm ne'er the better for't.
Lapet. Sheep-heads will stay with thee?
Gal. Yes, sir, or chawdrons.
Lapet. Very well, sir;
Your bursten fellows must take heed of surfeits.
Strange things, it seems, you have endured.
Gal. Too true, sir.
Lapet. But now the question is, what you'll
Hereafter in my service? [endure
Gal. Anything
That shall be reason, sir, for I'm but froth:
Much like a thing new calved; or, come more nearer, sir,
You have seen a cluster of frog-spawns in April;
E'en such a starch am I, as weak and tender
As a green woman yet.
Lapet. Now I know this,
I will be very gently angry with thee,
And kick thee carefully.
Gal. Oh, ay, sweet sir!
Lapet. Peace, when thou'rt offer'd well! lest I begin now.
Your friends and mine have writ here, for your truth
They'll pass their words themselves: And I must
Gal. Then have you all; [meet 'em.
As for my honesty, there's no fear of that,
For I have never a whole bone about me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Music. Enter the Passionate Lord, *rudely and carelessly apparelled, unbraced, and untrussed; the* Lady *disguised as Cupid, following.*

Cupid. Think upon love, which makes all creatures handsome,
Seemly for eye-sight! go not so diffusedly:
There are great ladies purpose, sir, to visit you.
Pas. Grand plagues! Shut in my casements, that the breaths
Of their coach-mares reek not into my nostrils!
Those beasts are but a kind of bawdy forerunners.
Cupid. It is not well with you, when you speak ill of fair ladies.
Pas. Fair mischiefs! give me a nest of owls, and take 'em!
Happy is he, say I, whose window opens [there
To a brown baker's chimney! he shall be sure
To hear the bird sometimes after twilight.
What a fine thing 'tis, methinks, to have our gar-
Sit loose upon us, thus, thus carelessly! [ments
It is more manly and more mortifying;
For we're so much the readier for our shrouds:
For how ridiculous were't to have death come,
And take a fellow pinn'd up like a mistress!
About his neck a ruff, like a pinch'd lanthorn,
Which school-boys make in winter; and his doublet
So close and pent, as if he feared one prison
Would not be strong enough to keep his soul in,
But his tailor makes another;
And trust me, (for I know't when I loved, Cupid)
He does endure much pain for the poor praise
Of a neat-sitting suit.
Cupid. One may be handsome, sir,
And yet not pain'd, nor proud.
Pas. There you lie, Cupid,
As bad as Mercury: There is no handsomeness,
But has a wash of pride and luxury.
An you go there too, Cupid,—away, dissembler!—
Thou takest the deed's part, which befools us all:
Thy arrow-heads shoot out sinners: Hence, away!
And after thee I'll send a powerful charm,
Shall banish thee for ever.
Cupid. Never, never!
I am too sure thine own. [*Exit.*

Pas. [*Sings.*] Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy;
Oh, sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

Enter at another door LAPET, *the disguised Lady's* Brothers *watching his coming.*

1 *Bro.* So, so! the woodcock's ginn'd; Keep this door fast, brother.
2 *Bro.* I'll warrant this.
1 *Bro.* I'll go incense him instantly;
I know the way to't.
2 *Bro.* Will't not be too soon,
Think you, and make two fits break into one?
1 *Bro.* Pah! no, no; the tail of his melancholy
Is always the head of his anger, and follows
As close as the report follows the powder.

Lapet. This is the appointed place, and the hour
If I can get security for his truth, [struck.
I'll never mind his honesty: Poor worm!
I durst lay him by my wife, which is a benefit
Which many masters ha' not: I shall ha' no maid
Now got with child but what I get myself,
And that's no small felicity; in most places
They are got by th' men, and put upon the mas-
Nor shall I be resisted when I strike, [ters:
For he can hardly stand; these are great blessings!

Pas. [*Within.*] I want my food; deliver me a varlet!

Lapet. How now! from whence comes that?

Pas. I am allow'd
A carcase to insult on: Where's the villain?

Lapet. He means not me, I hope.

Pas. My maintenance, rascals!
My bulk, my exhibition!

Lapet. Bless us all!
What names are these? 'Would I were gone again!

The Passionate Lord *enters furiously, with a truncheon.*

Pas. [*Sings.*] A curse upon thee, for a slave!
Art thou here, and heardst me rave?
Fly not sparkles from mine eye,
To shew my indignation nigh?
Am I not all foam and fire,
With voice as hoarse as a town-crier?
How my back opes and shuts together
With fury, as old men's with weather!
Couldst thou not hear my teeth gnash hither?

Lapet. No, truly, sir; I thought it had been a Shaving a hazel-nut. [squirrel

Pas. Death, hell, fiends and darkness!
I will thrash thy mangy carcase.
[*Strikes him down.*

Lapet. Oh, sweet sir!

Pas. There cannot be too many tortures
Spent upon those lousy quarters.

Lapet. Hold!—oh! [*Falls down for dead.*

Pas. Thy bones shall rue! thy bones shall rue!
Thou nasty, scurvy, mungrel toad,
Mischief on thee!
Light upon thee
All the plagues that can confound thee,
Or did ever reign abroad!
Better a thousand lives it cost,
Than have brave anger spilt or lost. [*Exit.*

Lapet. May I open mine eyes yet, and safely peep?
I'll try a groan first: Oh!—Nay then, he's gone.
There was no other policy but to die;
He would ha' made me else—Ribs, are you sore?
I was ne'er beaten to a tune before.

Enter the Two Brothers.

1 *Bro.* Lapet!

Lapet. Again? [*Falls again.*

1 *Bro.* Look, look! he's flat again,
And stretch'd out like a corse; a handful longer
Than he walks, trust me, brother.—Why, Lapet!
I hold my life we shall not get him speak now.—
Monsieur Lapet!—It must be a privy token,
If anything fetch him, he's so far gone.—
We come to pass our words for your man's truth.

Lapet. Oh, gentlemen, you're welcome! I have been thrash'd, i' faith.

2 *Bro.* How! thrash'd, sir?

Lapet. Never was Shrove-Tuesday bird
So cudgell'd, gentlemen.

1 *Bro.* Pray how? by whom, sir?

Lapet. Nay, that I know not.

1 *Bro.* Not who did this wrong?

Lapet. Only a thing came like a walking song.

1 *Bro.* What, beaten with a song?

Lapet. Never more tightly, gentlemen:
Such crotchets happen now and then; methinks,
He that endures well, of all waters drinks.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Soldier *and* La Nove.

Sold. Yes, yes; this was a madman, sir, with
A Passionate Madman. [you,

La Nove. Who would ha' look'd for this, sir?

Sold. And must be privileged? a pox privilege him!
I was never so dry-beaten since I was born,
And by a litter of rogues, mere rogues; the whole twenty
Had not above nine elbows 'mongst 'em all too;
And the most part of those left-handed rascals,
The very vomit, sir, of hospitals,
Bridewells, and spital-houses; such nasty smellers,
That, if they had been unfurnish'd of club-trun-cheons,
They might have cudgell'd me with their very stink,
It was so strong and sturdy: And shall this,
This filthy injury, be set off with *madness?*

La Nove. Nay, take your own blood's counsel, sir; hereafter,
I'll deal no further in't: If you remember,
It was not come to blows when I advised you.

Sold. No; but I ever said 'twould come to something;
And 'tis upon me, thank him! Where he kin
To all the mighty emperors upon earth,
He has not now in life three hours to reckon!
I watch but a free time.

Enter Shamont.

La Nove. Your noble brother, sir. I'll leave you now. [*Exit*

Sham. Soldier, I would I could persuade my
From thinking thee a brother, as I can [thoughts
My tongue from naming on't! Thou hast no friend here,
But fortune and thy own strength; trust to them!

Sold. How! what's the incitement, sir?

Sham. Treachery to virtue,
Thy treachery, thy faithless circumvention.
Has honour so few daughters—never fewer!—
And must thou aim thy treachery at the best?
The very front of virtue? that bless'd lady,
The duke's sister?
Created more for admiration's cause,
Than for love's ends; whose excellency sparkles
More in divinity, than mortal beauty;

And as much difference 'twixt her mind and body,
As 'twixt this earth's poor centre and the sun:
And couldst thou be so injurious to fair goodness,
Once to attempt to court her down to frailty?
Or put her but in mind that there is weakness,
Sin, and desire, which she should never hear of?
Wretch, thou'st committed worse than sacrilege,
In the attempting on't, and ought'st to die for't!
Sold. I rather ought to do my best to live, sir.
Provoke me not! for I've a wrong sits on me,
That makes me apt for mischief: I shall lose
All respects suddenly of friendship, brotherhood,
Or any sound that way!
Sham. But 'ware me most;
For I come with a two-edged injury,
Both my disgrace, and thy apparent falsehood!
Which must be dangerous.
Sold. I courted her, sir:
Love starve me with delays, when I confess it not!
Sham. There's nothing then but death
Can be a penance fit for thy confession.
Sold. But far from any vicious taint.
Sham. Oh, sir,
Vice is a mighty stranger grown to courtship.
Sold. Nay, then, the fury of my wrong light on thee! [*Draws.*

Enter La Nove *and Three* Gentlemen.

La Nove. Forbear! the duke's at hand;
Here, hard at hand, upon my reputation!
Sold. I must do something now. [*Exit.*
Sham. I'll follow you close, sir.
La Nove. We must entreat you must not; for the duke
Desires some conference with you. [*They hold him.*
Sham. Let me go,
As ye are gentlemen!
1 *Gent.* 'Faith, we dare not, sir.
Sham. Dare ye be false to honour, and yet dare not
Do a man justice? Give me leave!
La Nove. Good sweet sir!
He has sent twice for you.
Sham. Is this brave, or manly?
La Nove. I pr'ythee, be conform'd!
Sham. 'Death!——

Enter Duke.

1 *Gent.* Peace! he's come, in troth.
Sham. Oh, have you betray'd me to my shame
How I am bound to loath you! [afresh?
Duke. Shamont, welcome!
I sent twice.
1 *Gent.* But, my lord, he never heard on't.
Sham. Pray pardon him for his falseness! I did sir,
Both times: I had rather be found rude than faithless.
Duke. I love that bluntness dearly: He has no vice,
But is more manly than some other's virtue,
That lets it out only for show or profit.
[*Exeunt* La Nove *and* Gentlemen.
Sham. Will't please you quit me, sir? I have urgent business!
Duke. Come, you're so hasty now! I sent for you
To a better end.
Sham. And if it be an end
Better or worse, I thank your goodness for't.
Duke. I have ever kept that bounty in condition,
And thankfulness in blood, which well becomes
Both prince and subject, that where any wrong
Bears my impression, or the hasty figure
Of my repented anger, I'm a law
Even to myself, and doom myself most strictly
To justice, and a noble satisfaction:
So that what you, in tenderness of honour,
Conceive to be loss to you, which is nothing
But curious opinion, I'll restore again,
Although I give you the best part of Genoa,
And take to boot but thanks for your amends.
Sham. Oh, miserable satisfaction!
Ten times more wretched than the wrong itself:
Never was ill better made good with worse!
Shall it be said that my posterity
Shall live the sole heirs of their father's shame?
And raise their wealth and glory from my stripes!
You have provided nobly, bounteous sir,
For my disgrace, to make it live for ever,
Out-lasting brass or marble!
This is my fear's construction, and a deep one,
Which neither argument nor time can alter:
Yet, I dare swear, I wrong your goodness in't, sir,
And the most fair intent on't; which I reverence
With admiration, that in you, a prince,
Should be so sweet and temperate a condition,
To offer to restore where you may ruin,
And do it with justice; and in me, a servant,
So harsh a disposition, that I cannot
Forgive where I should honour, and am bound to it.
But I have ever had that curiosity
In blood, and tenderness of reputation,
Such an antipathy against a blow—
I cannot speak the rest! good sir, discharge me!
It is not fit that I should serve you more,
Nor come so near you: I'm made now for privacy,
And a retired condition; that's my suit,
To part from court for ever, my last suit;
And, as you profess bounty, grant me that, sir!
Duke. I would deny thee nothing.
Sham. Health reward you, sir! [*Exit.*
Duke. He's gone again already, and takes hold
Of any opportunity: Not riches
Can purchase him, nor honours, peaceably,
And force were brutish. What a great worth's gone with him!
And but a gentleman? Well, for his sake,
I'll ne'er offend more "those I cannot make;"
They were his words, and shall be dear to memory.
Say, I desire to see him once again.—
Yet stay! he's so well forward of his peace,
'Twere pity to disturb him. He would groan
Like a soul fetch'd again, and that were injury;
And I have wrong'd his degree too much already.
Call forth the gentlemen of our chamber instantly!
1 *Serv.* [*Within.*] I shall, my lord.
Duke. I may forget again,
And therefore will prevent: The strain of this
Troubles me so, one would not hazard more.

Enter La Nove *and the three* Gentlemen.

La Nove. Your will, my lord?
Duke. Yes, I discharge you all.
1 *Gent.* My lord——
Duke. Your places shall be otherwise disposed of.
3 *Gent.* Why, sir?
Duke. Reply not! I dismiss you all:
You are gentlemen; your worths will find you fortunes;
Nor shall your farewell tax me of ingratitude.
I'll give you all noble remembrances,

As testimonies 'gainst reproach and malice,
That you departed loved.
2 *Gent.* This is most strange, sir.
La Nove. But how is your grace furnish'd, these dismiss'd?
Duke. Seek me out grooms,
Men more insensible of reputation,
Less curious and precise in terms of honour;
That, if my anger chance let fall a stroke,
As we're all subject to impetuous passions,
Yet it may pass unmurmur'd, undisputed,
And not with braver fury prosecuted.
La Nove. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exit the* Duke.
2 *Gent.* Know you the cause, sir?
La Nove. Not I, kind gentlemen, but by conjectures;
And so much shall be yours when you please.
3 *Gent.* Thanks, sir!
2 *Gent.* We shall i' th' mean time think ourselves guilty
Of some foul fault, through ignorance committed.
La Nove. No, 'tis not that, nor that way.
3 *Gent.* For my part,
I shall be disinherited, I know so much.
La Nove. Why, sir? for what?
3 *Gent.* My sire's of a strange humour;
He'll form faults for me, and then swear 'em mine;
And commonly the first begins with lechery;
He knows his own youth's trespass.
La Nove. Before you go,
Ill come and take my leave, and tell you all, sirs.
2 *Gent* Thou wert ever just and kind. [*Exeunt the three* Gentlemen.
La Nove. That's my poor virtue, sir;
And parcel valiant; but it's hard to be perfect.
The choosing of these fellows now will puzzle me,
Horribly puzzle me; and there's no judgment
Goes true upon man's outside, there's the mischief.
He must be touch'd, and tried, for gold or dross;
There is no other way for't, and that's dangerous too:
But, since I'm put in trust, I will attempt it;
The duke shall keep one daring man about him.

Enter a cowardly Gallant.

Soft! who comes here? A pretty bravery this!
Every one goes so like a gentleman,
'Tis hard to find a difference, but by the touch.
I'll try your metal, sure. [*Strikes him.*
Gallant. Why, what do you mean, sir?
La Nove. Nay, an you understand it not, I do not.
Gallant. Yes; 'would you should well know!
I understand it for a box o' th' ear, sir.
La Nove. And, o' my troth, that's all I gave it for.
Gallant. 'Twere best it be so!
La Nove. This is a brave coward,
A jolly threat'ning coward; he shall be captain.—
Sir, let me meet you an hour hence i' th' lobby.
Gallant. Meet you? the world might laugh at me then, i'faith.
La Nove. Lay by your scorn and pride (they are scurvy qualities)
And meet me; or I'll box you while I have you,
And carry you gambril'd thither like a mutton.
Gallant. Nay, an you be in earnest, here's my hand;
I will not fail you.
La Nove. 'Tis for your own good——
Gallant. Away!
La Nove. Too much for your own good, sir, a pox on you!
Gallant. I pr'ythee curse me all day long so.
La Nove. Hang you!
Gallant. I'll make him mad; he's loth to curse too much to me.——
Indeed, I never yet took box o' th' ear,
But it redounded, I must needs say so——
La Nove. Will you be gone?
Gallant. Curse, curse, and then I go.—
Look how he grins! I have anger'd him to th' kidnies. [*Exit.*
La Nove. Was ever such a prigging coxcomb seen!
One might have beat him dumb now in this humour,
And he'd ha' grinn'd it out still.

Enter a plain Fellow.

Oh, here's one
Made to my hand, methinks looks like a craven;
Less pains will serve his trial; some slight justle. [*Pushes him.*
Fel. How! Take you that, sir; and if that content you not—— [*Strikes him.*
La Nove. Yes, very well, sir; I desire no more.
Fel. I think you need not; for you have not lost by't. [*Exit.*
La Nove. Who would ha' thought this would have proved a gentleman?
I'll never trust long chins and little legs again;
I'll know 'em sure for gentlemen hereafter:
A gristle but in show, but gave his cuff
With such a fetch and reach of gentry,
As if he had had his arms before the flood.
I have took a villainous hard task upon me,
Now I begin to have a feeling on't.

Enter Lapet, *and* Galoshio *habited as his Servant.*

Oh, here comes a tried piece: Now the reform'd
The millions of punches, spurns, and nips [kick!
That he has endured! His buttock's all black-lead;
He's half a negro backward; he was past a Spaniard
In eighty-eight, and more Egyptian like:
His table and his book come both out shortly,
And all the cowards in the town expect it.
So, if I fail of my full number now,
I shall be sure to find 'em at church corners.
Where Dives and the suffering ballads hang.
Lapet. Well, since thou'rt of so mild a temper,
So meek a spirit, thou mayst live with me, [of
Till better times do smile on thy deserts.—
I'm glad I am got home again.
Gal. I'm happy
In your service, sir; you'll keep me from the hospital.
Lapet. So! bring me the last proof; this is corrected.
Gal. Ay, you're too full of your correction, sir.
Lapet. Look I have perfect books within this half-hour!
Gal. Yes, sir.
Lapet. Bid him put all the *thumps* in Pica Roman,
And with great T's, you vermin, as *thumps* should be.
Gal. Then in what letter will you have your kicks?
Lapet. All in *Italica*; your backward blows
All in *Italica*, you hermaphrodite!
When shall I teach you wit?
Gal. Oh, let it alone, [*Half aside.*
Till you have some yourself, sir!

Lapet. You mumble!
Gal. The victuals are lock'd up; I'm kept from mumbling. [*Exit.*
Lapet. He prints my blows upon pot paper too, the rogue!
Which had been proper for some drunken pamphlet.
La Nove. Monsieur Lapet! How the world rings of you, sir!
Your name sounds far and near.
Lapet. A good report it bears,
For an enduring name.
La Nove. What luck have you, sir!
Lapet. Why, what's the matter?
La Nove. I'm but thinking on't!
I have heard you wish this five year for a place;
Now there's one fall'n, and freely without money too;
And empty yet, and yet you cannot have it.
Lapet. No! what's the reason? I'll give money
Rather than go without, sir. [for't,
La Nove. That's not it, sir:
The troth is, there's no *gentleman* must have it,
Either for love or money; 'tis decreed so:
I was heartily sorry when I thought upon you;
Had you not been a gentleman, I had fitted you.
Lapet. Who? I a gentleman? a pox! I'm none,
La Nove. How? [sir.
Lapet. How! why, did you ever think I was?
La Nove. What! not a gentleman?
Lapet. I would thou hadst put it upon me, i'faith!
Did not my grandfather cry cony-skins?
My father aquavitæ? a hot gentleman!
All this I speak on, i' your time and memory too;
Only a rich uncle died, and left me chattels:
You know all this so well too!
La Nove. Pray excuse me, sir!
Ha' not you arms?
Lapet. Yes; a poor couple here,
That serve to thrust in wild-fowl.
La Nove. Herald's arms,
Symbols of gentry, sir; you know my meaning;
They have been shewn and seen.
Lapet. They have?
La Nove. I' fex, have they.
Lapet. Why, I confess, at my wife's instigation once,
(As women love these herald's kickshaws naturally)
I bought 'em; but what are they, think you? puffs.
La Nove. Why, that's proper to your name being *Lapét*,
Which is *La fart*, after the English letter.
Lapet. The herald, sir, had much ado to find it.
La Nove. And can you blame him?
Why, 'tis the only thing that puzzles the devil.
Lapet. At last, he look'd upon my name again;
And having well compared it, this he gave me;
The two cholics playing upon a wind instrument.
La Nove. An excellent proper one! But, I pray tell me,
How does he express the cholics? they are hard things.
Lapet. The cholics? with hot trenchers at their bellies;
There's nothing better, sir, to blaze a cholic.
La Nove. And are you not a gentleman by this,
Lapet. No; I disclaim it! [sir?
No belly-ache upon earth shall make me one;
He shall not think to put his gripes upon me,
And wring out gentry so, and ten pound first.
If the wind instrument will make my wife one,
Let her enjoy't, for she was a harper's grandchild!
But, sir, for my particular, I renounce it.
La Nove. Or to be call'd so?
Lapet. Ay, sir, or imagined.
La Nove. None fitter for the place: Give me thy hand!
Lapet. A hundred thousand thanks, besides a bribe, sir!
La Nove. You must take heed of thinking toward a gentleman now.
Lapet. Pish! I am not mad, I warrant you! Nay, more, sir;
If one should twit me i' th' teeth that I'm a gentleman,
Twit me their worst, I am but one since Lammas;
That I can prove, if they would see my heart out.
La Nove. Marry, in any case, keep me that evidence.

Enter GALOSHIO, *with a Proof-sheet and a Table.*

Lapet. Here comes my servant, sir: Galoshio
Has not his name for nought; he will be trod
What says my printer now? [upon.—
Gal. Here's your last proof, sir;
You shall have perfect books now in a twinkling.
Lapet. These marks are ugly.
Gal. He says, sir, they're proper;
Blows should have marks, or else they are nothing
Lapet. But why a peel-crow here? [worth.
Gal. I told 'em so, sir:
A scare-crow had been better.
Lapet. How, slave?—Look you, sir!
Did not I say this *wherrit*, and this *bob*,
Should be both Pica Roman?
Gal. So said I, sir,
Both *picked Romans*, and he has made 'em Welsh
Indeed, I know not what to make on 'em. [bills.
Lapet. Hey-day! a *souse*, *Italica*?
Gal. Yes, that may hold, sir:
Souse is a *bona roba*; so is *flops* too.
Lapet. But why stands *bastinado* so far off here?
Gal. Alas, you must allow him room to lay about him, sir.
Lapet. Why lies this *spurn* lower than that *spurn*, sir?
Gal. Marry, this signifies one kick down stairs, sir,
The other in a gallery: I ask'd him all these questions.
La Nove. Your book's name? pr'ythee, Lapet,
You never told me yet. [mind me!
Lapet. Marry, but shall, sir:
'Tis call'd, "The Uprising of the Kick,
And the Downfall of the Duello."
La Nove. Bring that to pass, you'll prove a happy member,
And do your country service: Your young bloods,
Will thank you then, when they see four-score.
Lapet. I hope
To save my hundred gentlemen a-month by it;
Which will be very good for the private house
Gal. Look you! your Table's finish'd sir, already. [*Giving the picture.*
Lapet. Why, then, behold my master-piece!—See, see, sir;
Here's all your blows, and blow-men whatsoever,
Set in their lively colours, givers and takers.
La Nove. 'Troth, wondrous fine, sir!
Lapet. Nay, but mark the postures!

The standing of the takers I admire
More than the givers: They stand scornfully,
Most contumeliously; I like not them.
Oh, here's one cast into a comely figure.
Gal. My master means him there that's cast down headlong.
Lapet. How sweetly does this fellow take his *dowst!*
Stoops like a camel, that heroic beast,
At a great load of nutmegs: And how meekly
This other fellow here receives his *wherrit!*
Gal. Oh, master, here's a fellow stands most gallantly,
Taking his *kick* in private behind the hangings,
And raising up his hips to it. But, oh, sir,
How daintily this man lies trampled on!
'Would I were in thy place, whate'er thou art!
How lovely he endures it!
La Nove. But will not
These things, sir, be hard to practise, think you?
Lapet. Oh, easy, sir; I'll teach 'em in a dance.
La Nove. How! in a dance?
Lapet. I'll lose my new place else,
Whate'er it be; I know not what 'tis yet.
La Nove. And now you put me in mind, I could employ it well,
For your grace, specially: For the duke's cousin
Is by this time in his violent fit of mirth;
And a device must be sought out for suddenly,
To over-cloy the passion.
Lapet. Say no more, sir!
I'll fit you with my scholars, new practitioners,
Endurers of the time.
Gal. Whereof I am one, sir.
La Nove. You carry it away smooth: Give me thy hand, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter the Two Brothers.

Pas. [*Within.*] Ha, ha, ha!
2 *Bro.* Hark, hark! how loud his fit's grown!
Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
1 *Bro.* Now let our sister lose no time, but ply
With all the power she has! [it
2 *Bro.* Her shame grows big, brother;
The Cupid's shape will hardly hold it longer;
'Twould take up half an ell of China damask more,
And all too little; it struts perilously;
There is no tampering with these Cupids longer:
The mere conceit with woman-kind works strong.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
2 *Bro.* The laugh comes nearer now;
'Twere good we were not seen yet.
[*Exeunt* Brothers.

Enter Passionate Lord, *and* Base, *his Jester.*

Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
And was he bastinadoed to the life? ha, ha, ha!
I pr'ythee say, lord general, how did the rascals
Entrench themselves?
Base. Most deeply, politickly, all in ditches.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
Base. 'Tis thought he'll ne'er bear arms i' th' field again:
He has much ado to lift 'em to his head, sir.
Pas. I would he had!
Base. On either side round truncheons play'd so thick,
That shoulders, chines, nay, flanks, were paid to the quick.
Pas. Well said, lord general! ha, ha, ha!
Base. But pray, how grew the difference first betwixt you?
Pas. There was never any, sir; there lies the jest, man!
Only because he was taller than his brother,
There's all my quarrel to him; and methought
He should be beaten for't, my mind so gave me, sir,
I could not sleep for't: Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Another good jest quickly, while 'tis hot now;
Let me not laugh in vain! ply me, oh, ply me,
As you will answer't to my cousin duke!
Base. Alas, who has a good jest!
Pas. I fall, I dwindle in't.
Base. Ten crowns for a good jest!—Ha' you a good jest, sir?

Enter Servant.

Serv. A pretty moral one.
Base. Let's ha't, whate'er it be!
Serv. There comes a Cupid
Drawn by six fools.
Base That's nothing.
Pas. Help it, help it then!
Base. I ha' known six hundred fools drawn by a Cupid.
Pas. Ay, that, that, that's the smarter moral: Ha, ha, ha!
Now I begin to be song-ripe, methinks.
Base. I'll sing you a pleasant air, sir, before you ebb.

SONG.

Pas. Oh, how my lungs do tickle! ha, ha, ha!
Base. Oh, how my lungs do tickle! oh, oh, ho, ho!
Pas. Set a sharp jest
Against my breast,
Then how my lungs do tickle!
As nightingales,
And things in cambric rails,
Sing best against a prickle.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Base. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ha!
Pas. Laugh!
Base. Laugh!
Pas. Laugh!
Base. Laugh!
Pas. Wide!
Base. Loud!
Pas. And vary!
Base. A smile is for a simpering novice,
Pas. One that ne'er tasted caveare,
Base. Nor knows the smack of dear anchovies.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Base. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Pas. A giggling waiting-wench for me,
That shews her teeth how white they be!
Base. A thing not fit for gravity,
For theirs are foul and hardly three.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
Base. Ho, ho, ho!
Pas. Democritus, thou ancient fleerer,
How I miss thy laugh, and ha' sense!

Base. There you named the famous jeerer,
That e'er jeer'd in Rome or Athens.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
Base. Ho, ho, ho!
Pas. How brave lives he that keeps a fool,
Although the rate be deeper!
Base. But he that is his own fool, sir,
Does live a great deal cheaper.
Pas. Sure I shall burst, burst, quite break, thou art so witty.
Base. 'Tis rare to break at court, for that belongs to th' city.
Pas. Ha, ha! my spleen is almost worn to the last laughter.
Base. Oh, keep a corner for a friend; a jest may come hereafter.

Enter LAPET *and* Clown, *and four others, habited like* Fools, *dancing, the* Lady *disguised as* Cupid *leading; bearing* LAPET's *Table, holding it up to him at every strain, and acting the postures.*

Lapet. Twinge all now! twinge, I say!
2 Strain.
Souse upon Souse.
3 Strain.
Douces single.
4 Strain.
Justle sides.
5 Strain.
Knee belly.
6 Strain.
Kicksee Buttock.
7 Strain.
Downderry!

Enter the Soldier, *his sword drawn.*

Sold. Not angry law, nor doors of brass, shall keep me
From my wrong's expiation! To thy bowels
I return my disgrace; and, after, turn
My face to any death that can be sentenced.
[*Throws down* LAPET *and* GALOSHIO, *stabs the* Madman, *and exit.*
Base. Murder! oh, murder! stop the murderer there!
Lapet. I am glad he's gone! he has almost trod my guts out:
Follow him who list for me! I'll ha' no hand in't.
Gal. Oh, 'twas your luck and mine to be squelch'd, master:
He has stamp'd my very puddings into pancakes.
Cupid. Oh, brothers, oh, I fear 'tis mortal! help, oh, help!
I'm made the wretchedest woman by this accident,
That ever love beguiled!

Enter Two Brothers.

2 *Bro.* We are undone, brother;
Our shames are too apparent.—Away, receptacle
Of luxury and dishonour! most unfortunate,
To make thyself but lucky to thy spoil,
After thy sex's manner!—Lift him up, brother:
He breathes not to our comfort; he's too wasted
Ever to chear us more. A chirurgeon speedily!—
Hence, the unhappiest that e'er stept aside!
She'll be a mother, before she's known a bride.
Cupid. Thou hadst a most unfortunate conception,
Whate'er thou provest to be! In midst of mirth,
Comes ruin for a welcome to thy birth. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country. A Room in a Cottage.*

Enter SHAMONT.

Sham. This is a beautiful life now! Privacy,
The sweetness and the benefit of essence.
I see there's no man but may make his paradise;
And it is nothing but his love, and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't:
For he that lives retired in mind and spirit,
Is still in paradise, and has his innocence
Partly allow'd for his companion too,
As much as stands with justice. Here no eyes
Shoot their sharp-pointed scorns upon my shame:
They know no terms of reputation here,
No punctual limits, or precise dimensions:
Plain down-right honesty is all the beauty
And elegancy of life found amongst shepherds;
For knowing nothing nicely, or desiring it,
Quits many a vexation from the mind,
With which our quainter knowledge doth abuse us.
The name of envy is a stranger here,
That dries men's bloods abroad, robs health and rest:
Why, here's no such fury thought on: no, nor falsehood,
That brotherly disease, fellow-like devil,
That plays within our bosom, and betrays us.

Enter LA NOVE.

La Nove. Oh, are you here?
Sham. La Nove! 'tis strange to see thee.
La Nove. I ha' rid one horse to death to find you out, sir.
Sham. I am not to be found of any man
That saw my shame, nor seen long.
La Nove. Good, your attention!
You ought to be seen now, and found out, sir.
If ever you desire, before your ending,
To perform one good office, nay, a dear one;
Man's time can hardly match it.
Sham. Be it as precious
As reputation, if it come from court,
I will not hear on't.
La Nove. You must hear of this, sir.
Sham. Must?
La Nove. You shall hear it.
Sham. I love thee, that thou'lt die.
La Nove. 'Twere nobler in me,
Than in you living: You will live a murderer,
If you deny this office.
Sham. Even to death, sir.
La Nove. Why, then, you will kill your brother.
Sham. How?
La Nove. Your brother, sir.—
Bear witness, Heaven, this man destroys his brother,
When he may save him; his least breath may save
Can their be wilfuller destruction? [him.
He was forced to take a most unmanly wrong,
Above the suffering virtue of a soldier;
He has kill'd his injurer, a work of honour!
For which, unless you save him, he dies speedily,
My concience is discharged: I'm but a friend;
A brother should go forward where I end. [*Exit.*
Sham. Dies?
Say he be naught! that's nothing to my goodness,
Which ought to shine through use, or else it loses
The glorious name 'tis known by. He's my brother;

Yet peace is above blood: Let him go!—Ay,
But where's the nobleness of affection then?
That must be cared for too, or I'm imperfect.
The same blood that stood up in wrath against him,
Now, in his misery, runs all to pity:
I had rather die than speak one syllable
To save myself; but, living as I am,
There's no avoiding on't; the world's humanity
Expects it hourly from me. Curse of fortune!
I took my leave so well too—Let him die!
'Tis but a brother lost.—So pleasingly
And swiftly I came off, 'twere more than irksome-
To tread that path again; and I shall never [ness,
Depart so handsomely. But then, where's posterity?
The consummation of our house and name?
I'm torn in pieces betwixt love and shame. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—GENOA. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter LAPET, GALOSHIO, POLTROT, MOULBAZON, *and others, the new Court-officers.*

Lapet. Good morrow, fellow Poltrot, and Moul-
Good morrow, fellows all! [bazon;
Polt. Monsieur Lapet!
Lapet. Look, I have remember'd you; here's books a-piece for you!
Moul. Oh, sir, we dearly thank you.
Lapet. So you may;
There's two impressions gone already, sirs.
Polt. What! no? in so short a time?
Lapet. 'Tis as I tell you, sir.
My Kick sells gallantly, I thank my stars.
Gal. So does your Table; you may thank the moon too.
Lapet. 'Tis the book sells the Table.
Clown. But 'tis the bookseller
That has the money for 'em, I'm sure o' that.
Lapet. 'Twill much enrich the company of stationers;
'Tis thought 'twill prove a lasting benefit,
Like the Wise Masters, and the Almanacks,
The Hundred Novels, and the Book of Cookery:
For they begin already to engross it,
And make it a stock-book, thinking indeed
'Twill prove too great a benefit and help
For one that's new set up; (they know their way)
And make him warden ere his beard be grey.
Moul. Is't possible such virtue should lie hid,
And in so little paper?
Lapet. How! why, there was the Carpenter,
An unknown thing; an odoriferous pamphlet,
Yet no more paper, by all computation,
Than Ajax Telamon would use at once;
Your Herring proved the like, able to buy
Another Fisher's Folly, and your Pasquil
Went not below the Mad-Caps of that time;
And shall my elaborate Kick come behind, think you?
Clown. Yes, it must come behind: 'tis in *Ita-*
According to your humour. [*lica* too,
Lapet. Not in sale, varlet?
Gal. In sale, sir? it shall sail beyond 'em all, I trow.
Lapet. What have you there now? oh, page twenty-one.
Gal. That page is come to his years: he should be a serving-man
Lapet. Mark how I snap up the *Duello* there!
One would not use a dog so,
I must needs say, but 'tis for the common good.
Gal. Nay, sir, your commons seldom fight at
But buffet in a warehouse. [sharp,
Lapet. This will save
Many a gentleman of good blood from bleeding sirs:
I have a curse from many a barber-surgeon;
They'd give but too much money to call't in.
Turn to page forty-five; see what you find there.
Gal. Oh, out upon him!
Page forty-five! that's an old thief indeed!

Enter DUKE, *the* LADY, *and* LA NOVE.

Lapet. The duke! clap down your books! Away, Galoshio!
Gal. Indeed I am too foul to be i' th' presence!
They use to shake me off at the chamber-door still.
[*Exeunt.*
Lady. [*Kneels.*] Good my lord, grant my suit! let me not rise
Without the comfort on't! I have not often
Been tedious in this kind.
Duke. Sister, you wrong yourself,
And those great virtues that your fame is made of,
To waste so much breath for a murderer's life.
Lady. You cannot hate th' offence more than I do, sir,
Nor the offender; the respect I owe
Unto his absent brother makes me a suitor,
A most importunate suitor: Make me worthy
But of this one request!
Duke. I am deaf
To any importunacy, and sorry
For your forgetfulness: You never injured
Your worth so much; you ought to be rebuked for't!
Pursue good ways; and as you did begin!
'Tis half the guilt to speak for such a sin.
Lady. This is love's beggary right; that now is ours,
When ladies love, and cannot shew their powers.
[*Exit.*
Duke. La Nove!
La Nove. My lord.
Duke. Are these our new attendants?
Lapet. We are, my lord; and will endure as much
As better men, my lord; and more, I trust.
Duke. What's he?
La Nove. My lord, a decay'd gentleman,
That will do any service.
Duke. A decay'd one?
La Nove. A renounced one, indeed, for this place only.
Duke. We renounce him then: Go, discharge him instantly!
He that disclaims his gentry for mere gains,
That man's too base to make a vassal on.
Lapet. What says the duke?
La Nove. 'Faith, little to your comfort, sir;
You must be a gentleman again.
Lapet. How!
La Nove. There's no remedy.
Lapet. Marry, the fates forefend! ne'er while I breathe, sir.
La Nove. The duke will have it so, there's no
He spied it i' your forehead. [resisting;
Lapet. My wife's doing!

She thought she should be put below her betters
And sued to ha' me a gentleman again. [now,
La Nove. And very likely, sir.
Marry, I'll give you this comfort; when all's done,
You'll never pass but for a scurvy one:
That's all the help you have. Come, shew your pace!
Lapet. The heaviest gentleman that e'er lost place!
Bear witness, I am forced to it. [*Exit.*
Duke. Though you have a coarser title yet upon you
Than those that left your places without blame,
'Tis in your power to make yourselves the same.
I cannot make you gentlemen; that's a work
Raised from your own deservings; merit, manners,
And in-born virtue does it: Let your own goodness
Make you so great, my power shall make you greater;
And, more to encourage you, this I add again,
There's many grooms now exact gentlemen.

Enter SHAMONT, *apart.*

Sham. Methinks 'tis strange to me to enter here!
Is there in nature such an awful power,
To force me to this place, and make me do this?
Is man's affection stronger than his will?
His resolution? was I not resolved
Never to see this place more? do I bear
Within my breast one blood that confounds th' other?
The blood of love, and will, and the last weakest?
Had I ten millions, I would give it all now,
I were but past it, or 'twould never come!
For I shall never do't, or not do't well,
But spoil it utterly betwixt two passions.—
Yonder's the duke himself: I will not do't now,
Had twenty lives their several sufferings in him.
[*Exit.*
Duke. Who's that went out now?
Polt. I saw none, my lord.
Duke. Nor you?
Moul. I saw the glimpse of one, my lord.
Duke. Whate'er it was, methought it pleased me strangely,
And suddenly my joy was ready for't.
Did you not mark it better?
Polt. and *Moul.* 'Troth, my lord,
We gave no great heed to it.

Re-enter SHAMONT.

Sham. 'Twill not be answer'd!
It brings me hither still, by main force, hither:
Either I must give over to profess humanity,
Or I must speak for him.
Duke. 'Tis here again:
No marvel 'twas so pleasing! 'tis delight
And worth itself, now it appears unclouded.
Sham. My lord—He turns away from me! by this hand,
I am ill used of all sides! 'tis a fault
That fortune ever had, to abuse a goodness.
Duke. Methought you were saying somewhat.
Sham. Mark the language! [*Apart.*
As coy as fate! I see 'twill ne'er be granted.
Duke. We little look'd in troth to see you here yet.
Sham. Not till the day after my brother's death, I think
Duke. Sure some great business drew you.
Sham. No, in sooth, sir;
Only to come to see a brother die, sir,
That I may learn to go too; and, if he deceive me not,
I think he will do well in't of a soldier,
Manly, and honestly; and if he weep then,
I shall not think the worse on's manhood for't,
Because he's leaving of that part that has it.
Duke. He has slain a noble gentleman; think
Sham. I would I could not, sir. [on't, sir!
Duke. Our kinsman too.
Sham. All this is but worse, sir.
Duke. When 'tis at worst—
Yet, seeing thee, he lives!
Sham. My lord — [*Kneels.*
Duke. He lives!
Believe it as thy bliss; he dies not for't:
Will this make satisfaction for things past?
Sham. Oh, my lord——
Duke. Will it? speak!
Sham. With greater shame to my unworthiness.
Duke. Rise then! we're even. I never found it harder
To keep just with a man: My great work's ended!
I knew your brother's pardon was your suit, sir,
However your nice modesty held it back.
Sham. I take a joy now to confess it, sir.

Enter LA NOVE.

La Nove. My lord——
Duke. Hear me first, sir, whate'er your news be
Set free the Soldier instantly.
La Nove. 'Tis done, my lord.
Duke. How!
La Nove. In effect, 'twas part of my news too;
There's fair hope of your noble kinsman's life, sir.
Duke. What say'st thou?
La Nove. And the most admired change
That living flesh e'er had! he's not the man, my lord:
Death cannot be more free from passions, sir,
Than he is at this instant; he's so meek now,
He makes those seem passionate were never thought of;
And, for he fears his moods have oft disturb'd you, sir,
He's only hasty now for his forgiveness:
And here, behold him, sir!

Enter the Passionate Lord, *the* Lady *disguised as* Cupid, *and her two* Brothers.

Duke. Let me give thanks first!
Our worthy cousin——
Pas. Your unworthy trouble, sir!
For which, with all acknowledged reverence,
I ask your pardon;—and for injury
More known and wilful: I have chose a wife,
Without your counsel, or consent, my lord.
Duke. A wife! where is she, sir?
Pas. This noble gentlewoman——
Duke. How!
Pas. Whose honour my forgetful times much wrong'd.
Duke. He's madder than he was.
La Nove. I would ha' sworn for him!
Duke. The Cupid, cousin?
Pas. Yes, this worthy lady, sir.
Duke. Still worse and worse!
1 *Bro.* Our sister, under pardon, my lord.
Duke. What!

2 *Bro.* Which shape love taught her to assume.
Duke. Is't truth, then?
La Nove. It appears plainly now, below the waist, my lord.
Duke. Shamont, didst ever read of a she-Cupid!
Sham. Never in fiction yet; but it might hold, sir;
For desire is of both genders.

Enter the Lady.

Duke. Make that good here!
I take thee at thy word, sir.
Sham. Oh, my lord,
Love would appear too bold and rude from me;
Honour and admiration are her rights;
Her goodness is my saint, my lord.
Duke. I see
You are both too modest to bestow yourselves:
I'll save that virtue still; 'tis but my pains. C
It shall be so.

[*He joins* SHAMONT's *hand and his ri*

Sham. This gift does but set forth my pove
Lady. Sir, that which you complain of, is riches.

Enter the Soldier.

Duke. Soldier, now every noise sounds p thou'rt welcome!
Sold. [*Kneels.*] Sir, my repentance sues for blest favour,
Which, once obtain'd, no injury shall lose it:
I'll suffer mightier wrongs.
Duke. Rise, loved and pardon'd!
For where hope fail'd, nay, art itself resign'd,
Thou hast wrought that cure which skill c never find:
Nor did there cease, but to our peace extend:
Never could wrongs boast of a nobler end!

[*Ex*

EPILOGUE

OUR poet bid us say, for his own part,
He cannot lay too much forth of his art;
But fears our over-acting passions may,
As not adorn, deface his labour'd play:
Yet still he's resolute, for what is writ
Of Nicer Valour, and assumes the wit;
But, for the love-scenes, which he ever meant
Cupid in's petticoat should represent,
He'll stand no shock of censure. The play's good,
(He says he knows it) if well understood:
But we, blind god, beg, if thou art divine,
Thou'lt shoot thy arrows round; this play was thine.

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF ORLEANS, *a spleenful detracting Lord.*
EARL OF AMIENS, *Brother-in-Law to* ORLEANS, *a noble accomplished Gentleman, Servant to* LAMIRA.
MONTAGUE, *the* HONEST MAN.
LONGUEVILLE, DUBOIS, } *Two faithful Followers of* MONTAGUE.
VERAMOUR, *the loving and loyal Page of* MONTAGUE.
LAVERDINE, *a knavish Courtier.*
LA-POOP, *a foisting Sea-Captain.*
MALICORN, *a sharking Citizen.*
Two Lawyers.
Two Creditors.
Officers.
Servants.

DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, *a virtuous Lady, and chaste (but suspected) Wife to the* Duke.
LAMIRA, *a modest Virgin, rich and noble.*
CHARLOTTE, LAMIRA'S *Woman.*

SCENE,—PARIS, AND THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—PARIS. *Before the Hall of Justice.*

Enter ORLEANS *and* AMIENS, *at several Doors*

Ami. Morrow, my lord of Orleans!
Orl. You salute me like a stranger.
Brother Orleans were, to me, a title more
Belonging whom you call the husband of
Your sister.
Ami. 'Would the circumstances of
Your brotherhood had never offer'd cause
To make our conversation less familiar!
I meet you like a hindrance in your way!
Your great law-suit is now upon the tongue,
And ready for a judgment.
Orl. Came you from
The hall now?
Ami. Without stay. The court is full;
And such a press of people does attend
The issue, as if some great man were brought
To his arraignment.
Orl. Every mother's son
Of all that multitude of hearers, went
To be a witness of the misery
Your sister's fortunes must have come to, if
My adversary, who did love her first,
Had been her husband.
Ami. The success may draw
A testimony from them, to confirm
The same opinion; but they went prepared
With no such hope or purpose.
Orl. And did you
Entreat the number of them that are come,
With no such hope or purpose?
Ami. Tush! your own
Experience of my heart can answer you.
Orl. This doubtful makes me clearly understand
Your disposition.
Ami. If your cause be just,
I wish you a conclusion like your cause.
Orl. I can have any common charity
To such a prayer: From a friend I would
Expect a love to prosper in, without
Exceptions; such a love as might make all
My undertakings thankful to't: Precisely just
Is seldom faithful in our wishes to
Another man's desires. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Enter MONTAGUE, DUBOIS, LONGUEVILLE, *and* VERAMOUR.

Dubois. Here comes your adversary's brother-
Long. The lord of Amiens. [in-law.
Dubois. From the hall, I think.
Ami. I did so. Save your lordship!
Mont. That's a wish,
My lord, as courteous to my present state,
As ever honest mind was thankful for;
For now my safety must expose itself
To question: Yet to look for any free
Or hearty salutation, sir, from you
Would be unreasonable in me.
Ami. Why?
Mont. Your sister is my adversary's wife;
That nearness needs must consequently draw
Your inclination to him.
Ami. I will grant
Him all the nearness his alliance claims;
And yet be nothing less impartial,
My lord of Montague.
Mont. Lord of Montague yet;
But, sir, how long the dignity or state
Belonging to it will continue, stands
Upon the dangerous passage of this hour;
Either for evermore to be confirmed,
Or, like the time wherein 'twas pleaded, gone;
Gone with it, never to be call'd again!

Ami. Justice direct your process to the end!
To both your persons my respect shall still
Be equal; but the righteous cause is that
Which bears my wishes to the side it holds:
Wherever, may it prosper! [*Exit.*
Mont. Then my thanks
Are proper to you: If a man may raise
A confidence upon a lawful ground,
I have no reason to be once perplex'd
With any doubtful motion. Longueville,
That lord of Amiens (didst observe him?) has
A worthy nature in him.
Long. Either 'tis
His nature or his cunning.
Mont. That's the vizard
Of most men's actions, whose dissembled lives
Do carry only the similitude
Of goodness on 'em; but for him,
Honest behaviour makes a true report
What disposition does inhabit him,
Essential Virtue.
Long. Then 'tis pity that
Injurious Orleans is his brother.
Dubois. He's but his brother-in-law.
Long. Law? that's as bad.
Dubois. How is your law as bad? I rather wish
The hangman thy executor, than that
Equivocation should be ominous.

Enter two Lawyers *and two* Creditors.

Long. Some of your lawyers!
1 *Law.* What is ominous?
2 *Law.* Let no distrust trouble your lordship's thought!
1 *Law.* The evidences of your questioned land
Ha' not so much as any literal
Advantage in 'em to be made against
Your title.
2 *Law.* And your counsel understands
The business fully.
1 *Law.* They are industrious, just——
2 *Law.* And very confident.
1 *Law.* Your state endures
A voluntary trial; like a man
Whose honours are maliciously accused.
2 *Law.* The accusation serves to clear his cause—
1 *Law.* And to approve his truth more.
2 *Law.* So shall all
Your adversary's pleadings strengthen your
Possession.
1 *Law.* And be set upon record,
To witness the hereditary right
Of you and yours.
2 *Law.* Courage! you have the law.
Long. And you, the profits.
Mont. If discouragement
Could work upon me, your assurances
Would put me strongly into heart again:
But I was never fearful; and let Fate
Deceive my expectation, yet I am
Prepared against dejection!
1 *Cred.* So are we.
2 *Cred.* We have received a comfortable hope
That all will speed well.
Long. What is he, Dubois?
Dubois. A creditor.
Long. I thought so; for he speaks
As if he were a partner in his state.
Mont. Sir, I am largely indebted to your loves—
Long. More to their purses.
Mont. Which you shall not lose.
1 *Cred.* Your lordship——
Dubois. That's another creditor.
1 *Cred.* Has interest in me.
Long. You have more of him.
1 *Cred.* And I have had so many promises
From these, and all your learned counsellors,
How certainly your cause will prosper, that——
Long. You brought no serjeants with you?
Dubois. To attend
His ill success?
Mont. Good sir, I will not be
Unthankful either to their industries,
Or your affections.
1 *Law.* All your land, my lord,
Is at the bar now; give me but ten crowns,
I'll save you harmless.
Long. Take him at his word!
If he does lose, you're saved by miracle:
For I ne'er knew a lawyer yet undone.
1 *Law.* Then now you shall, sir, if this prospers not.
Long. Sir, I beseech you do not force your voice
To such a loudness, but be thrifty now!
Preserve it till you come to plead at bar;
It will be much more profitable in
The satisfaction, than the promise.
1 *Law.* Is
Not this a satisfaction to engage
Myself for this assurance, if he——
Mont. No, sir; my ruin never shall import
Another's loss, if not by accident,
And that my purpose is not guilty of:
You are engaged in nothing but your care.
[*Exeunt* Lawyers.
Attend the procurator to the court;
Observe how things incline, and bring me word!
Long. I dare not, sir; if I be taken there,
Mine ears will be in danger.
Mont. Why? hast thou
Committed something that deserves thine ears?
Long. No, but I fear the noise! my hearing will be
Perished by the noise; it is as good to want
A member, as to lose the use——
Mont. The ornament is excepted.
Long. Well, my lord,
I'll put 'em to the hazard. [*Exit.*
1 *Cred.* Your desires
Be prosperous to you!
2 *Cred.* Our best prayers wait
Upon your fortune. [*Exeunt* Creditors.
Dubois. Yourselves, not him.
Mont. Thou canst not blame 'em; I am in their debts.
Ver. But had your large expence (a part
You owe 'em) for unprofitable silks [whereof
And laces, been bestowed among the poor,
That would have pray'd the right way, for you,
Not upon you——
Mont. For unprofitable silks
And laces? Now, believe me, honest boy,
Thou hast hit upon a reprehension that
Belongs unto me.
Ver. By my soul, my lord,
I had not so unmannerly a thought,
To reprehend you!
Mont. Why, I love thee for't;
Mine own acknowledgment confirms thy words:
For once, I do remember, coming from

The mercer's, where my purse had spent itself
On those unprofitable toys thou speak'st of,
A man half naked with his poverty
Did meet me, and requested my relief:
I wanted whence to give it: yet his eyes
Spoke for him; those I could have satisfied
With some unfruitful sorrow (if my tears
Would not have added rather to his grief,
Than eased it,) but the true compassion that
I should have given I had not. This began
To make me think how many such men's wants
The vain superfluous cost I wore upon
My outside would have cloath'd, and left myself
A habit as becoming. To encrease
This new consideration, there came one
Clad in a garment plain and thrifty, yet
As decent as these fair dear follies, made
As if it were of purpose to despise
The vanity of show; his purse had still
The power to do a charitable deed,
And did it.

Dubois. Yet your inclination, sir,
Deserved no less to be commended than
His action.

Mont. Pr'ythee, do not flatter me!
He that intends well, yet deprives himself
Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpose of the due reward
That goodness merits. Oh, antiquity,
Thy great examples of nobility
Are out of imitation; or at least
So lamely followed, that thou art as much
Before this age in virtue, as in time!

Dubois. Sir, it must needs be lamely followed,
The chiefest men who love to follow it [when
Are for the most part cripples.

Mont. Who are they?

Dubois. Soldiers, my lord, soldiers.

Mont. 'Tis true, Dubois;
But if the law disables me no more
For noble actions than good purposes,
I'll practise how to exercise the worth
Commended to us by our ancestors:
The poor neglected soldier shall command
Me from a lady's courtship, and the form
I'll study shall no more be taught me by
The tailor, but the scholar; that expence
Which hitherto has been to entertain
The intemperate pride and pleasure of the taste,
Shall fill my table more to satisfy,
And less to surfeit.
What an honest work it would be when we find
A virgin in her poverty and youth
Inclining to be tempted to employ
As much persuasion and as much expence
To keep her upright, as men use to do
Upon her falling?

Dubois. It is charity
That many maids will be unthankful for;
And some will rather take it for a wrong,
To buy 'em out of their inheritance,
The thing that they were born to.

Enter LONGUEVILLE.

Mont. Longueville,
Thou bring'st a chearful promise in thy face;
There stands no pale report upon thy cheek,
To give me fear or knowledge of my loss;
'Tis red and lively. How proceeds my suit?

Long. That's, with leave, sir,
A labour, that to those of Hercules
May add another; or, at least, be call'd
An imitation of his burning shirt:
For 'twas a pain of that unmerciful
Perplexity, to shoulder through the throng
Of people that attended your success,
My sweaty linen fix'd upon my skin,
Still as they pull'd me took that with it; 'twas
A fear I should have left my flesh among 'em:
Yet I was patient, for, methought, the toil
Might be an emblem of the difficult
And weary passage to get out of law.
And, to make up the dear similitude,
When I was forth seeking my handkerchief
To wipe my sweat off, I did find a cause
To make me sweat more; for my purse was lost
Among their fingers.

Dubois. There 'twas rather found.

Long. By them.

Dubois. I mean so.

Mont. Well, I will restore
Thy damage to thee. How proceeds my suit?

Long. Like one at broker's; I think, forfeited.
Your promising counsel at the first
Put strongly forward with a laboured speed,
And such a violence of pleading, that
His fee in sugar-candy scarce will make
His throat a satisfaction for the hurt
He did it; and he carried the whole cause
Before him, with so clear a passage, that
The people in the favour of your side
Cried, "Montague, Montague!" in the spite of [him
That cried out *silence*, and began to laugh
Your adversary's advocate to scorn;
Who, like a cunning footman, set me forth
With such a temperate easy kind of course,
To put him into exercise of strength,
And followed his advantages so close,
That when your hot-mouth'd pleader thought he had won,
Before he had reach'd it he was out of breath,
And then the other stript him.

Mont. So, all's lost?

Long. But how I know not; for, methought, I [stood
Confounded with the clamour of the court,
Like one embark'd upon a storm at sea,
Where the tempestuous noise of thunder, mix'd
With roaring of the billows, and the thick
Imperfect language of the seamen, takes
His understanding and his safety both
Together from him.

Mont. Thou dost bring ill news!

Long. Of what I was unwilling to have been
The first reporter.

Mont. Didst observe no more?

Long. At least no better.

Mont. Then thou'rt not inform'd
So well as I am: I can tell thee that
Will please thee; for, when all else left my cause,
My very adversaries took my part.

Long. Whosoever told you that,
Abused you.

Mont. Credit me, he took my part
When all forsook me.

Long. Took it from you?

Mont. Yes;
I mean so: And I think he had just cause
To take it, when the verdict gave it him.

Dubois. His spirit would ha' sunk him, ere he could

Have carried an ill fortune of this weight
So lightly.
Mont. Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so;
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves
In anything that's manly, than to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.

Enter Lawyers.

Long. Here come they,
Whose very countenances will tell you how
Contemptible it is to others.
Mont. Sir!
Long. The *Sir* of knighthood may be given him,
Ere they hear you now.
Mont. Good sir, but a word!
Dubois. How soon the loss of wealth makes any
Grow out of knowledge! [man
Long. Let me see: I pray, sir,
Never stood you upon the pillory?
1 *Law.* The pillory?
Long. Oh, now I know you did not;
You have ears, I thought ye had lost 'em. Pray, observe;
Here's one that once was gracious in your eyes!
1 *Law.* Oh! my lord! [I] have an eye upon him.
Long. But ha' you ne'er a counsel to redeem
His land yet from the judgment?
2 *Law.* None but this;
A writ of error to remove the cause.
Long. No more of error! we have been in that
Too much already.
2 *Law.* If you will reverse
The judgment, you must trust to that delay——
Long. Delay? Indeed he's like to trust to that,
With you has any dealing.
2 *Law.* Ere the law
Proceeds to an *habere facias possessionem.*
Mont. That is a language, sir, I understand not.
Long. Thou art a very strange unthankful fellow,
To have taken fees of such a liberal measure,
And then [to] give a man hard words for's money!
1 *Law.* If men will hazard their salvations,
What should I say? I've other business!
Mont. You are i' th' right; that's it you should
Prosperity has left me. [say, now

Enter two Creditors.

1 *Cred.* Have an eye upon him! if
We lose him now, he's gone for ever: Stay,
And dog him! I'll go fetch the officers.
Long. Dog him, you blood-hound? by this point, thou shalt [*Draws.*
More safely dog an angry lion, than
Attempt him.
Mont. What's the matter?
Long. Do but stir
To fetch a serjeant, and, besides your loss
Of labour, I will have you beaten till
Those casements in your faces be false lights!
Dubois. Falser than those you sell by!
Mont. Who gave you
Commission to abuse my friends thus?
Long. Sir,
Are those your friends that would betray you?
Mont. 'Tis
To save themselves, rather than betray me.
1 *Cred.* Your lordship makes a just construction of it.
2 *Cred.* All our desire is but to get our own.
Long. Your wives' desires and yours do differ
Mont. So far as my ability will go, [then.
You shall have satisfaction.—Longueville!
Long. And leave yourself neglected?—Every
Is first a debtor to his own demands, [man
Being honest.
Mont. As I take it, sir,
I did not entertain you for my counsellor.
Long. Counsel's the office of a servant, when
The master falls upon a danger, as
Defence is: Never threaten with your eyes!
They are no cockatrices. Do you hear?
Talk with the girdler, or the milliner;
He can inform you of a kind of men
That first undid the profit of those trades
By bringing up the form of carrying
Their morglays in their hands; with some of those
A man may make himself a privilege
To ask a question at the prison-gates,
Without your good permission.
2 *Cred.* By your leave!
Mont. Stay, sir! what one example, since the
That first you put your hat off to me, have [time
You noted in me to encourage you
To this presumption? By the justice now
Of thine own rule, I should begin with thee;
I should turn thee away ungratified
For all thy former kindness, forget
Thou ever didst me any service.—'Tis not fear
Of being arrested, makes me thus incline
To satisfy you; for you see by him,
I lost not all defences with my state:
The curses of a man, to whom I am
Beholding, terrify me more than all
The violence he can pursue me with.—
Dubois, I did prepare me for the worst;
These two small cabinets do comprehend
The sum of all the wealth that it hath pleased
Adversity to leave me; one as rich
As the other, both in jewels: Take thou this,
And, as the order put within it shall
Direct thee, distribute it half between
Those creditors, and the other half among
My servants;—for, sir, they are my creditors
As well as you are; they have trusted me
With their advancement. If the value fail
To please you all, my first increase of means
Shall offer you a fuller payment. Be content
To leave me something; and imagine that
Ye put a new beginner into credit.
Cred. So prosper our own blessings, as we wish
You to your merit!
Mont. Are your silences
Of discontent or of sorrow?
Dubois. Sir,
We would not leave you.
Long. Do but suffer us
To follow you, and what our present means
Or industries hereafter can provide,
Shall serve you.
Mont. Oh, desire me not to live
To such a baseness, as to be maintain'd
By those that serve me! Pray, begone; I will
Defend your honesties to any man,
That shall report you have forsaken me:
I pray, begone!—
[*Exeunt all but* VERAMOUR *and* MONTAGUE.

Why dost thou weep, my boy?
Because I do not bid thee go too?
Ver. No;
I weep, my lord, because I would not go;
I fear you will command me.
Mont. No, my child,
I will not; that would discommend the intent
Of all my other actions: Thou art yet
Unable to advise thyself a course,
Should I put thee to seek it; after that,
I must excuse, or at the least forgive,
Any uncharitable deed that can
Be done against myself.
Ver. Every day,
My lord, I tarry with you, I'll account
A day of blessing to me; for I shall
Have so much less time left me of my life
When I am from you; and if misery
Befal you (which I hope so good a man
Was never born to) I will take my part,
And make my willingness increase my strength
To bear it. In the winter I will spare
Mine own clothes from myself to cover you;
And in the summer carry some of yours,
To ease you: I'll do anything I can!
Mont. Why, thou art able to make Misery
Ashamed of hurting, when thy weakness can
Both bear it, and despise it. Come, my boy!
I will provide some better way for thee
Than this thou speak'st of. 'Tis the comfort, that
Ill fortune has undone me into the fashion;
For now, in this age, most men do begin
To keep but one boy, that kept many men.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter ORLEANS, Servant, *and* DUCHESS *following.*

Orl. Where is she? call her!
Duch. I attend you, sir.
Orl. Your friend, sweet madam——
Duch. What friend, good my lord?
Orl. Your Montague, madam, he will shortly
Those courtly graces that you love him for: [want
The means wherewith he purchased this, and this,
And all his own provisions, to the least
Proportion of his feeding, or his clothes,
Came out of that inheritance of land
Which he unjustly lived on; but the law
Has given me right in't, and possession: Now
Thou shalt perceive his bravery vanish, as
This jewel does from thee now, and these pearls
To him that owes 'em.
Duch. You're the owner, sir,
Of every thing that does belong to me.
Orl. No, not of him, sweet lady.
Duch. Oh, good Heaven!
Orl. But in a while your mind will change, and
As ready to disclaim him, when his wants [be
And miseries have perish'd his good face,
And taken off the sweetness that has made
Him pleasing in a woman's understanding.
Duch. Oh, Heaven, how gracious had creation
To women, who are born without defence, [been
If to our hearts there had been doors, through which
Our husbands might have look'd into our thoughts,
And made themselves undoubtful!
Orl. Made 'em mad!
Duch. With honest women?
Orl. Thou dost still pretend
A title to that virtue: Pr'ythee let
Thy honesty speak freely to me now.
Thou know'st that Montague, of whose land
I am the master, did affect thee first,
And should have had thee, if the strength of friends
Had not prevail'd above thine own consent:
I have undone him! tell me how thou dost
Consider his ill fortune and my good?
Duch. I'll tell you justly: His undoing is
An argument for pity and for tears,
In all their dispositions that have known
The honour and the goodness of his life;
Yet that addition of prosperity
Which you have got by't, no indifferent man
Will malice or repine at, if the law
Be not abused in't. Howsoever, since
You have the upper fortune of him, 'twill
Be some dishonour to you to bear yourself
With any pride or glory over him.
Orl. This may be truly spoken; but in thee
It is not honest.
Duch. Yes; so honest, that
I care not if the chaste Penelope
Were now alive to hear me.

Enter AMIENS.

Orl. Who comes there?
Duch. My brother.
Ami. Save you!
Orl. Now, sir! you have heard
Of prosperous Montague?
Ami. No, sir; I have heard
Of Montague, but of your prosperity.
Orl. Is he distracted?
Ami. He does bear his loss
With such a noble strength of patience, that
Had Fortune eyes to see him, she would weep
For having hurt him, and pretending that
She did it but for trial of his worth,
Hereafter ever love him.
Orl. I perceive
You love him; and, because I must confess
He does deserve that, (though for some respects,
I have not given him that acknowledgment,)
Yet in mine honour I did still conclude
To use him nobly.
Ami. Sir, that will become
Your reputation, and make me grow proud
Of your alliance.
Orl. I did reserve
The doing of this friendship till I had
His fortunes at my mercy, that the world
May tell him 'tis a willing courtesy.
Duch. This change will make me happy!
Orl. 'Tis a change;
Thou shalt behold it: Then observe me! When
That Montague had possession of my land,
I was his rival, and at last obtain'd
This lady, who, by promise of her own
Affection to him, should have been his wife:
I had her, and with-held her like a pawn,
Till now my land is render'd to me again;
And since it is so, you shall see I have
The conscience not to keep her: Give him her! [*Draws.*
For, by the faithful temper of my sword,
She shall not tarry with me.
Ami. Give me way!— [*Draw*

Thou most unworthy man!—God!—Give me way!
Or, by the wrong he does the innocent,
I'll end thy misery and his wickedness
Together!
Duch. Stay, and let me justify
My husband in that! I have wronged his bed—
[*Exeunt* AMIENS *and* Servant.
Never—all shames that can afflict me, fall
Upon me, if I ever wrong'd you!
Orl. Didst
Thou not confess it?
Duch. 'Twas to save your blood
From shedding: That has turn'd my brother's edge.
He, that beholds our thoughts as plainly as
Our faces, knows it, I did never hurt
My honesty, but by accusing it.
Orl. Women's consents are sooner credited
Than their denials; and I'll never trust
Her body, that prefers any defence
Before the safety of her honour.—Here!

Enter Servant

Shew forth that stranger.—Give me not a word!
Thou see'st a danger ready to be tempted.
Duch. Cast that upon me, rather than my shame;
And, as I am now dying, I will vow
That I am honest!
Orl. Put her out of doors!
But that I fear my land may go again
To Montague, I would kill thee! I am loth
To make a beggar of him that way; or else—
Go! now you have the liberty of flesh;
And you may put it to a double use,
One for your pleasure, th' other to maintain
Your well-beloved; he will want: [*Exit* DUCHESS.
In such a charitable exercise
The virtue will excuse you for the vice. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Grove before the City.*

Enter AMIENS *with his sword drawn,* MONTAGUE *and* VERAMOUR *meeting him.*

Mont. What means your lordship?
Ver. For the love of God——
Ami. Thou hast advantage of me; cast away
This buckler!
Mont. So he is, sir, for he lives
With one that is undone.—Avoid us, boy!
Ver. I'll first avoid my safety:
Your rapier shall be button'd with my head,
Before it touch my master.
Ami. Montague!
Mont. Sir?
Ami. You know my sister——
Mont. Yes, sir.
Ami. For a whore.
Mont. You lie! and shall lie lower if you dare
Abuse her honour.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. I am honest.
Ami. Honest?
Duch. Upon my faith, I am.
Ami. What did then
Persuade thee to condemn thyself?
Duch. Your safety.
Ami. I had rather be exposed
To danger than dishonour: Thou hast betray'd
The reputation of my family
More basely, by the falseness of that word,
Than if thou hadst deliver'd me asleep
Into the hand of a base enemy.
Relief will never make thee sensible
Of thy disgraces! Let thy wants compel thee to it.
[*Exit.*
Duch. Oh, I'm a miserable woman!
Mont. Why, madam? Are you utterly
Without means to relieve you?
Duch. I have nothing, sir,
Unless by changing of these clothes for worse,
And then at last the worst for nakedness.
Mont. Stand off, boy!—Nakedness would be a change
To please us, madam, to delight us both.
Duch. What nakedness, sir?
Mont. Why, the nakedness
Of body, madam; we were lovers once.
Duch. Never dishonest lovers.
Mont. Honesty
Has no allowance now to give ourselves.
Duch. Nor you allowance against honesty.
Mont. I'll send my boy hence: Opportunity
Shall be our servant. Come, and meet me first
With kisses like a stranger at the door,
And then invite me nearer, to receive
A more familiar inward welcome; where,
Instead of tapers made of virgin's wax,
The increasing flames of our desires shall light
Us to a banquet; and, before the taste
Be dull with satisfaction, I'll prepare
A nourishment composed of every thing
That bears a natural friendship to the blood,
And that shall set another edge upon't;
Or else, between the courses of the feast,
We'll dally out an exercise of time,
That ever as one appetite expires
Another may succeed it.
Duch. Oh, my lord,
How has your nature lost her worthiness?
When our affections had their liberty,
Our kisses met as temperately as
The hands of sisters or of brothers, yet
Our bloods were then as moving; then you were
So noble, that I durst have trusted your
Embraces in an opportunity
Silent enough to serve a ravisher,
And yet come from you undishonour'd: How
You think me alter'd, that you promise your
Attempt success, I know not: but were all
The sweet temptations that deceive us set
On this side, and on that side all the tortures,
These neither should persuade me, nor these force.
Mont. Then misery may waste your body.
Duch. Yes;
But lust shall never.
Mont. I have found you still
As uncorrupted as I left you first.
Continue so, and I will serve you with
As much devotion as my word, my hand,
Or purse can shew you! And, to justify
That promise, here is half the wealth I have;
Take it! you owe me nothing, till you fall
From virtue! which, the better to protect,
I have bethought me of a present means.—
[*To* VERAMOUR.] Give me the letter!—This commends my boy
Into the service of a lady, whose
Free goodness you have been acquainted with,
Lamira.

Duch. Sir, I know her.
Mont. Then believe
Her entertainment will be noble to you.
My boy shall bring you thither, and relate
Your manner of misfortune, if your own
Report needs any witness: So, I kiss
Your hand, good lady!
Duch. Sir, I know not how
To promise; but I cannot be unthankful.
Mont. All that you can implore in thankfulness
Be yours, to make you the more prosperous!—
Farewell, my boy!—I am not yet oppress'd,
Having the power to help one that's distress'd.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter LONGUEVILLE *and* DUBOIS.

Long. What shall we do now? swords are out of
And words are out of credit. [use,
Dubois. We must serve.
Long. The means to get a service will first spend
Our purses; and, except we can allow
Ourselves an entertainment, service will
Neglect us: Now, 'tis grown into a doubt
Whether the master or the servant gives
The countenance.
Dubois. Then fall in with mistresses!
Long. They keep more servants now, indeed, than men;
But yet the age is grown so populous
Of those attendants, that the women are
Grown full too.
Dubois. What, shall we propound ourselves?
Long. I'll think on't.
Dubois. Do. Old occupations have
Too many setters-up to prosper; some
Uncommon trade would thrive now.
Long. We will even
Make up some half a dozen proper men;
And should not we get more than all
Your female sinners?
Dubois. If the house be seated,
As it should be, privately.
Long. Ay; but that would make
A multitude of witches.
Dubois. Witches? how, pr'ythee?
Long. Thus:
The bawds would all turn witches to revenge
Themselves upon us and the women that
Come to us, for disguises must wear beards;
And that's, they say, a token of a witch.
Dubois. What shall we then do?
Long. We must study on't
With more consideration.—Stay, Dubois!
Are not the lord of Orleans and the lord
Of Amiens enemies?
Dubois. Yes; what of that?
Long. Methinks the factions of two such great men
Should give a promise of advancement now,
To us that want it.
Dubois. Let the plot be thine,
And in the enterprize I'll second thee.
Long. I have it! we will first set down ourselves
The method of a quarrel, and make choice
Of some frequented tavern, or such a place
Of common notice, to perform it in,
By way of undertaking, to maintain
The several honours of those enemies:
Thou for the lord of Orleans; I for Amiens.
Dubois. I like the project; and I think 'twill take
The better, since their difference first did rise
From his occasion whom we follow'd once.
Long. We cannot hope less, after the report,
Than entertainment or gratuity:
Yet those are ends I do not aim at most.
Great spirits that are needy, and will thrive,
Must labour whilst such troubles are alive.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Tavern.*

Enter LAVERDINE *and* LA-POOP.

La-P. Hunger is sharper than the sword! I have fed these three days upon leaf-tobacco, for want of other victuals.

Lav. You have lived the honester, captain. But be not so dejected! But hold up thy head, and meat will sooner fall i' thy mouth.

La-P. I care not so much for meat, so I had but good liquor, for which my guts croak like so many frogs for rain.

Lav. It seems you are troubled with the windcholic, captain: swallow a bullet; 'tis present remedy, I'll assure you.

La-P. A bullet? I'll tell you, sir! My paunch is nothing but a pile of bullets: when I was in any service, I stood between my general and the shot, like a mud wall: I am all lead; from the crown of the head to the soal of the foot, not a sound bone about me.

Lav. It seems you have been in terrible hot service, captain.

La-P. It has ever been the fate of the Low-Country wars to spoil many a man; I have not been the first, nor shall not be the last. But, I'll tell you, sir, (hunger has brought it into mind,) I served once at the siege of Brest, ('tis memorable to this day,) where we were in great distress for victuals; whole troops fainted more for want of food than for blood, and died; yet we were resolved to stand it out. I myself was but then gentleman of a company, and had as much need as any man: And indeed I had perished, had not a miraculous providence preserved me.

Lav. As how, good captain?

La-P. Marry, sir, e'en as I was fainting and falling down for want of sustenance, the enemy made a shot at me, and struck me full in the paunch with a penny-loaf.

Lav. Instead of a bullet?

La-P. Instead of a bullet.

Lav. That was miraculous indeed! And that loaf sustained you?

La-P. Nourished me, or I had famished with the rest.

Lav. You have done worthy acts, being a soldier. And now you shall give me leave to requite

your tale, and to acquaint you with the most notorious deeds that I have done, being a courtier: I protest, captain, I will lie no more than you have done.

La-P. I can endure no lies.

Lav. I know you cannot, captain, therefore I'll only tell you of strange things: I did once a deed of charity, for itself; I assisted a poor widow in a suit, and obtained it; yet, I protest, I took not a penny for my labour.

La-P. 'Tis no such strange thing.

Lav. By Mars, captain, but it is, and a very strange thing too, in a courtier; it may take the upper-hand of your penny-loaf for a miracle. I could have told you how many ladies have languished for my love, and how I was once solicited by the mother, the daughter, and grandmother; out of the least of which I might have digged myself a fortune; they were all great ladies, for two of them were so big I could hardly embrace them; but I was sluggish in my rising courses, and therefore let them pass. What means I had is spent upon such as had the wit to cheat me; that wealth being gone, I have only bought experience with it, with a strong hope to cheat others.—But see, here comes the much-declined Montague, who had all the manor-houses, which were the body of his estate, overthrown by a great wind!

Enter MONTAGUE *and* MALLICORN.

La-P. How! by a great wind? Was he not overthrown by law?

Lav. Yes, marry was he; but there was terrible puffing and blowing before he was overthrown, if you observed; and believe it, captain, there's no wind so dangerous to a building as a lawyer's breath.

La-P. What's he with him?

Lav. An eminent citizen, Monsieur Mallicorn: Let's stand aside, and listen their design!——

Mar. Sir, profit is the crown of labour; 'tis the life, the soul of the industrious merchant: in it he makes his Paradise, and for it neglects wife, children, friends, parents, nay, all the world, and delivers up himself to the violence of storms, and to be tossed into unknown airs. As there's no faculty so perilous, so there's none so worthy profitable.

Mont. Sir, I am very well possest of it; and what of my poor fortunes remains, I would gladly hazard upon the sea; it cannot deal worse with me than the land, though it sink or throw it in the hands of pirates. I have yet five hundred pounds left, and your honest and worthy acquaintance may make me a young merchant: the one moiety of what I have I would gladly adventure.

Mal. How! adventure? you shall hazard nothing; you shall only join with me in certain commodities that are safe arrived unto the key: You shall neither be in doubt of danger nor damage; but, so much money disbursed, so much receive. Sir, I would have you conceive I pursue it not for any good your money will do me, but merely out of mine own freeness and courtesy to pleasure you.

Mont. I can believe no less; and you express a noble nature, seeking to build up a man so ruined as myself.——

Lav. Captain, here is subject for us to work upon, if we have wit: You hear that there is money yet left, and it is going to be laid out in rattles, bells, hobby-horses, brown paper, or some such-like sale commodities; now it would do better in our purses, upon our backs in good gold-lace and scarlet; and then we might pursue our projects, and our devices towards my lady Annabella. Go to! there's a conceit newly landed: Hark! I stand in good reputation with him, and therefore may the better cheat him: captain, take a few instructions from me. [*They walk apart.*

Mont. What monies I have is at your disposing; and upon twelve, I will meet you at the palace with it.

Mal. I will there expect you; and so I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Lav. You apprehend me?

La-P. Why, do ye think I am a dunce?

Lav. Not a dunce, captain; but you might give me leave to misdoubt that pregnancy in a soldier, which is proper and hereditary to a courtier. But prosecute it; I will both second and give credit to it.—Good monsieur Montague! I would your whole revenues lay within the circuit of mine arms, that I might as easily bestow, or restore it unto you as my courtesy!

La-P. My zealous wishes, sir, do accompany his for your good fortunes.

Lav. Believe it, sir, our affection towards you is a strong bond of friendship.

Mont. To which I shall most willingly seal. But, believe me, gentlemen, in a broken estate the bond of friendship oft is forfeited; but that it is your free and ingenuous nature to renew it.

Lav. Sir, I will amply extend myself to your use, and am very zealously afflicted, as not one of your least friends, for your crooked fate: But let it not seize you with any dejection; you have, as I hear, a sufficient competency left, which, well disposed, may erect you as high in the world's account as ever.

Mont. I cannot live to hope it, much less enjoy it: Nor is it any part of my endeavour; my study is to render every man his own, and to contain myself within the limits of a gentleman.

Lav. I have the grant of an office given me by some noble favourites of mine in court; there stands but a small matter between me and it: If your ability be such to lay down the present sum, out of the love I bear you, before any other man, it shall be confirmed yours.

Mont. I have heard you often speak of such a thing; if it be assured to you, I will gladly deal in it: That portion I have I would not hazard upon one course, for I see the most certain is uncertain.

La-P. Having money, sir, you could not light upon men that could give better direction. There is at this time a friend of mine upon the seas (to be plain with you, he is a pirate) that hath writ to me to work his freedom; and by this gentleman's means, whose acquaintance is not small at court, we have the word of a worthy man for it: only there is some money to be suddenly disbursed; and if your happiness be such to make it up, you shall receive treble gain by it, and good assurance for it.

Mont. Gentlemen, out of the weakness of my estate you seem to have some knowledge of my breast, that would, if it were possible, advance my declined fortunes, to satisfy all men of whom I

have had credit; and I know no way better than these which you propose: I have some money ready under my command; some part of it is already promised, but the remainder is yours to such uses as are propounded.

Lav. Appoint some certain place of meeting; for these affairs require expedition.

Mont. I will make it my present business. At twelve I am to meet Mallicorn, the merchant, at the palace, (you know him, sir,) about some negotiation of the same nature; there I will be ready to tender you that money, upon such conditions as we shall conclude of.

Lav. The care of it be yours, so much as the affair concerns you!

Mont. Your caution is effectual; and till then I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Lav. Good Master Montague!

[*Within, a clamour,* Down with their weapons!

Enter LONGUEVILLE *and* DUBOIS, *their Swords drawn; Servants and others between them.*

Ser. Nay, gentlemen, what mean you? Pray be quiet!
Have some respect unto the house.

Long. A treacherous slave!

Dubois. Thou dost revile thyself, base Longueville!

Long. I say thou art a villain, and a corrupt one,
That hast some seven years fed on thy master's trencher,
Yet ne'er bred'st good blood towards him; for if thou hadst,
Thou hadst a sounder heart.

Dubois. So, sir! you can
Use your tongue something nimbler than your sword.

Long. 'Would you could use your tongue well of your master, friend!
You might have better employment for your sword.

Dubois. I say again, and I will speak it loud and often,
That Orleans is a noble gentleman,
With whom Amiens is too light to poise the scale.

Long. He is the weaker, for taking of a praise
Out of thy mouth.

Dubois. This hand shall seal his merit at thy heart.

Lav. Part them, my masters, part them!

Serv. Part them, sir? Why do you not part them? You stand by wi' your sword in your hand, and cry, *part 'em!*

Lav. Why, you must know, my friend, my clothes are better than yours; and, in a good suit, I do never use to part any body.

La-P. And it is discretion.

Lav. Ay, marry is it, captain.

Long. Dubois, though this place
Privilege thee, know, where next we meet,
The blood, which at thy heart flows, drops at thy feet! [*Exit.*

Dubois. I would not spend it better
Than in this quarrel, and on such a hazard.

Enter AMIENS *in haste; his Sword drawn.*

Ami. What uproar's this? Must my name here be question'd
In tavern-brawls, and by affected ruffians?

Lav. Not we indeed, sir.

Dubois. Fear cannot make me shrink out of your fury,
Though you were greater than your name doth make you;
I am one, and the opposer: If your swoln rage
Have aught in malice to enforce, express it.

Ami. I seek thee not; nor shalt thou ever gain
That credit, which a blow from me would give thee.
By my soul, I more detest that fellow
Which took my part than thee, that he durst offer
To take my honour in his feeble arms,
And spend it in a drinking-room. Which way went he?

Lav. That way, sir.—I would you would after!
For I do fear we shall have some more scuffling.

Ami. I'll follow him; and, if my speed o'ertake him,
I shall ill thank him for his forwardness. [*Exit.*

Lav. I am glad he's gone; for I do not love to see a sword drawn in the hand of a man that looks so furious; there's no jesting with edge tools: How say you, captain?

La-P. I say, 'tis better jesting than to be in earnest with them.

Enter ORLEANS.

Orl. How now?
What's the difference? They say there have been swords drawn,
And in my quarrel: Let me know that man,
Whose love is so sincere to spend his blood
For my sake! I will bounteously requite him.

Lav. We were all of your side; but there he stands begun it.

Orl. What's thy name?

Dubois. Dubois.

Orl. Give me thy hand! Thou hast received no hurt?

Dubois. Not any; nor were this body
Stuck full of wounds, I should not count them hurts,
Being taken in so honourable a cause
As the defence of my most worthy lord.

Orl. The dedication of thy love to me
Requires my ample bounty: Thou art mine;
For I do find thee made unto my purposes.—
Monsieur Laverdine, pardon my neglect!
I not observed you. And how runs rumour?

Lav. Why, it runs, my lord, like a footman without a cloak, to shew that what's once rumoured it cannot be hid.

Orl. And what say the rabble? Am not I the subject of their talk?

Lav. 'Troth, my lord, the common mouth speaks foul words.

Orl. Of me, for turning away my wife, do they not?

Lav. 'Faith, the men do a little murmur at it, and say, 'tis an ill precedent in so great a man. Marry, the women, they rail outright.

Orl. Out upon them, rampallions! I'll keep myself safe enough out of their fingers. But what say my pretty jolly composed gallants, that censure every thing more desperate than it is dangerous? what say they?

Lav. Marry, they are laying wagers what death you shall die: One offers to lay five hundred pounds (and yet he had but a groat about him, and that was in two twopences too) to any man that would make it up a shilling, that you were

killed with a pistol charged with white powder; another offered to pawn his soul for five shillings, (and yet nobody would take him,) that you were stabbed to death, and should die with more wounds than Cæsar.

Orl. And who should be the butchers that should do it? Montague and his associates?

Lav. So it is conjectured.

La-P. And, believe it, sweet prince, it is to be feared, and therefore prevented.

Orl. By turning his purpose on himself? were not that the way?

Lav. The most direct path for your safety: For where doth danger sit more furious than in a desperate man?

La-P. And being you have declined his means, you have increased his malice.

Lav. Besides the general report that steams in every man's breath, and stains you all over with infamy, that Time, the devourer of all things, cannot eat out.

La-P. Ay, for that former familiarity which he had with your lady.

Lav. Men speak it as boldly as words of compliment; *good morrow, good even*, or *God save you, sir*, are not more usual: If the word *cuckold* had been written upon your forehead in great capital letters, it could not have been dilated with more confidence.

Orl. He shall not sleep another night; I will have his blood, though it be required of my hands again!

Lav. Your lordship may, and without hazarding your own person: Here's a gentleman in whose looks I see a resolution to perform it.

Dubois. Let his lordship give me but his honourable word for my life, I'll kill him as he walks.

Lav. Or pistol him as he sits at meat——

La-P. Or at game——

Lav. Or as he is drinking——

Dubois. Any way.

Orl. Won't thou?
Call what is mine thine own! Thy reputation shall not
Be brought in question for it, much less thy life;
It shall be named a deed of valour in thee,
Not murder: Farewell! [*Exit.*

Dubois. I need no more encouragement;
It is a work I will persuade myself
That I was born to.

Lav. And you may persuade yourself too that you shall be saved by it, being that it is for his honourable lordship.

Dubois. But you must yield me means, how, when, and where.

Lav. That shall be our tasks; nay, more, we will be agents with thee: This hour we are to meet him, on the receipt of certain monies, which indeed we purpose honestly to cheat him of,
And that's the main cause I would have him slain:
Who works with safety makes a double gain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Street.*

Enter LONGUEVILLE, AMIENS *following him.*

Ami. Stay, sir! I have took some pains to overtake you.
Your name is Longueville? [take you.

Long. I have the word
Of many honest men for't.—I crave your lordship's pardon!
Your sudden apprehension on my steps
Made me to frame an answer unwitting, and
Unworthy your respect.

Ami. Do you know me?

Long. Yes, my lord.

Ami. I know not you; nor am I well pleased to make
This time, as the affair now stands, the induction
Of your acquaintance. You are a fighting fellow?

Long. How, my lord?

Ami. I think I too much grace you;
Rather you are a fellow dares not fight,
But spit and puff and make a noise, whilst
Your trembling hand draws out your sword, to lay it
Upon andirons, stools, or tables, rather
Than on a man.

Long. Your honour may best speak this; yet,
With little safety, if I thought it serious.

Ami. Come, you're a very braggart;
And you have given me cause to tell you so;
What weakness have you ever seen in me
To prompt yourself, that I could need your help?
Or what other reasons could induce you to it?
You ne'er yet had a meal's meat from my table,
Nor as I remember, from my wardrobe
Any cast suit.

Long. 'Tis true.
I ne'er durst yet have yet such a servile spirit
To be the minion of a full-swoln lord,
But always did detest such slavery:
A meal's meat? or a cast suit? I would first eat the stones,
And from such rags the dunghill does afford
Pick me a garment.

Ami. I have mistook the man! His resolute spirit
Proclaims him generous; he has a noble heart,
As free to utter good deeds as to act them;
For had he not been right, and of one piece,
He would have crumpled, curl'd, and struck himself
Out of the shape of man into a shadow.—
But, pr'ythee tell me, if no such fawning hope
Did lead thee on to hazard life for my sake,
What was it that incited thee? tell me; speak it,
Without the imputation of a sycophant!

Long. Your own desert; and with it was join'd
The unfeigned friendship that I judged you ever
Held unto my former lord.

Ami. The noble Montague?

Long. Yes;
The noble and much-injured Montague.

Ami. To such a man as thou art, my heart shall be
A casket: I will lock thee up there,
And esteem thee as a faithful friend,
The richest jewel that a man enjoys:
And, being thou didst follow once my friend,
And in thy heart still dost, not with his fortunes
Casting him off thou shalt go hand in hand with me,
And share as well in my ability
As love: 'Tis not my end
To gain men for my use, but a true friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Street.*

Enter DUBOIS.

Dubois. There's no such thriving way to live in grace,

As to have no sense of it; his back nor belly
Shall not want warming, that can practise mis-
I walk now with a full purse, [chief:
Grow high and wanton, prune and brisk myself
In the bright shine of his good lordship's favours;
And for what virtue?
For fashioning myself a murderer.
Oh, noble Montague, to whom I owe my heart,
With all my best thoughts, though my tongue have promised
To exceed the malice of thy destiny,
Never in time of all my service knew I
Such a sin tempt thy bounty! those that did feed
Upon thy charge, had merit or else need.

Enter LAVERDINE *and* LA-POOP, *with disguises.*

Lav. Dubois! most prosperously met!

Dubois. How now? Will he come this way?

Lav. This way, immediately; therefore, thy assistance, dear Dubois!

Dubois. What, have you cheated him of the money you spoke of?

Lav. Fough! as easily as a silly country wench of her maidenhead; we had it in a twinkling.

Dubois. 'Tis well. Captain, let me help you; you must be our leader in this action.

La-P. Tut! fear not; I'll warrant you, if my sword hold, we'll make no sweating sickness of it.

Dubois. Why, that's well said. But let's retire a little, that we may come on the more bravely. This way, this way! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same.*

Enter MONTAGUE *in the Hands of three* Officers, *and three* Creditors.

1 *Cred.* Officers, look to him; and be sure you take good security before he part from you!

Mont. Why, but, my friends
You take a strange course with me! the sums I owe you
Are rather forgetfulness, (they are so slight,)
Than want of will or honesty to pay you.

1 *Cred.* Ay, sir, it may be so; but we must be paid, and we will be paid before you escape: we have wife and children, and a charge! and you are going down the wind, as a man may say; and therefore it behoves us to look to't in time.

2 *Cred.* Your cloak here would satisfy me; mine is not above a three-pound matter, besides the arrest.

3 *Cred.* 'Faith, and mine is much about that matter too; your girdle and hangers, and your beaver, shall be sufficient bail for't.

1 *Cred.* If you have ever a plain black suit at home, this silken one, with your silk stockings, garters, and roses, shall pacify me too; for I take no delight, if I have a sufficient pawn, to cast any gentleman in prison: therefore 'tis but an untrussing matter, and you are free. We are no unreasonable creatures, you see: For mine own part, I protest I am loth to put you to any trouble for security.

Mont. Is there no more of you? he would next demand my skin.

1 *Cred.* No, sir: here's no more of us, nor do any of us demand your skin; we know not what to do with it: But it may be, if you owed your glover any money, he knew what use to make of it.

Mont. Ye dregs of baseness, vultures amongst men,
That tire upon the hearts of generous spirits—

1 *Cred.* You do us wrong, sir; we tire no generous spirits; we tire nothing but our hacknies.

Enter MALLICORN.

Mont. But here comes one made of another
A man well meriting that free-born name [piece!
Of citizen.—Welcome, my deliverer!
I am fallen into the hands of blood-hounds, that
For a sum lesser than their honesties,
Which is nothing, would tear me out of my skin.

Mal. Why, sir, what is the matter?

1 *Cred.* Why, sir, the matter is, that we must have our money; which if we cannot have, we'll satisfy ourselves with his carcase, and be paid that ways.—You had as good, sir, not have been so peremptory.—Officer, hold fast!

1 *Officer.* The strenuous fist of vengeance now is clutch'd;
Therefore fear nothing!

Mal. What may be the debt in gross?

Mont. Some forty crowns; nay, rather not so
'Tis quickly cast. [much:

Mal. 'Tis strange to me, that your estate should have
So low an ebb, to stick at such slight sums.—
Why, my friends, you are too strict in your ac-
And call too sudden on this gentleman; [counts,
He has hopes left yet to pay you all.

1 *Cred.* Hopes? ay, marry! bid him pay his friends with hopes, and pay us with current coin! I knew a gallant once that fed his creditors still with hopes, and bid 'em they should fear nothing, for he had 'em tied in a string; and trust me, so he had indeed, for at last he and all his hopes hopt in a halter.

Mont. Good sir, with what speed you may, free me out of the company of these slaves, that have nothing but their names to shew 'em men.

Mal. What would you wish me do, sir? I protest I ha' not the present sum (small as it is) to lay down for you; and for giving my word, my friends, no later than yesternight, made me take bread and eat it, that I should not do it for any man breathing i' the world: Therefore I pray hold me excused!

Mont. You do not speak this seriously?

Mal. As ever I said my prayers, I protest to you.

Mont. What may I think of this?

Mal. 'Troth, sir, thought is free for any man; we abuse our betters in it; I have done it myself.

Mont. Trust me, this speech of yours doth much amaze me!
Pray leave this language; and out of that same
You lately did receive of me, lay down [sum
As much as may discharge me.

Mal. You are a merry man, sir; and I am glad you take your crosses so temperately. Fare you well, sir! And yet I have something more to say to you; a word in your ear, I pray! To be plain with you, I did lay this plot to arrest you, to enjoy this money I have of yours with the more safety. I am a fool to tell you this now; but, in good faith, I could not keep it in; and the money would ha' done me little good else. An honest citizen cannot wholly enjoy his own wife for you; they grow old before they have true use of them, which is a lamentable thing, and truly much har-

dens the hearts of us citizens against you. I can say no more, but am heartily sorry for your heaviness; and so I take my leave. [*Exit.*

1 *Cred.* Officers, take hold on him again! for Monsieur Mallicorn will do nothing for him, I perceive.

Enter DUBOIS, LA-POOP, *and* LAVERDINE.

Dubois. Nay, come, my masters, leave dancing of the old measures, and let's assault him bravely.

Lav. By no means; for it goes against my stomach to kill a man in an unjust quarrel.

La-P. It must needs be a clog to a man's conscience all his life-time.

Lav. It must indeed, captain: Besides, do you not see he has gotten a guard of friends about him, as if he had some knowledge of our purpose?

Dubois. Had he a guard of devils,
As I think them little better,
My sword should do the message that it came for.

Lav. If you will be so desperate, the blood lie upon your own neck, for we'll not meddle in't!

Dubois. I am your friend and servant; [*Apart to* MONTAGUE.] Struggle with me, and take my sword.—

[DUBOIS *runs upon* MONTAGUE, *and struggling yields him his Sword: the Officers draw, one of them falls;* LAVERDINE *and* LA-POOP *in the scuffling retire;* MONTAGUE *chaseth them off the Stage, himself wounded.*

Noble sir, make your way! You have slain an officer. [*Exit*

Mont. Some one of them has certainly requited me;
For I do lose much blood. [*Exit*

1 *Officer.* Udsprecious! We have lost a brother: Pursue the gentleman!

2 *Officer.* I'll not meddle with him: You see what comes on't; besides, I know he will be hang'd ere he be taken.

1 *Officer.* I tell thee, yeoman, he must be taken ere he be hang'd.—He is hurt in the guts; run afore therefore, and know how his wife will rate his sausages a-pound.

3 *Officer.* Stay, brother! I may live; for surely I find I am but hurt in the leg, a dangerous kick on the shin-bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Grove near the Country-house of* LAMIRA.

Enter LAMIRA, DUCHESS, *and* VERAMOUR.

Lam. You see, lady,
What harmless sports our country life affords;
And though you meet not here with city dainties,
Or courtly entertainment, what you have
Is free and hearty.

Duch. Madam, I find here
What is a stranger to the court, content;
And receive courtesies done for themselves,
Without an expectation of return,
Which binds me to your service.

Lam. Oh, your love!
My homely house, built more for use than show,
Observes the golden mean, equally distant
From glittering pomp, and sordid avarice:
For masques, we will observe the works of Nature;
And in the place of visitation, read;
Our physic shall be wholesome walks; our viands
Nourishing, not provoking: for I find
Pleasures are tortures that leave stings behind.

Duch. You have a great estate.

Lam. A competency
Sufficient to maintain me and my rank;
Nor am I, I thank Heaven, so courtly bred
As to employ the utmost of my rents
In paying tailors for fantastic robes;
Or, rather than be second in the fashion,
Eat out my officers and my revenues
With grating usury; my back shall not be
The base on which your soothing citizen
Erects his summer-houses; nor, on th' other side,
Will I be so penuriously wise,
As to make money, that's my slave, my idol;
Which yet to wrong, merits as much reproof,
As to abuse our servant.

Duch. Yet, with your pardon,
I think you want the crown of all contentment.

Lam. In what, good madam?

Duch. In a worthy husband.

Lam. God! it is strange the galley-slave should praise
His oar, or strokes; or you, that have made shipwreck
Of all delight upon this rock call'd Marriage,
Sould sing encomiums on't.

Duch. Madam, though one
Fall from his horse and break his neck, will you
Conclude from that it is unfit to ride?
Or must it follow, because Orleans,
My lord, is pleased to make his passionate trial
Of my suspected patience, that my brother
(Were he not so, I might say worthy Amiens)
Will imitate his ills, that cannot fancy
What's truly noble in him?

Lam. I must grant
There's as much worth in him as can be look'd for
From a young lord; but not enough to make
Me change my golden liberty, and consent
To be a servant to it, as wives are
To the imperious humours of their lords.
Methinks, I'm well: I rise and go to bed
When I think fit; eat what my appetite
Desires, without controul; my servants' study
Is my contentment, and to make me merry
Their farthest aims; my sleeps are inquired after,
My rising-up saluted with respect:
Command and liberty now wait upon
My virgin state; what would I more? change all,
And for a husband? no! these freedoms die,
In which they live, with my virginity:
'Tis in their choice, that's rich, to be a wife,
But not, being yoked, to chuse the single life.—
[Veramour!]

Ver. Madam.

Lam. How like you the country?

Ver. I like the air of it well, madam; and the rather, because, as on Irish timber your spider will

not make his web, so, for aught I see yet, your cheater, pandar, and informer, being in their dispositions too foggy for this piercing climate, shun it, and chuse rather to walk in mists in the city.

Lam. Who did you serve first, boy?

Ver. A rich merchant's widow; and was by her preferr'd to a young court-lady.

Duch. And what difference found you in their service?

Ver. Very much; for look, how much my old city madam gave to her young visitants, so much my lady received from her hoary court-servants.

Lam. And what made you leave her?

Ver. My father, madam, had a desire to have me a tall man, took me from thence.

Lam. Well, I perceive you inherit the wag from your father.

Ver. Doves beget doves, and eagles eagles, madam: A citizen here, though left never so rich, seldom at the best proves a gentleman; the son of an advocate, though dubb'd like his father, will shew a relish of his descent, and the father's thriving practice; as I have heard, she that of a chambermaid is metamorphosed into a madam, will yet remember how oft her [father's] daughter by her mother ventured to lie upon the rushes, before she could get in that which makes many ladies.

Duch. But what think you of your late master?

Ver. Oh, madam! [*Sighs.*

Lam. Why do you sigh? you are sorry that you left him;
He made a wanton of you.

Ver. Not for that;
Or if he did, for that my youth must love him.
Oh, pardon me, if I say liberty
Is bondage, if compared with his kind service;
And but to have power now to speak his worth
To its desert, I should be well content
To be an old man when his praise were ended;
And yet, if at this instant you were pleased
I should begin, the livery of age
Would take his lodging upon this head
Ere I should bring it to a period.
In brief, he is a man (for God forbid
That I should ever live to say he *was*)
Of such a shape as would make one beloved
That never had good thought; and to his body
He hath a mind of such a constant temper,
In which [all] virtues throng to have a room;
Yet 'gainst this noble gentleman, this Montague,
(For in that name I comprehend all goodness,)
Wrong, and the wrested law, false witnesses,
And Envy sent from hell, have rose in arms,
And, though not pierced, batter'd his honour'd shield.
What shall I say? I hope you will forgive me,
That if you were but pleased to love,
I know no Juno worthy such a Jove.

Enter CHARLOTTE *with a Letter.*

Lam. 'Tis well yet that I have the second place
In your affection.—From whence?

Charl. From the lord Amiens, madam.

Lam. 'Tis welcome, though it bear his usual language. [*Reads.*
I thought so much; his love-suit speaks his health.
What's he that brought it?

Charl. A gentleman of good rank, it seems.

Lam. Where is he?

Charl. Receiving entertainment in your house,
Sorting with his degree.

Lam. 'Tis well.

Charl. He waits
Your ladyship's pleasure.

Lam. He shall not wait long.—
I'll leave you for a while.—Nay, stay you, boy;
Attend the lady.

[*Exeunt* LAMIRA *and* CHARLOTTE.

Ver. 'Would I might live once
To wait on my poor master!

Duch. That's a good boy!
This thankfulness looks lovely on thy forehead;
And in it, as a book, methinks I read
Instructions for myself, that am his debtor,
And would do much that I might be so happy
To repair that which to our grief is ruined.

Ver. It were a work a king might glory in,
If he saw with my eyes. If you please, madam,
(For sure to me you seem unapt to walk)
To sit, although the churlish birds deny
To give us music in this grove, where they
Are prodigal to others, I'll strain my voice
For a sad song; the place is safe and private.

Duch. 'Twas my desire: Begin, good Veramour

Music, a Song; at the end of it, enter MONTAGUE *fainting his Sword drawn.*

Duch. What's he, Veramour?

Ver. A goodly personage.

Mont. Am I yet safe? or is my flight a dream?
My wounds and hunger tell me that I wake:
Whither have my fears borne me? No matter
Who hath no place to go to, cannot err. [where
What shall I do? Cunning Calamity,
That others' gross wits uses to refine,
When I most need it, dulls the edge of mine.

Duch. Is not this Montague's voice?

Ver. My master's? fy!

Mont. What sound was that? Pish!
Fear makes the wretch think every leaf o' th' jury.
What course to live? beg? better men have done
But in another kind: Steal? Alexander, [it,
Though styled a conqueror, was a proud thief,
Though he robb'd with an army. Fy, how idle
These meditations are! though thou art worse
Than sorrow's tongue can speak thee, thou art [still,
Or shouldst be, honest Montague.

Duch. 'Tis too true.

Ver. 'Tis he!
What villain's hands did this? Oh, that my flesh
Were balm! in faith, sir, I would pluck it off
As readily as this! Pray you accept
My will to do you service? I have heard
The mouse once saved the lion in his need,
As the poor scarab spoil'd the eagle's seed.

Duch. How do you?

Mont. As a forsaken man.

Duch. Do not say so! take comfort;
For your misfortunes have been kind in this,
To cast you on a hospitable shore,
Where dwells a lady——

Ver. She to whom, good master,
You preferr'd me.

Duch. In whose house, whatsoe'er
Your dangers are, I'll undertake your safety.

Mont. I fear that I'm pursued; and doubt
In my defence, have kill'd an officer. [that I.

Ver. Is that all? There's no law under the sun
But will, I hope, confess, one drop of blood

Shed from this arm is recompence enough,
Though you had cut the throats of all the catch-
In France, nay, in the world. [poles
Mont. I would be loth
To be a burden, or feed like a drone
On the industrious labour of a bee;
And baser far I hold it to owe for
The bread I eat, what's not in me to pay:
Then, since my [once] full fortunes are declined,
To their low ebb I'll fashion my high mind.
It was no shame to Hecuba, to serve
When Troy was fired: If't be in your power
To be a means to make her entertain me,
And far from that I was; but to supply
My want with habit fit for him that serves)
I shall owe much to you.
Duch. Leave that care to me.
Ver. Good sir, lean on my shoulder.—Help,
good madam!—
Oh, that I were a horse for half an hour,
That I might carry you home on my back!
I hope you will love me still?
Mont. Thou dost deserve it, boy.
That I should live to be thus troublesome!
Duch. Good sir, 'tis none.
Ver. Trouble? most willingly I would be changed
Like Apuleius, wear his ass's ear,
Provided I might still this burthen bear.
Duch. 'Tis a kind boy!
Mont. I find true proof of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—PARIS. *A Street before the Paluce of* Orleans.

Enter AMIENS *and* LONGUEVILLE, *with a Paper.*

Ami. You'll carry it?
Long. As I live, although my packet
Were like Bellerophon's. What have you seen
In me or my behaviour, since your favours
So plentifully shower'd upon my wants,
That may beget distrust of my performance?
Ami. Nay, be not angry! if I entertained
But the least scruple of your love, or courage,
I would make choice of one with my estate
Should do me right in this: Nor can you blame me,
If in a matter of such consequence
I am so importunate.
Long. Good my lord,
Let me prevent your further conjurations
To raise my spirit! I know this is a challenge
To be delivered unto Orleans' hand;
And that my undertaking ends not there,
But I must be your second, and in that
Not alone search your enemy, measure weapons,
But stand in all your hazards, as our bloods
Run in the self-same veins; in which if I
Better not your opinion, as a limb
That's putrified and useless cut me off,
And underneath the gallows bury it!
Ami. At full you understand me, and in this
Bind me, and what is mine, to you and yours:
I will not so much wrong you as to add
One syllable more; let it suffice I leave
My honour to your guard, and in that prove
You hold the first place in my heart and love!
[*Exit.*
Long. The first place in a lord's affection? very good! And how long doth that last? perhaps the changing of some three shirts in the tennis-court. Well, it were very necessary that an order were taken (if it were possible) that younger brothers might have more wit, or more money; for now, however the fool hath long been put upon him that inherits, his revenue hath bought him a spunge, and wiped off the imputation: and for the understanding of the younger, let him get as much rhetoric as he can, to grace his language, they will see he shall have gloss little enough to set out his bark.

Enter DUBOIS.

Stand, Dubois! Look about! is all safe?
Dubois. Approach not near me but with reve-
Laurel, and adorations! I have done [rence.
More than deserves a hundred thanks.
Long. How now? What's the matter?
Dubois. With this hand, only aided by this brain
Without an Orpheus' harp, redeem'd, from hell's
Three-headed porter, our Eurydice.
Long. Nay, pr'ythee, speak sense! this is like the stale braggart in a play.
Dubois. Then, in plain prose, thus, and with as little action as thou canst desire; the three-headed porter were three inexorable catchpoles, out of whose jaws, without the help of Orpheus' harp, bait or bribe, (for those two strings make the music that mollifies those flinty furies,) I rescued our Eurydice; I mean my old master Montague.
Long. And is this all? A poor rescue! I thought thou hadst reversed the judgment for his overthrow in his suit; or wrought upon his adversary Orleans, taken the shape of a ghost, frighted his mind into distraction, and, for the appeasing of his conscience, forced him to make restitution of Montague's lands, or such like. Rescued? 'Slight, I would have hired a chrocheteur for two cardecues to have done so much with his whip!
Dubois. You would, sir? And yet 'tis more than three on their foot cloths durst do for a sworn brother in a coach.
Long. Besides, what proofs of it? for aught I know this may be a trick; I had rather have him a prisoner, where I might visit him, and do him service, than not at all, or I know not where.
Dubois. Well, sir, the end will shew it. What's that? a challenge?
Long. Yes; where's Orleans? though we fight in jest, he must meet with Amiens in earnest.—Fall off! we are discover'd!—My horse, garçon, ha!
Dubois. Were it not in a house, and in his pre-
To whom I owe all duty—— [sence
Long. What would it do?
Prate, as it does; but be as far from striking,
As he that owes it, Orleans.
Dubois. How?
Long. I think thou art his porter,
Set here to answer creditors, that his lordship
Is not within, or takes the diet. I am sent,
And will grow here until I have an answer,
Not to demand a debt of money, but
To call him to a strict account for wrong
Done to the honours of a gentleman,
Which nothing but his heart-blood shall wash off.
Dubois. Shall I hear this?
Long. And more; that if I may not
Have access to him, I will fix this here
To his disgrace and thine——
Dubois. And thy life with it.
Long. Then have the copies of it pasted on posts,

Like pamphlet-titles, that sue to be sold;
Have his disgrace talk for tobacco-shops,
His picture baffled——

Dubois. All respect away!
Were't in a church—— [*Draw both.*

Long. This is the book I pray with.

Enter ORLEANS.

Orl. Forbear, upon your lives!

Long. What, are you roused? I hope your lordship can read (though he stain not his birth with scholarship.)—Doth it not please you now? If you are a right monsieur, muster up the rest of your attendance, which is a page, a cook, a pandar, coachman, and a footman, (in these days, a great lord's train) pretending I am unworthy to bring you a challenge; instead of answering it, have me kick d.

Dubois. If he does, thou deservest it.

Long. I dare you all to touch me! I'll not stand
What answer you? [still.

Orl. That thou hast done to Amiens
The office of a faithful friend, which I
Would cherish in thee, were he not my foe.
However, since on honourable terms
He calls me forth, say I will meet with him;
And by Dubois, ere sun-set, make him know
The time and place, my sword's length, and whatever
Scruple of circumstance he can expect.

Long. This answer comes unlook'd-for. Fare you well!
Finding your temper thus, 'would I had said less! [*Exit.*

Orl. Now comes thy love to the test.

Dubois. My lord, 'twill hold,
And in all dangers prove itself true gold. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Country. A Hall in* LAMIRA'S *House.*

Enter LAVERDINE, LA-POOP, MALLICORN, *and* Servant.

Serv. I will acquaint my lady with your coming. Please you repose yourselves here.

Mal. There's a tester;
Nay, now I am a wooer, I must be bountiful.

Serv. If you would have two three-pences for it, sir,
To give some of your kindred as you ride,
I'll see if I can get them; we use not
(Though servants) to take bribes. [*Exit.*

Lav. Then thou art unfit to be in office, either in court or city.

La-P. Indeed corruption is a tree, whose branches are of an unmeasurable length; they spread every where, and the dew that drops from thence hath infected some chairs and stools of authority.

Mal. Ah, captain, lay not all the fault upon officers; you know you can shark, though you be out of action, witness Montague!

Lav. Hang him! he's safe enough: you had a hand in it too, and have gained by him. But I wonder you citizens, that keep so many books, and take such strict accounts for every farthing due to you from others, reserve not so much as a memorandum for the courtesies you receive.

Mal. Would you have a citizen book those? Thankfulness is a thing we are not sworn to in our indentures; you may as well urge conscience.

Lav. Talk no more of such vanities! Montague is irrecoverably sunk: I would we had twenty more to send after him. The snake that would be a dragon, and have wings, must eat; and what implies that, but this, that in this cannibal age, he, that would have the suit of wealth must not care whom he feeds on? And, as I have heard, no flesh battens better than that of a professed friend; and he that would mount to honour, must not make dainty to use the head of his mother, back of his father, or neck of his brother, for ladders to his preferment: for but observe, and you shall find for the most part, cunning Villainy sit at a feast as principal guest, and innocent Honesty wait as a contemned servant with a trencher.

La-P. The ladies!

Enter MONTAGUE *bareheaded*, LAMIRA, DUCHESS, CHARLOTTE, *and* VERAMOUR.

Mont. Do you smell nothing?

Charl. Not I, sir.

Mont. The carrion of knaves is very strong in my nostrils.

Lav. We came to admire; and find Fame was a niggard,
Which we thought prodigal in your report,
Before we saw you.

Lam. Tush, sir! this courtship's old.

La-P. I'll fight for thee, sweet wench;
This is my tongue, and wooes for me.

Lam. Good man of war,
Hands off! if you take me, it must be by siege,
Not by an onset: And for your valour, I
Think that I have deserved few enemies,
And therefore need it not.

Mal. Thou needest nothing, sweet lady, but an obsequious husband; and where wilt thou find him, if not in the city?—We are true Muscovites to our wives, and are never better pleased than when they use us as slaves, bridle and saddle us: Have me! Thou shalt command all my wealth as thine own; thou shalt sit like a queen in my warehouse; and my factors, at the return with my ships, shall pay thee tribute of all the rarities of the earth; thou shalt wear gold, feed on delicates; the first peascods, strawberries, grapes, cherries, shall——

Lam. Be mine: I apprehend what you would say.
Those dainties, which the city pays so dear for,
The country yields for nothing, and as early;
And, credit me, your far-fet viands please not
My appetite better than those that are near hand.
Then, for your promised service and subjection
To all my humours when I am your wife,
(Which, as it seems, is frequent in the city)
I cannot find what pleasure they receive
In using their fond husbands like their maids:
But, of this, more hereafter! I accept
Your proffer kindly, and yours: My house stands open
To entertain you; take your pleasure in it,
And ease after your journey!

Duch. Do you note
The boldness of the fellows?

Lam. Alas, madam!
A virgin must in this be like a lawyer;
And as he takes all fees, she must hear all suitors;
The one for gain, the other for her mirth:
Stay with the gentlemen! we'll to the orchards.
[*Exeunt* LAMIRA, DUCHESS, VERAMOUR, *and* CHARLOTTE.

La-P. Pox! what art thou?

Mont. An honest man, though poor:

[*Puts on his hat.*

And look they like to monsters? are they so rare?

Lav. Rose from the dead?

Mal. Do you hear, monsieur Serviteur? Didst thou never hear of one Montague, a prodigal gull, that lives about Paris?

Mont. So, sir!

Lav. One that, after the loss of his main estate in a law-suit, bought an office in the court?

La-P. And should have letters of mart, to have the Spanish treasure as it came from the Indies? were not thou and he twins? Put off thy hat; let me see thy forehead.

Mont. Though you take privilege
To use your tongues, I pray you hold your fingers!
'Twas your base cozenage made me as I am;
And, were you somewhere else, I would take off
This proud film from your eyes, that will not let
Know I am Montague. [you

Enter LAMIRA *behind the Arras.*

Lam. I'll observe this better.

Lav. And art thou he? I will do thee grace; give me thy hand! I am glad thou hast taken so good a course: serve God, and please thy mistress; if I prove to be thy master, as I am very likely, I will do for thee.

Mal. 'Faith, the fellow's well-made for a serving-man, and will no doubt carry a chine of beef with a good grace.

La-P. Pr'ythee be careful of me in my chamber: I will remember thee at my departure.

Mont. All this I can endure, under this roof;
And so much owe I her, whose now I am,
That no wrong shall incense me to molest
Her quiet house. While you continue here,
I will not be ashamed to do you service
More than to her, because such is her pleasure.
But you that have broke thrice, and fourteen times
Compounded for two shillings in the pound,
Know I dare kick you in your shop! Do you hear?
If ever I see Paris, though an army
Of musty murrions, rusty brown bills and clubs,
Stand for your guard—I have heard of your tricks.
And you that smell of amber at my charge,
And triumph in your cheat—well, I may live
To meet thee! be it among a troop of such
That are upon the fair face of the court
Like running ulcers, and before thy whore,
Trample upon thee!

La-P. This a language for a livery? take heed; I am a captain.

Mont. A coxcomb, are you not? that thou and I,
To give proof which of us dares most, were now
In midst of a rough sea, upon a piece
Of a split ship, where only one might ride,
I would—but foolish anger makes me talk
Like a player! [LAMIRA *from the Arras.*

Lam. Indeed, you act a part doth ill become you,
My servant; is this your duty?

Mont. I crave your pardon,
And will hereafter be more circumspect.

Lav. Oh, the power of a woman's tongue! It hath done more than we three with our swords durst undertake; put a madman to silence.

Lam. Why, sirrah, these are none of your comrades,
To drink with in the cellar; one of those,
For aught you know, may live to be your master.

La-P. There's some comfort yet.

Lam. Here's choice of three: A wealthy merchant——

Mal. Hem! she is taken: she hath spied my good calf, and many ladies chuse their husbands by that.

Lam. A courtier that's in grace; a valiant captain;
And are these mates for you? Away, begone!

Mont. I humbly pray you will be pleased to pardon!
And to give satisfaction to you, madam,
(Although I break my heart) I will confess
That I have wrong'd them too, and make submission.

Lam. No; I'll spare that. Go bid the cook haste supper. [*Exit* MONTAGUE.

La-P. Oh, brave lady, thou art worthy to have servants, to be commandress of a family, that knowest how to use and govern it.

Lav. You shall have many mistresses that will so mistake, as to take their horse-keepers and footmen instead of their husbands; thou art none of those.

Mal. But she that can make distinction of men, and knows when she hath gallants and fellows of rank and quality in her house——

Lam. Gallants indeed, if it be the gallants' fashion
To triumph in the miseries of a man,
Of which they are the cause! one that transcends
(In spite of all that Fortune hath, or can be done)
A million of such things as you!—My doors
Stand open to receive all such as wear
The shape of gentlemen; and my gentlier nature
(I might say weaker) weighs not the expence
Of entertainment: Think you I'll forget yet
What's due unto myself? do not I know,
That you have dealt with poor Montague, but like
Needy commanders, cheating citizens,
And perjured courtiers? I am much moved, else use not
To say so much. If you will bear yourselves
As fits such you would make me think you are,
You may stay; if not, the way lies before you.

[*Exit.*

Mal. What think you of this, captain?

La-P. That this is a bawdy-house, with pinnacles and turrets, in which this disguised Montague goes to rut *gratis*; and that this is a landed pandress, and makes her house a brothel for charity.

Mal. Come, that's no miracle; but from whence derive you the supposition?

Lav. Observe but the circumstance! You all know, that in the height of Montague's prosperity, he did affect, and had his love returned by, this lady Orleans: since her divorcement, and his decay of estate, 'tis known they have met; not so much as his boy is wanting; and that this can be anything else than a mere plot for their nightwork, is above my imagination to conceive.

Mal. Nay, it carries probability: let's observe it better; but yet with such caution, as our prying be not discovered! here's all things to be had without cost, and therefore good staying here.

La-P. Nay, that's true; I would we might woo her twenty years, like Penelope's suitors. Come, Laverdine! [*Exeunt* MALLICORN *and* LA-POOP.

Lav. I follow instantly.—Yonder he is. The thought of this boy hath much cooled my affection to this lady; and by all conjectures this is a disguised whore: I'll try if I can search this mine.—

Enter VERAMOUR.

Page!

Ver. Your pleasure, sir?

Lav. Thou art a pretty boy.

Ver. And you a brave man: now I am out of your debt. [*Going.*

Lav. Nay, pr'ythee stay!

Ver. I am in haste, sir.

Lav. By the faith of a courtier——

Ver. Take heed what you say! you have taken a strange oath.

Lav. I have not seen a youth that hath pleased me better: I would thou couldst like me, so far as to leave thy lady and wait on me! I would maintain thee in the bravest clothes——

Ver. Though you took them up on trust, or bought them at the broker's?

Lav. Or any way. Then thy employments should be so neat and cleanly—thou shouldst not touch a pair of pantables in a month; and thy lodging—

Ver. Should be in a brothel.

Lav. No; but in mine arms.

Ver. That may be the circle of a bawdy-house, or worse.

Lav. I mean thou shouldst lie with me.

Ver. Lie with you? I had rather lie with my lady's monkey! 'twas never a good world since our French lords learned of the Neapolitans to make their pages their bedfellows; it doth more hurt to the suburb ladies than twenty dead vacations. 'Tis supper-time, sir. [*Exit.*

Lav. I thought so! I know by that 'tis a woman; for because peradventure she hath made trial of the monkey, she prefers him before me, as one unknown: Well,

These are strange creatures, and have strange desires;
And men must use strange means to quench strange fires. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the same.*

Enter MONTAGUE *alone, in mean habit.*

Mont. Now, Montague! who discerns thy spirit now,
Thy breeding, or thy blood? here's a poor cloud
Eclipseth all thy splendour: Who can read
In thy pale face, dead eye, or Lenten suit,
The liberty thy ever-giving hand
Hath bought for others, manacling itself
In gyves of parchment indissoluble?
The greatest-hearted man, supplied with means,
Nobility of birth, and gentlest parts,
Ay, though the right-hand of his sovereign,
If Virtue quit her seat in his high soul,
Glitters but like a palace set on fire,
Whose glory, whilst it shines, but ruins him;
And his bright show, each hour to ashes tending,
Shall at the last be raked up like a sparkle,
Unless men's lives and fortunes feed the flame.
Not for my own wants, though, blame I my stars,
But suffering others to cast love on me,
When I can neither take, nor thankful be:
My lady's woman, fair and virtuous,
Young as the present month, solicits me
For love and marriage; now, being nothing worth—

Enter VERAMOUR.

Ver. Oh, master! I have sought you a long hour:
'Good faith, I never joy'd out of your sight!
For God's sake, sir, be merry, or else bear
The buffets of your fortunes with more scorn!
Do but begin to rail; teach me the way,
And I'll sit down, and help your anger forth.
I have known you wear a suit full worth a lordship;
Give to a man, whose need ne'er frighted you
From calling of him *friend*, five hundred crowns,
Ere sleep had left your senses to consider
Your own important present uses: Yet,
Since, I have seen you with a trencher wait,
Void of all scorn; therefore I'll wait on you.

Mont. 'Would God thou wert less honest!

Ver. 'Would to God
You were less worthy! I am even wi' ye, sir.

Mont. Is not thy master strangely fallen, when
Serv'st for no wages, but for charity? [thou
Thou dost surcharge me with thy plenteous love;
The goodness of thy virtue shewn to me,
More opens still my disability
To quit thy pains: Credit me, loving boy,
A free and honest nature may be oppressed,
Tired with courtesies from a liberal spirit,
When they exceed his means of gratitude.

Ver. But 'tis a due in him that, to that end,
Extends his love or duty.

Mont. Little world
Of virtue, why dost love and follow me?

Ver. I will follow you through all countries;
I'll run (fast as I can) by your horse-side,
I'll hold your stirrup when you do alight,
And without grudging wait till you return:
I will quit offer'd means, and expose myself
To cold and hunger, still to be with you;
Fearless I'll travel through a wilderness;
And when you are weary, I will lay me down,
That in my bosom you may rest your head;
Where, whilst you sleep, I'll watch, that no wild beast
Shall hurt or trouble you; and thus we'll breed
A story to make every hearer weep,
When they discourse our fortunes and our loves.

Mont. Oh, what a scoff might men of women make,
If they did know this boy!—But my desire
Is, that thou wouldst not (as thou usest still,
When, like a servant, I 'mong servants sit)
Wait on my trencher, fill my cups with wine:
Why shouldst thou do this boy? pr'ythee, con-
I am not what I was. [sider,

Ver. Curs'd be the day

When I forget that Montague was my lord,
Or not remember him my master still!

Mont. Rather curse me, with whom thy youth hath spent
So many hours, and yet untaught to live
By any worldly quality.

Ver. Indeed
You never taught me how to handle cards,
To cheat and cozen men with oaths and lies;
Those are the worldly qualities to live:
Some of our scarlet gallants teach their boys
These worldly qualities.
Since stumbling Fortune then leaves Virtue thus,
Let me leave Fortune, ere be vicious!

Mont. Oh, lad, thy love will kill me!

Ver. In truth,
I think in conscience I shall die for you.
Good master, weep not! do you want aught, sir?
Will you have any money? here's some silver,
And here's a little gold; 'twill serve to play,
And put more troublesome thoughts out of your mind:
I pray, sir, take it! I'll get more with singing,
And then I'll bring it you: My lady ga't me;
And, by my soul, it was not covetousness,
But I forgot to tell you sooner on't.

Mont. Alas, boy, thou art not bound to tell it me,
And less to give it; buy thee scarfs and garters!
And when I have money, I'll give thee a sword:
Nature made thee a beauteous cabinet,
To lock up all the goodness of the earth.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Ver. I have lost my voice with the very sight of this gentlewoman! Good sir, steal away! you were wont to be a curious avoider of women's company.

Mont. Why, boy, thou dar'st trust me any where, dar'st thou not?

Ver. I had rather trust you by a roaring lion, than a ravening woman.

Mont. Why, boy?

Ver. Why, truly, she devours more man's flesh.

Mont. Ay, but she roars not, boy.

Ver. No, sir? why she is never silent but when her mouth is full.

Charl. Monsieur Montague!

Mont. My sweet fellow! since you please to call me so.

Ver. Ah, 'my conscience, she would be pleased well enough to call you bed-fellow. Oh, master, do not hold her by the hand so! A woman is a lime-bush, that catcheth all she toucheth.

Charl. I do most dangerously suspect this boy to be a wench: Art thou not one? Come hither, let me feel thee.

Ver. With all my heart.

Charl. Why dost thou pull off thy glove?

Ver. Why, to feel whether you be a boy, or no.

Charl. Fy, boy! go to! I'll not look your head, nor comb your locks any more, if you talk thus.

Ver. Why, I'll sing to you no more then.

Charl. Fy upon't, how sad you are! A young gentleman that was the very sun of France—

Mont. But I am in the eclipse now.

Charl. Suffer himself to be o'er-run with a lethargy of melancholy and discontent:
Rouse up thy spirit, man, and shake it off:
A noble soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.
I would turn a fool, or poet, or anything, or marry, to make you merry: Pr'ythee let's walk!—Good Veramour, leave thy master and me; I have earnest business with him.

Ver. Pray do you leave my master and me! we were very merry before you came. He does not covet women's company: What have you to do with him?—Come, sir, will you go? and I'll sing to you again.—I'faith, his mind is stronger than to credit women's vows, and too pure to be capable of their loves.

Charl. The boy is jealous. Sweet lad, leave us! my lady call'd for you, I swear: That's a good child! there is a piece of gold for thee; go, buy a feather!

Ver. There's two pieces for you; do you go and buy one, or what you will, or nothing, as you go!—Nay then, I see you would have me go, sir! why, i'faith I will, now I perceive you love her better than you do me: But, God bless you! Whatever you do, or intend, I know you are a very honest man! [*Exit.*

Charl. Still shall I woo thee, whilst thy ears reply
I cannot, or I will not marry thee?
Why hast thou drawn the blood out of my cheeks,
And given a quicker motion to my heart?
Oh, thou hast bred a fever in my veins,
Call'd Love, which no physician can cure!
Have mercy on a maid, whose simple youth——

Mont. How your example, fairest, teacheth me
A ceremonious idolatry! [*Aside.*
By all the joy of love, I love thee better
Than I or any man can tell another!
And will express the mercy which thou craves;
I will forbear to marry thee. Consider,
Thou art Nature's heir in feature, and thy parents'
In fair inheritances: Rise with these thoughts,
And look on me; but with a woman's eye:
A decayed fellow, void of means and spirit.

Charl. Of spirit?

Mont. Yes; [else] could I tamely live,
Forget my father's blood, wait, and make legs,
Stain my best breeches with the servile drops
That fall from others' draughts?

Charl. This vizard wherewith thou wouldst hide thy spirit
Is perspective, to shew it plainlier:
This undervalue of thy life, is but
Because I should not buy thee. What more speaks
Greatness of man than valiant patience,
That shrinks not under his fate's strongest stroke?
These Roman deaths, as falling on a sword,
Opening of veins, with poison quenching thirst,
Which we erroneously do style the deeds
Of the heroic and magnanimous man,
Was dead-eyed Cowardice, and white-cheek'd Fear;
Who doubting Tyranny, and fainting under
Fortune's false lottery, desperately run [stint,
To Death, for dread of Death; that soul's most
That, bearing all mischance, dares last it out.
Will you perform your word, and marry me,
When I shall call you to't?

Mont. I'faith, I will.

Enter LONGUEVILLE, *with a Riding-rod.*

Charl. Who's this alights here?

Long. With leave, fair creature,
Are you the lady-mistress of the house?

Charl. Her servant, sir,
Long. I pray then favour me,
To inform your lady, and duke Orleans' wife,
A business of import waits 'em here,
And craves for speedy answer.
Charl. Are you in post, sir?
Long. No; I am in sattin, lady;
I would you would be in post.
Charl. I will return, sweet. [*Exit.*
Long. Honest friend, do you belong to the
I pray be cover'd. [house?
Mont. Yes, sir, I do.
Long. Ha! dream'st thou, Longueville?
Sure 'tis not he!—Sir, I should know you.
Mont. So should I you, but that I am ashamed:
But, though thou know'st me, pr'ythee, Longueville,
Mock not my poverty! Pray remember yourself:
Shews it not strangely for thy clothes to stand
Without a hat to mine? Mock me no more.
Long. The pox embroider me all over, sir,
If ever I began to mock you yet.
The plague upon me, why should I wear velvet
And silver lace? 'Sdeath, I will tear it off.
Mont. Why, madman?
Long. Put on my hat? Yes, when I'm hanged
Pox! I could break my head, [I will!
For holding eyes that knew not you at first!
But, Time and Fortune, run your courses with him;
He'll laugh and storm you, when you shew most hate!

Enter LAMIRA, DUCHESS, LAVERDINE, LA-POOP, MALLICORN, VERAMOUR, *and* CHARLOTTE.

Lam. You are a fair monsieur.
Long. Do you mock me, lady?
Lam. Your business, sir, I mean.
Duch. Regard yourself, good monsieur Longueville!
Lam. You are too negligent of yourself and
Cover your head, sweet monsieur! [place;
Long. Mistake me not, fair ladies;
'Tis not to you, nor you, that I stand bare.
Lav. Nay, sweet dear monsieur, let it be not to
La-P. A pox of compliment! [us then!
Mont. And pox of manners!
Pray hide your head; your gallants use to do't.
Long. And you your foreheads! Why, you needful accessary rascals,
That cannot live without your mutual knaveries,
More than a bawd, a pandar, or a whore,
From one another, how dare you suspect
That I stand bare to you? What make you here?—
Shift your house, lady, of 'em; for I know 'em;
They come to steal [your] napkins, and your spoons:
Look to your silver bodkin, gentlewoman.
'Tis a dead utensil; and, page, beware your pockets!
My reverence is unto this man, my master;
Whom you, with protestations and oaths,
As high as Heaven and as deep as Hell, which
Deceive the wisest man of honest nature, [would
Have cozen'd and abused: But, I may meet you,
And beat you one with th' other!
Mont. Peace! no more!
Long. Not a word, sir.
Lav. I am something thick of hearing;
What said he?
La-P. I hear him, but regard him not.
Mal. Nor I; I am never angry fasting.
Long. My love
Keeps back my duty. Noblest lady, if
Husband, or brother, merit love from you,
Prevent their dangers! this hour brings to trial
Their hereto-sleeping hates: By this time, each
Within a yard is of the other's heart;
And met to prove their causes and their spirits
With their impartial swords' points: Haste and save,
Or never meet them more, but at the grave!
Duch. Oh, my distracted heart! that my wreck'd honour
Should for a brother's, or a husband's life,
Through thy undoing, die!
Lam. Amiens engaged?
If he miscarry, all my hopes and joys,
I now confess it loudly, are undone:
Caroch, and haste! one minute may betray
A life more worth than all time can repay.
[*Exeunt* Ladies *and* MONTAGUE.
Mal. Humph! monsieur Laverdine pursues this boy extremely.—Captain, what will you do?
La-P. Anything but follow to this land-service; I am a sea-captain, you know, and to offer to part 'em, without we could do't like watermen with long staves, a quarter of a mile off, might be dangerous.
Mal. Why then, let's retire and pray for 'em! I am resolved to stop; your intent? Abused more than we have been we cannot be, without they fall to flat beating on's. [*Exeunt* MALLICORN *and* LA-POOP.
Lav. And that were unkindly done, i'faith.
Ver. Curse me, but you are the troublesomest ass that e'er I met with! Retire! you smell like a woman's chamber, that's newly up, before she has pinched her vapours in with her clothes.
Lav. I will haunt thee like thy grandame's ghost; thou shalt never rest for me!
Ver. Well, I perceive 'tis vain to conceal a secret from you; Believe it, sir, indeed I'm a woman.
Lav. Why, la! I knew't; this prophetical tongue of mine never fail'd me: My mother was half a witch; never anything that she forespake but came to pass. A woman! how happy am I! Now we may lawfully come together, without fear of hanging! Sweet wench, be gracious! In honourable sort I woo, no otherwise.
Ver. 'Faith, the truth is, I have loved you long—
Lav. See, see!
Ver. But durst not open it:
Lav. By Heaven, I think so!
Ver. But briefly, when you bring it to the test, if there be not one gentleman in this house will challenge more interest in me than you can, I am at your disposure. [*Exit.*
Lav. Oh, Fortunatus, I envy thee not
For cap, or pouch! this day I'll prove my fortune,
In which your lady doth elect her husband,
Who will be Amiens; 'twill save my wedding-dinner:
Pauvre La-Poop and Mallicorn! If all fail,
I will turn citizen: A beauteous wife
Is the horn-book to the richest tradesman's life.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A Field before the Gates of* PARIS.

Enter DUBOIS, ORLEANS, LONGUEVILLE, AMIENS, *two* Lacquies, *a* Page *with two Pistols.*

Dubois. Here's a good even piece of ground, my lords:
Will you fix here?

Orl. Yes; any where.—Lacquey,
Take off my spurs!—Upon a bridge, a rail,
But my sword's breadth, upon a battlement,
I'll fight this quarrel!
Dubois. O' the ropes, my lord?
Orl. Upon a line.
Dubois. So all our country duels
Are carried like a firework on a thread.
Orl. Go, now; stay with the horses! And, do you hear?
Upon your lives, till some of us come to you,
Dare not to look this way!
Dubois. Except you see
Strangers or others, that, by chance or purpose,
Are like to interrupt us.
Orl. Then give warning.
Long. Who takes a sword? The advantage is so small,
As he that doubts hath the free leave to chuse.
Orl. Come, give me any, and search me: 'Tis not
The ground, weapon, or seconds, that can make
Odds in those fatal trials, but the cause.
Ami. Most true; and, but it is no time to wish
When men are come to do, I would desire
The cause 'twixt us were other than it is;
But where the right is, there prevail our swords!
And if my sister have out-lived her honour,
I do not pray I may out-live her shame.
Orl. Your sister, Amiens, is a whore, at once!
Ami. You oft have spoke that sense to me before,
But never in this language, Orleans:
And when you spoke it fair, and first, I told you
That it was possible you might be abused:
But now, since you forget your manners, you shall
If I transgress my custom, you do lie! [find,
And are a villain! which I had rather yet
My sword had proved, than I been forced to speak.—
Nay, give us leave!—And since you stand so haughtily
And highly on your cause, let you and I,
Without engaging these two gentlemen,
Singly determine it!
Long. My lord, you'll pardon us!
Dubois. I trust your lordships may not do us
Ami. As how? [that affront.
Dubois. We kiss your lordship's hand, and come
You here with swords. [to serve
Long. My lord, we understand ourselves.
Dubois. We have had the honour to be call'd
The business, and we must not now quit it [unto
On terms.
Ami. Not terms of reason?
Long. No;
No reason for the quitting of our calling.
Dubois. True;
If I be call'd to't, I must ask no reason.
Long. Nor hear none neither, which is less:
It is a favour if my throat be cut,
Your lordship does me; which I never can
Nor must have hope how to requite.—What noise?
[*A noise within crying*, Down with their swords!
What cry is that? My lord, upon your guard!
Some treachery is afoot.

Enter Duchess, Lasira, *and* Montague.

Duch. Oh, here they are!
My lord—Dear lady, help me! help me all!
I have so woeful interest in both,
I know not which to fear for most; and yet
I must prefer my lord.—Dear brother,
You are too understanding, and too noble,
To be offended when I know my duty,
Though scarce my tears will let me see to do it.
Orl. Out, loathed strumpet!
Duch. Oh, my dearest lord,
If words could on me cast the name of whore,
I then were worthy to be loathed: But,
Know your unkindness cannot make me wicked;
And therefore should less use that power upon me.
Orl. Was this your art, to have these actors come,
To make this interlude? Withdraw, cold man!
And, if thy spirit be not frozen up,
Give me one stroke yet at thee for my vengeance!
Ami. Thou shalt have strokes, and strokes, thou glorious man,
Till thou breath'st thinner air than that thou talk'st.
Lam. My lord! count Amiens!
Duch. Princely husband!
Orl. Whore!
Lam. You wrong her, impudent lord! Oh, that I had
The bulk of those dull men! look, how they stand,
And no man will revenge an innocent lady!
Ami. You hinder it, madam.
Lam. I would hinder you;
Is there none else to kill him?
Duch. Kill him, madam!
Have you learn'd that bad language? Oh, repent,
And be the motive rather both kill me.
Orl. Then die, my infamy! [*Runs at her.*
Mont. Hold, bloody man!
Orl. Art thou there, basilisk?
Mont. To strike thee dead,
But that thy fate deserves some weightier hand.
Dubois. Sweet my lord!
Orl. Oh, here's a plot!
You bring your champions with you! the adulterous
With the adulterer! Out, howling——
Dubois. Good my lord!
Orl. Are you her grace's countenancer, lady,
The receiver to the poor vicious couple?
Dubois. Sweet my lord!
Orl. Sweet rascal, didst thou not tell me false
This Montague here was murder'd? [fellow,
Dubois. I did so;
But he was falser, and a worthless lord,
Like thy foul self, that would have had it so.
Long. Orleans, 'tis true; and shall be proved upon thee.
Mont. Thy malice, duke, and this thy wicked
Are all as visible as thou; but I, [nature,
Born to contemn thy injuries, do know,
That though thy greatness may corrupt a jury
And make a judge afraid, and carry out
A world of evils with thy title, yet
Thou art not quiet at home: thou bear'st alarm thee
That that doth charge thee, and condemn thee too.
The thing that grieves me more, and doth indeed
Displease me, is, to think that so much baseness
Stands here to have encounter'd so much honour.
Pardon me, my lord, what late my passion spake,
When you provoked my innocence!
Orl. Yes, do!
Oh, flattery becomes him better than
The suit he wears; give him a new one, Amiens!
Ami. Orleans,

'Tis here no time nor place to jest or rail
Poorly with you; but I will find a time to
Whisper you forth to this, or some fit place,
As shall not hold a second interruption.
Mont. I hope your lordship's honour and your
Are destined unto higher hazards; this [life
Is of a meaner arm.
Dubois. Yes, faith, or none.
Long. He is not fit to fall by an honest sword:
A prince, and lie?
Dubois. And slander? and hire men
To publish the false rumours he hath made?
Long. And stick 'em on his friends and innocents?
Dubois. And practise 'gainst their lives after their fames?
Long. In men that are the matter of all lewdness,
Bawds, thieves, and cheaters, it were monstrous!
Dubois. But in a man of blood how more con-
Ami. Can this be? [spicuous!
Duch. They do slander him.
Orl. Hang them, a pair of railing hang-by's!
Long. How! Stand, Orleans! stay! Give me my pistols, boy!
Hinder me not! by Heaven, I will kill him!
Duch. Oh, stay his fury!
Ami. Longueville, my friend!
Long. Not for myself, my lord, but for mankind,
And all that have an interest to virtue,
Or title unto innocence.
Ami. Why, hear me!
Long For Justice' sake——
Ami. That cannot be.
Long. To punish
His wife's, your honour, and my lord's wrongs here,
Whom I must ever call so: For your loves,
I swear, I'll sacrifice——
Ami. Longueville,
I did not think you a murderer before.
Long. I care not what you thought me!
Ami. By Heaven, if thou attempt
His life, thy own is forfeit!
Mont. Foolish frantic man,
The murder will be of us, not him.
Duch. Oh, God!
Mont. We could have kill'd him, but we would
The justice out of Fate's—— [not take
Singe but a hair of him, thou diest!
Long. No matter. [*Shoots.*
Ami. Villain! [*The* Duchess *falls.*
Dubois. My lord, your sister's slain.
Ami. Bianca!
Mont. Oh, hapless and most wretched chance!
Lam. Stand'st thou [*To* Orleans.
Looking upon the mischief thou hast made,
Thou godless man, feeding thy blood-shot eyes
With the red spectacle, and art not turn'd
To stone with horror? Hence, and take the wings
Of thy black infamy, to carry thee
Beyond the shoot of looks, or sound of curses,
Which will pursue thee till thou hast out-fled
All but thy guilt.
Orl. Oh, wish it off again; for I am crack'd
Under the burden, and my heart will break.
How heavy guilt is, when men come to feel!
If you could know the mountain I sustain
With horror, you would each take off your part,
And more, to ease me. I cannot stand! forgive
Where I have wronged, I pray! [*Falls.*
Ami. Look to him, Montague.
Long. My lords and gentlemen, the lady is
Well, but for fear; unless that have shot her:
I have the worst of it, that needs would venture
Upon a trick had like to ha' cost my guts.
Look to her! she'll be well: It was but powder
I charged with, thinking that a guilty man
Would have been frighted sooner; but I am glad
He's come at last.
Lam. How is Bianca? well?
Ami. Lives she? See! Sister!—Doth she breathe?
Duch. Oh, gentlemen, think you I can breathe,
That am restored to the hateful sense
Of feeling in me my dear husband's death?
Oh, no, I live not; life was that I left,
And what you have call'd me to is death indeed:
I cannot weep so fast as he doth bleed!
Dubois. Pardon me, madam; he is well.
Duch. Ha! my husband?
Orl. I cannot speak whether my joy or shame
Be greater; but I thank the Heavens for both.
Oh, look not black upon me, all my friends!
To whom I will be reconciled, or grow
Unto this earth, till I have wept a trench
That shall be great enough to be my grave;
And I will think them too most manly tears,
If they do move your pities. It is true,
Man should do nothing that he should repent;
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault if he be not truly.
Lam. My lord, such sorrow cannot be suspected:
Here, take your honour'd wife, and join your hands.
She hath married you again!
And, gentlemen, I do invite you all
This night to take my house; where, on the mor-
To heighten more the reconciling feast, [row,
I'll make myself a husband and a guest. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lamira's *Country-House.*

Enter Montague *and* Charlotte.

Charl. Well, now, I am sure you're mine.
Mont. I am sure I'm glad
I have one to own then: You will find me honest,
As these days go, enough; poor without question,
Which beggars hold a virtue; give me meat
And I shall do my work, else knock my shoes off,
And turn me out again.
Charl. You are a merry fellow.
Mont. I have no great cause.
Charl. Yes, thy love to me.
Mont. That's as we make our game.
Charl. Why, you repent then?
Mont. Faith, no; worse than I am I cannot be;
Much better I expect not: I shall love you,

And, when you bid me go to bed, obey,
Lie still or move, as you shall minister;
Keep a four-nobles nag, and a Jack-Merlin,
Learn to love ale, and play at two-hand Irish;
And there's then all I aim at.
Charl. Nay, sweet fellow,
I'll make it something better.
Mont. If you do, you'll make me worse:
Now I am poor, and willing to do well,
Hold me in that course! of all the king's creatures,
I hate his coin; keep me from that, and save me!
For if you chance, out of your housewifery,
To save a hundred pound or two, bestow it
In plumb-broth ere I know it, else I take it;
Seek out a hundred men that want this money,
Share it among 'em, they'll cry *noble Montague!*
And so I stand again at livery!
Charl. You have pretty fancies, sir; but mar-
This charity will fall home to yourself. [ried once,
Mont. I would it would! I am afraid my loose-
ness
Is yet scarce stopt, though it have nought to work
But the mere air of what I have had. [on
Charl. Pretty!
Mont. I wonder, sweetheart, why you'll marry
I can see nothing in myself deserves it, [me;
Unless the handsome wearing of a band,
For that's my stock now, or a pair of garters,
Necessity will not let me lose.
Charl. I see, sir,
A great deal more; a handsome man, a husband,
To make a right good woman truly happy.
Mont. Lord, where are my eyes? Either you
are foolish,
As wenches once a-year are, or far worse,
Extremely virtuous: Can you love a poor man
That relies on cold meat and cast stockings,
One only suit to his back, which now is mewing,
But what will be the next coat will pose Tristrem!
If I should levy from my friends a fortune,
I could not raise ten groats to pay the priest now.
Charl. I'll do that duty: 'Tis not means nor
money
Makes me pursue your love! were your mind
I would never love you. [bankrupt,

Enter LAMIRA.

Mont. Peace, wench! here's my lady.
Lam. Nay, never shrink I th' wetting, for my
Do ye find her willing, Montague? [presence!
Mont. Willing, madam!
Lam. How dainty you make of it! Do not I
You two love one another? [know
Mont. Certain, madam,
I think you have revelations of these matters:
Your ladyship cannot tell me when I kiss'd her.
Lam. But she can, sir.
Mont. But she will not, madam;
For when they talk once, 'tis like fairy-money,
They get no more close kisses.
Lam. Thou art wanton.
Mont. God knows I need not; yet I would be
lusty;
But, by my soul, my provender scarce pricks me.
Lam. It shall be mended, Montague: I am glad
You are grown so merry.
Mont. So am I too, madam.
Lam. You two will make a pretty handsome
consort.
Mont. Yes, madam, if my fiddle fail me not.
Lam. Your fiddle! why your fiddle? I warrant,
thou mean'st madly.
Mont. Can you blame me! Alas, I am in love!
Charl. 'Tis very well, sir!
Lam. How long have you been thus?
Mont. How? thus in love?
Lam. You are very quick, sir! No;
I mean thus pleasant.
Mont. By Heaven, ever since I was poor.
Lam. A little wealth would change you then!
Mont. Yes, lady,
Into another suit, but never more
Into another man; I'll bar that mainly.
The wealth I get henceforward shall be charm'd
For ever hurting me; I'll spend it fasting.
As I live, noble lady, there is nothing,
I have found, directly cures the melancholy,
But want and wedlock: When I had store of
money,
I simper'd sometime, and spoke wond'rous wise,
But never laugh'd out-right; now I am empty,
My heart sounds like a bell, and strikes at both
sides.
Lam. You are finely temper'd, Montague.
Mont. Pardon, lady,
If any way my free mirth have offended!
'Twas meant to please you; if it prove too saucy,
Give it a frown, and I am ever silenced.
Lam. I like it passing well; pray follow it!
This is my day of choice, and shall be yours too;
'Twere pity to delay you. Call to the steward,
And tell him 'tis my pleasure he should give you
Five hundred crowns; make yourself handsome,
Montague;
Let none wear better clothes; 'tis for my credit:
But pray be merry still!
Mont. If I be not,
And make a fool of twice as many hundreds,
Clap me in canvas, lady! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another in the same*

Enter LA-POOP, LAVERDINE, *and* MALLICORN.

Lav. I am strangely glad I have found the
mystery
Of this disguis'd boy out; I ever trusted
It was a woman, and how happily
I have found it so! and for myself, I am sure,
One that would offer me a thousand pound now
(And that's a pretty sum to make one stagger)
In ready gold for this concealment, could not
Buy my hope of her. She's a dainty wench,
And such a one I find I want extremely,
To bring me into credit: Beauty does it.
Mal. Say we should all meach here, and stay
the feast now,
What can the worst be! We have play'd the
That's without question. [knaves;
La-P. True;
And, as I take it, this is the first truth
We told these ten years, and, for anything
I know, may be the last: but, grant we are knaves,
Both base and beastly knaves——
Mal. Say so then.
Lav. Well.
La-P. And likewise let it be consider'd, we
have wrong'd,
And most maliciously, this gentlewoman
We cast to stay with, what must we expect now?

Mal. Ay, there's the point; we would expect good eating.
La-P. I know we would, but we may find good beating.
Lav. You say true, gentlemen; and, by my soul,
Though I love meat as well as any man,
I care not what he be, if 'a eat a' God's name;
Such crab-sauce to my meat will turn my palate.
Mal. There's all the hazard; for the frozen Montague
Has now got spring again and warmth in him,
And, without doubt, dares beat us terribly.
For, not to mince the matter, we are cowards,
And have, and shall be beaten, when men please
To call us into cudgelling.
La-P. I feel
We are very prone that way.
Lav. The sons of Adam.
La-P. Now, here then rests the state o' th' question;
Whether we yield our bodies for a dinner
To a sound dog-whip (for, I promise ye,
If men be given to correction,
We can expect no less,) or quietly
Take a hard egg or two, and ten mile hence
Bait in a ditch? this we may do securely;
For, to stay hereabout will be all one,
If once our moral mischiefs come in memory.
Mal. But, pray ye hear me: Is not this the day
The virgin lady doth elect her husband?
Lav. The dinner is to that end.
Mal. Very well then;
Say we all stay, and say we all 'scape this whip-
And be well entertain'd, and one of us [ping,
Carry the lady!
La-P. 'Tis a seemly saying,
I must confess; but if we stay, how fitly
We may apply it to ourselves (i' th' end)
Will ask a Christian fear: I cannot see,
If I say true, what special ornaments
Of art or nature (lay aside our lying,
Whoring, and drinking, which are no great virtues)
We are endued withal to win this lady.
Mal. Yet women go not by the best parts ever;
That I have found directly.
Lav. Why should we fear then?
They chuse men as they feed: Sometimes they settle
Upon a white-broth'd face, a sweet smooth gallant,
And him they make an end of in a night;
Sometimes a goose; sometimes a grosser meat,
A rump of beef, will serve 'em at some season,
And fill their bellies too, though without doubt
They are great devourers; stock-fish is a dish,
If it be well dressed, for the toughness' sake,
Will make the proudest of 'em long and leap for't;
They'll run mad for a pudding, ere they'll starve.
La-P. For my own part, I care not, come what can come;
If I be whipt, why so be it! if cudgell'd,
I hope I shall out-live it: I am sure
'Tis not the hundredth time I have been served so,
And yet, I thank God, I'm here.
Mal. Here's resolution!
La-P. A little patience, and a rotten apple,
Cures twenty worse diseases: What say you, sir?
Lav. Marry, I say, sir, if I had been acquainted
With lamming in my youth, as you have been,
With whipping, and such benefits of nature,
I should do better; as I am, I'll venture:
And if it be my luck to have the lady,
I'll use my fortune modestly; if beaten,
You shall not hear a word; one I am sure of,
And if the worst fall, she shall be my physic.
Let's go then, and a merry wind be with us!
Mal. Captain, your shoes are old; pray put 'em off,
And let one fling 'em after us. Be bold, sirs;
And howsoe'er our fortune falls, let's bear
An equal burden! if there be an odd lash,
We'll part it afterwards.
La-P. I am arm'd at all points. *Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*Another in the same.*

Enter four Servants, *with a Banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Then my lady will have a bedfellow to-night?
2 *Serv.* So she says: Heaven, what a dainty arm-full
Shall he enjoy that has the launching of her!
What a fight she will make!
3 *Serv.* Ay, marry, boys,
There will be sport indeed! there will be grappling!
She has a murderer lies in her prow,
I am afraid will fright his main-mast, Robin.
4 *Serv.* Who dost thou think shall have her, of [thy conscience?
Thou art a wise man.
3 *Serv.* If she go the old way,
The way of lot, the longest cut sweeps all
Without question.
1 *Serv.* She has lost a friend of me else.
What think you of the courtier?
2 *Serv.* Hang him, hedge-hog!
He has nothing in him but a piece of Euphues,
And twenty dozen of twelvepenny ribband, all
About him; he is but one pedlar's shop
Of gloves and garters, pick-teeth and pomander.
3 *Serv.* The courtier! marry, God bless her, Steven, she is not
Mad yet; she knows that trindle-tail too well
He's crest-fall'n, and pin-buttock'd, with leaping laundresses.
4 *Serv.* The merchant? sure she will not be so [base
To have him.
1 *Serv.* I hope so; Robin, he'll sell us all
To the Moors to make mummy. Nor the captain!
4 *Serv.* Who? potgun? that's a sweet youth,
Will he stay, think ye? [indeed!
3 *Serv.* Yes, without question,
And have half dined too ere the grace be done.
He's good for nothing in the world but eating,
Lying, and sleeping; what other men devour
In drink he takes in pottage: They say he has been
At sea; a herring-fishing, for without doubt
He dares not hail an eelboat, i' th' way of war.
2 *Serv.* I think so; they would beat him off with butter.
3 *Serv.* When he brings in a prize, unless it be
Cockles, or Calais sand to scour with,
I'll renounce my five mark a-year,
And all the hidden art I have in carving,
To teach young birds to whistle Walsingham:
Leave him to the lime-boats! Now what think you
Of the brave Amiens?
1 *Serv.* That's a thought indeed.
2 *Serv.* Ay, marry, there's a person fit to feed
Upon a dish so dainty; and he'll do't.

I warrant him, i' th' nick, boys; he has a body
World without end.
4 *Serv.* And such a one my lady
Will make no little of. But is not Montague
Married to-day?
3 *Serv.* Yes, 'faith, honest Montague
Must have his bont too.
2 *Serv.* He's as good a lad
As ever turn'd a trencher: Must we leave him?
3 *Serv.* He's too good for us, Stephen. I'll give him health
To his good luck to-night in the old beaker,
And it shall be sack too.
4 *Serv.* I must have a garter;
And, boys, I have bespoke a posset; somebody
Shall give me thanks for't! 't has a few toys in't
Will raise commotions in a bed, lad.
1 *Serv.* Away! my lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ORLEANS *and* DUCHESS, *arm-in-arm*, AMIENS, LAMIRA, CHARLOTTE *like a Bride*, MONTAGUE *brave*, LAVERDINE, LONGUEVILLE, DUBOIS, MALLICORN, *and* LA-POOP.

Lam. Seat yourselves, noble lords and gentlemen;
You know your places. Many royal welcomes
I give your grace! How lovely shews this change!
My house is honoured in this reconcilement.
Orl. Thus, madam, must you do;
My lady now shall see you made a woman,
And give you some short lessons for your voyage.
Take her instructions, lady; she knows much.
Lam. This becomes you, sir.
Duch. My lord must have his will.
Orl. 'Tis all I can do now, sweetheart. Fair lady,
This to your happy choice!—Brother Amiens,
You are the man I mean it to.
Ami. I'll pledge you.
Orl. And with my heart.
Ami. With all my love I take it.
Lam. Noble lords,
I am proud ye have done this day so much content,
And me such estimation, that this hour
(In this poor house) shall be a league for ever:
For so I know ye mean it.
Ami. I do, lady.
Orl. And I, my lord.
All. You have done a work of honour.
Ami. Give me the cup! where this health stops, let that man
Be either very sick or very simple;
Or I am very angry.—Sir, to you!—
Madam, methinks this gentleman might sit too;
He would become the best on's.
Orl Pray sit down, sir:
I know the lady of the feast expects not
This day so much old custom.
Lam. Sit down, Montague!
Nay, never blush for the matter.
Mont. Noble madam,
I have two reasons against it, and I dare not;
Duty to you first, as you are my lady,
And I your poorest servant! next, the custom
Of this day's ceremony.
Lam. As you are my servant,
I may command you then?
Mont. To my life, lady.
Lam. Sit down, and here! I'll have it so.
Ami. Sit down, man;
Never refuse so fair a lady's offer.
Mont It is your pleasure, madam, not my pride,
And I obey.—I'll pledge you now, my lord.
Monsieur Longueville! [*D*
Long. I thank you, sir.
Mont. This to my lady,
And her fair choice to-day, and happiness!
Long. 'Tis a fair health; I'll pledge you t
I sink for't.
Lam. Montague, you are too modest; I'll add
A little more wine to you; 'twill make you
This to the good I wish [you]!
Mont. Honoured lady,
I shall forget myself with this great bounty.
Lam. You shall not, sir.—Give me some
Ami. By Heaven,
You are a worthy woman; and that man
Is blest can come near such a lady.
Lam. Such a blessing
Wet weather washes.
Mont. At all! I will not go
A lip less, my lord.
Orl. 'Tis well cast, sir.
Mal. If Montague get more wine, we are to hear of it.
Lav. I do not like that sitting there.
Mal. Nor I;
Methinks he looks like a judge.
La-P. Now have I
A kind of grudging of a beating on me;
I fear my hot fit.
Mal. Drink apace; there's nothing
Allays a cudgel like it.
Lam. Montague, now
I'll put my choice to you: Who do you hold,
In all this honoured company, a husband
Fit to enjoy thy lady? Speak directly.
Mont. Shall I speak, madam?
Lam. Montague, you shall.
Mont. Then, as I have a soul, I'll speak conscience.
Give me more wine! *in vino veritas:*
Here's to myself, and—Montague, have a c
Lam. Speak to the cause.
Mont. Yes, madam.—
First, I'll begin to thee!
Lav. Have at us!
La-P. Now for a psalm of mercy!
Mont. You, good monsieur,
You that belie the noble name of *courtier*,
And think your claim good here, hold up hand!
Your worship is indicted here for a vain-gl
Lav. Good! oh, sir! [fo
Mont. For one whose wit
Lies in a ten-pound waistcoat, yet not warm.
You have travell'd like a fiddler to make face
And brought home nothing but a case of t picks.
You would be married, and no less than ladie
And of the best sort, can serve you!—Thou worm, [*To* MALL
What hast thou in thee to deserve this woma
Name but the poorest piece of man, good ma
There's nothing sound about thee; 'faith, hast none;
It lies pawn'd at thy silk-man's, for so much
Thy credit with his wife cannot redeem it;
Thy clothes are all the soul thou hast, for so
Thou sav'st them handsome for the next tilting,

will take the other; thou wert never
hristened
conscience) but in barber's water;
ever out o' th' bason, thou art rotten,
ou darest tell truth, thou wilt confess it;
kin
chesnut colour, greased with amber;
that on earth do dwell thou lovest,
hat understand love thee again,
that love the spital. Get thee home,
ed butterfly! thy summer's past.
and eat dry mutton; thou may'st live
ell yet, a bruis'd chambermaid
pon thee, and advance thy follies.
your sentence!—Now it follows, captain,
you.
Pray God I may deserve it!
shrew my heart, he speaks plain.
hat's plain dealing.
You are a rascal, captain!
A fine calling.
A water-coward!
e would make a pretty stuff.
May I speak freely, madam?
Iere's none ties you.
Why shouldst thou dare come hither with
thought
wife here fit for thee? are all
-money whores, that fed on carrots,
the high grass with familiars,
to footmen? Pr'ythee tell me truly,
I know thou dar'st not lie) couldst thou
ot
elf beaten well with all thy heart now,
f pain? say that I broke a rib,
nose off, were't not merciful
nbition?
Do your pleasure, sir;
ust not be chusers.
longs for beating.
But that I have nobler thoughts possess
ny soul,
brown biscuit, such a piece of dog-fish,
st mangy mackrel-eater as thou art,
do nothing that belongs to th' sea
and catch rats, and fear men of war,
ou hast nothing in the world to lose
ee, but one piece of beef, one musquet
cock for peace-sake, and a pitch-barrel—
ee, if my time were not more precious
to lose it, I would rattle thee,
beat thee, and thy pure fellow,
ant there of catskins, till my words,
or both, made ye two branded wretches
world hereafter! You would fain too
our bills of lading for this lady.
ld you give now for her? Some five frail
figs, good godson, would you not, sir?
t that speaks High Dutch? Can all thou
ver saw'st
wn fraughts from sea, or cozenage
thou art as expert as the devil,)
thy soul for wealth too, as thou wilt do,
friends, and raise a mint of money,
dream all these double could procure
m this good lady! Canst thou hope
lie with such a nook of hell as thou art,
h young merchant-furies? Oh, ye dog-
olts!
no hell but Dunkirk, I shall see you
Serve in a lousy lime-boat, ere I die,
For mouldy cheese, and butter Billingsgate
Would not endure, or bring in rotten pippins
To cure blue eyes, and swear they came from China.

Lam. Vex 'em no more; alas, they shake!

Mont. Down quickly upon your marrow-bones, and thank this lady;
I would not leave you thus else! there are blankets,
And such delights for such knaves: But fear still!
'Twill be revenge enough to keep you waking.
Ye have no mind of marriage, ha' ye?

La-P. Surely no great mind now.

Mont. Nor you?

Mal. Nor I, I take it.

Mont. Two eager suitors!

Lav. 'Troth, 'tis wond'rous hot;
Heaven bless us from him!

Lam. You have told me, Montague,
Who are not fit to have me; let me know
The man you would point out for me.

Mont. There he sits;
My lord of Amiens, madam, is my choice:
He's noble every way, and worthy a wife
With all the dowries of——

Ami. Do you speak, sir,
Out of your friendship to me?

Mont. Yes, my lord,
And out of truth; for I could never flatter.

Ami. I would not say how much I owe you for it,
For that were but a promise; but I'll thank you.
As now I find you, in despite of fortune,
A fair and noble gentleman.

Lam. My lords,
I must confess the choice this man hath made
Is every way a great one, if not too great,
And no way to be slighted: Yet, because
We love to have our own eyes sometimes, now
Give me a little liberty to see
How I could fit myself, if I were put to't.

Ami. Madam, we must.

Lam. Are ye all agreed?

All. We be.

Lam. Then, as I am a maid, I shall chuse here
Montague, I must have thee.

Mont. Why, madam, I have learned to suffer more
Than you can (out of pity) mock me with,
This way especially.

Lam. Thou think'st I jest now;
But, by the love I bear thee, I will have thee!

Mont. If you could be so weak to love a fall'n man,
He must deserve more than I ever can,
Or ever shall! Dear lady, look but this way
Upon that lord, and you will tell me then
Your eyes are no true chusers of good men.

Ami. Do you love him truly?

Lam. Yes, my lord:
I will obey him truly, for I'll marry him;
And justly think he that has so well served me
With his obedience, being born to greatness,
Must use me nobly of necessity,
When I shall serve him.

Ami. 'Twere a deep sin to cross you.—Noble Montague,
I wish ye all content, and am as happy
In my friend's good as it were merely mine!

Mont. Your lordship does ill to give up your right!

I am not capable of this great goodness:
There sits my wife, that holds my troth.
Charl. I'll end all:
I woo'd you for my lady, and now give up my title.
Alas, poor wench, my aims are lower far.
Mont. How's this, sweetheart?
Lam. Sweetheart, 'tis so; the drift was mine, to
My purpose till it struck home. [hide
All. Give you joy!
Lam. Pr'ythee leave wond'ring! by this kiss, I'll have thee!
Mont. Then, by this kiss, and this, I'll ever serve you!
Long. This gentleman and I, sir, must needs
Once more to follow you. [hope
Mont. As friends and fellows;
Never as servants more.
Long. Dub. You make us happy!
Orl. Friend Montague, you have taught me so much honour,
I have found a fault in myself; but thus I'll purge
My conscience of it: The late land I took
By false play from you, with as much contrition
And entireness of affection
To this most happy day, again I render:
Be master of your own; forget my malice,
And make me worthy of your love, lord Montague!
Mont. You have won me, and honour to your name.
Mal. Since your lordship has begun good deeds, we'll follow.
Good sir, forgive us! We are now those men
Fear you for Goodness' sake: Those sums of money
Unjustly we detain from you, on your pardon
Shall be restored again, and we your servants.
La-P. You are very forward, sir! it seems you have money:
I pray you lay out; I'll pay you, or pray for you,
As the sea works.
Lav. Their penance, sir, I'll undertake, so please
To grant me one concealment. [you
Long. A right courtier,
Still a-begging.
Mont. What is it, sir?
Lav. A gentlewoman.
Mont. In my gift?
Lav. Yes, sir, in yours.
Mont. Why, bring her forth, and take her.
[*Exit* LAVERDINE.
Lam. What wench would he have?
Mont. Any wench, I think.

Enter LAVERDINE, *and* VERAMOUR *like a Woman.*

Lav. This is the gentlewoman.
Mont. 'Tis my page, sir.
Ver. No, sir; I am a poor disguised lad
That like a page have followed you full lon
For love, God wot.
All. A lady!
Lav. Yes, yes; 'tis a lady.
Mont. It may be so; and yet we ha
together,
But, by my troth, I never found her lady.
Duch. Why wore you boys' clothes?
Ver. I will tell you, madam;
I took example by two or three plays, that
Methought concerned me.
Mont. Why made you not me acqu
with it?
Ver. Indeed, sir, I knew it not myself,
Until this gentleman opened my dull eyes,
And by persuasion made me see it.
Ami. Could his power in words make
change?
Ver. Yes;
As truly woman as yourself, my lord.
Lav. Why, but, hark you! are not
woman?
Ver. If hands and face make it not evide
You shall see more.
Mal. Breeches, breeches, Laverdine!
La-P. 'Tis not enough; women may wea
Search further, courtier.
All. Ha, ha, ha!
La-P. Oh, thou fresh-water gudgeon,
thou come
To point of marriage with an ignoramus?
Thou shouldst have had her urine to the d
The foolishest physician could have made
The liquid Epicœne: a blind man by the h
Could have discovered the ring from the st
Boy, come to sea with me; I'll teach
climb,
And come down by the rope, nay, to eat r
Ver. I shall devour my master before th
then;
Sir, I have began my trade.
Mal. Trade! to the city, child:
A flat cap will become thee.
Mont. Gentlemen,
I beseech you molest yourselves no further
For his preferment; 'tis determined.
Lav. I am much ashamed; and if my c
Gives not satisfaction, break my head.
Mont. Your shame's enough, sir.
Ami. Montague.
Much joy attend thy marriage-bed! By t
Example of true goodness, Envy is exiled;
And to all honest men that truth intend,
I wish good luck! fair Fate be still thy fri
[

UPON

AN HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE,

BY

MR. JOHN FLETCHER.

You that can look through Heaven, and tell the stars,
Observe their kind conjunctions, and their wars;
Find out new lights, and give them where you please,
To those men honours, pleasures, to those ease;
You that are God's surveyors, and can shew
How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow;
Know all the charges of the dreadful thunder,
And when it will shoot over, or fall under;
Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,
Yes, and by truth, what shall become of me?
Find out my star, if each one, as you say,
Have his peculiar angel, and his way;
Observe my fate, next fall into your dreams,
Sweep clean your houses, and new-line your seams,
Then say your worst! Or have I none at all?
Or, is it burnt out lately? or did fall?
Or, am I poor? not able, no full flame?
My star, like me, unworthy of a name?
Is it, your art can only work on those
That deal with dangers, dignities, and clothes?
With love, or new opinions? You all lie!
A fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I;
But far above your finding! He that gives,
Out of his providence, to all that lives,
And no man knows his treasure, no, not you;
He that made Ægypt blind, from whence you grew
Scabby and lousy, that the world might see
Your calculations are as blind as ye;
He that made all the stars you daily read,
And from thence filch a knowledge how to feed,
Hath hid this from you; your conjectures all
Are drunken things, not how, but when they fall:
Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still;
And when the stars are labouring, we believe
It is not that they govern, but they grieve
For stubborn ignorance; all things that are
Made for our general uses, are at war,
Even we among ourselves; and from the strife,
Your first unlike opinions got a life.
Oh, man! thou image of thy Maker's good,
What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood
His spirit is, that built thee? what dull sense
Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence,
Who made the morning, and who placed the light
Guide to thy labours; who call'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers;
Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted thee,
To let thee grow so near himself, the tree;
Must he then be distrusted! shall his frame
Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am?
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay, even thy servants, when devotions call.
Oh, canst thou be so stupid then, so dim,
To seek a saving influence, and lose him?
Can stars protect thee? or can poverty,
Which is the light to Heaven, put out his eye?
He is my star, in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate! and when my mind
Is furnish'd with his fullness, my poor story
Shall out-live all their age, and all their glory!
The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,
When I know what, and in whose power it is:
Nor want, the curse of man, shall make me groan;
A holy hermit is a mind alone.
Doth not experience teach us, all we can,
To work ourselves into a glorious man?
Love's but an exhalation to best eyes,
The matter spent, and then the fool's fire dies!
Were I in love, and could that bright star bring
Encrease to wealth, honour, and every thing;
Were she as perfect good as we can aim,
The first was so, and yet she lost the game.
My mistress, then, be Knowledge and fair Truth!
So I enjoy all beauty and all youth.
And though to Time her lights and laws she lends,
She knows no age that to corruption bends:
Friends' promises may lead me to believe,
But he that is his own friend, knows to live;
Affliction, when I know it is but this,
A deep allay, whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer, and, the deeper, still
We still arise more image of his will;
Sickness, an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light,
And death, at longest, but another night!
Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.

FOUR PLAYS,

OR

MORAL REPRESENTATIONS,

IN ONE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EMANUEL, *King of Portugal and Castile,*
ISABELLA, *his Queen,*
Lords,
FRIGOSO, *a Courtier,*
RINALDO, *his Acquaintance,*
} *Spectators of the Play at the Celebration of the Nuptials.*

Poet, Lords, Attendants, Spectators.

SCENE,—LISBON.

THE TRIUMPH OF HONOUR.

MARTIUS, *a Roman General.*
VALERIUS, *his Brother.*
SOPHOCLES, *Duke of Athens.*
NICODEMUS, *a cowardly Corporal.*
CORNELIUS, *a wittol Sutler.*
Captains.

DIANA.
DORIGEN, SOPHOCLES's *Wife, the example of Chastity.*
FLORENCE, *Wife to* CORNELIUS.

SCENE,—ATHENS, AND THE ADJOINING COUNTRY.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

CUPID.
RINALDO, *Duke of Milan.*
BENVOGLIO, RANDULPHO, } *Brothers, Lords of Milan.*
ALPHONSO, ASCANIO, } *disguised under the names of* GERRARD, FERDINAND, *Sons of the Duke, supposed to be lost.*

Friar, Secretary, Guard, States, Executioners.

ANGELINA, *Wife to* BENVOGLIO.
VIOLANTE, *her Daughter,* GERRARD's *Mistress.*
DOROTHEA, VIOLANTE's *Attendant.*
CORNELIA, *the obscured Duchess.*

SCENE,—MILAN.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

DUKE OF ANJOU.
LAVALL, *his lustful Heir.*
MARINE, *Father to* HELLENA.
GENTILLE, *a Courtier, Father to* PEROLOT.
PEROLOT, *contracted to* GABRIELLA.
Two Gentlemen.
A Spirit.
SHALLOONE, *Servant to* LAVALL.

GABRIELLA, *the despised Wife of* LAVALL.
HELLENA, *his Second Wife.*
CASTA, *Daughter to* GENTILLE.
MARIA, *a Servant attending on* GABRIELLA.

SCENE,—ANGIERS.

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

JUPITER.
MERCURY.
PLUTUS.
TIME.
ATROPOS.
DESIRE.
VAIN-DELIGHT.
BOUNTY.
POVERTY.
HONESTY.
SIMPLICITY.
HUMILITY.
FAME.
INDUSTRY.
THE ARTS
LABOUR.
CRAFT.
LUCRE.
VANITY.
INDIANS

INDUCTION.

LISBON. *A State-Room in the Palace, with a Throne and Scaffolds, crowded with Spectators.*

Enter FRIGOSO. [*Noise within.*]

Fri. Away with those bald-pated rascals there! their wits are bound up in vellum; they are not current here. Down with those city gentlemen! Out with those cuckolds, I say, and in with their wives at the back door!—Worship and place, I am weary of ye; ye lie on my shoulders like a load of gold on an ass's back. A man in authority is but as a candle in the wind, sooner wasted or blown out than under a bushel.—How now! What's the matter?—who are you, sir?

Enter RINALDO.

Rin. Who am I, sir? Why, do you not know me?

Fri. No, by my faith, do I not.

Rin. I am sure we dined together to-day.

Fri. That's all one: as I dined with you in the city, and as you paid for my dinner there, I do know you, and am beholding to you: but as my mind is since transmigrated into my office, and as you come to court to have me pay you again, and be beholding to me, I know you not, I know you not!

Rin. Nay, but look you, sir!

Fri. Pardon me! If you had been my bedfellow these seven years, and lent me money to buy my place, I must not transgress principles: this very talking with you is an ill example.

Rin. Pish! You are too punctual a courtier, sir! Why, I am a courtier too; yet never understood the place or name to be so infectious to humanity and manners, as to cast a man into a burning pride and arrogance, for which there is no cure. I am a courtier, and yet I will know my friends, I tell you.

Fri. And I tell you, you will thrive accordingly, I warrant you.

Rin. But, hark you, signor Frigoso! you shall first understand, I have no friends with me to trouble you.

Fri. Humh! that's a good motive.

Rin. Nor to borrow money of you.

Fri. That's an excellent motive.

Rin. No, my sweet don, nor to ask what you owe me.

Fri. Why, that is the very motive of motives why I ought and will know thee: and if I had not wound thee up to this promise, I would not have known thee these fifteen years, no more than the arrantest or most foundered Castilian that followed our new queen's carriages a-foot.

Rin. Nor for anything, dear don, but that you would place me conveniently to see the play to-night.

Fri. That shall I, signor Rinaldo. But would you had come sooner: You see how full the scaffolds are! there is scant room for a lover's thought here.—Gentlewomen, sit close, for shame! Has none of ye a little corner for this gentleman?—I'll place you, fear not. And how did our brave king of Portugal, Emanuel, bear himself to-day? You saw the solemnity of the marriage.

Rin. Why, like a fit husband for so gracious and excellent a princess, as his worthy mate Isabella, the king of Castile's daughter, doth, in her very external lineaments, mixture of colours, and joining dove-like behaviour, assure herself to be. And I protest, my dear don, seriously, I can sing prophetically nothing but blessed hymns, and happy occasions to this sacred union of Portugal and Castile, which have so wisely and mutually conjoined two such virtuous and beautiful princes as these are; and, in all opinion, like to multiply to their very last minute.

Fri. The king is entering: Signor, hover hereabout, and as soon as the train is set, clap into me; we'll stand near the state. If you have any creditors here, they shall renew bonds a twelvemonth on such a sight: But to touch the pomel of the king's chair, in the sight of a citizen, is better security for a thousand double ducats, than three of the best merchants in Lisbon. Besides, signor, we will censure, not only the king in the play here, that reigns his two hours, but the king himself, that is to rule his life-time. Take my counsel!—I have one word to say to this noble assembly, and I am for you.

Rin. Your method shall govern me.

Fri. *Prologues are hushiers bare before the wise;*
Why may not then a hushier prologuise?
Here's a fair sight; and were ye oftner seen
Thus gather'd here, 'twould please our king and queen.
Upon my conscience, ye are welcome all
To Lisbon, and the court of Portugal;
Where your fair eyes shall feed on no worse sights
Than preparations made for kings' delights.
We wish to men content, the manliest treasure;
And to the women, their own wish'd-for pleasure! [Flourish.

Enter EMANUEL *and* ISABELLA, *and take their seat on the Throne;* Lords, *and* Attendants.

Eman. Fair fountain of my life, from whose pure streams
The propagation of two kingdoms flows,
Never contention rise in either's breast,
But contestation whose love shall be best!

Isab. Majestic ocean, that with plenty feeds
Me, thy poor tributary rivulet;
Sun of my beauty, that with radiant beams
Dost gild and dance upon these humble streams;
Cursed be my birth-hour, and my ending day,
When back your lovefloods I forget to pay!
Or if this breast of mine, your crystal brook,
Ever take other form in, other look
But yours, or e'er produce unto your grace
A strange reflection, or another's face,
But be your love-book clasp'd, open'd to none
But you, nor hold a story, but your own;
A water fix'd, that ebbs nor floods pursue,
Frozen to all, only dissolved to you!

Eman. Oh, who shall tell the sweetness of our love
To future times, and not be thought to lie?
I look through this hour like a perspective,
And far off see millions of prosperous seeds.

That our reciprocal affection breeds.
Thus my white rib, close in my breast with me,
Which nought shall tear hence, but mortality!

Lords. Be kingdoms blest in you, you blest in them! [*Flourish.*

Fri. Whist! signor! My strong imagination shews me Love, methinks, bathing in milk and wine in her cheeks. Oh, how she clips him, like a plant of ivy!

Rin. Ay; could not you be content to be an owl in such an ivy-bush, or one of the oaks of the city, to be so clipt?

Fri. Equivocal don, though I like the clipping well, I could not be content either to be your owl, or your ox of the city.—The play begins. [*Flourish.*

Enter a Poet *with a Garland.*

Poet Prologue. *Low at your sacred feet our poor muse lays*
Her, and her thunder-fearless w
bays.
Four several Triumphs to your pr
eyes,
Of Honour, Love, Death, and Tim
rise
From our approaching subject; whi
move
Tow'rds you with fear, since that a
love,
A brighter honour, purer chastity,
March in your breasts this day triump
Than our weak scenes can shew: Th
dare we
Present, like apes, and zanies, things
Exemplified in you, but that we kno
We ne'er craved grace which you
bestow?

THE TRIUMPH OF HONOUR.

SCENE I.—*Before the Walls of Athens.*

Enter in Triumph with Drums, Trumpets, Colours, MARTIUS, VALERIUS, SOPHOCLES *bound,* NICODEMUS, CORNELIUS, Captains, *and* Soldiers.

Mar. What means proud Sophocles?

Soph. To go even with Martius,
And not to follow him like his officer:
I never waited yet on any man.

Mar. Why, poor Athenian duke, thou martyr
My blows have conquer'd thee. [slave;

Soph. Thy slave, proud Martius?
Cato thy countryman (whose constancy,
Of all the Romans, I did honour most)
Ripp'd himself twice to avoid slavery,
Making himself his own anatomy.
But look thee, Martius; not a vein runs here
From head to foot, but Sophocles would unseam, and,
Like a spring-garden, shoot his scornful blood
Into their eyes, durst come to tread on him.
As for thy blows, they did not conquer me:
Seven battles have I met thee face to face,
And given thee blow for blow, and wound for wound,
And, till thou taught'st me, knew not to retire:
Thy sword was then as bold, thy arm as strong:
Thy blows then, Martius, cannot conquer me.

Val. What is it then?

Soph. Fortune.

Val. Why, yet in that
Thou art the worse man, and must follow him.

Soph. Young sir, you err: If Fortune could be
Or his, or yours, or mine, in good or evil, [call'd
For any certain space, thou hadst spoke truth;
But she but jests with man, and in mischance
Abhors all constancy, flouting him still
With some small touch of good, or seeming good,
Midst of his mischief; which vicissitude
Makes him strait doff his armour, and his fence
He had prepared before, to break her strokes.
So from the very zenith of her wheel,
When she has dandled some choice favourite,
Given him his boons in women, honour, wealth,
And all the various delicacies of earth,
That the fool scorns the gods in his excess,
She whirls, and leaves him at th' Antipodes

Mar. Art sure we have taken him? is t
phocles?
His fetter'd arms say, no; his free soul, a
This Athens nurseth arts as well as arms.

Soph. Nor glory, Martius, in this day of
'Tis behind yesterday, but before to-morrow
Who knows what Fortune then will do with
She never yet could make the better man,
The better chance she has: The man that's
She still contends with, and doth favour leas

Mar. Methinks, a graver thunder than th
Breaks from his lips: I am amazed to hear
And Athens' words, more than her swords,

Slave Sophocles——

Soph. Martius, couldst thou acquire
And did thy Roman gods so love thy prayer
And solemn sacrifice, to grant thy suit
To gather all the valour of the Cæsars
Thy predecessors, and what is to come,
And by their influence fling it on thee now,
Thou couldst not make my mind go less, no
With all their swords one virtue from my so
How am I vassall'd then? make such thy sl
As dare not keep their goodness past their
Know, general, we two are chances on
The die of Fate; now thrown, thy six is up,
And my poor one beneath thee; next, thy t
May set me upmost, and cast thee below.

Mar. Yet will I try thee more: Calamit

Is man's true touchstone.—Listen, insolent
That darest contemn the master of thy life,
Which I will force here 'fore thy city walls
With barbarous cruelty, and call thy wife
To see it, and then after send her——

Soph. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. And then demolish Athens to the g
Depopulate her, fright away her fame,
And leave succession neither stone nor name

Soph. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Dost thou deride me?
Val. Kneel! ask Martius
For mercy, Sophocles, and live happy still!
Soph. Kneel! and ask mercy? Roman, art a god?
I never kneel'd, or begg'd, of any else.
Thou art a fool! and I will lose no more
Instructions on thee, now I find thy ears
Are foolish, like thy tongue. [*Solemn music.*

Enter DORIGEN, Ladies *bearing a Sword.*

My Dorigen!
Oh, must she see me bound?
1 *Capt.* There's the first sigh
He breathed since he was born, I think.
2 *Capt.* Forbear,
All but the lady his wife!
Soph. How my heart chides
The manacles of my hands, that let them not
Embrace my Dorigen!
Val. Turn but thy face,
And ask thy life of Martius thus, and thou,
With thy fair wife, shalt live; Athens shall stand,
And all her privileges augmented be.
Soph. 'Twere better Athens perish'd, and my [wife
(Which, Romans, I do know a worthy one,)
Than Sophocles should shrink of Sophocles,
Commit prophane idolatry, by giving
The reverence due to gods to thee, blown man!
Mar. Rough, stubborn cynic!
Soph. Thou art rougher far,
And of a coarser wale, fuller of pride,
Less temperate to bear prosperity.
Thou seest my mere neglect hath raised in thee
A storm more boist'rous than the ocean's;
My virtue, Patience, makes thee vicious.
Mar. Why, fair-eyed lady, do you kneel?
Dor. Great general,
Victorious, god-like Martius, your poor handmaid
Kneels, for her husband will not, cannot; speaks
Thus humbly, that he may not. Listen, Roman!
Thou whose advanced front doth speak thee Roman
To every nation, and whose deeds assure it!
Behold a princess, whose declining head,
Like to a drooping lily after storms,
Bows to thy feet, and playing here the slave,
To keep her husband's greatness unabated;
All which doth make thy conquest greater! For,
If he be base in aught whom thou hast taken,
Then Martius hath but taken a base prize:
But if this jewel hold lustre and value,
Martius is richer then in that he hath won.
Oh, make him such a captive as thyself
Unto another wouldst, great captain, be!
Till then, he is no prisoner fit for thee.
Mar. Valerius, here is harmony would have brought
Old crabbed Saturn to sweet sleep, when Jove
Did first incense him with rebellion!
Athens doth make women philosophers;
And sure their children chat the talk of gods.
Val. Rise, beauteous Dorigen!
Dor. Not until I know
The general's resolution.
Val. One soft word
From Sophocles would calm him into tears,
Like gentle showers after tempestuous winds.
Dor. To buy the world he will not give a word,
A look, a tear, a knee, 'gainst his own judgment,
And the divine composure of his mind:
All which I therefore do; and here present
This victor's wreath, this rich Athenian sword,
Trophies of conquest, which, great Martius, wear,
And be appeased! Let Sophocles still live!
Mar. He would not live.
Dor. He would not beg to live:
When he shall so forget, then I begin
To command, Martius; and when he kneels,
Dorigen stands; when he lets fall a tear,
I dry mine eyes, and scorn him.
Mar. Scorn him now then,
Here in the face of Athens and thy friends!—
Self-will'd, stiff Sophocles, prepare to die,
And by that sword thy lady honoured me,
With which herself shall follow.—Romans, friends,
Who dares but strike this stroke, shall part with me
Half Athens, and my half of victory.
Capt. By Heaven, not we!
Nic. Corn. We two will do it, sir.
Soph. Away, ye fish-faced rascals!
Val. Martius,
To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy fame;
Valerius thy brother shall for once
Turn executioner: Give me the sword.—
Now, Sophocles, I'll strike as suddenly
As thou darest die.
Soph. Thou canst not! and Valerius,
'Tis less dishonour to thee thus to kill me,
Than bid me kneel to Martius; 'Tis to murder
The fame of living men, when great ones do
Their studies strangle; poison makes away,
The wretched hangman only ends the play.
Val. Art thou prepared?
Soph. Yes.
Val. Bid thy wife farewell!
Soph. No; I will take no leave!—My Dorigen,
Yonder above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,
My spirit shall hover for thee; pr'ythee haste!
Dor. Stay, Sophocles! with this tie up my sight;
Let not soft Nature so transformed be
(And lose her gentler-sex'd humanity)
To make me see my lord bleed!—So! 'tis well;
Never one object underneath the sun
Will I behold before my Sophocles.
Farewell! Now teach the Romans how to die.
Mar. Dost know what 'tis to die?
Soph. Thou dost not, Martius,
And therefore not what 'tis to live. To die
Is to begin to live: It is to end
An old stale weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better: 'Tis to leave
Deceitful knaves, for the society
Of gods and goodness: Thou thyself must part
At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude, what then 'twill do.
Val. But art not grieved nor vexed to leave life thus?
Soph. Why should I grieve or vex for being sent
To them I ever loved best?—Now, I'll kneel;
But with my back toward thee. 'Tis the last duty
This trunk can do the gods.
Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius,
Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth!
This is a man; a woman! Kiss thy lord,
And live with all the freedom you were wont.
Oh, Love! thou doubly hast afflicted me,
With virtue and with beauty. Treacherous heart.
My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn,
Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.
Val. What ails my brother?

Soph. Martius, oh, Martius!
Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.
Dor. Oh, star of Rome, what gratitude can speak
Fit words to follow such a deed as this?
Mar. Doth Juno talk, or Dorigen?
Val. You are observed.
Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius, [*Apart.*
With his disdain of fortune, and of death,
Captived himself, hath captivated me;
And though my arm hath ta'en his body here,
His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul;
By Romulus, he is all soul, I think!
He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be gyv'd:
Then we have vanquish'd nothing; he is free,
And Martius walks now in captivity.
Soph. How fares the noble Roman?
Mar. Why?
Dor. Your blood
Is sunk down to your heart, and your bright eyes
Have lost their splendour.
Mar. Baser fires go out
When the sun shines on 'em.—I am not well;
An apoplectic fit I use to have,
After my heats in war carelessly cool'd.
Soph. Martius shall rest in Athens with his friends,
Till this distemper leave him. Oh, great Roman!
See Sophocles do that for thee he could not
Do for himself, weep. Martius, by the gods,
It grieves me that so brave a soul should suffer
Under the body's weak infirmity.—
Sweet lady, take him to thy loving charge,
And let thy care be tender.
Dor. Kingly sir,
I am your nurse and servant.
Mar. Oh, dear lady,
My mistress, nay, my deity! Guide me, Heaven!
Ten wreaths triumphant Martius will give,
To change a Martius for a Sophocles:
Can it not be done, Valerius, with this boot?
Inseparable affection, ever thus
Colleague with Athens Rome!
Dor. Beat warlike tunes,
Whilst Dorigen thus honours Martius' brow
With one victorious wreath more!
Soph. And Sophocles
Thus girds his sword of conquest to his thigh,
Which ne'er be drawn, but cut out victory!
Lords. For ever be it thus!
[*Exeunt all but* CORNELIUS *and* NICODEMUS.
Corn. Corporal Nicodemus, a word with you
Nic. My worthy sutler Cornelius, it befits not Nicodemus the Roman officer to parley with a fellow of thy rank; the affairs of the empire are to be occupied.
Corn. Let the affairs of the empire lie awhile unoccupied! Sweet Nicodemus, I do require the money at thy hands, which thou dost owe me; and if fair means cannot attain, force of arms shall accomplish. [*Draws.*
Nic. Put up, and live.
Corn. I have put up too much already, thou corporal of concupiscence; for I suspect thou hast dishonoured my flock-bed, and with thy foolish eloquence, and that bewitching face of thine, drawn my wife, the young harlotry baggage, to prostitute herself unto thee. Draw, therefore; for thou shalt find thyself a mortal corporal!
Nic. Stay thy dead-doing hand, and hear; I will rather descend from my honour, and argue these contumelies with thee, than clutch thee (poor fly) in these eaglet claws of mine; or draw my sword of fate on a peasant, a besognio, a cocoloch, as thou art. Thou shalt first understand this foolish eloquence, and intolerable beauty of mine, (both which, I protest, are merely natural) are the gifts of the gods, with which I have neither sent bawdy sonnet, nor amorous glance, or (as the vulgar call it) sheep's eye to thy betroth Florence.
Corn. Thou liest!
Nic. Oh, gods of Rome, was Nicodemus
To bear those braveries from a poor provant?
Yet when dogs bark, or when the asses bray,
The lion laughs; not roars, but goes his way.
Corn. A pox o' your poetical vein! this versifying my wife, has hornified me. Sweet corporal Cod's-head, no more standing on your punctilios and punkettos of honour, they are not worth a louse; the truth is, thou art the general's bigamy, that is, his fool, and his knave; thou art miscreant and recreant; not an horse-boy in the legions, but has beaten thee; thy beginning was knapsack, and thy ending will be halter-sack.
Nic. Methinks I am now Sophocles the wise, and thou art Martius the mad.
Corn. No more of your tricks, good corporal Leather-chops! I say, thou hast dishonour'd me; and since honour now-a-days is only repaired by money, pay me, and I am satisfied; even reckoning keeps long friends.
Nic. Let us continue friends then, for I have been even with thee a long time; and though I have not paid thee, I have paid thy wife.
Corn. Flow forth, my tears! thou hast deflowered her, Tarquin! the garden of my delight, hedged about, in which there was but one bowling-alley for mine own private procreation, thou hast, like a thief in the night, leaped the hedge, entered my alley, and without my privity played thine own rubbers.
Nic. How long shall patience thus secure,
Is it my fault, if these attractive eyes, [snore?
This budding chin, or rosy-coloured cheek
This comely body, and this waxen leg,
Have drawn her into a fool's paradise?
By Cupid's godhead I do swear (no other)
She's chaster far than Lucrece, her grandmother;
Pure as glass-window, ere the rider dash it,
Whiter than lady's smock, when she did wash it:
For well thou wot'st (though now my heart's commandress)
I once was free, and she but the camp's laundress.
Corn. Ay; she then came sweet to me; no part about her but smelt of soap-suds; like a dryad out of a wash-bowl. Pray, or pay!
Nic. Hold!
Corn. Was thy cheese mouldy, or thy penny-worths small?—Was not thy ale the mightiest of the earth in malt, and thy stupe fill'd like a tide? was not thy bed soft, and thy bacon fatter than a dropsy? Come, sir!
Nic. Mars then inspire me with the fencing skill
Of our tragedian actors! Honour pricks;
And, sutler, now I come with thwacks and thwicks.
Grant us one crush, one pass, and now a high lavalto fall;
Then up again, now down again, yet do no harm at all! [*They fight.*

Enter FLORENCE.

Flor. Oh, that ever I was born! why, gentlemen!

Corn. Messaline of Rome; away, disloyal concubine! I will be deafer to thee than thou art to others: I will have my hundred drachmas he owes me, thou arrant whore!

Flor. I know he is an hundred drachmas o' the score; but what o' that? no bloodshed, sweet Cornelius! Oh, my heart! o' my conscience, 'tis fallen thorow the bottom of my belly! Oh, my sweet Didymus, if either of ye miskill one another, what will become of poor Florence! pacify yourselves, I pray!

Corn. Go to! my heart's not stone; I am not marble: dry your eyes, Florence!—[*Aside.*] The scurvy ape's face knows my blind side well enough. —Leave your puling: will this content you? let him taste thy nether lip; which, in sign of amity, I thus take off again. Go thy ways, and provide the cow's udder.

Nic. Lily of concord!—And now, honest sutler, since I have had proof as well of thy good nature, as of thy wife's before, I will acquaint thee with a project shall fully satisfy thee for thy debt. Thou shalt understand, I am shortly to be knighted.

Corn. The devil thou art!

Nic. Renounce me else! For the sustenance of which worship (which worship many times wants sustenance) I have here the general's grant to have the leading of two hundred men.

Corn. You jest, you jest!

Nic. Refuse me else to the pit.

Corn. Mercy on us! ha' you not forgot yourself? by your swearing, you should be knighted already.

Nic. Damn me, sir, here's his hand! Read it.

Corn. Alas, I cannot.

Nic. [*Aside.*] I know that.—It has pleased the general to look upon my service. Now, sir, shall you join with me in petitioning for fifty men more, in regard of my arrearages to you; which, if granted, I will bestow the whole profit of those fifty men on thee and thine heirs for ever,
Till Atropos do cut this simple thread.

Corn. No more, dear corporal! Sir Nicodemus that shall be! I cry your worship's mercy! I am your servant, body and goods, moveables and immoveables; use my house, use my wife, use me, abuse me, do what you list.

Nic. A figment is a candied lie: This is an old pass. Mark, what follows! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A rocky View before the City.*

Enter MARTIUS *and two* Captains.

Mar. Pray leave me! You are Romans, honest men;
Keep me not company; I am turned knave,
Have lost my fame and nature. [*Exeunt* Captains.
Athens, Athens,
This Dorigen is thy Palladium!
He that will sack thee, must betray her first,
Whose words wound deeper than her husband's sword;
Her eyes make captive still the conqueror,
And here they keep her only to that end.
Oh, subtile devil, what a golden ball
Did tempt, when thou didst cast her in my way!
Why, foolish Sophocles, brought'st thou not to field
Thy lady, that thou might'st have overcome?
Martius had kneel'd, and yielded all his wreaths
That hang like jewels on the seven-fold hill,
And bid Rome send him out to fight with men,
(For that she knew he durst) and not 'gainst Fate
Or deities; what mortal conquers them?
Insatiate Julius, when his victories
Had run o'er half the world, had he met her,
There he had stopp'd the legend of his deeds,
Laid by his arms, been overcome himself,
And let her vanquish th' other half; and Fame
Made beauteous Dorigen the greater name.
Shall I thus fall? I will not! no; my tears,
Cast on my heart, shall quench these lawless fires:
He conquers best, conquers his lewd desires.

Enter DORIGEN *with* Ladies.

Dor. Great sir, my lord commands me visit you:
And thinks your retired melancholy proceeds
From some distaste of worthless entertainment.
Will't please you take your chamber? How d'ye do, sir?

Mar. [*Aside.*] Lost, lost again! the wild rage of my blood
Doth ocean-like o'erflow the shallow shore
Of my weak virtue: My desire's a vane,
That the least breath from her turns every way.

Dor. What says my lord?

Mar. Dismiss
Your women, pray, and I'll reveal my grief.

Dor. Leave me! [*Exeunt* Ladies.

Mar. Long tales of love (whilst love itself
Might be enjoy'd) are languishing delays.
There is a secret strange lies in my breast,
I will partake with you, which much concerns
Your lord, yourself, and me. Oh!

Dor. Strange secrets, sir,
Should not be made so cheap to strangers. yet
If your strange secret do no lower lie
Than in your breast, discover it.

Mar. I will.
Oh! Can you not see it, lady, in my sighs?

Dor. Sighs none can paint, and therefore who can see?

Mar. Scorn me not, Dorigen, with mocks! Alcides,
That master'd monsters, was by beauty tamed;
Omphale smiled his club out of his hand,
And made him spin her smocks.—Oh, sweet, I love
And I love Sophocles: I must enjoy you; [you:
And yet I would not injure him.

Dor. Let go!
You hurt me, sir! Farewell!—Stay, is this Mar-
I will not tell my lord: He'll swear I lie; [tius?
Doubt my fidelity, before thy honour.
How hast thou vexed the gods, that they would let
Thus violate friendship, hospitality, [thee
And all the bonds of sacred piety?
Sure thou but try'st me, out of love to him,
And wouldst reject me if I did consent.
Oh, Martius, Martius! wouldst thou in one minute
Blast all thy laurels, which so many years
Thou hast been purchasing with blood and sweat?
Hath Dorigen never been written, read,
Without the epithet of *chaste, chaste* Dorigen,
And wouldst thou fall upon her chastity,
Like a black drop of ink, to blot it out?
When men shall read the records of thy valour
Thy hitherto-brave virtue, and approach

(Highly content yet) to this foul assault
Included in this leaf, this ominous leaf,
They shall throw down the book, and read no more,
Though the best deeds ensue, and all conclude
That ravell'd thy whole story, whose sound heart
(Which should have been) proved the most leprous part.

Mar. Oh, thou confut'st divinely, and thy [words
Do fall like rods upon me! but they have
Such silken lines and silver hooks, that I
Am faster snared; My love has ta'en such hold,
That (like two wrestlers) though thou stronger be,
And hast cast me, I hope to pull thee after:
I must, or perish.

Dor. Perish, Martius, then!
For I here vow unto the gods, these rocks,
These rocks we see so fix'd, shall be removed,
Made champain field, ere I so impious prove,
To stain my lord's bed with adulterous love.

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The gods protect fair Dorigen!

Dor. Amen!
From all you wolvish Romans! [*Exit.*

Val. Ha! what's this?
Still, brother, in your moods?—Oh, then my doubts
Are truths. Have at it! I must try a way
To be resolved. [*Aside.*

Mar. How strangely dost thou look!
What ail'st thou?

Val. What ail'st thou?

Mar. Why, I am mad.

Val. Why, I am madder!—Martius, draw thy [sword,
And lop a villain from the earth; for if
Thou wilt not, on some tree about this place
I'll hang myself! Valerius shall not live
To wound his brother's honour, stain his country,
And branded with ingratitude to all times.

Mar. For what can all this be?

Val. I am in love.

Mar. Why, so am I.—With whom? ha?

Val. Dorigen.

Mar. With Dorigen?—How dost thou love her? speak;

Val. Even to the height of lust; and I must [have her,
Or else I die.

Mar. Thou shalt, thou daring traitor.
On all the confines I have rid my horse,
Was there no other woman for thy choice
But Dorigen? Why, villain, she is mine:
She makes me pine thus, sullen, mad, and fool;
'Tis I must have her, or I die.

Val. Oh, all ye gods,
With mercy look on this declining rock
Of valour and of virtue! breed not up,
From infancy, in honour to full man,
As you have done him, to destroy! Here, strike!
For I have only search'd thy wound; dispatch!
Far, far be such love from Valerius!
So far, he scorns to live to be call'd *brother*
By him that dares own such folly and such vice.

Mar. 'Tis truth thou speak'st! but I do hate it: Peace!
If Heaven will snatch my sword out of my hand,
And put a rattle in it, what can I do?
He that is destined to be odious
In his old age, must undergo his fate.

Enter CORNELIUS *and* NICODEMUS.

Corn. If you do not back me, I shall never do't.

Nic. I warrant you.

Corn. Humh, humh!—Sir! my lord! my lord!

Mar. Ha! what's the matter?

Corn. Humh!—Concerning the odd fifty, my lord, an't please your generality, his worship Sir Nicodemus——

Mar. What's here? a pass? you would for Rome? You lubbers!
Doth one day's laziness make you covet home?
Away, ye boarish rogues! ye dogs, away!
[*Strikes them.*

Enter FLORENCE.

Corn. Oh, oh, oh!

Flor. How now, man? are you satisfied!

Corn. Ay, ay, ay; a pox o' your corporal! I am paid soundly; I was never better paid in all my life.

Flor. Marry the gods' blessing on his honour's heart!—You have done a charitable deed, sir; many more such may you live to do, sir! The gods keep you, sir, the gods protect you!
[*Exit with* CORNELIUS *and* NICODEMUS

Mar. These peasants mock me sure!—Valerius
Forgive my dotage, see my ashes urn'd,
And tell fair Dorigen, (she that but now
Left me with this harsh vow, sooner these rocks
Should be removed, than she would yield) that I
Was yet so loving, on her gift to die!

Val. Oh, Jupiter forbid it, sir, and grant
This my device may certify thy mind!
You are my brother, nor must perish thus;
Be comforted! Think you fair Dorigen
Would yield your wishes, if these envious rocks
By skill could be removed, or by fallacy
She made believe so?

Mar. Why, she could not chuse;
The Athenians are religious in their vows,
Above all nations.

Val. Soft! down yonder hill
The lady comes this way. Once more to try her.
If she persist in obstinacy, by my skill,
Learn'd from the old Chaldean was my tutor,
Who train'd me in the mathematics, I will
So dazzle and delude her sight, that she
Shall think this great impossibility
Effected by some supernatural means.
Be confident; this engine shall at least,
Till the gods better order, still this breast. [*Exit.*

Mar. Oh, my best brother, go; and for reward
Chuse any part o' th' world, I'll give it thee.
Oh, little Love, men say thou art a god;
Thou might'st have got a fitter fool than I.

Enter DORIGEN.

Dor. Art thou there, basilisk? Remove thine [eyes:
For I am sick to death with thy infection.

Mar. Yet, yet have mercy on me! save him, lady,
Whose single arm defends all Rome, whose mercy
Hath saved thy husband's and thy life!

Dor. To spoil
Our fame and honours? No; my vow is fix'd,
And stands as constant as these stones do, still.

Mar. Then pity me, ye gods! you only may
Move her, by tearing these firm stones away.
[*Solemn music. A mist ariseth, the rocks remove.*

Enter VALERIUS, *habited like* MERCURY, *singing.*

Val. Martius, rejoice! Jove sends me from above
His messenger, to cure thy desperate love,

To shew rash vows cannot bind Destiny.
Lady, behold, the rocks transplanted be!
Hard-hearted Dorigen, yield; lest, for contempt,
They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt.
[*Exit.*

Dor. What strange delusion's this? what sor-
Affrights me with these apparitions? [cery
My colder chastity's nigh turn'd to death.—
Hence, lewd magician! dar'st thou make the gods
Bawds to thy lust? will they do miracles
To further evil? or do they love it now?
Know, if they dare do so, I dare hate them,
And will no longer serve 'em. Jupiter,
Thy golden shower, nor thy snow-white swan,
Had I been Leda, or bright Danaë,
Had bought mine honour. Turn me into stone,
For being good, and blush when thou hast done!
[*Exit* DORIGEN.

Enter VALERIUS.

Mar. Oh, my Valerius, all yet will not do:
Unless I could so draw mine honesty
Down to the lees to be a ravisher.
She calls me witch and villain!
Val. Patience, sir!
The gods will punish perjury. Let her breathe,
And ruminate on this strange sight!—Time decays
[*Aside.*
The strongest, fairest buildings we can find;
But still, Diana, fortify her mind! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Athens. A Room in the House of* SOPHOCLES.

Enter SOPHOCLES *and* DORIGEN.

Soph. Weep not, bright Dorigen; for thou hast stood
Constant and chaste, it seems, 'gainst gods and men,
When rocks and mountains were removed.—These wonders [*Aside.*
Do stupify my senses! Martius,
This is inhuman. Was thy sickness lust?
Yet were this truth, why weeps she? Jealous soul,
What dost thou thus suggest? Vows, magic, rocks,
Fine tales, and tears! She ne'er complain'd before.
I bade her visit him; she often did,
Had many opportunities. Humh! 'tis naught: Oh!
No way but this.—Come, weep no more; I have
This miracle, the anger of the gods, [ponder'd
Thy vow, my love to thee and Martius:
He must not perish, nor thou be forsworn,
Lest worse fates follow us: Go, keep thy oath!
For *chaste*, and *whore*, are words of equal length.
But let not Martius know that I consent.—
Oh, I am pull'd in pieces! [*Aside.*
Dor. Ay? say you so? [*Aside.*
I'll meet you in your path. Oh, wretched men!
With all your valour and your learning, bubbles!—
[*Kneels.*
Forgive me, Sophocles—Yet why kneel I
For pardon, having been but over-diligent,
Like an obedient servant, antedating
My lord's command!—
Sir, I have often, and already given
This bosom up to his embraces, and
Am proud that my dear lord is pleased with it;
Whose gentle honourable mind I see
Participates even all, his wife and all,
Unto his friend. You are sad, sir! Martius loves
And I love Martius with such ardency [me,
As never married couple could: I must
Attend him now. My lord, when you have need
To use your own wife, pray, sir, send for me;
Till then, make use of your philosophy! [*Exit*
Soph. Stay, Dorigen!—Oh, me, inquisitive fool!
Thou that didst order this congested heap
When it was chaos, 'twixt thy spacious palms,
Forming it to this vast rotundity,
Dissolve it now; shuffle the elements,
That no one proper by itself may stand!
Let the sea quench the sun, and in that instant
The sun drink up the sea! Day, ne'er come down,
To light me to those deeds that must be done!
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Roman Camp before the City.*

Enter MARTIUS, VALERIUS, Captains *and* Soldiers, *with Drums and Colours at one Door; and* DORIGEN *with* Ladies, *at another.*

Dor. Hail, general of Rome! From Sophocles,
That honours Martius, Dorigen presents
Herself to be dishonour'd: Do thy will;
For Sophocles commands me to obey.
Come, violate all rules of holiness,
And rend the consecrated knot of love!
Mar. Never, Valerius, was I blest till now!
Behold the end of all my weary steps,
The prize of all my battles. Leave us, all;
Leave us as quick as thought. Thus joy begin!
In zealous love a minute's loss is sin.
Val. Can Martius be so vile? or Dorigen?
Dor. Stay, stay! and, monster, keep thou further off!
I thought thy brave soul would have much, much loath'd
To have gone on still on such terms as this.
See, thou ungrateful, since thy desperate lust
Nothing can cure but death, I'll die for thee,
While my chaste name lives to posterity.
[*Offers to kill herself.*
Mar. [*Kneels.*] Live, live, (thou angel of thy sex, forgive!)
Till by those golden tresses thou be'st snatch'd
Alive to Heaven; for thy corruption's
So little, that it cannot suffer death.
Was ever such a woman? Oh, my mirror!
How perfectly thou shew'st me all my faults,
Which now I hate; and when I next attempt thee,
Let all the fires in the zodiac
Drop on this cursed head!
All. Oh, bless'd event!
Dor. Rise like the sun again in all his glory,
After a dark eclipse!
Mar. Never, without a pardon.

Enter SOPHOCLES, *and two or three with him.*

Dor. Sir, you have forgiven yourself.
Soph. Behold their impudence! are my words just?
Unthankful man, viper to arms, and Rome
Thy natural mother! have I warm'd thee here
To corrode even my heart? Martius, prepare
To kill me, or be kill'd.
Mar. Why, Sophocles,
Then pr'ythee kill me; I deserve it highly;
For I have both transgress'd 'gainst men and gods
But am repentant now, and in best case

To uncase my soul of this oppressing flesh ;
Which, though (gods witness) ne'er was actually
Injurious to thy wife and thee, yet 'twas
Her goodness that restrained and held me now :
But take my life, dear friend, for my intent,
Or else forgive it !

Val. By the gods of Athens,
These words are true, and all direct again.

Soph. Pardon me, Dorigen !

Mar. Forgive me, Sophocles,
And Dorigen too, and every one that's good !

Dor. Rise, noble Roman.—Beloved Sophocles,
Take to thy breast thy friend !

Mar. And to thy heart
Thy matchless wife ! Heaven has not stuff enough
To make another such ; for if it could,
Martius would marry too. For thy blest sake,
(Oh, thou infinity of excellence)
Henceforth in men's discourse Rome shall not take
The wall of Athens, as 'to-fore. But when
In their fair honours we to speak do come,
We'll say 'twas so in Athens and in Rome.
[*Exeunt in pomp.*

DIANA *descends.*

Diana. *Honour, set ope thy gates, and with thee bring*
My servant and thy friend, fair Dorigen ;
Let her triumph with him, her lord and friend,
Who, though misled, still honour was their end !
[Flourish.

Enter the Show of Honour's Triumph ; a great flourish of Trumpets and Drums within ; then enter a noise of Trumpets sounding cheerfully ; then follows an armed Knight *bearing a Crimson Banneret in hand, with the inscription* Valour ; *by his side a* Lady *bearing a Watchet Banneret, the inscription* Clemency ; *next,* MARTIUS *and* SOPHOCLES *with Coronets ; next, two* Ladies, *one bearing a White Banneret, the inscription* Chastity ; *the other a Black, the inscription* Constancy ; *then* DORIGEN *crowned, last, a Chariot drawn by two* MOORS, *in it a Person crowned, with a Sceptre ; on the top, in an antic Escutcheon, is written* Honour. *As they pass over,* DIANA *ascends.*

Rin. How like you it ?

Fri. Rarely ; so well, I would they would do it again ! How many of our wives now-a-days would deserve to triumph in such a chariot !

Rin. That's all one ; you see they triumph in caroches.

Fri. That they do, by the mass ; but not all neither ; many of them are content with carts. But, signor, I have now found out a great absurdity, i'faith.

Rin. What was't ?

Fri. The prologue, presenting four Triumphs, made but three legs to the king : A three-legg'd prologue ! 'Twas monstrous.

Rin. 'T had been more monstrous to have had a four-legg'd one. Peace ! the king speaks.

Eman. Here was a woman, Isabel !

Isab. Ay, my lord,
But that she told a lie to vex her husband ;
Therein she fail'd.

Eman. She served him well enough ;
He that was so much man, yet would be cast
To jealousy for her integrity.
This teacheth us, the passion of love
Can fight with soldiers, and with scholars too.

Isab. In Martius, clemency and valour shewn,
In the other, courage and humanity ;
And therefore in the Triumph they were usher'd
By Clemency and Valour.

Eman. Rightly observed ;
As she by Chastity and Constancy.
What hurt's now in a play, 'gainst which some rail
So vehemently ? thou and I, my love,
Make excellent use, methinks : I learn to be
A lawful lover void of jealousy,
And thou a constant wife. Sweet poetry's
A flower, where men, like bees and spiders, may
Bear poison, or else sweets and wax away.
Be venom-drawing spiders they that will !
I'll be the bee, and suck the honey still. [*Flourish.*

CUPID *descends.*

Cupid. *Stay, clouds ! ye rack too fast. Bright Phœbus, see,*
Honour has triumph'd with fair Chastity :
Give Love now leave, in purity to shew
Unchaste affections fly not from his bow.
Produce the sweet example of your youth,
Whilst I provide a Triumph for your truth.
[Flourish.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

SCENE I.—MILAN. *A Room in* BENVOGLIO'S *House.*

Enter VIOLANTE *(with child) and* GERRARD.

Vio. Why does my Gerrard grieve ?

Ger. Oh, my sweet mistress,
It is not life (which, by our Milan law,
My fact hath forfeited) makes me thus pensive ;
That I would lose to save the little finger
Of this your noble burden from least hurt,
Because your blood is in't : But since your love
Made poor incompatible me the parent,
(Being we are not married) your dear blood
Falls under the same cruel penalty ;
And can Heaven think fit you die for me ?
For Heaven's sake, say I ravish'd you ! I'll swear
To keep your life safe and repute unstain'd. [it.

Vio. Oh, Gerrard, thou'rt my life and faculties,
(And if I lose thee, I'll not keep mine own)
The thought of whom sweetens all miseries.
Wouldst have me murder thee beyond thy death !
Unjustly scandal thee with ravishment ?
It was so far from rape, that, Heaven doth know
If ever the first lovers, ere they fell,
Knew simply in the state of innocence,
Such was this act, this, that doth ask no blush !

Ger. Oh, but my rarest Violante, when
My lord Randulpho, brother to your father,
Shall understand this, how will he exclaim,
At my poor aunt, and me, which his free alms

Hath nursed, since Milan by the duke of Mantua
(Who now usurps it) was surprised! that time
My father and my mother were both slain,
With my aunt's husband, as she says, their states
Despoil'd and seiz'd; 'tis past my memory,
But thus she told me: Only this I know,
Since I could understand, your honour'd uncle
Hath given me all the liberal education
That his own son might look for, had he one;
Now will he say, "Dost thou requite me thus?"
Oh! the thought kills me.

Vio. Gentle, gentle Gerrard,
Be cheer'd, and hope the best! My mother, father,
And uncle, love me most indulgently,
Being the only branch of all their stocks:
But neither they, nor he thou wouldst not grieve
With this unwelcome news, shall ever hear
Violante's tongue reveal, much less accuse,
Gerrard to be the father of his own:
I'll rather silent die, that thou may'st live
To see thy little offspring grow and thrive.

Enter DOROTHEA.

Dor. Mistress, away! your lord and father seeks
I'll convey Gerrard out at the back-door. [you:
He has found a husband for you, and insults
In his invention, little thinking you
Have made your own choice, and possess'd him too.

Vio. A husband? 't must be Gerrard, or my
Farewell! be only true unto thyself, [death.
And know, Heaven's goodness shall prevented be,
Ere worthiest Gerrard suffer harm for me.

Ger. Farewell, my life and soul! Aunt, to your counsel
I flee for aid.—Oh, unexpressible Love! thou art
An undigested heap of mixed extremes,
Whose pangs are wakings, and whose pleasures dreams. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

Enter BENVOGLIO, ANGELINA, *and* FERDINAND.

Benv. My Angelina, never didst thou yet
So please me, as in this consent; and yet
Thou hast pleased me well, I swear, old wench! ha, ha!—
Ferdinand, she's thine own; thou'st have her, boy;
Ask thy good lady else.

Ferd. Whom shall I have, sir?

Benv. Whom do you think, i' faith?

Ang. Guess!

Ferd. Noble madam,
I may hope (prompted by [my] shallow merit)
Through your profound grace, for your chamber-

Benv. How's that? how's that? [maid.

Ferd. Her chambermaid, my lord.

Benv. Her chamber-pot, my lord!—You modest
Thou never shew'dst thyself an ass till now: [ass!
'Fore Heaven I am angry with thee! Sirrah, sirran,
This whitemeat spirit's not yours legitimate:
Advance your hope, an't please you guess again.

Ang. And let your thoughts flee higher; aim them right,
Sir, you may hit; you have the fairest white.

Ferd. If I may be so bold then, my good lord,
Your favour doth encourage me to aspire
To catch my lady's gentlewoman.

Benv. Where?
Where would you catch her?
Do you know my daughter Violante, sir?

Ang. Well said; no more about the bush!

Ferd. My good lord,
I have gazed on Violante, and the stars,
Whose heavenly influence I admired, not knew:
Nor ever was so sinful to believe
I might attain it.

Benv. Now you're an ass again;
For, if thou ne'er attain'st, 'tis only long
Of that faint heart of thine, which never did it.
She is your lord's heir, mine, Benvoglio's heir,
My brother's too, Randulpho's; her descent
Not behind any of the Millanois.
And, Ferdinand, although thy parentage be
Unknown, thou know'st that I have bred thee up
From five years old; and (do not blush to hear it)
Have found thy wisdom, trust, and fair success
So full in all my affairs, that I am fitter
To call thee master than thou me thy lord:
Thou canst not be but sprung of gentlest blood;
Thy mind shines through thee, like the radiant sun,
Although thy body be a beauteous cloud.
Come! seriously this is no flattery;
And well thou know'st it, though thy modest blood
Rise like the morning in thy cheek to hear't:
Sir, I can speak in earnest. Virtuous service,
So meritorious, Ferdinand, as yours,
Yet bashful still, and silent, should extract
A fuller price than impudence exact:
And this is now the wages it must have;
My daughter is thy wife, my wealth thy slave.

Ferd. Good madam, pinch! I sleep! does my lord mock,
And you assist? Custom's inverted quite:
For old men now-a-days do flout the young.

Benv. Fetch Violante!—As I intend this
Religiously, let my soul find joy or pain!
[*Exit* ANGELINA

Ferd. My honour'd lord and master, if I hold
That worth could merit such felicity,
You bred it in me, and first purchased it;
It is your own, and what productions
In all my faculties my soul begets,
Your very mark is on; you need not add
Rewards to him, that is in debt to you.
You saved my life, sir, in the massacre;
There you begot me new, since foster'd me:
Oh, can I serve too much, or pray for you?
Alas, 'tis slender payment to your bounty.
Your daughter is a Paradise, and I
Unworthy to be set there: You may chuse
The royal'st seeds of Milan.

Benv. Pr'ythee, peace!
Thy goodness makes me weep. I am resolved;
I am no lord o' th' time, to tie my blood
To sordid muck; I have enough; my name,
My state, and honours, I will store in thee,
Whose wisdom will rule well, keep and increase:
A knave or fool, that could confer the like,
Would bate each hour, diminish every day.
Thou art her prize lot then, drawn out by fate:
An honest wise man is a prince's mate.

Ferd. Sir, Heaven and you have over-charged my breast
With grace beyond my continence; I shall burst:
The blessing you have given me, witness saints,
I would not change for Milan!—But, my lord,
Is she prepared?

The contract I will make 'twixt you and her.
Put off all doubt; she loves you: What d'ye say?
Rand. Speak, man; why look you so distractedly?
Ferd. There are your keys, sir: I'll no con-
Divinest Violante, I will serve you [tracts. I.
Thus on my knees, and pray for you.
Juno Lucina, fer opem!
My inequality ascends no higher:
I dare not marry you.
Benv. How's this?
Ferd. Good-night!
I have a friend has almost made me mad:
I weep sometimes, and instantly can laugh;
Nay, I do dance, and sing, and suddenly
Roar like a storm. Strange tricks these! are they not?
And wherefore all this? shall I tell you? no!
Thorough mine ears, my heart a plague hath caught;
And I have vow'd to keep it close, not shew
My grief to any, for it has no cure.—
On, wand'ring steps, to some remote place move!
I'll keep my vow, though I have lost my love. [*Exit.*
Benv. 'Fore Heaven, distracted for her! Fare ye well!
I'll watch his steps; for I no joy shall find,
Till I have found his cause, and calm'd his mind. [*Exit.*
Rand. He's overcome with joy.
Ang. 'Tis very strange.
Rand. Well, sister, I must leave you; the time's busy.—
Violante, chear you up! And I pray Heaven
Restore each to their love, and health again. [*Exit.*
Viol. Amen, great uncle!—Mother, what a
Unluckily is added to my woe, [chance
In this young gentleman!
Ang. True, Violante;
It grieves me much.—Doll, go you instantly,
And find out Gerrard! tell him his friend's hap,
And let him use best means to comfort him;
But, as his life, preserve this secret still!
Viol. Mother—I'd not offend you—might not
Steal in, and see me in the evening? [Gerrard
Ang. Well;
Bid him do so.
Viol. Heaven's blessing o' your heart!—
Do you not call child-bearing *travel*, mother?
Ang. Yes.
Viol. It well may be: The bare-foot traveller
That's born a prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
Whose tender feet kiss the remorseless stones
Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it.
Alas, dear mother, you groan'd thus for me;
And yet, how disobedient have I been!
Ang. Peace, Violante; thou hast always been
Gentle and good.
Viol. Gerrard is better, mother:
Oh, if you knew the implicit innocency
Dwells in his breast, you'd love him like your
I see no reason but my father might [pray'rs.
Be told the truth, being pleased for Ferdinand
To woo himself; and Gerrard ever was
His full comparative: My uncle loves him,
As he loves Ferdinand.
Ang. No, not for the world!
Since his intent is cross'd, loved Ferdinand
Thus ruin'd, and a child got out of wedlock,
His madness would pursue ye both to death!
Viol. As you please, mother. I am now, methinks,
Even in the land of Ease; I'll sleep.
Ang. Draw in
The bed nearer the fire.—Silken rest,
Tie all thy cares up! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Grove.*

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Benvoglio *privately after him.*

Ferd. Oh, blessed solitude! Here my grief may speak;
And, Sorrow, I will argue with thee now.
Nothing will keep me company! the flowers
Die at my moan; the gliding silver streams
Hasten to flee my lamentations;
The air rolls from 'em; and the golden sun
Is smother'd pale as Phœbe with my sighs:
Only the earth is kind, that stays: Then, Earth,
To thee will I complain. Why do the Heavens
Impose upon me love what I can ne'er
Enjoy? Before fruition was impossible,
I did not thirst it: Gerrard, she is thine,
Sealed and delivered; but 'twas ill to stain
Her virgin state, ere ye were married.
Poor infant, what's become of thee? thou know'st not
The woe thy parents brought thee to. Dear Earth,
Bury this close in thy sterility;
Be barren to this seed, let it not grow!
For if it do, 'twill bud no violet,
Nor gilly-flower, but wild brier, or rank rue,
Unsavoury and hurtful.
Benv. Ferdinand,
Thy steel hath digged the earth, thy words my heart.
Ferd. Oh, I have violated faith, betrayed
My friend and innocency!
Benv. Desperate youth,
Violate not thy soul too! I have showers
For thee, young man; but, Gerrard, flames for thee!
Was thy base pen made to dash out mine honour,
And prostitute my daughter? bastard, whore?
Come, turn thy female tears into revenge,
Which I will quench my thirst with, ere I see
Daughter, or wife, or branded family.
By Heaven, both die! and, for amends,
Ferdinando, be my heir! I'll to my brother;
First tell him all, then to the duke for justice;
This morning he's received. Mountains nor seas
Shall bar my flight to vengeance! the foul stain
Printed on me, thy blood shall rinse again. [*Exit.*
Ferd. I have transgress'd all goodness, witlessly
Raised mine own curses from posterity!
I'll follow, to redress in what I may;
If not, your heir can die as well as they. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Duke Rinaldo *with* Attendants, *at one Door*; *States*, Randulpho, *and* Gerrard, *at another*: *They kneel to the* Duke, *he accepts their obedience, and raises them up; they prefer* Gerrard *to the* Duke, *who entertains him; they seat the* Duke *in State*

Enter BENVOGLIO *and* FERDINAND: BENVOGLIO *kneels for justice;* FERDINAND *seems to restrain him.* BENVOGLIO *gives the* DUKE *a paper;* DUKE *reads, frowns on* GERRARD, *shews the paper to the States, they seem sorry, consult, cause the* Guard *to apprehend him; they go off with him. Then* RANDULPHO *and* BENVOGLIO *seem to crave justice,* DUKE *vows it, and exit with his* Attendants. RANDULPHO, BENVOGLIO, *and* FERDINAND *confer. Enter to them* CORNELIA, *with two* Servants; *she seems to expostulate;* RANDULPHO *in scorn causeth her to be thrust out poorly. Exit* RANDULPHO. BENVOGLIO *beckons* FERDINAND *to him, with much seeming passion, swears him, then stamps with his foot. Enter* DOROTHEA, *with a Cup, weeping, she delivers it to* FERDINAND, *who with discontent exit, and exeunt* BENVOGLIO *and* DOROTHEA.

SCENE VII.—*A Room in* BENVOGLIO'S *House.*

Enter VIOLANTE.

Viol. Gerrard not come? nor Dorothy return'd?
What adverse star ruled my nativity?
The time to-night hath been as dilatory
As languishing consumptions. But till now,
I ne'er durst say, my Gerrard was unkind.
Heaven grant all things go well! and nothing does,
If he be ill, which I much fear! My dreams
Have been portentous: I did think I saw
My love arrayed for battle with a beast,
A hideous monster, armed with teeth and claws,
Grinning, and venomous, that sought to make
Both us a prey; on's tail was lash'd in blood
Law; and his forehead I did plainly see
Held characters that spell'd *Authority.*
This rent my slumbers; and my fearful soul
Ran searching up and down my dismay'd breast,
To find a port to escape. Good faith, I am cold;
But Gerrard's love is colder: Here I'll sit,
And think myself away.

Enter FERDINAND *with a Cup and a Letter.*

Ferd. The peace of love
Attend the sweet Violante! Read;
For the sad news I bring I do not know:
Only I am sworn to give you that, and this.
Viol. Is it from Gerrard? gentle Ferdinand,
How glad am I to see you thus well restored!
In troth he never wrong'd you in his life,
Nor I, but always held fair thoughts of you:
Knew not my father's meaning till of late;
Could ne'er have known it soon enough: For, sir,
Gerrard's and my affection began
In infancy: My uncle brought him oft
In long coats hither; you were such another;
The little boy would kiss me, being a child,
And say he loved me, give me all his toys,
Bracelets, rings, sweetmeats, all his rosy smiles:
I then would stand, and stare upon his eyes,
Play with his locks, and swear I loved him too;
For sure, methought, he was a little Love!
He wooed so prettily in innocence,
That then he warmed my fancy; for I felt
A glimmering beam of love kindle my blood,
Both which, time since hath made a flame and flood.
Ferd. Oh, gentle innocent! methinks it talks
Like a child still, whose white simplicity
Never arrived at sin. Forgive me, lady!
I have destroyed Gerrard and thee; rebelled
Against Heaven's ordinance; dis-paired two doves,
Made 'em sit mourning; slaughtered love, and
The heart of all integrity. This breast [cleft
Was trusted with the secret of your vow,
By Gerrard, and revealed it to your father.
Viol Ha!
Ferd. Read, and curse me!
Viol. Neither; I will never
Nor write, nor read again!
Ferd. My penance be it! [*Reads.*
"Your labyrinth is found, your lust proclaim'd."
Viol. Lust? hum!
My mother sure felt none when I was got.
Ferd. "I, and the law, implacably offended;
Gerrard's imprison'd, and to die."
Viol. Oh, Heaven!
Ferd. "And you to suffer, with reproach and
A public execution. I have sent you [scoffs,
An antidote 'gainst shame, poison, by him
You have most wrong'd: Give him your penitent
Viol. Hum! 'tis not truth. [tears."
Ferd. "Drink, and farewell for ever!
And though thy whoredom blemish thy whole line,
Prevent the hangman's stroke, and die like mine."
Viol. Oh, woe is me for Gerrard! I have brought
Confusion on the noblest gentleman
That ever truly loved. But we shall meet
Where our condemners shall not, and enjoy
A more refined affection than here:
No law nor father hinders marriage there
'Twixt souls divinely affied as, sure, ours were;
There we will multiply and generate joys,
Like fruitful parents.—Luckless Ferdinand.
Where's the good old gentlewoman, my husband's aunt?
Ferd. Thrust from your uncle, to all poverty.
Viol. Alas, the pity! Reach me, sir, the cup:
I'll say my prayers, and take my father's physic.
Ferd. Oh, villain that I was, I had forgot
To spill the rest, and am unable now
To stir to hinder her!
Viol. What ail you, sir?
Ferd. Your father is a monster, I a villain,
This tongue has kill'd you!—Pardon, Violante!
Oh, pardon, Gerrard! and for sacrifice
Accept my life, to expiate my fault:
I have drunk up the poison.
Viol. Thou art not so
Uncharitable! a better fellow far;
Thou hast left me half. Sure Death is now a-dry,
And calls for more blood still to quench his thirst.
I pledge thee, Ferdinand, to Gerrard's health! [*Drinks.*
Dear Gerrard, poor aunt, and unfortunate friend!
Ay me, that love should breed true lovers' end!
Ferd. Stay, madam, stay!—Help, hoa! for Heaven's sake, help!—
Improvident man! that good I did intend
For satisfaction, saving of her life,
My equal cruel stars made me forget.

Enter ANGELINA *with two* Servants.

Ang. What spectacle of death assaults me? oh!
Viol. My dearest mother, I am dead: I leave
Father, and friends, and life, to follow Love.
Good mother, love my child, that did no ill.
Fy, how men lie, that say, death is a pain!
Or has he changed his nature? like soft sleep
He seizes me. Your blessing! Last, I crave,
That I may rest by Gerrard in his grave. [*Falls.*
Ferd. There lay me too. Oh, noble mistress, I

Have caused all this, and therefore justly die.
That key will open all. [*Falls.*
Ang. Oh, viperous father!
For Heaven's sake, bear 'em in! Run for physicians,
And medicines quickly! Heaven, thou shalt not have her
Yet; 'tis too soon: Alas, I have no more;
And, taking her away, thou robb'st the poor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*An open place in the City.*

Enter RINALDO, States, RANDULPHO, BENVOGLIO, GERRARD, Secretary, Executioner, *and* Guard.

Rin. The law, as greedy as your red desire,
Benvoglio, hath cast this man: 'Tis pity
So many excellent parts are swallowed up
In one foul wave. Is Violante sent for?
Our justice must not lop a branch, and let
The body grow still.
Benv. Sir, she will be here,
Alive or dead, I am sure.
Ger. How chearfully my countenance comments death!
That which makes men seem horrid, I will wear
Like to an ornament. Oh, Violante!
Might my life only satisfy the law,
How jocundly my soul would enter Heaven!
Why shouldst thou die! thou wither'st in thy bud,
As I have seen a rose, ere it was blown.—
I do beseech your grace, the statute may
(In this case made) be read: Not that I hope
To extenuate my offence or penalty,
But to see whether it lay hold on her.
And since my death is more exemplary
Than just, this public reading will advise
Caution to others.
Rin. Read it.
Rand. Brother, does not
Your soul groan under this severity?
Sec. [*Reads.*] "A statute provided in case of unequal matches, marriages against parents' consent, stealing of heirs, rapes, prostitutions, and such like: That if any person meanly descended, or ignorant of his own parentage, which implies as much, shall, with a foul intent, unlawfully solicit the daughter of any peer of the dukedom, he shall for the same offence forfeit his right-hand: But if he further prostitute her to his lust, he shall first have his right-hand cut off, and then suffer death by the common executioner. After whom, the lady so offending shall likewise the next day, in the same manner, die for the fact."
Ger. This statute has more cruelty than sense!
I see no ray of mercy. Must the lady
Suffer death too! Suppose she were enforced,
By some confederates borne away, and ravished;
Is she not guiltless?
Rin. Yes, if it be proved.
Ger. This case is so: I ravished Violante.
State. Who ever knew a rape produce a child!
Benv. Pish! these are idle. Will your grace command
The executioner proceed?
Rin. Your office!
Ger. Farewell to thy enticing vanity,
Thou round gilt box, that dost deceive man's eye!
The wise man knows, when open thou art broke,
The treasure thou includ'st is dust and smoke;
Even thus, I cast thee by.—My lords, the law
Is but the great man's mule; he rides on it,
And tramples poorer men under his feet:
Yet when they come to knock at yon bright gate,
One's rags shall enter 'fore the other's state.
Peace to ye all!—Here, sirrah, strike! This hand
Hath Violante kiss'd a thousand times;
It smells sweet ever since: This was the hand
Plighted my faith to her; do not think thou canst
Cut that in sunder with my hand.—My lord,
As free from speck as this arm is, my heart
Is of foul lust, and every vein glides here
As full of truth.—Why does thy hand shake so?
'Tis mine must be cut off, and that is firm;
For it was ever constant.

Enter CORNELIA *veiled.*

Cor. Hold! your sentence
Unjustly is pronounced, my lord! This blow
Cuts your hand off; for his is none of yours,
But Violante's, given in holy marriage
Before she was delivered, consummated
With the free will of her mother, by her confessor,
In lord Benvoglio's house.
Ger. Alas, good aunt,
That helps us nothing; else I had reveal'd it.
Rin. What woman's this?
Benv. A base confederate
In this proceeding, kept of alms long time
By him; who now, exposed to misery,
Talks thus distractedly.—Attach her, guard!
Rand. Your cruelty, brother, will have end.
Cor. You'd best
Let them attach my tongue.
Rin. Good woman, peace!
For, were this truth, it doth not help thy nephew:
The law's infringed by their disparity;
That forfeits both their lives.
Cor. Sir, with your pardon,
Had your grace ever children?
Rin. Thou hast put
A question, whose sharp point toucheth my heart!
I had two little sons, twins, who were both
(With my good duchess) slain, as I did hear,
At that time when my dukedom was surprised.
Cor. I have heard many say, my gracious lord,
That I was wond'rous like her. [*Unveils*
Omnes. Ha!
Rin. By all man's joy, it is Cornelia,
My dearest wife!
Cor. To ratify me her,
Come down, Alphonso, one of those two twins,
And take thy father's blessing! Thou hast broke
No law, thy birth being above thy wife's:
Ascanio is the other, named Fernando,
Who, by remote means, to my lord Benvoglio
I got preferr'd; and in poor habits clad,
(You fled, and the innovation laid again)
I wrought myself into Randulpho's service.
With my eldest boy; yet never durst reveal
What they and I were, no, not to themselves,
Until the tyrant's death.
Rin. My joy has fill'd me
Like a full-winded sail! I cannot speak!
Ger. Fetch Violante and my brother.
Benv. Run,
Run like a spout, you rogue! A pox o' poison!
That little whore I trusted will betray me.
Stay, hangman! I have work for you: There's gold;
Cut off my head, or hang me, presently!

Soft Music. Enter ANGELINA, *with the Bodies of* FERDINAND *and* VIOLANTE *on a Bier;* DOROTHEA *carrying the Cup and Letter, which she gives to* RINALDO; *he reads, seems sorrowful, shews it to* CORNELIA *and* GERRARD, *they lament over the Bier.* RANDULPHO *and* BENVOGLIO *seem fearful, and seem to report to* ANGELINA *and* DOROTHEA *what hath passed before.*

Rand. This is your rashness, brother!
Rin. Oh, joy, thou wert too great to last;
This was a cruel turning to our hopes!
Unnatural father! poor Ascanio!
Ger. Oh, mother, let me be Gerrard again,
And follow Violante!
Cor. Oh, my son——
Rin. Your lives yet, bloody men, shall answer this.
Dor. I must not see 'em longer grieve.—My lord,
Be comforted; let sadness generally
Forsake each eye and bosom; they both live:
For poison, I infused mere opium;
Holding compulsive perjury less sin
Than such a loathed murder would have been.
All. Oh, blessed maiden!
Dor. Music, gently creep
Into their ears, and fright hence lazy sleep!
[*Music.*

Morpheus, command thy servant Sleep
In leaden chains no longer keep
This prince and lady! Rise, wake, rise,
And round about convey your eyes!
Rise, prince; go, greet thy father and thy mother:
Rise thou, to embrace thy husband and thy brother.

Rin. Cor. Son, daughter!
Ferd. Father, mother, brother!
Ger. Wife!
Viol. Are we not all in Heaven!
Ger. 'Faith, very near it.
Ferd. How can this be?
Rin. Hear it!
Dor. If I had served you right, I should have seen
Your old pate off, ere I had reveal'd.
Benv. Oh, wench!
Oh, honest wench! if my wife die, I'll marry thee:
There's my reward.
Rin. 'Tis true.
Ferd. 'Tis very strange.
Ger. Why kneel you, honest master?
Ferd. My good lord!
Ger. Dear mother!
Rin. Rise, rise! all are friends. I owe ye
For all their boards: And, wench, take thou the man
Whose life thou saved'st; less cannot pay thy merit.
How shall I part my kiss? I cannot! let
One generally therefore join our cheeks.
A pen of iron, and a leaf of brass,
To keep this story to eternity,
And a Promethean wit!—Oh, sacred Love,
Nor chance, nor death, can thy firm truth remove.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Eman. Now, Isabella?
Isab. This can true love do.
I joy they all so happily are pleased!
The ladies and the brothers must triumph.
Eman. They do;
For Cupid scorns but to have his Triumph too.
[*Flourish.*

THE TRIUMPH.

Enter divers Musicians, *then certain* Singers, *bearing Bannerets, inscribed,* Truth, Loyalty, Patience, Concord; *next,* GERRARD *and* FERDINAND *with Garlands of Roses; then* VIOLANTE; *last, a Chariot drawn by two* Cupids, *and a* Cupid *sitting in it.*

Flourish. Enter Prologue.

Prol. *Love, and the strength of fair affection,*
Most royal sir, what long seem'd lost, have won
Their perfect ends, and crown'd those constant hearts
With lasting triumph, whose most virtuous parts,
Worthy desires, and love, shall never end.
Now turn we round the scene; and, great sir, lend
A sad and serious eye to this of Death.
This black and dismal triumph; where man's breath,
Desert, and guilty blood, ascend the stage;
And view the tyrant, ruin'd in his rage.
[Exit. Flourish.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

SCENE I.—*Angers. A Room in the House of* LAVALL.

Enter LAVALL, GABRIELLA, *and* MARIA.

Gab. No, good my lord, I am not now to find
Your long neglect of me: All those affections
You came first clad in to my love, like summer,
Lusty and full of life; all those desires
That like the painted spring bloom'd round about me,
Giving the happy promise of an harvest,
How have I seen drop off, and fall forgotten!
With the least lustre of another's beauty,
How oft, forgetful lord, have I been blasted!
Was I so easily won? or did this body
Yield to your false embraces, with less labour
Than if you had carried some strong town?
Lav. Good Gabriella!
Gab. Could all your subtilties and sighs betray me,
The vows ye shook me with, the tears ye drown'd me,
Till I came fairly off with honour'd marriage?
Oh, fy, my lord!
Lav. Pr'ythee, good Gabriella!
Gab. 'Would I had never known you, nor your honours!
They are stuck too full of griefs. Oh, happy women,
That plant your love in equal honest bosoms,
Whose sweet desires, like roses set together,
Make one another happy in their blushes,
Growing and dying without sense of greatness,
To which I am a slave! and that blest sacrament
That daily makes millions of happy mothers.

Link'd me to this man's lust alone, there left me:
I dare not say I am *his* wife, 'tis dangerous;
His *love* I cannot say. Alas, how many——
Lav. You grow too warm; pray you be content!
You best know
The time's necessity, and how our marriage,
Being so much unequal to mine honour,
While the duke lives, I standing high in favour,
(And, whilst I keep that safe, next to the dukedom)
Must not be known, without my utter ruin.
Have patience for a while, and do but dream, wench,
The glory of a duchess.—How she tires me! [*Aside.*
How dull and leaden is my appetite
To that stale beauty now! Oh, I could curse
And crucify myself for childish doting
Upon a face that feeds not with fresh figures
Every fresh hour; she is now a surfeit to me!—

Enter GENTILLE.

Who's that? Gentille?—I charge ye, no acquaintance, [*Apart to* GABRIELLA.
You nor your maid, with him, nor no discourse,
Till times are riper!
Gent. Fy, my noble lord!
Can you be now a stranger to the court,
When your most virtuous bride the beauteous Hellena,
Stands ready like a star to gild your happiness?
When Hymen's lusty fires are now a-lighting,
And all the flower of Anjou——
Lav. Some few trifles,
For matter of adornment, have a little
Made me so slow, Gentille; which now in readiness,
I am for court immediately.
Gent. Take heed, sir!
This is no time for trifling, nor she no lady
To be now entertain'd with toys; 'twill cost you—
Lav. You're an old cock, Gentille.
Gent. By your lordship's favour——
Lav. Pr'ythee, away! 'twill lose time.
Gent. Oh, my lord,
Pardon me that, by all means!
Lav. We have business
A-foot, man, of more moment!
Gent. Than my manners?
I know none, nor I seek none.
Lav. Take to-morrow!
Gent. Even now, by your lordship's leave.—Excellent beauty,
My service here I ever dedicate,
In honour of my best friend, your dead father,
To you, his living virtue; and wish heartily,
That firm affection that made us two happy,
May take as deep undying root, and flourish
Betwixt my daughter Casta, and your goodness,
Who shall be still your servant.
Gab. I much thank you.
Lav. Pox o' this dreaming puppy!—Will you go, sir?
Gent. A little more, good lord!
Lav. Not now, by Heaven!
Come, I must use you.
Gent. Goodness dwell still with you!
[*Exeunt* GENTILLE *and* LAVALL.
Gab. The sight of this old gentleman, Maria,
Pulls to mine eyes again the living picture
Of Perolot his virtuous son, my first love,
That died at Orleans.
Maria. You have felt both fortunes,
And in extremes, poor lady! for young Perolot,
Being every way unable to maintain you,
Durst not make known his love to friend or father;
My lord Lavall, being powerful, and you poor,
Will not acknowledge you.
Gab. No more! Let's in, wench;
There let my lute speak my laments! they have tired me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter Two Courtiers.

1 *Court.* I grant, the duke is wond'rous provident
In his now planting for succession;
I know his care as honourable in the choice too,
Marine's fair virtuous daughter: But what's all this?
To what end excellent arrives this travel,
When he that bears the main roof is so rotten?
2 *Court.* You have hit it now indeed; for, if Fame lie not,
He is untemperate.
1 *Court.* You express him poorly,
Too gentle, sir: The most debosh'd and barbarous,
Believe it; the most void of all humanity,
Howe'er his cunning cloke it to his uncle,
And those his pride depends upon.
2 *Court.* I have heard too,
Given excessively to drink.
1 *Court.* Most certain,
And in that drink most dangerous: I speak these things
To one I know loves truth, and dares not wrong her.
2 *Court.* You may speak on.
1 *Court.* Uncertain as the sea, sir,
Proud and deceitful as his sin's great master;
His appetite to women, (for there he carries
His main-sail spread) so boundless and abominable,
That but to have her name by that tongue spoken,
Poisons the virtue of the purest virgin.
2 *Court.* I am sorry for young Gabriella then,
A maid reputed, ever of fair carriage;
For he has been noted visiting.
1 *Court.* She is gone then;
Or any else, that promises, or power,
Gifts, or his guileful vows, can work upon:
But these are but poor parcels.
2 *Court.* 'Tis great pity!
1 *Court.* Nor want these sins a chief saint to befriend 'em:
The devil follows him; and, for a truth, sir,
Appears in visible figure often to him;
At which time he's possess'd with sudden trances,
Cold deadly sweats, and griping of the conscience,
Tormented strangely, as they say.
2 *Court.* Heaven turn him!
This marriage-day may'st thou well curse, fair Helen.—
But let's go view the ceremony.
1 *Court.* I'll walk with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street before* LAVALL'S *House.*

Music. GABRIELLA *and* MARIA *appear at a Window; below, enter* LAVALL, HELLENA. States *in solemnity as to Marriage, and pass over; then* DUKE, MARINE, *and* LONGAVILLE.

Maria. I hear 'em come!
Gab. 'Would I might never hear more!
Maria. I told you still; but you were so incredulous—
See, there they kiss!
Gab. Adders be your embraces!
The poison of a rotten heart, oh, Hellen,
Blast thee as I have been! Just such a flattery.

With that same cunning face, that smile upon't,
(Oh, mark it, Mary, mark it seriously!)
That master smile caught me.
Maria. There's the old duke, and
Marine her father.
Gab. Oh!
Maria. There Longaville;
The ladies now.
Gab. Oh, I am murder'd, Mary!—
Beast, most inconstant beast!
Maria. There——
Gab. There I am not;
No more—I am not there. Hear me, oh, Heaven!
And, all you pow'rs of justice, bow down to me!
But you, of pity, die. I am abused;
She that depended on your providence,
She is abused! your honour is abused!
That noble piece ye made, and call'd it *man*,
Is turn'd to devil: all the world's abused!
Give me a woman's will, provoked to mischief,
A two-edged heart; my suffering thoughts to wildfires,
And my embraces to a timeless grave turn!
Maria. Here I'll step in; for 'tis an act of merit.
Gab. I am too big to utter more.
Maria. Take time then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter GENTILLE *and* CASTA.

Gent. This solitary life at home undoes thee,
Obscures thy beauty first, which should prefer thee;
Next, fills thee full of sad thoughts, which thy years
Must not arrive at yet; they choke thy sweetness:
Follow the time, my girl; and it will bring thee
Even to the fellowship of the noblest women,
Hellen herself, to whom I would prefer thee,
And under whom this poor and private carriage,
(Which I am only able yet to reach at)
Being cast off, and all thy sweets at lustre,
Will take thee as a fair friend, and prefer thee.
Casta. Good sir, be not so cruel as to seek
To kill that sweet content you have bred me to.
Have I not here enough to thank Heaven for?
The free air, uncorrupted with new flattery?
The water that I touch, unbribed with odours
To make me sweet to others? the pure fire
Not smother'd up, and choak'd with lustful incense
To make my blood sweat? but, burning clear and high,
Tells me my mind must flame up so to Heaven.
What should I do at court? wear rich apparel?
Methinks these are as warm, and, for your state, sir,
Wealthy enough: Is it, you would have me proud,
And, like a pageant, stuck up for amazements?
Teach not your child to tread that path; for fear, sir,
Your dry bones, after death, groan in your grave
The miseries that follow.
Gent. Excellent Casta!
Casta. When shall I pray again, a courtier?
Or when I do, to what god? what new body
And new face must I make me, with new manners
(For I must be no more myself)? whose mistress
Must I be first? with whose sin offering season'd?
And when I am grown so great and glorious
With prostitution of my burning beauties,
That great lords kneel, and princes beg for favours,
Do you think I'll be your daughter, a poor gentleman's,
Or know you for my father?
Gent. My best Casta!
Oh, my most virtuous child! Heaven reigns within thee!
Take thine own choice, sweet child, and live a saint still.—

Enter LAVALL.

The lord Lavall! stand by, wench.
Lav. Gabriella—
She cannot, nor she dares not make it known;
My greatness crushes her, whene'er she offers:
Why should I fear her then?
Gent. Come; let's pass on, wench.
Lav. Gentille, come hither!—Who's that gentlewoman?
Gent. A child of mine, sir, who, observing custom,
Is going to the monastery to her prayers.
Lav. A fair one, a most sweet one! fitter far
To beautify a court, than make a votarist.—
Go on, fair beauty, and in your orisons
Remember me: Will you, fair sweet?
Casta. Most humbly. [*Exit with* GENTILLE.
Lav. An admirable beauty! how it fires me!
But she's too full of grace, and I too wicked.—

Enter a Spirit.

I feel my wonted fit: Defend me, Goodness!
Oh! It grows colder still, and stiffer on me;
My hair stands up, my sinews shake and shrink;
Help me, good Heaven, and good thoughts dwell within me!
Oh, get thee gone, thou evil, evil spirit;
Haunt me no more, I charge thee!
Spirit. Yes, Lavall;
Thou art my vassal, and the slave to mischief:
I blast thee with new sin. Pursue thy pleasure!
Casta is rare and sweet, a blowing beauty;
Set thy desires a-fire, and never quench 'em
Till thou enjoy'st her! make her all thy Heaven,
And all thy joy, for she is all true happiness.
Thou art powerful; use command; if that prevail not,
Force her: I'll be thy friend.
Lav. Oh, help me, help me!
Spirit. Her virtue, like a spell, sinks me to darkness. [*Vanishes.*

Enter GENTILLE *and* CASTA.

Gent. He's here still.—How is't, noble lord? Methinks, sir,
You look a little wildly?—Is it that way?
Is't her you stare on so? I have spied your fire, sir
But dare not stay the flaming:—Come!
Lav. Sweet creature,
Excellent beauty, do me but the happiness
To be your humble servant.—Oh, fair eyes!
Oh, blessed, blessed sweetness, divine virgin!
Casta. Oh, good my lord, retire into your honour!
You are spoken good and virtuous, placed at helm
To govern others from mischances; from exampl
Of such fair chronicles as great ones are,
We do, or sure we should, direct our lives.
I know you are full of worth; a school of virtue,
Daily instructing us that live below you,
I make no doubt, dwells there.
Lav. I cannot answer;
She has struck me dumb with wonder.

Maria. Nay, sure he lives!—My lord Lavall, your master,
Brought news long since to your much-mourning mistress,
You died at Orleans; bound her with an oath too,
To keep it secret from your aged father,
Lest it should rack his heart.
Per. A pretty secret,
To try my mistress' love, and make my welcome
From travel of more worth; from whence, Heaven thank'd!
My business for the duke dispatch'd to th' purpose, [wench.
And all my money spent. I am come home,
How does my mistress? for I have not yet seen
Any, nor will I, till I do her service.
Maria. But did the lord Lavall know of your
Before he went? [love, sir,
Per. Yes; by much force he got it,
But none else knew; upon his promise too,
And honour, to conceal it faithfully
Till my return: To further which, he told me,
My business being ended, from the duke
He would procure a pension for my service,
Able to make my mistress a fit husband.
Maria. But are you sure of this?
Per. Sure as my sight, wench.
Maria. Then is your lord a base dissembling villain,
A devil lord, the damn'd lord of all lewdness,
And has betray'd you, and undone my mistress,
My poor sweet mistress (oh, that lecher lord!)
Who, poor soul, since was married!
Per. To whom, Maria?
Maria. To that unlucky lord, a pox upon him!
Whose hot horse appetite being allayed once
With her chaste joys, married again (scarce cool'd,
The torches yet not out the yellow Hymen
Lighted about the bed, the songs yet sounding)
Marine's young noble daughter Hellena,
Whose mischief stands at door next. Oh, that recreant!
Per. Oh, villain! oh, most unmanly falsehood!
Nay, then, I see my letters were betrayed too.
Oh, I am full of this, great with his mischiefs,
Loaden and burst! Come, lead me to my lady.
Maria. I cannot, sir; Lavall keeps her conceal'd:
Besides, her griefs are such, she will see no man.
Per. I must, and will go to her; I will see her:
There be my friend, or this shall be thy furthest!
[*Puts his hand on his sword.*
Maria. Hold, and I'll help thee! But first you shall swear to me,
As you are true and gentle, as you hate
This beastly and base lord, where I shall place you,
(Which shall be within sight) till I discharge you,
Whate'er you see or hear, to make no motion.
Per. I do, by Heaven!
Maria. Stay here about the house then,
Till it be later; yet, the time's not perfect:
There at the back-door I'll attend you truly.
Per. Oh, monstrous, monstrous, beastly villain! [*Exit.*
Maria. How cross this falls, and from all expectation!
And what the end shall be, Heaven only yet knows:
Only I wish, and hope. But I forget still;
Casta must be the bait, or all miscarries. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter GENTILLE, *with a Torch*, SHALLOON, *at a Window.*

Gent. Holla, Shalloon!
Shal. Who's there?
Gent. A word from the duke, sir.
Shal. Your pleasure?
Gent. Tell your lord he must to court straight,
Shal. He's ill at ease; and prays he may be
The occasions of this night. [pardon'd
Gent. Belike he is drunk then.
He must away; the duke and his fair lady,
The beauteous Hellena, are now at Cent;
Of whom she has such fortune in her carding,
The duke has lost a thousand crowns, and swears,
He will not go to bed, till by Lavall
The tide of loss be turn'd again. Awake him!
For 'tis the pleasure of the duke he must rise.
Shal. Having so strict command, sir, to the
I dare not do it: I beseech your pardon. [contrary
Gent. Are you sure he is there?
Shal. Yes.
Gent. And asleep?
Shal. I think so.
Gent. And are you sure you will not tell him,
Shal. Yes, very sure. [Shalloon?
Gent. Then I am sure, I will:
Open, or I must force.
Shal. Pray you stay! he is not,
Nor will not be this night: You may excuse it.
Gent. I knew he was gone about some woman's labour.
As good a neighbour, though I say it, and as comfortable! [lady,
Many such more we need, Shalloon. Alas, poor
Thou art like to lie cross-legg'd to-night. Good monsieur,
I will excuse your master for this once, sir,
Because sometimes I have loved a wench myse'f
Shal. 'Tis a good hearing, sir. [too.
Gent. But for your lie, Shalloon,
If I had you here, it should be no good hearing;
For your pate I would pummel.
Shal. A fair good-night, sir! [*Exit.*
Gent. Good-night, thou noble knight, Sir Pandarus!
My heart is cold o' th' sudden, and a strange dullness
Possesses all my body: Thy will be done, Heaven! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the House with a Gallery.*

Enter GABRIELLA, CASTA, *and* MARIA *with a Taper.*

Casta. 'Faith, friend, I was even going to my bed,
When your maid told me of your sudden sickness:
But from my grave (so truly I love you)
I think your name would raise me. You look ill
Since last I saw you, much decay'd in colour;
Yet, I thank Heaven, I find no such great danger
As your maid frighted me withal: Take courage,
And give your sickness course! Some grief you have got
That feeds within upon your tender spirits,
And, wanting open way to vent itself,
Murders your mind, and chokes up all your sweetness.

It is young Perolot! Oh, my stung conscience!
It is my first and noblest love.
Maria. Leave wond'ring,
And recollect yourself: The man is living;
Equally wrong'd as you, and by that devil.
Per. 'Tis most true, lady; your unhappy fortune
I grieve for as mine own; your fault forgive too,
If it be one. This is no time for kisses:
I have heard all, and known all, which mine ears
Are crack'd a-pieces with, and my heart perish'd.
I saw him in your chamber, saw his fury,
And am a-fire till I have found his heart out.
What do you mean to do? for I'll make one.
Gab. To make his death more horrid (for he shall die)——
Per. He must, he must.
Gab. We'll watch him till he wakes,
Then bind him, and then torture him.
Per. 'Tis nothing!
No; take him dead-drunk now, without repentance,
His lechery inseam'd upon him.
Gab. Excellent!
Per. I'll do it myself; and, when 'tis done, provide ye;
For we'll away for Italy this night.
Gab. We'll follow through all hazards.
Per. Oh, false lord,
Unmanly, mischievous! how I could curse thee!
But that but blasts thy fame: Have at thy heart, fool!
Loop-holes I'll make enough to let thy life out.
Lav. Oh! does the devil ride me?
Per. Nay, then! [*Stabs him.*
Lav. Murder!
Nay, then, take my share too. [*Stabs* PEROLOT.
Per. Help! oh! he has slain me.
Bloody intentions must have blood.
Lav. Ha!
Per. Heaven—— [*Dies.*
Gab. He sinks, he sinks, for ever sinks! Oh, Fortune!
Oh, sorrow! how like seas thou flow'st upon me!
Here will I dwell for ever. Weep, Maria,
Weep this young man's misfortune. Oh, thou truest——

Enter Spirit.

Lav. What have I done?
Spirit. That that has mark'd thy soul, man.
Lav. And art thou come again, thou dismal Spirit?
Spirit. Yes, to devour thy last.
Lav. Mercy upon me!
Spirit. Thy hour is come: Succession, honour, pleasure,
And all the lustre thou so long hast look'd for,
Must here have end: Summon thy sins before thee.
Lav. Oh, my affrighted soul!
Spirit. There lies a black one;
Thy own best servant by thy own hand slain:
Thy drunkenness procured it; there's another:
Think of fair Gabriella: there she weeps;
And such tears are not lost.
Lav. Oh, miserable!
Spirit. Thy foul intention to the virtuous Casta.
Lav. No more, no more, thou wildfire!
Spirit. Last, thy last wife,
Think on the wrong she suffers.
Lav. Oh, my misery!
Oh, whither shall I fly?
Spirit. Thou hast no faith, fool.
Hark to thy knell! [*Sings and vanishes.*
Lav. Millions of sins muster about mine eyes now;
Murders, ambitions, lust, false faiths: Oh, Horror,
In what a stormy form of death thou ridest now!
Methinks I see all tortures, fires, and frosts,
Deep-sinking caves, where nothing but despair dwells,
The baleful birds of night hovering about 'em;
A grave, methinks, now opens, and a hearse,
Hung with my arms, tumbles into it. Oh!
Oh, my afflicted soul! I cannot pray;
And the least child, that has but goodness in him,
May strike my head off, so stupid are my powers:
I'll lift mine eyes up though.
Maria. Cease these laments!
They are too poor for vengeance: Lavall lives yet.
Gab. Then thus I dry all sorrows from these eyes;
Fury and rage possess 'em now! Damn'd devil!
Lav. Ha!
Gab. This for young Perolot! [*Stabs him.*
Lav. Oh, mercy, mercy!
Gab. This for my wrongs!
Lav. But one short hour to cure me!
Oh, be not cruel! Oh! oh! [*Knock within.*
Maria. Hark, they knock!
Make haste, for Heaven's sake, mistress!
Gab. This for Casta! [*Stabs him again.*
Lav. Oh, oh, oh oh! [*He dies.*
Maria. He's dead; come, quickly, let's away with him,
'Twill be too late else.
Gab. Help, help, up to th' chamber!
[*Exeunt with* LAVALL'S *body.*

Enter DUKE, HELLENA, GENTILLE, CASTA, *and* Attendants, *with Lights.*

Duke. What frights are these?
Gent. I am sure here's one past frighting.
Bring the lights nearer:—I have enough already.
Out, out, mine eyes!—Look, Casta.
Lord. 'Tis young Perolot!
Duke. When came he over?—Hold the gentlewoman!
She sinks; and bear her off. [*Exit.*
Casta. Oh, my dear brother!
Gent. There is a time for all; for me, I hope
And very shortly. Murder'd? [GABRIELLA, MARIA, *with* LAVALL'S *body above.*
Duke. Who's above there?
Gab. Look up, and see.
Duke. What may this mean?
Gab. Behold it?
Behold the drunken murderer
Of that young gentleman: behold the rankest,
The vilest, basest slave that ever flourish'd!
Duke. Who kill'd him?
Gab. I; and there's the cause I did it:
Read, if your eyes will give you leave. [*Throws down a paper.*
Hel. Oh, monstrous!
Gab. Nay, out it shall: There, take this false heart to ye, [*Throws down his heart.*
The base dishonour of a thousand women!
Keep it in gold, duke; 'tis a precious jewel.
Now to myself! for I have lived a fair age,
Longer by some months than I had a mind to.
Duke. Hold!
Gab. Here, young Perolot, my first-contracted!
True love shall never go alone. [*Stabs herself.*
Duke. Hold, Gabriella!
I do forgive all.

Gab. I shall die the better.
Thus let me seek my grave, and my shames with me!
Maria. Nor shalt thou go alone, my noble mistress:
Why should I live, and thou dead? [*Stabs herself.*
Lord. Save the wench there!
Maria. She is, I hope; and all my sins here [written.
Duke. This was a fatal night.
Gent. Heaven has his working,
Which we cannot contend against.
Duke. Alas!
Gent. Your grace has your *alas* too.
Duke. 'Would 'twere equal!
For thou hast lost an honest noble child.
Gent. 'Tis heir enough he has left, a good remembrance.
Duke. See all their bodies buried decently;
Though some deserved it not!—How do you, lady?
Hel. Even, with your grace's leave, ripe for a monastery;
There will I wed my life to tears and prayers,
And never know what man is more.
Duke. Your pleasure.—
How does the maid within?
Lord. She is gone before, sir,
The same course that her lady takes.
Gent. And my course
Shall be my beads at home, so please your grace
To give me leave to leave the court.
Duke. In peace, sir;
And take my love along!
Gent. I shall pray for you.
Duke. Now to ourselves: Retire we, and begin
By this example to correct each sin!
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Eman. By this we plainly view the two imposthumes
That choak a kingdom's welfare; ease and wantonness;
In both of which Lavall was capital:
For, first, ease stole away his mind from honour.
That active noble thoughts had kept still working,
And then delivered him to drink and women,
Lust and outrageous riot; and what their ends are,
How infamous and foul, we see example.
Therefore, that great man that will keep his name,
And gain his merit out of Virtue's schools,
Must make the pleasures of the world his fools.
[*Flourish.*

THE TRIUMPH.

Enter Musicians; *next them,* PEROLOT, *with the wound he died with; then* GABRIELLA *and* MARIA, *with their wounds; after them, four* Furies *with Bannerets, inscribed,* Revenge, Murder, Lust, *and* Drunkenness, *singing; next them,* LAVALL *wounded; then a Chariot with* Death, *drawn by the* Destinies. [Flourish.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Prol. *From this sad sight ascend your noble eye,*
And see old Time, helping triumphantly,
Helping his master, Man: View here his vanities;
And see his false friends, like those glutted flies,
That, when they've suck'd their fill, fall off, and fade
From all remembrance of him, like a shade!
And last, view who relieves him! and that gone,
We hope your favour, and our play is done. [Flourish.

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

SCENE I.—*A City.*

Enter ANTHROPOS, DESIRE, VAIN-DELIGHT, *and* BOUNTY.

Anth. What hast thou done, Desire, and how employed
The charge I gave thee, about levying wealth
For our supplies?
Desire. I have done all, yet nothing;
Tried all, and all my ways, yet all miscarried:
There dwells a sordid dulness in their minds,
Thou son of Earth, colder than that thou art made of.
I came to Craft; found all his hooks about him,
And all his nets baited and set; his sly self
And greedy Lucre at a serious conference,
Which way to tie the world within their statutes:
Business of all sides and of all sorts swarming,
Like bees broke loose in summer: I declared
Your will and want together, both enforcing
With all the power and pains I had, to reach him;
Yet all fell short.
Anth. His answer?
Desire. This he gave me:
Your wants are never ending; and those supplies
That came to stop those breaches, are ever lavish'd,
Before they reach the main, in toys and trifles,
Gewgaws, and gilded puppets. Vain-Delight,
He says, has ruin'd you, with clapping all
That comes in for support, on clothes and coaches,
Perfumes and powder'd pates; and that your mistress,
The lady Pleasure, like a sea, devours
At length both you and him too. If you have houses,
Or land, or jewels, for good pawn, he'll hear you,
And will be ready to supply occasions;
If not, he locks his ears up, and grows stupid.
From him, I went to Vanity, whom I found
Attended by an endless troop of tailors,
Mercers, embroiderers, feather-makers, fumers,
All occupations opening like a mart,
That serve to rig the body out with bravery;
And through the room new fashions flew, like flies
In thousand gaudy shapes; Pride waiting on her,
And busily surveying all the breaches
Time and decaying Nature had wrought in her,
Which still with art she pieced again and strengthened:
I told your wants; she shewed me gowns and headtires,
Embroider'd waistcoats, smocks seamed through with cut works,

Scarfs, mantles, petticoats, muffs, powders, paintings,
Dogs, monkies, parrots, which all seem'd to shew me
The way her money went. From her to Pleasure
I took my journey.
Anth. And what says our best mistress?
Desire. She danced me out this answer presently:
Revels and masques had drawn her dry already.
I met old Time too, mowing mankind down,
Who says you are too hot, and he must purge you.
Anth. A cold *quietus!* Miserable creatures,
Born to support and beautify your master,
The godlike Man, set here to do me service,
The children of my will, why, or how dare ye,
Created to my use alone, disgrace me?
Beasts have more courtesy; they live about me,
Offering their warm wool to the shearer's hand
To clothe me with, their bodies to my labours;
Nay, even their lives they daily sacrifice,
And proudly press with garlands to the altars,
To fill the gods' oblations. Birds bow to me,
Striking their downy sails to do me service,
Their sweet airs ever echoing to mine honour,
And to my rest their plumy softs they send me.
Fishes, and plants, and all where life inhabits,
But mine own cursed kind, obey their ruler;
Mine have forgot me, miserable mine,
Into whose stony hearts, neglect of duty,
Squint-eyed Deceit and Self-love are crept closely!
None feel my wants? not one friend with me?
Desire. None, sir.
Anth. Thou hast forgot, Desire, my best friend
He cannot fail me. [Flattery;
Delight. Fail? he will sell himself,
And all within his power, close to his skin first.
Desire. I thought so too, and made him my first venture;
But found him in a young lord's ear so busy,
So like a smiling shower pouring his soul
In at his portals; his face in thousand figures,
Catching the vain mind of the man; I pull'd him,
But still he hung like bird-lime; spoke unto him;
His answer still was, "By the lord, sweet lord,"
And, "By my soul, thou master-piece of honour!"
Nothing could stave him off: He has heard your flood's gone,
And on decaying things he seldom smiles, sir.
Anth. Then here I break up state, and free my followers,
Putting my fortune now to Time and Justice:
Go seek new masters now; for Anthropos,
Neglected by his friends, must seek new fortunes.
Desire, to Avarice I here commend thee,
Where thou may'st live at full bent of thy wishes.
And, Vain-Delight, thou feeder of my follies,
With light Fantastickness be thou in favour!
To leave thee, Bounty, my most worthy servant,
Troubles me more than mine own misery;
But we must part: Go, plant thyself, my best friend,
In honourable hearts that truly know thee,
And there live ever like thyself, a virtue!
But leave this place, and seek the country:
For Law and Lust, like fire, lick all up here.
Now none but Poverty must follow me,
Despised patch'd Poverty; and we two married,
Will seek Simplicity, Content, and Peace out,
And live with them in exile.

Enter POVERTY.

How uncall'd on
My true friend comes!
Pov. Here hold thee, Anthropos!
Thou art almost arrived at rest: Put this on,
A penitential robe, to purge thy pleasures;
Off with that vanity!
Anth. Here, Vain-Delight,
And, with this, all my part to thee again
Of thee I freely render.
Pov. Take this staff now,
And be more constant to your steps hereafter!
The staff is Staidness of Affections.—
Away, you painted flies, that with man's summer
Take life and heat, buzzing about his blossoms!
When growing full, ye turn to caterpillars,
Gnawing the root that gave you life. Fly, shadows! [*Exeunt* DESIRE *and* DELIGHT.
Now to Content I'll give thee, Anthropos,
To Rest and Peace: No Vanity dwells there,
Desire, nor Pleasure, to delude thy mind more;
No Flattery's smooth-filed tongue shall poison thee.
Anth. Oh, Jupiter, if I have ever offer'd
Upon thy burning altars but one sacrifice
Thou and thy fair-eyed Juno smiled upon;
If ever, to thine honour, bounteous feasts,
Where all thy statues sweet with wine and incense,
Have by the son of Earth been celebrated;
Hear me (the child of Shame now) hear, thou helper,
And take my wrongs into thy hands, thou justice,
Done by unmindful man, unmerciful,
Against his master done, against thy order;
And raise again, thou father of all honour,
The poor, despis'd, but yet thy noblest creature!
Raise from his ruins once more this sunk cedar,
That all may fear thy power, and I proclaim it!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—OLYMPUS.

JUPITER *and* MERCURY *descend severally. Soft Music.*

Jup. Ho, Mercury, my winged son!
Merc. Your servant.
Jup. Whose powerful prayers were those that reached our ears,
Arm'd in such spells of pity now?
Merc. The sad petitions [pos;
Of the scorned son of Earth, the god-like Anthro-
He that has swell'd your sacred fires with incense,
And piled upon your altars thousand heifers;
He that (beguiled by Vanity and Pleasure,
Desire, Craft, Flattery, and smooth Hypocrisy)
Stands now despised and ruined, left to Poverty.
Jup. It must not be; he was not raised for ruin;
Nor shall those hands heaved at my altars perish:
He is our noblest creature. Flee to Time;
And charge him presently release the bands
Of Poverty and Want this suitor sinks in:
Tell him, among the sun-burnt Indians,
That know no other wealth but peace and pleasure,
He shall find golden Plutus, god of riches,
Who idly is adored, the innocent people
Not knowing yet what power and weight he carries:
Bid him compel him to his right use, honour,
And presently to live with Anthropos.
It is our will. Away!
Merc. I do obey it.
[JUPITER *and* MERCURY *ascend again. Music*

SCENE III.—*A Savage Country.*

Enter PLUTUS, *with a Troop of* Indians *singing and dancing wildly about him, and bowing to him; which ended, enter* TIME.

Time. Rise, and away! 'tis Jove's command.
Plutus. I will not!
Ye have some fool to furnish now; some Midas,
That to no purpose I must choak with riches.
Who must I go to?
Time. To the son of Earth;
He wants the god of wealth.
Plutus. Let him want still!
I was too lately with him, almost torn
Into ten thousand pieces by his followers:
I could not sleep, but Craft or Vanity
Were filing off my fingers; not eat, for fear
Pleasure would cast herself into my belly,
And there surprise my heart.
Time. These have forsaken him:
Make haste then! thou must with me. Be not
For fear a greater anger light upon thee. [angry,
Plutus. I do obey then: But will change my
For when I willingly befriend a creature, [figure;
Goodly and full of glory I shew to him;
But when I am compelled, old and decrepid,
I halt and hang upon my staff. Farewell, friends!
I will not be long from ye: All my servants
I leave among ye still, and my chief riches.
[*Exeunt* Indians, *with a Dance.*
Oh, Time, what innocence dwells here, what goodness!
They know me not, nor hurt me not, yet hug me.
Away! I'll follow thee: But not too fast, Time!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Rocky Country.*

Enter ANTHROPOS, HONESTY, SIMPLICITY, HUMILITY, *and* POVERTY.

Humil. Man, be not sad; nor let this divorce
From Mundus, and his many ways of pleasure,
Afflict thy spirits! which, considered rightly,
With inward eyes, makes thee arrive at happy.
Pov. For now what danger or deceit can reach
What matter left for Craft or Covetize [thee?
To plot against thee? what Desire to burn thee?
Hon. Oh, son of Earth, let Honesty possess
Be as thou wast intended, like thy Maker; [thee!
See through those gaudy shadows, that, like dreams,
Have dwelt upon thee long; call up thy goodness,
Thy mind and man within thee, that lie shipwrecked;
And then how thin and vain these fond affections,
How lame this worldly love, how lump-like, raw,
And ill-digested, all these vanities
Will shew, let Reason tell thee!
Simpl. Crown thy mind
With that above the world's wealth, joyful suffer-
And truly be the master of thyself. [ing,
Which is the noblest empire! and there stand
The thing thou wert ordained, and set to govern!
Pov. Come, let us sing the world's shame: Hear us, Anthropos!

Song: And then enter TIME *and* PLUTUS.

Hon. Away! we are betray'd.
[*Exeunt all but* POVERTY.
Time. Get thou too after,
Thou needy bare companion! go for ever,
For ever, I conjure thee. Make no answer!
[*Exit* POVERTY.
Anth. What mak'st thou here, Time? thou that to this minute
Never stood still by me?
Time. I have brought thee succour;
And now, catch hold, I am thine; The god of riches
(Compell'd by him that saw thy miseries,
The ever-just and wakeful Jove) at length
Is come unto thee; use him as thine own;
For 'tis the doom of Heaven, he must obey thee.
Anth. Have I found pity then?
Time. Thou hast, and justice
Against those false seducers of thine honour.
Come, give him present helps! [*Exit* TIME.

INDUSTRY *and the* ARTS *discovered.*

Plutus. Come, Industry,
Thou friend of life! and next to thee, rise, Labour!
[PLUTUS *stamps,* LABOUR *rises.*
Rise presently; and now to your employments!
But first conduct this mortal to the rock.
[*They carry* ANTHROPOS *to a rock, and fall a-digging.*
What see'st thou now?
[PLUTUS *strikes the rock, and flames fly out.*
Anth. A glorious mine of metal.—
Oh, Jupiter, my thanks!
Plutus. To me a little.
Anth. And to the god of wealth, my sacrifice!
Plutus. Nay, then I am rewarded. Take heed now, son,
You are afloat again, lest Mundus catch you!
Anth. Never betray me more!
Plutus. I must to India,
From whence I came, where my main wealth lies buried,
And these must with me. Take that book and mattock,
And, by those, know to live again!
[*Exeunt* PLUTUS, INDUSTRY, LABOUR, *&c.*
Anth. I shall do.

Enter FAME, *sounding.*

Fame. Through all the world the fortune of great Anthropos
Be known and wonder'd at; his riches envied,
As far as sun or time is; his power fear'd too!
[*Exeunt. Music.*

Enter DELIGHT, PLEASURE, CRAFT, LUCRE, VANITY, *&c. dancing (and masqued) towards the Rock, offering service to* ANTHROPOS. MERCURY *from above. Music heard. One half of a Cloud drawn, Singers are discovered; then the other half drawn.* JUPITER *seen in glory.*

Merc. Take heed, weak man! those are the sins that sunk thee;
Trust 'em no more: Kneel, and give thanks to Jupiter.
Anth. Oh, mighty power!
Jup. Unmask, ye gilded poisons!—
Now look upon 'em, son of Earth, and shame 'em;
Now see the faces of thy evil angels;
Lead 'em to Time, and let 'em fill his triumph!
Their memories be here forgot for ever.
Anth. Oh, just, great god! how many lives of service,
What ages only given to thine honour,

at infinites of vows and holy prayers
pay my thanks?
up. Rise up! and, to assure thee
t never more thou shalt feel want, strike Mercury,
ke him; and by that stroke he shall for ever
in that rock of gold, and still enjoy it.
done, I say! Now sing in honour of him.

SONG.

r the Triumph. First, the Musicians. Then VAIN-GLORY, PLEASURE, CRAFT, LUCRE, VANITY, *and ber of the Vices: Then a Chariot with the Person of* TIME *sitting in it, drawn by four Persons, representing Hours, singing.*

[Exeunt. Flourish.

Æman. By this we note, sweetheart, in kings and princes,
A weakness, even in spite of all their wisdoms,
And often to be mastered by abuses;
Our natures here described too, and what humours
Prevail above our reasons to undo us:
But this the last and best: When no friend stands,
The gods are merciful, and lend their hands.

[*Flourish. Exeunt*

EPILOGUE.

Now as the husbandman, whose costs and pain,
Whose hopes and helps, lie buried in his grain,
Waiting a happy spring to ripen full
His longed-for harvest to the reaper's pull,
Stand we expecting (having sown our ground
With so much charge, the fruitfulness not found)
The harvest of our labours: For we know
You are our spring; and when you smile we grow.
Nor change nor pain shall bind us from your pleasures,
So you but lend your hands to fill our measures!

THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TITUS MARTIUS, *King of Rome.*
MARCUS TULLIUS, *the Roman General.*
OLD TULLIUS, *his Father, a Senator.*
MARCELLANUS, *a Senator, Father to* PHILADELPHA.
ARMANUS, *Friend to* MARCUS TULLIUS.
MARIUS, *Friend to* TULLIUS, *and Lover of* LELIA.
RUFINUS, LEARCHUS, LEONTIUS, } *Captains, and Enemies to* TULLIUS.
MARCELLUS, *a Roman Captain.*
SABINUS, *General of the Sabines.*
ARBINIUS, *a Sabine Captain.*
SIR PERGAMUS, *a humorous Knight, in Love with* FLAVIA.
BELLARIO, *an old Soldier.*
SNIPSNAP, *a Tailor.*
BLACKSNOUT, *a Smith.*
CALVESKIN, *a Shoemaker.*
Pedester.
Senators, Lictors, Flamens, Constable, Officers, Tapsters, Sutler, Heralds, Postmaster, Messengers, Petitioners, *and* Attendants.

PHILADELPHA, *Wife to* MARCUS TULLIUS.
LELIA, *disguised as* JANUS, *her Page; Sister to* TULLIUS.
FLAVIA, *Servant to* PHILADELPHA.
Ladies *and* Attendants.

SCENE,—ROME, AND THE COUNTRY OF THE SABINES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ROME. *Before the Capitol.*

Enter MARIUS, RUFINUS, *and* LEONTIUS.

Ruf. You have made a large relation, but more rare,
Of your experienced travels; and I fear
You will depopulate our court and land
Of the most noble youths; who, being fired
By your rich benefit, will like lightning fly
To purchase fame and honour.
Leont. You're full fraught
With many kingdoms' virtues.
Mar. Sir, you flatter now,
And do outprize my willing industry:
Yet, without boast, I have been no drone, my lords,
To suck up others' labours; nor, as many
Of our nobles do, purchased new fashions
With the loss of lands; nor spent my five years travels
To bring home a Spanish block, or a French compliment,
A German health, or English tilting-staff;
Nor fiddled out my time in capering:
Yet these, nor any other active exercises
That can be added to adorn the state
Of a true gentleman, are strange to one,
Occasion best will witness. But, my lords,
I have not yet, in the least syllable,
Received the knowledge of domestic things;
What change of state, of friends, or enemies;
The custom of the court; who are in grace:
Lest my long absence hence may make me igno-
Of due respect deserved by noble merit; [rant,
And who is favourite to the king?
I would be loth to appear ridiculous
In any errors at first interview.
Ruf. You have outstripped the wing of our
We did reserve it with a full intent [sin
To make a just return to your relation.
Mar. My thoughts thirst for it.
Ruf. You knew young Tullius?
Mar. Servius Tullius' son?
Ruf. The same.
Mar. Pray on.
Ruf. He was a man, you know, of no great bir
Leont. A gentleman; that's all.
Mar. A king's no more.
Ruf. He is the only gallant of the times,
The court's chief school, master in arts and arm
The chief star that adorns this hemisphere
Is thrown into his bosom for his bride.
Mar. Her name, Rufinus?
Ruf. 'Tis beauteous Philadelpha, the
Of Marcellanus, our chief senator. [daug
Mar. A lovely dame; Rome wants her parall
Except my saint, the bright-cheeked Lelia.
Ruf. The solemn graces, hymeneal sports,
And revellings at this great nuptial,
Cannot by the tongue of wonder be compared.
Millions were lavished in excessive sports,
And piebald pageantry.
And then the open favours of the king,
Crowned with the gaping multitude,
Made Atlas shake with laughter.
Mar. When was this, my lords?
Ruf. Some two days since:
The happy bridegroom has not yet, I am sure,
Plucked the Hesperian fruit; 'twas her desire

To lie three nights alone; your courtlike way
To make them feed the freer when they meet.
Mar. I curse my slow speed
That made mine eye a stranger to these sights.
Ruf. Rather adore that deity that detained you.
Mar. Do you then malign his happiness,
Young Tullius' honours, and my sovereign's grace?
Ruf. Do we! Who does not? and contemn [them too,
As——
Mar. I do you,
Or any that true worth shall emulate.
I know young Tullius is a noble youth,
Endued with virtues and perfections
Fitting to rank with our best Roman blood.
Ruf. Leont. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Mar. Do you laugh?
By all our gods, Rufinus, Tullius' merits
Deserve those graces are bestowed upon him
Better than any one that envies them.
Ruf. How, Marius?
Mar. Pish! 'gainst the winds look big.

Enter LEARCHUS.

Learch. That bigness blew me hither.
Ruf. In post, Learchus?
Learch. 'Foot! had I wings like Perseus, and could fly,
I were too slow-paced to divulge this news.
Leont. What is't, i' th' name of wonder?
Learch. For firm truth,
The Sabines are in arms, whose stubborn necks
These many years stooped to the yoke of Rome,
Now shake their fetters off, and with sharp steel
Swear to enlarge their former privilege.
Ruf. This your tidings?
The expectation takes the strangeness off:
It has been long suspected.
Learch. You're too greedy,
And glut your appetites with the first dish:
I have a feast of news yet,
Who do you think is chosen general,
And command given for a present press,
Of our most ablest, expert soldiers,
Ten thousand horse, and twenty thousand foot,
To quell this hot rebellion?
Ruf. Who but we?
Learch. You have been.
Ruf. May be thyself, Learchus?
Learch. No, no, no.
Ruf. Then 'tis Leontius?
Learch. You are wider still.
Ruf. Who else is fit to bear't, and we put by?
Learch. Who but the warlike Tullius?
Ruf. That milksop! Sure the king
Will make an idol of him.
Learch. Who should command but he that awes command?
Tullius is general, and, with greatest pomp,
Is coming this way; the king leaning thus
Upon his soldier: eyeing as they pass
The looks and gestures of each gazer-on.
How they relish his election.
Ruf. But rawly, without salt;
They have a fresh soldier to their general.
Mar. Your bitterness makes the digestion [harsh:
In my conceit, he that endeavours well,
Though he come short of him that hath performed
Something worth praise, deserves far more commends
Than those that boast their actions; it takes off
The lustre that belongs to't. Pardon me
If I make question of your loyalties,
That dare disparage thus my sovereign's choice
Of his respected subjects: it infers
A doubt made of his wisdom. Why should we
Tax the prerogative pleasures of our prince?
Whom he shall grace, or where bestow his favours?
That law's allowed to every private man:
Then, to confine or disallow a king,
Were most injurious and preposterous.
For as * * * * * as they're gods,
They are subject to their passions as they're men:
Alexander the Great had his Hephestion,
Philip of Spain his Lerma: Not to offend
I could produce from courts that I have seen
More royal precedents, but I'll not give
Such satisfaction to detractive tongues,
That publish such foul noise against a man
I know for truly virtuous.
Ruf. Learch. Leon. Ha, ha, ha!
Learch. What's he
That takes upon him thus to contradict
What we shall please to censure?
Ruf. 'Tis young Marius,
He that was severed from fair Lelia,
Old Tullius' daughter.
Learch. Alas, poor lover! these are frantic fits:
He adores Tullius for his sister's sake.
Ruf. Now the great general comes.
Leon. How fierce he looks!

Enter MARCELLUS, *leading;* Drums *and* Colours; TITUS MARTIUS, MARCUS TULLIUS, ARMANUS, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

Mar. The blessings of the gods be multiplied
To add increase of glory and renown
To Titus Martius, my dread sovereign,
And to the general, fame, and victory.
Titus. Thy last fair wish begets a double thanks.
Rise, Marius.
Thy virtue was the harbinger to prepare
A welcome to thy country; but to us
That exiled thee from Rome, and from thy bliss,
The beauteous Lelia, our command shall crown
Your loves with a rich dowry; she is thine.
Mar. A bounty, sir, I prize above my life.
All joys reward you, noble Tullius.
M. Tull. Welcome as what I long for, victory!
Arm. With like arms I embrace you.
All. So do all.—
Ruf. There's a young demi-god too: With [what grace
The king doth entertain him!
Learch. Oh, my lord,
Must he not be allied to Tullius?
Ruf. I cry you mercy, I had forgot that.
Leon. 'Foot, we're not minded here; these dunghill-cocks
Flutter their feathers so before his eyes,
He does or will not see us.
Ruf. It is no matter: let 'em use their wings,
We shall sit heavily upon their skirts for't.—
Titus. We'll leave our Tullius now, and back to court:
Time must allow some hours for a kind leave
'Twixt you and your fair bride; we'll not be by
To see so sad a parting.
M. Tull. Royal sir,
Howe'er the thought of danger may beget
Some sorrow for my absence, being divorced
Ere Hymen's rites are fully finished:
Yet, when her love shall look upon the cause

Commands my service, and this three-fold grace
Conferred on me by you, she will with smiles
Turn from me; her chief care
Is of my honour, not my dalliance.

Titus. Thou deifiest her with this character;
Yet she deserves a larger. Farewell Marcus,
Mars guide thy marches. Peace thy footsteps [home!

M. Tull. I live but for your safety.

Titus. Ours in thine. [*Exit.*

Ruf. Leon. Learch. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

Mar. [*Detaining* TULLIUS.] Could you dispense, sir, with your high affairs,
I'd gladly borrow some short conference.

M. Tull. I'll lend it, sir, most willing: I wish
Would engage me for the like courtesy. [time

Mar. I'll not be tedious, trust me.

M. Tull. Worthy friend, [*To* ARMANUS.
Take off the edge of Philadelpha's grief
For this short separation; be you the first
That shall acquaint her with my great command,
It will abate some of the bitterness,
And mitigate her passions ere we meet,
To make our parting sweeter.

Arm. Friend, I shall, and, with persuasive speech,
Arm her with patience to beat back sad thoughts,
And hoodwink danger with your honour's veil.

M. Tull. I know you need no tutor. I'll exchange
Some words with Marius, whose approach, I pray
You'd certify my bride before we come,
For I intend to bring him.

Arm. Your best pleasure.

M. Tull. You shall not want us long.

Arm. We'll all attend you.

[*Exit, with* MARCELLUS *and* Soldiers.

Mar. Now let me freely fold thee, noble lord:
All bars that stood betwixt us are removed,
Great Martius' frown, our fathers' enmity,
Caused by the antipathy of honour's stem,
Which your deserts have levelled. Their stern hate,
That strived to contradict our plighted faiths,
Which long ere this had linked to you a brother,
I hope is reconciled. Good, bless me then
To hear of my dear Lelia: is she well?
Hath not my discontinuance, and harsh threats
Of both our parents, forced her timorous sex
To shun my wished embraces, and give up
Her heart and hand unto some resident suitor?
My soul is racked till you dissolve my fears.

M. Tull. And mine till you resolve me to what end
You ask these frivolous questions. Good, my lord,
Now is no time to dwell on circumstance,
And I am something wondered you should make
A doubt of Lelia's faith,
Having the cabinet in your custody
That does contain the jewel: 'Tis a prize,
(Wear it!) the richest in love's lottery,
Won from a woman: Sir, remember that.
Yet such a spotless worth fame crowns you with,
I do not fear the preservation on't;
But 'tis your own, howsoever lasting joy.
Now make me happy to partake her welfare:
How does my sister?

Mar. Ha!

M. Tull. You have made a sad old man: the king's entreats,
Persuades of friends, business of state, my honours,
Marriage rites, nor aught that can be named,
Since Lelia's loss, can move him from the place
In which he lives a retired life and much disconsolate.

Mar. I dare not understand you. Lelia lost?

M. Tull. To all but you. Why do you dally thus,
Trifling with that is now so precious?
If you will glad an aged father's heart
With sight of his sole daughter, questionless
The joy will seal your pardon:
You're not the first has stol'n a handsome lady.
Good Marius, do not linger.

Mar. Hold for Heaven's sake!
You have condemned me of a fact, which I
Of force must die, because not guilty of't.
Hear me, dear Tullius: Witness all our gods,
If ever since the time of our divorce,
Signed by your father's hate, and king's command,
When I set forth to travel, I e'er saw
Or heard of my sweet Lelia,
All lovers' curses seize me, and my life
Languish in torments unexpressible!

M. Tull. In this belief I am wretched: 'Would you had, sir!
Till now her loss was nothing: Since that time
That an ill-twisted fate divided you,
My sister ne'er was seen; all Rome conceived,
And did not spare to speak it, for your sake
All comforts else she banished.

Mar. And from me
All other joys for ever.

M. Tull. From my breast
She has forced millions of contented thoughts,
And placed cold cakes of sorrow. Worthy sir,
Let my example mitigate your grief,
And smother it a while; our better stars
May work more fair effects, and she be found
When rumour shall report your safe return.
This news would soon shorten my father's days,
For he is fixed upon't she fled with you.
Were Rome in peace, or my command ta'en off,
I'd take a pilgrimage in search of her,
Though I left joys above Elysium.

Mar. You speak beyond a brother, loving Tullius.

M. Tull. For my sake, then, conceal her loss a while,
Lest it should raise a censure of despair.

Mar. Despair!
Death durst not taint a goodness with such sin:
That thought shall ne'er afflict me for her loss.
The key of silence here shall lock it up
Close from the world and you.
I would not have a partner in my woe,
For that, like her, solely belongs to me;
Yet, lest deep melancholy drive my sense
To range the world in madness, I'll cast off
All show of discontent, and, with my sword,
Assist you in this hot hostility.

M. Tull. Your company's a second life to me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Tavern.*

BELLARIO, *a tattered Soldier;* BLACKSNOUT, *a Smith;* SNIPSNAP, *a Tailor;* CALVESKIN, *a Shoemaker, sitting round a Table, every one Pots in their Hand. Enter* Tapster.

Snip. Some more drink, boy.

Tap. You shall, sir, by and by.

Black. Come, my brave soldier,
Take off thy basting, bully! By this hand,
You shall not pay a farthing of this reckoning:
I am Blacksnout still.
Bell. Pay? What word's that?
Oh, disgrace to a man of resolution!
Name pay in time of peace.
Calve. Stay, be not angry, my bold swash-buckler:
He means thou shalt not pay for what's come in.
Snip. No more he shall not, by this thimble, whilst I have
A groat: I should have two two-pences, I mistake else.
Not a doit, by this drink! So here's to thee, boy. [*Drinks.*
Bell. No, nor you neither, my fine fox-catchers!
Pay? 'tis against my profession:
I have a bitch shall bite him to the bone
Dares ask but such a question. 'Las! you are fresh men:
I'm an old weather-beaten soldier, that, whilst drum
And trumpets terrified cowards, had the world
At will; but in this armour-rusting peace
I'm glad to change god Mars for Mercury,
And pick a living out of my wits.
Snip. Pick, I allow you:
Give me a trade, say I; I'll undertake
To finish more suits in a year than any
Two lawyers in the town, and get as much
By th' hand too; 'tis well known we purchase
As well as they. [now-a-days
Black. Why not? Your fees go all one way:
Lawyers and tailors have their several hells.
Calve. Well fare the honest gentle-craft, my hearts,
Our labour always comes to a good end.
Black. Peace, Calveskin! your thin sole takes water.
Calve. 'Tis want of liquor then.—Some more drink, sirrah!
Black. Which of you all can hold out tack with Blacksnout,
The horse-shoemaker? It is always good
When a man has two irons in the fire:
We seldom have cold doings.
Snip. I'd be loth
To have nothing but my wits to live upon.
Black. I believe thee, thou wouldst have none at all then.
Snip. 'Tis but a threadbare living at the best.
Bell. 'Sfoot, ye all talk
Like a company of sprat-fed mechanics.
I tell you, my sincere jobbernowls, I would not change
The revenues that this brain brings me in yearly
For ne'er a trade-fall'n citizen's in Europe,
Though their charter were sealed, to swear and lie [by authority.
Calve. I'st possible?
Bell. There's many a trim gallant in this town
That lives by nothing else, and bravely too.
'Las! we have comings-in that every goose
I' th' city thinks not of: as, for example,—
Sit round.
Black. Sit round, sit round.
Bell. I'll explain
This mystery: Here's a young high-mettled lady,
Whilst her unable lord lies languishing
In a lingering consumption, she, poor soul,
Is almost pined for want of necessaries:
Who must help this malady but Bellario,
A lusty well-timbered fellow? yet no loggerhead—
Mi-take me not.
Black. No, no, you are i' the right.
Bell. And there, besides a satin suit,
With all things correspondent, cap-a-pie;
These coffers are furnished for a month or two.
Snip. Good, i'faith.
Black. I begin to relish this.
Bell. Then this brave cavaliero
Is openly baffled in his mistress' sight,
And dares not fight himself; who must maintain
This quarrel but Bellario? And so some forty
Or fifty crusadoes entice my trusty friend here
To leave his peaceful mansion, to make good
His reputation.
Calve. What do you think of this?
Black. Better and better still.—Some more drink, boy.
Bell. Next, here's a rich devouring cormorant
Comes up to town, with his leathern budget stuffed
Till it crack again, to empty it upon a company
Of spruce clerks and squalling lawyers, when 'twere fitter
Such honest lads as myself had it; that, instead
Of pedlar's French, gives him plain language for his money,—
Stand and deliver! besides all the prayers
Of the poor people in a country, whom
This cut-throat would have undone in a term-time.
Is not this fit?
Snip. Very necessary, I protest to you.
Bell. To proceed—
Black. Ay, to proceed. Here's to you. [*Drinks.*
Bell. This new-come novice
Would be instructed in the generous garb;
This tiffany-trader wants customers; I thrust 'em together.
This greasy citizen would put off some musty commodity,
That some young heir would half hang himself to take up:
I help all these, and all these help me. The honest whore, Fortune,
Finds a thousand ways to pleasure her favourites.
Now, my fine finger-blowing, cross-legged companions,
Is not wit an unknown legacy?
Snip. Ay, I'll be sworn is't.
I'd spend a crown to see my father's will;
Sure he left me that unknown legacy.
He was once mayor o' th' town.
Black. I should have wit,
I was a soldier once.
Snip. Calve. Thou a soldier?
Black. Yes, and have been shot too.
Snip. With a pot-gun.
Black. No, Snipsnap, nor a goose gun,
But with a bullet as big as a penny-loaf:
Thou would'st have eat it ere thou hadst suffered it.
Bell. Where? Where about was't, Blacksnout?
Black. In the groin.
'Twas at the siege of Bunnil, passing the straights
'Twixt Mayor's-lane and Terra del Fuego, the fiery isle.
Bell. Hot service, by my faith.
Black. Phew! nothing to me:
He is no good smith that ne'er burnt his fingers
Here, soldier, here's to thee.

Snip. Does't call me soldier? I tell thee I scorn't:
I am a tailor, and as good a man as thyself.
Black. As good a man as I? Snipsnap, thou liest.
Snip. Lie: Oh, my patience! I'd give forty drachmas
I were a gentleman, that I might fight with thee.
Calve. Nay, nay, no quarrelling: Some more drink, Tapster.—
Pray help me to make them friends; the tailor, sir,
Is something cross sometimes, and so's the smith,
Too hot and fiery.
Bell. Come, Blacksnout, drink to him.
Black. I care not if I do.
Snip. Care not? Nay then—
Black. What then?
Snip. I care not if I pledge thee.
Bell. So, so, this is well.
Calve. Of all things in the world I cannot endure
This foolish quarrelling. My wife and I have a bout
Sometimes, but I always come by the worst on't.
Snip. More drink, Tapster.
Tap. Sir, my master
Will let me draw no more till this be paid for.
Snip. Does he misdoubt our payment? Then there's for you:
Go change me that cracked crown. [*Strikes him.*
Bell. Oh, brave Snipsnap! Who said he durst not fight?
Tap. Well, sir, you'll dearly answer this:
My master's constable; he'll trounce you for't.
Snip. Dost tell me of a constable?
Black. A constable's
An ass. I've been a constable myself,
Calve. I was head-borough then, you know.

Enter Constable *and* Officers.

Const. How now?
What coil is here?
Black. Level coil, you see, every man's pot.
Const. Which is he, sirrah?
Tap. He, sir, that struts it so.
Const. I do command thee stand, in the king's name.
Black. You must write great letters then.
Const. I do command thee stand.
Snip. Well, so I do:
Now I sit down again.
Const. Thou hast broke my man's head
Here, in my own house.
Snip. That's a lie,
I broke't within the length of my own yard.
Const. Neighbours, what were I best lay to his charge?
It is no felony nor burglary.
1 *Off.* Yes, but 'tis;
Is't not burglary to break a house?
2 *Off.* That it is.
1 *Off.* And is not the flesh the house of your soul?
Const. Right.
1 *Off.* Then attach him
Of burglary for breaking your man's house.
2 *Off.* No, no, lay flat murder to his charge:
Who knows whether your man may die after it?
Const. Peace! Tell me one thing first; is not every
True subject's blood the king's?
1 *Off.* Yes, that it is.
Const. And is't not treason to spill the king's blood?
1 *Off.* Yes, by my faith is't, and high treason too.
Const. Very good: then, my tapster being a true subject,
His blood's the king's, and it is treason to spill't.
1 *Off.* Oh, well considered, master constable:
This 'tis to have a wise man in the place.
Const. Stand up again, thou monster.
Snip. Bear witness, neighbours,
I am a married man.—Sir, I shall firk
You for't.
Const. I do here attach thee of high treason
For breaking my tapster's head.
Calve. How? how? treason?
Const. Or any man than dares not justify it.—
Away with him to prison!
Snip. Good master constable,
'Twas wilfully done of me, I must confess;
But did not think 'twas treason. Neighbours, speak for me.
Const. Away with him, I say.
Black. Pray, master constable, be good to him:
Of a tailor he's a very honest man; 'tis against
A good time too, and if he should be hanged
For this, he would go near to lose all his custom.
Const. I'll hear no more.

Enter Marcellius, Soldiers *with Drums and Colours.*

Marc. How now? What uproar's this? Are you the constable?
Const. I am the king's sworn image.
Marc. Can you read?
Const. Yes, very well.
Marc. There is his highness' seal
For present levy of a band of men.—
That's the wrong end.
Const. If't be, all's one to me.
Marc. What men are these i' th' house?
Const. A company of quarrelling Jacks, an't please you;
They say they have been soldiers, and fall out
About their valours.
Marc. Such as these I look for.
Const. They have broke my tapster's head amongst 'em, captain.
Marc. They shall have heads enow to break, ne'er doubt.—
Bellario, are you here? A man of your known parts,
And quarrel in an ale-house?
Bell. Pardon, captain;
'Twas no offence of mine; I lit by chance
Into their company: necessity, you know.—
Marc. Hold thee, here's gold; furnish thyself with speed:
Thou shalt be my lieutenant.
Bell. Thanks, brave captain.
Marc. These shall along with us too. Receive your press.
Calve. Oh, good captain, I have a wife, indeed, sir.
Marc. If she be a striker, I will press her too.
Black. 'Sfoot, I'll go, an't be but to be rid of mine.
Snip. Oh, that I had been hanged out of the way!
Sweet captain!
Marc. Prate not, take it, you were best.
Const. He is my prisoner, captain; I attached him
Of high-treason, for breaking my tapster's head.
Marc. Away, you coxcomb! Bring 'em on Bellario. [*Exit*

Const. Pray, gentlemen, will you pay your reckoning then?
Snip. Not a cross, by this hand, and stay me if thou darest.
Black. I'll go to all the wars in the world before I'll pay a doit.
Bell. To wars, my boys! Why, 'tis the bravest life.
I'll sing you a song now shall encourage you,
And make you fight like furies.
All. Oh, let's hear't.

SONG, by BELLARIO.

Hark, oh hark, you valiant soldiers,
How the drum and trumpets sound!
How true valour shall be crown'd!
* * * * * *

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the House of* TULLIUS.

Enter PHILADELPHA, *and* LELIA *disguised as* JANUS *her* Page.

Phi. Thy news darts death and horror to my heart:
Think'st thou 'tis true?
Lel. Madam, I wish 'twere false; but credit me,
It is a general rumour through the city.

Enter ARMANUS.

Here comes one can resolve you.
Phi. My lord's best friend, best welcome! Oh, Armanus,
Free my sad fears from this same killing sound,
That flies from vulgar mouths; words dipt in gall
Have pierced my quickest sense. Must Tullius leave me?
Arm. Pardon me, lady,
If my harsh language shall offend your ears
In seconding what you have caught already:
My friend must leave you; no desire of his,
Purchase of fame or wealth, but the king's will
And country's safety, care of public good,
Which, like the gods' decrees, must be observed.
The Sabines, that have bowed their lowly necks
Thus long beneath Rome's mild and gentle yoke,
Pull their sad fates from our unwilling hands
By base rebellion and foul breach of faith;
And your great lord, for such is the king's love,
Must go as general to correct their pride,
An honour that great princes emulate,
And strive to be preferred to: let that grace,
With thought of his return and high renown
Clear your wet eyes, and make pale fear grow red
To see a woman valiant.
Phi. You have words
Able to comfort a despairing soul:
Yet sure you do but try me; it cannot be,
Nor shall I ever think nature would waste
Such pains and cost to frame a man in whom
She might admire herself, to be a prey
For cut-throats in his prime.
Arm. No, lady, Heaven defend!
A better angel guards him.
Phi. Where is he, good Armanus?
Have we but one poor minute's time to part in,
And shall we lose a sand or thought of that?
Arm. Ere you can wish again, he'll visit you.
Phi. Visit indeed, for I am sick to death
To think of his departure.
Arm. He is now in conference with young Marius?
Lel. [Aside.
Arm. That should have wed his sister, the bright Lelia.
Lel. Hold, my heart
Phi. Is he call'd home again?
Arm. And in more grace than ever.
Phi. 'Deed, I am glad on't.
Lel. [*Aside.*] My breast's too little to contain my joy;
My tongue will sure betray me.
Arm. Both by this
Are entering the first court.
Phi. Look, Janus.—
Lel. [*Apart.*] Look? my eye-ball's out.
Phi. And give me notice ere they enter here,
Lest the wished sight o'ercome me.
Lel. I could stand
A tedious winter's night on a cold plain
To entertain the object. Marius, I come. [*Exit.*
Phi. Tell me, Armanus, must the general fight?
Arm. Yes, fairest, if the day
Grow dangerous; for when the soldiers' spirits
Grow weak and faint, it heartens up the troops,
And adds a double strength to see him strike.
Phi. Alas, my Tullius never practised it,
Or if he were inured or trained in arms,
He has not the heart, I know, to kill a man:
I never saw him angry.
Arm. 'Tis a sign
He is the better man, more temperate;
For he that knows how to respect a friend
Best knows which way to use an enemy:
Smooth amorists are roughest warriors.
[*A flourish of drums and trumpets, and shouts within.*
Hark, madam, how the general salutes you,
And with what joy the soldiers welcome him!
Who would not leap to hear it?—See, they come.

Enter LELIA, MARCUS TULLIUS, *and* MARIUS.

Lel. My message was before me.
Phi. Oh, dear love! [*They embrace.*
Mar. What a true sorrow speaks that mute embrace!
Lel. [*Aside.*] Durst I unclasp the book in which is writ
My heart's affection, thou would'st read it here;
But envious time forbids it.
M. Tull. Comfort, sweet!
Think not on danger; that is farthest off;
Imagine I accompany the king
In a short progress: 'tis no more, my love,
Although stern Mars, the cruel god of war,
Ever since that still-remembered time
He lay in Vulcan's gyves a laughing-stake,
Has been to lovers' joys an ireful foe,
And tugs me from these arms to arms of steel,
Envying our soft embraces.
Phi. I see all earth-bred joys are born and dead
In a short moment. I fare now like her
Was turned from paradise ere she had tasted bliss,
Or like a king killed at his coronation.
M. Tull. Weep not, love! Oh, spare those orient pearls,
Whose worth out-values all the world beside!
For every drop those crystal spheres let fall,
A crimson flood from their black breast shall run
That thus divorce us. Pr'ythee dry thy tears,
Or I shall traitor prove to honoured arms,
Discovering a wet eye-lid.
Phi. You shall command what kings want power to do,
My passions.—Your pardon, noble sir, [*To* MARIUS.

This sudden cause of sorrow has bereft
My better faculties of all respect
Fitting so worthy a guest.
Mar. I want power
In all things but the will to render thanks
For my rich welcome; you have feasted me
With what I have most longed for, your fair sight:
Your cates I come not for: your lord and I
Must not look now to feed deliciously.
I am his servant, lady, in this war,
And will in life and death take part with him.
Lel. [*Apart.*] I am now lost for ever. Wretched [Lelia,
What planet reigned at thy nativity
That thus prolongs still thy desired bliss?
Marius to wars? No danger shall detain me,
But step by step I'll still attend on him,
And dally with destruction.
Phi. To part thus!
The all-seeing sun, that makes chaste virgins blush,
But three short nights hath hid his peeping eyes
Since that uniting Hymen tied our hearts
In a connubial band, yet ne'er allowed
So much true freedom to our infant sports
To make us practic lovers.
M. Tull. There's no help, we must part; though with less grief
I could attend my father's funeral hearse,
Than leave thee, in whose each part reigns a world
Of strange attractive pleasure.
Phi. Shall not these breasts for this night be your pillow?
M. Tull. 'Tis my wish, and if with my safety it may be,
Which for thy sake I only strive to keep.

Enter Rufinus.

Ruf. Hail to the general!
M. Tull. 'Like, my lord, to you.
Arm. [*Aside.*] What makes this screech-owl here?
I never see him, but methinks his face
Is more prodigious than a fiery comet.
Ruf. The king by me, sir, greets you, and commands
You instantly make to the enemy
Before his forces join, and make the way
To victory more difficult. I have done, sir. [*Exit.*
Mar. A strict injunction, more severely uttered.
M. Tull. My Philadelpha sees then there's no [stay;
Only a kiss and part: that, though the foe
Were entered Rome, and ready to give fire
To her proud buildings, and my presence solely
Could save the ruin, I would stay to take.——
My love transports me. Pardon, my Armanus,
Pardon my madness: nothing else, thou know'st,
Could make me let thee stand so long neglected.
Farewell, my dearest friend!
Arm. Farewell to whom?——
You wrong me, friend, to think my love so faint
To leave you now; no, though your way were [through
Hell's pitchy cave, without a Sybil's clue,
I'd follow you.
Sands shall be numbered first, the heavens stand [still,
Earth fly her centre, before death or——
M. Tull. Forbear,
Thou best of men, a true and faithful friend;
Urge not what cannot be: I know thy love
And valour both exceed comparison,
Yet now thou must not go.
Arm. Not go?
M. Tull. No, my prophetic soul
Tells me my absence gives too free a scope
To them that hate me, to supplant my honours:
Besides my own observance I've received
The knowledge of black hatred lodged i' th' breasts
Of our most greatest peers;
Then, lest my danger here at home should prove
More than abroad, stay thou to curb their actions,
Next, here's a virgin in a moment cast
From highest joy to sorrow's lowest valley:
Be thou her comfort, and believe me, friend,
The least of these more, much more, I esteem,
Than if thy manly breast should stand a shield
'Twixt me and thousand perils.
Arm. I am won, sir,
And yield at first charge; may your foes do so!
And Heaven guard me but as I strive to keep
Your honours clear and spotless.
M. Tull. I should sin
In making question of it. Now I'm happy,
But I fear I am over bold with time.—
Dearest, farewell, and think our parting now,
When we meet next, will seal our pleasures high,
And add a new step to felicity. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Rufinus.

Ruf. A general! Oh, ye gods,
Why so disgrace ye a great soldier's name
To cast it on a creature so unworthy?
I that these twenty years have tugged with danger
Where'er it durst appear, and oft have done
Those deeds would make this novice quake to hear;
I that have stood more breaches for my country
Than e'er he numbered years, while this right hand
From Mars' alluring favourites have forced
Unwilling victory: for all are now
By the ungrateful king slighted, neglected;
While this young puny thing is set a' cock-horse.
Well, king, not fear but wisdom makes me hold
My fury thus long from thee: but, my general,
Ward yourself well, or my revengeful ire,
Like a resistless storm, sent from the north,
Shall blast your springing glory in the bud.
The deadly shirt dipt in the centaur's gore,
Thou fool, thou might'st have put on with less danger
Than clothe thee thus in these unfitting honours
Which fate ordained for me: I hate thee firmly.
And hate deep-rooted in a soldier's breast
Can hardly be digged out.—Oh, his grace comes,
And I must clear my brow; for anger seen
Loses his force, kept secret strengthens spleen.

Enter Learchus, Leontius, Marcellanus, *and another Senator; then* Titus Martius, *talking to* Armanus.

Titus. Armanus, we have sent thy friend to [danger,
But Honour leads him on. We ever saw

Some dawning virtue in his generous look,
Which now, we hope, in action will shine clear,
And dazzle Envy's eyes.—Pray speak, lords, freely,
How like you our election of a general?

Sen. As if the gods themselves had made the choice.

Ruf. [*Aside.*] Yes, 'mongst schoolboys to lead a feasting on.

Titus. Your approbation pleases, and, we trust,
He'll bring home peace and victory together;
Therefore the fear of ill success be far:
On his high altar, to Tarpeian Jove,
A milk-white bull with gilded horns we'll offer
To favour Rome, and be propitious to him.
Let all our temple-gates be opened wide,
And daily orisons to all the gods
Be made, to send him home a happy victor.

Ruf. [*Aside.*] The king's grown wond'rous holy o' the sudden.

Titus. Ourself in private here, low on our knees,
Will pour our prayers for his tender safety.
Then leave us, lords, and see our will performed
Religiously.—Nay, you may stay, Rufinus.

[*Exeunt all but* TITUS MARTIUS *and* RUFINUS.

Ruf. [*Aside.*] What's the king's meaning? To make me his priest?
Why, I yet never knew which way to pray;
Or, if my nurse e'er taught me such a language,
I left it in my cradle.—Here's a cushion.
Pleaseth your grace to kneel?

Titus. To kneel? To whom?
Dost not thou think the gods would blush to see
A man, in greatness equalling themselves,
Debase himself so poorly? Know, Rufinus,
If Jove be able to do us a kindness,
Our merits bind him to it. The garlands, crowns,
High altars, sacrifices, stately temples
Our bounty has bestowed upon him, yet
Are unrewarded all: then, without pride,
We scorn to be a beggar to our debtor.

Ruf. Then I mistook you, sir.

Titus. And so thou dost
In more than this, Rufinus. Pr'ythee, tell me,
What's thy conceit of Tullius and his honours?

Ruf. May I speak freely, sire?

Titus. And fearless too,
As if thou wert my oracle or priest:
Though all thy words be pointed, and black treason
Hung upon every harsh-tuned syllable
Of what thou now shalt utter, by my crown
My love shall be as firm to thee as now.

Ruf. Then, sir, for Tullius, he's a white-checked boy,
Whose fearful soul a soldier's frown would fright
From his fine mettled breast; he has a face
That would disgrace a wound. Had you viewed him
As he went drooping through the city-gates,
You might have seen his heart there charactered:
He looked as if with joy he could have changed
His march for a soft measure, his loud drum
For a still quavering lute,
His waving colours for a lady's scarf,
And his stiff armour for a masquing suit;
Nor can I think your eyes, sir, were so blinded
But you saw many more able, more deserving men,
Whose virtues might have claimed what you have cast
On him, without desert; amongst which number,
Since you're pleased to forget it, I may name
Myself without the title of vain-glorious;
And boast this hand has pulled contiguous death
Even from that breast of yours, and quenched those fires
That would have turned your palace into cinders,
In three set battles 'gainst the manly Gauls,
Which were the first since godlike Hercules
That ever climbed the Alpine hills, with force
This sword hath won you glory: but henceforth
I'll learn to rest at home, secured from danger;
Your wives shall be deflow'red, your children's brains
Strew the cold pavement, all the channels run
With crimson rivers, and your tottering crown
Drop from your head ere I will strike a stroke,
Or stir a foot for any so unthankful.

Titus. How, traitor?

Ruf. Never storm; you have given free speech,
And I'll be bold to use it. As for Tullius,
Let him be sure my justly-stirred-up wrath
Shall never die, till smothered in his ashes;
And do not think but he that dares speak this
Unto his angry king, dare see it done,
Nay act it; the like Learchus and Leontius,
And divers valiant spirits, have resolved,
And do not fear to speak it. Then judge you
What hope your general has e'er to return,
Or if return, how long to enjoy his honours.
Now, sir, you know our minds.

Titus. Yes, sir, we do,
And you shall all feel ours. Poor envious fools,
Whose shallow judgments could not search our reach
In sending Tullius hence. I knew your hate,
Your puffed ambition and your poisonous spleens
Darting at Marcus' graces, which, like motes,
But darken the bright beams of his clear virtues:
Your honours make you odious; grace bestowed
On those that shall corrupt it, blacker shows,
And does present the persons baser far
Than such as spring from dunghills. You have now
By this device thrown that into our bosom
We would have purchased with a magazine.

Ruf. Your poor partaking it; for since I see
Revenge sit on your forehead, we know now
How to prevent your fury. Fare you well, sir.

Titus. Stay.

Ruf. Not to hear one word more.

Titus. We do entreat thee stay.

Ruf. Well, what's your will?

Titus. That thou shouldst look more mildly, banish doubt,
For we so prize thee and thy high deserts,
We'll take away the cloud that hides the truth
From thy deluded eyes; therefore prepare
To hear a story shall astonish thee.
Thou canst be secret?

Ruf. Yes, I think I can.

Titus. Then know, these furrows cast up in our brow
Was but to cover seed that has ta'en root
In this our dry-parched brain: We are in love
With beauteous Philadelpha.

Ruf. What's that to me?

Titus. Be patient, thou shalt hear: I dote on her
More than the fool on folly, wise on knowledge,
The usurer on his gold, or proud of honour.
It was her love that advanced Tullius
Unto this type of state;
Her beauty only made him general.
And thrust him hence into the jaws of danger,

Which his debilities will leap into.
For whilst he stayed at home, what hope had I,
Of any opportunity, to gain
The richest prize that ever sweetened sin?
My love to thee is firm as e'er it was,
But lust so sure has marked me for her own
That I neglect all things that tend not solely
To the attainment of my wished delight.

Ruf. 'Faith, sir, in my mind,
An easier battery might win such a fort.

Titus. I know not, for I yet ne'er found the man
I could think worthy of the embassy
To bear the message of my heart to her;
But thou, Rufinus, through the court art famed
For thy neat 'suasive speech and candied tongue,
With which from fixed resolutions oft
Thou hast removed ourself, and made us wonder
At our own weakness, seeking to conclude
Matters of weight without thee. 'Tis my wish—

Ruf. That I should be your spokesman.

Titus. Before any.

Ruf. A fair preferment! Thus, whilst Tullius wins
Honour abroad, styled your great general,
I must be kept at home to be your pandar?
You are ignoble to propose a deed
Of so much baseness to a soldier:
Had I no other name to honour me?
I'll sooner fly unto your enemy,
And with my sword compel this princock boy
To bring her to your arms, nay, to your bed,
And make him there be bawd to his own wife,
Than undergo the title pandar: 'Sdeath!

Titus. Stop not at that; 'tis far from our intent.

Ruf. Yet since 'tis Tullius must be cuckolded,
I well could brook that name, or any worse,
To fix my vengeance on him. Hear me, sir:
Armanus, his great friend, is made the guardian
To watch this golden fruit; 'twixt him and me
Long time has festered an old enmity;
Remove but him, or work him to your wish,
'Twill be the better: none can sooner stir
Affection in the wife, than he that's most
Familiar with the husband, nor can move
More freely and suspectless. The ice broke,
I'll second him, and plunge into a sea
Of lovers' passion, promise of such grace,
Your godlike virtues, care of her chaste name,
Command of sovereignty, the world's chief bliss
And women's sole desire; then, sir——

Titus. No more,
Pr'ythee no more: thou shalt not waste such words,
Whose eloquence would force a frozen nun
To fly her holy orisons to embrace me.
I build upon't she's mine. About it then;
I am yet a bondman, thou must set me free,
Or I shall range beyond community.
About it, dear Rufinus!— [*Exit* Rufinus.
Thus must kings,
For private ends, the insolence endure
Of those were born their vassals, and immure
Their high disdain, that, like a storm, should drown
Their full-sailed pride, and headlong strike it down.
But who is't can prevent it? Chance or fate,
What we intend wants power or wit to mate.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* Tullius.

Enter Philadelpha *in a Mourning Habit, and* Flavia.

Phi. Is not Armanus yet returned from court?

Fla. Returned? No, madam, but I wonder at it; being a merchant venturer as he is, and there such excellent trading, methinks, ere this he might have made return by tale or wholesale.

Phi. I pr'ythee, Flavia, cease. Why art thou still
So jocund when I'm sad?

Fla. 'Faith, lady, to try if the company of mirth can drive away this unwelcome melancholy: 'tis a scurvy guest, and still disturbs you.

Phi. 'Tis a kind friend that still associates me;
My Tullius, when he parted, left us two
To keep his house, and there's no other lord
Shall bear rule here till he himself take place.

Fla. Worse luck, says I! Oh, fie upon't! This marriage spoils us all; when you were a maid——

Phi. A maid, Flavia!

Fla. I mean uncoupled, madam: you are a maid now but for necessity, against your will: Love knows that's a hard case. How often have I heard [you] after you had spent a whole day in discourse with some dry-brained suitor, at night laugh at him in your sleep.

Phi. Thou art a mad wench. 'Faith, tell me, Flavia,
Since we are entered thus in fond discourse,
How many suitors hast thou?

Fla. Let me see; tag and rag, 'think some four and twenty, as many as would make up a grand-jury: but if I were in question for my life, I'd be prest ere I'd be tried by 'em, they have been so often forsworn.

Phi. Lord, wench, what dost thou do with them all?

Fla. Do with 'em all? Venus forbid it, madam! I keep 'em at a further distance; by my faith, he's a happy man that once in a moon gets a touch of my lips. Yet there was a saucy mercer t'other day thrust in upon me with his yard in his hand, and ere I was aware made shift to feel what stuff my petticoat was made of: but I think I gave him a cooling card. I taught him what it was for a citizen to meddle with a waiting gentlewoman; I made him stand at bay like a chased stag.

Phi. Are you so good a huntswoman! 'Tis well.
But which of all the number dost thou love?
Which is the man like to go through with thee?

Fla. 'Faith, madam, there is one that's like to go as far as a man can do with a woman.

Phi. Thou art knavish still: What is he, Hare-brain?

Fla. He is styled the right worshipful Sir Pergamus; a gallant of some six hundred a-year, but no more wit than I wish my husband should have. He was here yesterday to shew his clothes; a new suit some two hundred years behind the fashion; compliment correspondent: at first encounter he scraped me a leg that set my teeth on edge, and then entered into an amorous discourse of the troublesome adventures in love betwixt him and one of his mother's milk-maids, interlarded with strong sighs that would have turned a windmill, able to move a sick horse to compassion. He goes waddling up and down the streets as if he were driving a flock of geese before him, (but six hundred

pounds a-year drowns greater faults than these) about the city. He promised to see me again to-day. [*Knocking within.*
Somebody knocks; if it be he,
Expect to hear a perfect comedy. [*Exit.*
Phi. This wench is honest, only strains this mirth
To qualify my sorrow.—

Re-enter FLAVIA.

Now, who is't?
Fla. The worthy wight I spoke of: Good, sweet madam,
Do but vouchsafe a welcome.
Phi. Bring him in.

Enter Sir PERGAMUS, *in an old Armour, a Capon's Tail in his Beaver, a long Sword; and* DINDIMUS, *his Dwarf, carrying his Lance and Shield.*

Bless me! what pageant's this?
Per. Now, Flavia, behold thy Pergamus,
In arms complete, for thy sweet sake addressed,
With lance and shield likewise, and in my crest
The favour thou bestow'dst on me last day,
Whose very shaking shall the man dismay
Dares stand the force of my unvanquished arm.
Dind. I'll swear unvanquished, [it] was never tried yet.
Fla. Alas! what means my love? You affright me;
Are these fit tools to come a-wooing with?
Dind. I ne'er knew a woman find fault with a long tool before.
Per. No talk of wooing now: thy beauteous sight
Must blazoned be before thy warlike knight
Will touch thy tender skin.
Fla. A poet too?
Per. 'Faith, some such idle vein infects my muse;
It comes to me by natural instinct,
I can scarce talk but in such foolish verse.
Fla. I think no less.
Phi. It is a sign you have
A pregnant wit, Sir Pergamus.
Per. Am I o'erheard?
A rival? Then—— [*Seizes the lance.*
Fla. Oh, hold! What will you do?
It is my lady come to welcome you.
Per. Oh, is it so? Then rest, my Rosiclear,
That ne'er was drawn, but it killed somebody.
Fairest!
Phi. Excellent! Go on, I long to hear you talk.
Dind. Ay, but his set speech is at an end; he's spoke all that he studied.
Per. Lady, you must not look for compliment,
It is absurd in soldiers, but——
Phi. At a stop?
Per. At such a butt, fair lady, give me leave
To draw my prickshaft home.
Fla. He hit now indeed: nay, madam, I told you what a suitor I had of him.
Phi. Is that your dwarf, Sir Pergamus?
Per. This is my page.
Dind. The Squire of low Degree,
That does attend upon this errant knight.
Per. All this is little to the purpose, madam;
I come prepared, you see, with utmost speed
To march with your brave general to the wars.
I would be sorry but to be the first
And foremost in the rank, next to himself.
Phi. Your haste deserves it, trust me; but my lord
Is there by this time——
Per. How?—Come, Dindimus.
Phi. And coming back, I hope, with victory.
Per. And I not there? It is impossible.
Post, Dindimus, fetch me my swiftest horse
And one that can run best.
Dind. Your curtaled jennet?
Per. Whip, I say, begone!
I would not for a hundred Roman dollars,
But be the first that should come home again
To tell the story of our chivalry.
Dind. One honour's enough for me when I am there once. [*Exit.*
Fla. But will my dearest leave me?
Per. Will I? Oh, hold me not, this sword shall write
A chronicle of thee; Hector of Troy
Amongst the Trojans ne'er made such annoy.
Fla. Amongst the Greeks you mean.
Per. All's one to me,
Some thing he did; but, Flavia, thou shalt see
Sir Pergamus of Rome will him excel.
If thou ne'er seest me more, then say——

Enter ARMANUS.

Arm. How now, who's this?
Phi. Armanus, is it you?
Arm. Madam, I desire
Some private conference. Pray discharge your woman.
Phi. She may be gone: Were't in a wilderness,
I'd trust myself with your known virtues.
Fla. Come, Sir Pergamus, till your horse come, you and I'll go play at shuttle-cock.
Per. A match, i'faith; I love that sport a' life. Yet my mother charged me not to use it for fear of putting my arm out of joint. [*Exit with* FLAVIA.
Arm. Lady, I come to be a suitor to you.
Phi. Whate'er it be lies in my power to grant,
That love which shines on Tullius sues my tongue
To say you must not want it.
Arm. Quickly you yield; but look that like rash
After his promise to his hare-brained son, [Phœbus
Or like Heaven's monarch after his sad vow
To his loved Semele, you repent not
Of what you grant so freely: The first, this. [*Kisses her.*
Phi. My promise is performed,
And you enjoy't: But if aught else you crave,
Your counsel makes me wise to ask what 'tis
Ere I engage me further.
Arm. Fairest, know
I come to sue for love.
Phi. And can you doubt, sir, but you have it amply?
Arm. I mean such love as Tullius shall enjoy
When he lies panting in these ivory arms;
Such love as Venus calls for, that which swims
In highest pleasure, such as cynic fools
Style lust and wantonness, but wiser men
The world's Elysium.
Phi. Defend me! What strange sounds
Beat at my ears for entrance, or what fiend
Assumes the habit of my lord's best friend
To wrong his goodness and my chastity?
This cannot be Armanus?
Arm. Why, dear madam?
Because I speak the heart of him that lies
A captive at your mercy, bound and chained
By your enchanting beauty, in your breath
The life of all his joys? Oh, let the doom
Be mild and gentle then as is the air
You draw: one kind embrace raises us up
To Heaven; only this.
Phi. All faith in men farewell!

Do you not blush to make me blush to hear
Your unchaste speeches? is your heart so foul
As your false tongue would make it? Good, my lord,
What light collections has your searching eye
Caught from my loose behaviour? what wild looks,
Immodest gestures, wanton dalliance,
Since my dearest Tullius' absence ever dwelt
Or dimpled this with laughter, that you dare
Essay to tempt me to impurity?
Suppose I were as wicked as you wish me,
Or did exceed Pasiphae in her lust,
Can you imagine I would trust my truth,
Or virgin honour, or the unspotted white
Which Tullius ne'er unclasped yet, with a man
That proves so faithless to so good a friend?

Arm. Sure you mistake me.

Phi. The gods grant I do.

Arm. There's no lust reigns in me.

Phi. Oh, pardon, sir, [*Kneels.*
Pardon my misconceit and harsh reply,
And I'll attend you ever.

Arm. Your bent knee [*Kneels.*
Is my instruction's badge, and thus low
Once more I urge the acceptance of that suit
You so abhor to hear;
But for another.

Phi. This is worse, more hateful:
Love, that enforced the gods themselves to err
Might in yourself have made it pardonable,
But for another! Nothing can be baser.

Arm. The man but known, the name of baseness fades:
'Tis for the king, whose awful dread command
Must be obeyed before our own desires.

Phi. He must command then just and worthy things,
Else 'tis more noble to deny his will.

Arm. He may compel, you know, what he entreats.

Phi. Yes, such as 'bove their honours prize their lives,
Not her that chooses virtue for her guide.
You greater powers, guard me from violence,
And from a wilful fall I'll keep myself.
High Jupiter, the 'venger of foul sin,
With angry thunder strike me to the deepest
And darkest shades of hell, when I consent
To 'file my unstained faith!

Arm. Heaven hear thy vows, and turn
Those plagues on me when I shall tempt thee further!
Rise the world's wonder, a pure virgin-wife!
Sweet angel, fly me not, for what I spake
Was only to confirm my sacred thoughts
Of thy religious virtue. Yet those sparkling eyes
Have kindled raging flames in the king's breast,
And I was wooed, and seemingly was won,
To aid Rufinus in the overthrow
Of thy unvanquished goodness.

Phi. I am now safe and sheltered with a rock.
Tullius, thou'rt happy above happiness,
Blest with so true a friend.—

Enter FLAVIA.

In haste? Thy news.

Fla. The lord Rufinus, madam, all alone
Is enter'd the house, and craves some speech with you.

Phi. What shall I do, Armanus?

Arm. With all love, seem to afford a welcome;
Give him free audience. In some place unseen
I'll overhear your conference, that when time
Calls to account these injuries I may stand
A witness 'gainst their falsehoods. [*Stands aside.*

Phi. Bring him in. [*Exit* FLAVIA.

Enter RUFINUS.

Ruf. All health and happiness.

Phi. If your fair words
And wishes parallel your lordship's welcome.

Ruf. No words can parallel my wishes, madam;
The happiness I bring you wants a name;
'Tis more ineffable than are the joys
Of love or paradise.

Phi. You astonish me.

Ruf. Be not perverse, fair miracle of nature!
The queen of heaven shall emulate thy state;
Princes shall throng to kiss these hands, and kings
Shall be thy tenants but at will.

Arm. [*Aside.*] Smooth villain!

Ruf. The world shall be thy dowry, and all men
Shall study how to please and honour thee!
All this and more is thine, do but consent
To entertain a bliss exceeds the rest.

Phi. 'Tis a hard thing a woman can deny
On these conditions.

Ruf. 'Tis what all women court to embrace,
Or else most writers err. If to enjoy
A man excels his sex as you do yours—
When he was young (and yet he is not old)
His face disgraced Adonis; or the boy
The thunder-bearer stole from mourning Troy;
And since virility upon his chin
Hath planted golden hairs, blind Cupid sits
Weaving his nets of them to catch coy virgins.

Phi. Is he a properer man than Tullius?

Ruf. Compare the crow to the unspotted swan!
Æsop to Hyacinth!

Phi. What pity 'tis
So sweet a man was born without a name!

Ruf. Nay, certainly
He has a name, bright beauty, and the best;
'Tis Titus Martius, my dread sovereign,
Whose royal love in this, as in his heart,
Is fixed with deep impression.

Phi. My sad thoughts
Told me some poisonous snake was closely hid
Under your flourishing words.

Ruf. Can you deny a lover's smile to him
That lays a crown beneath your conquering feet?

Phi. Unheard-of cruelty! Dare such black thoughts
Enter the bosom of a true-born prince,
Where clearest streams should run? By his own choice
And free election I was made the spouse
Of noble Tullius; with his royal hand
In the holy temple given to my lord;
And does he seek in the uniting spring
To reap the harvest of unripened joys,
And pluck that fruit the owner never tasted?
Was it for this my Marcus was removed
From safety's valley, where content sits crowned,
To tread upon the slippery steps of state
Where pride and envy strive to throw him down,
And folly and disdain deriding him?
Was't not enough to mock his youth with hopes
Of a feigned happiness, then send him forth
To stand the battery of rebellious arms
That would deface his country, and raze down
This city and his palace; but meanwhile
Seek to make spoil of his chief treasury,
And rob this storehouse by adulterous theft,
Where all his joys are hoarded? Poor young man

Poor in thy riches, lessened being made great!
For when with honour's loss we honour gain,
'Tis an ill-thriving purchase; they that win
Are the most losers; I'll not hazard mine.
Ruf. You are too hard a gamester; for all know
Honour attends the favour of a king.
Phi. Would you then urge me to infringe my [oath,
And violate the sacred vow I made
Before the gods and men, to Tullius?
Ruf. That's an excuse easily dispensed withal:
A lover's vows the gods ne'er hearken after,
But in the air they die. Madam, be wise;
If you refuse these graces you may pull
Perils on him you seem to tender so,
And danger your own safety. Kings' requests
Must not be dallied with, chiefly in love;
For what they least enjoy they covet most,
And are unbounded in't. Bethink yourself,
And bless me with your answer; I'll attend it.
Phi. You have left my sense in a strange wil- [derness,
Searching a thousand ways to find reply.
So great a lover, such an orator,
Might make Diana stagger in her choice;
Then blame not my weak fancy: but to yield
At first encounter may befit the state
Of some suburbane strumpet, but not her
A king shall crown with his affection.
I crave but ten short days to give resolve
To this important suit, in which consists
My endless shame, or lasting happiness;
Till when my senseless ears shall be stopt up
'Gainst all enticements: Urge no more, 'tis vain.
Ruf. If you command, lady, I must obey,
Since what you will no prince dares contradict.
[*Exit.*
Arm. [*Coming forward.*] A cunning slave and smooth-tongued flatterer!
Phi. For fear a strict denial might have wrought
Some stratagem against my Tullius' life,
Thus long I have heard hell's messenger,
And with a liberal tongue and feigned words,
Have outstripp'd modesty; but Heaven can tell
How far 'twas from my heart.
Arm. Best of thy sex, I know't, and with my [life
Will still assist 'gainst all temptations.
Phi. May my lord live to thank you!
Arm. 'Tis a wish
Beyond which all the world wants recompence.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Walls of the Sabine Capital.*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MARCUS TULLIUS, MARIUS, MARCELLUS, BELLARIO, BLACKSNOUT, SNIPSNAP, CALVESKIN, LELIA *disguised as* Janus, *and* Soldiers.

M. Tull. Thus far our troops have marched auspiciously,
And, like to wildfire, turned to nothing all
That durst resist them. Sure some greater power
Which favours Rome, and is above the strength
Of any mortal arms, fights on our side.
Our foes are fled into their walls again,
And dare not stand the encounter.
Mar. 'Tis most strange;
Thrice have they issued forth, and braved our force,
Couching their lances, reining up their steeds
As if we should have met like thunder claps,
And then turned head and took their holds again:
Either it is some cunning stratagem
To train us to our ruin, or some one
Within our host, protected, Jason-like,
Mars dares not cope withal, whose blessed fate
Makes all our army happy.
Lel. [*Aside.*] If the prayers
Of a pure virgin e'er could move the gods
To be compassionate, and end in peace
These threatening summons, for thy safety Marius,
And my dear brother's, Lelia will ne'er cease
Her invocations to those potent powers
That yet in all your actions guarded ye.
[*A Parley sounded on the Walls.*
Marc. Hark, my lord, again they summon us.
M. Tull. Answer once more that sound: Bring up our troops.
We'll offer parley to them, and propose
Rough war, or peace, such articles observed
As we before provided.
[*The Parley answered below.*

Enter on the Walls, SABINUS *and others.*

Marc. They appear.
M. Tull. Sabinus, we are come to give thee
If upon fair conditions thou'lt receive it: [peace,
Surrender up again those forts and towns
Which with rebellious arms thou hast divorced
From Rome and us, and Titus pardons all
Thy bold attempts, nor shall the life or goods
Of thee, or any thy assistants, feel
The wreak of his just anger. Be not rash,
But answer with advice, for if our swords
But once more see the sun's reflected beams,
Ruin and death attends them.
Sab. Proudly spoke,
And like a Roman: but, young general, know
No threatening can affright us. When first of all
With war and fury you o'er-run our country,
What cause could you pretend for so foul a wrong,
But only, we were weak, and you in arms
Potent and practic: since which time we have [borne
Your insolencies and oppressions
With a dull leaden patience; but now
Are wearied with your slavish tyranny,
And cannot longer suffer it. You may chance
By your great odds to win our towns again,
But you must find new people to inhabit 'em;
For there's not one amongst us that draws breath
Able to lift a sword or steel, whose point
Can pierce a Roman's breast, but is resolved
To embrace pale death in his most horrid shape,
Ere live a captive to so proud a foe.
Mar. Against necessity who is't can stand?
Therefore consider and submit yourselves;
It may regain your former liberty.
Sab. A seeming liberty is worse than thrall.
We scorn such clemency.
M. Tull. Pervert not truth:
Yet ask for mercy, and it may be granted.
Sab. We hate to beg it, Tullius. Though you power
You think resistless, ere to-morrow's noon
These hands shall force it from thee.
M. Tull. Cease to boast.—
'Twas answered like a soldier.
Sab. When we meet,
Our swords shall prove as much.
[*Exit with his Soldiers.*

Calve. Oh, now, now, Snipsnap!
Snip. We are all dead men.
M. Tull. Well, gentlemen, you see
What a stiff foe we have to deal withal:
But be not daunted, for our strengths compared
Were to match Hercules with . . . .
Let your arms be in readiness, and strong watch
This night in every quarter. Come, Marius,
We'll take our tent again; methinks I feel
The bleak and moist rawness of the vaporous air
To be malignant to me. How cheers Janus?
Mar. Do not the humorous elements offend
Thy tenderness? How fares my pretty page?
Lel. As one whose life were governed by those stars
Shined at your happy births: There is no ill
Can craze my health that not assails yours first.
M. Tull. Loving boy, thy goodness sure protects us.
[*Exeunt* Marcus Tullius, Marius, Lelia, *and* Marcellus.
Bell. How now, my fresh-water soldiers? How
We are like to have hot doings. [is't?
Black. We are indeed;
It puts me into a cold sweat to think on't.
Snip. 'Would my mother's cat
Had kill'd me in my cradle!
Black. Or my wife, whose nails are sharper,
Scratched out my eyes I might not see my death.
Bell. Tut, man, courage!
Let's fight it valiantly, and never fear.
Snip. Truly, lieutenant, I dare not fight.
Bell. Not fight, man! Why?
Snip. Because there was an old woman once
Told me, if ever I fought I should be killed.
Calve. She told us all three so, indeed, lieutenant.
Bell. Hang her, damned witch! Can there be a braver death
Than to die for our country?
Snip Bravery call you it?
'Tis an invisible bravery, a man's ne'er seen
To wear it. Lieutenant, here's all the money I have:
Speak a good word to the general I may go home again,
You may say I'm troubled with a catching disease
That will infect the army.
Black. Or, do you hear,
Tell him we are not our own men; when we
Came forth, 'twas only drink that made us vali
And, unless he'll be at the charge to keep us dr
As long as the wars last, we shall be able
To do him no service at all.
Bell. You shall not want for drink, boys, my word.
Pox on't! 'Tis base to return; you shall every rogue
And tattered tinker kick you, spit at you,
And every wench in Rome, as ye pass by, dirt at you,
Saying, "There are the soldiers durst not their blades."
Snip. But they shall find we dare, and st home too.
I am now resolved, and will be valiant;
This bodkin quilts their skins as full of holes
As e'er was canvas doublet.
Bell. Spoke like a man, bold snip.
Black. These words have fired me too,
And, though their scull-caps be of anvil-proof,
This blade shall hammer some of 'em.
Calve. [*Draws.*] Then come forth,
Thou Durindan so bright.
Bell. Why, how now? Mad, Orlando?
Calve. I am mad,
My hair, like bristles, raise their forked ends
Against these Sabines; I shall leather 'em.
Black. Well said, my tough Calveskin. health now,
Here at the sutler's, to our victory;
Then each man to his quarter.
Snip. Done, i'faith.
Bell. Give us some liquor here.

Enter Sutler.

Sut. You shall, gentlemen, instantly.
How much will't please you have?
Bell. Each man his double measure.
Sut. In a trice. [E
Bell. Shall's have a catch, my hearts?
Calve. Ay, good lieutenant.
Black. Methinks a soldier should sing noth else;
Catch that catch may is all our life, you know.
Bell. Blacksnout's conceited too.

Re-enter Sutler *with Drink.*

Sut. Here, gentlemen.
Bell. Come on then, boys, and each man bear part. [*A Song; then exe*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Titus Martius *and* Rufinus.

Titus. Away, injurious man!
Tysiphone must learn to imitate
Those baleful tortures thou hast put me to
With thy protraction: A willing suitor
Might well ere this have tempted, wooed, and won,
And seen the longing fruit of hot desire
With blushes call him father, while thou'rt fumbling.
Impatience brooks no stay. By Heaven, but that—
Ruf. Come, spare your threats, or I shall sp my service.
If I had known your madness had preferred
A sudden fall before deliberate comfort,
I could have fitted you.
Titus. Bring'st thou comfort then?
Ruf. Yes, were your ears prepared to entertain
Titus. Pardon a lover's passion, dear Rufinus
Is beauteous Philadelpha then content
To make her heaven (for so is every place
Where she, celestial star, shall deign to shine)
In our yet duskish court? Which, if she do,
Memnon's miraculous palace set by ours,
Shall seem a cottage, or some coarser building.

Why stands my Mercury mute? Speak, will my love
Be pleased these circling arms shall be her sphere,
While our loved kisses make the music harsh,
The intelligencers on the winged spheres
Sound so divinely?
Ruf. Sir, you are too hasty;
Your eager appetite must wait a while
On ceremony; 'twould not fit the state
Of such a high-born lady to descend,
Or come at first beck.
Titus. Where's your comfort then?
Ruf. 'Sblood, give me leave, or starve! I'll keep it still.
Titus. Come, come, my rage is o'er. Pr'ythee, proceed:
How did she stand the parley? With what looks,
Or patience, entertain thy embassy?
Ruf. I'll tell you, sir: When first I spoke of love,
She started back, and marked her beauteous brow
With angry characters; still I went on,
And, by fair courtship and persuasion,
Moved her to ask what kind of man he was,
Or how compared with Tullius; which I,
With my best art sublimed, blazoned your worth,
Which made a deep impression; but your name
Dispersed all clouds, and, with a clear aspect,
Seemed to embrace your suit: only she craves,
Out of a longing virgin modesty,
A little time to ripen young desire
That buds already in her blushing cheek.
Titus. What time must we expect?
Ruf. But ten short days.
Titus. But ten short days, dost say? The siege of Troy
Was shorter far, though it were ten twelve moons.
The limping fire-god ne'er was half so hot
Upon the Gorgon-armed Minerva's lance
As I am upon her. Before that time,
If Tullius do survive, he may return:
Then where were all my hopes? No, I've a plot
To give slow time new wings.
Should love's bright flame live ten days here unquenched,
'Twould burn me into ashes. Hark! 'tis thus:
To-morrow's sun, by time's alternate course,
Lights the first day that gave life to these eyes,
Which, as propitious, we will celebrate.
And make an edict, that what lord or lady,
Any of noble blood, within ten miles,
That shall abstain from court, shall be condemned
As guilty of contemning majesty.
Ruf. What avails this?
Titus. Fie, art thou shallow yet?
Amongst the rest my angel will appear,
A white Albanian amongst Æthiops set;
She being a stranger and unskilled at court,
Her doubtful steps may easily be diverted
Some devious way into some private place,
Where only love and I will wait on her.
How lik'st it, man?
Ruf. 'Tis rare,
A more invincible and cunning net
Than for Gradivus the black cuckold made.
Titus. Let it be straight divulged. Till that wished hour
The time with mirth and music we'll beguile.
[*Exit.*
Ruf. Are thy besotted senses so soon fooled
Childish Martius! to think the cuckolding [then?
Of him my soul abhors can end my anger.
'Tis like that Philadelpha may be led
From Vesta's temple unto Venus' bower,
And Tullius' brows may sprout: but what of this?
Great kings have had the like, nay, there be those
Above the crystal sky, armed on their foreheads.
No, my swift revenge
Shall snatch his thread of life from lingering fate,
And tear it into atoms! That's the end
My fiery rage must point at. The king's all set on lust;
Murder's a sin too high for his low spirit.
Here I have framed a letter that discovers
His hot desire, Armanus' treachery,
And Philadelpha's weakness; this hid fury
I'll send him as a friend, which, when he reads,
Just then begins his ruin: He is bold,
And full of fury; then, in his fell rage,
He'll either leave the camp with his life's hazard,
Or plot some shallow treason 'gainst the king
Of pow'r and force enough to take off his.

Enter PEDESTER.

Pedester? come as wished for: Take this letter
Post to the camp, give it the general,
Or some that near attends him; be not slow.
I know thy trust; my only care shall be
To study recompence.— [*Exit* PEDESTER.
So, now 'tis done:
The god of wrath sits on my bended brow,
Triumphantly attired in Tyrian scarlet.
I'm over-racked with expectation
Of the event, this plot will train him to:
If this should fail, I have another snare
The devil cannot shun. A desperate man,
That climbs a tower whose top the wind ne'er touched,
Must chary be, lifting his resolute foot,
Or headlong down he comes. Fate and I
So cunningly have framed this tragedy,
The curious looker-on, till it be done,
Knows not which way 'twill end, nor how begun.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in* TULLIUS' *House.*

Enter PHILADELPHA *and* FLAVIA.

Phi. Flavia, if Rufinus come again,
Say I'm not well, abroad, or anything.
Fla. 'Troth, madam, you've enjoined me to a task
Will try me like a pack-horse; for these courtiers
Will never be said nay, but stand in't still,
Most if they find me lying.
Phi. Thou art still
In thy old rhetoric: But, Flavia,
I have more serious cogitations now
That crave advice of my best memory;
Therefore let none disturb me.
Fla. Not Armanus, madam?
Phi. Yes, he may;
He is my heart's companion, my soul's doctor,
Ministring heavenly physic that dissolves,
And takes away my greatest maladies.
Pr'ythee let none press in.
Fla. Let none press in?
I think it were the only way to cure
Your sickness. Venus, I beseech thee, keep me
Unmarried still, except I have a man
Will come home oftener! Here's a life indeed!
A virgin wife? Fie on't! But to my charge.
[*Exit*

Phi. Why was I born a woman? Nature sure
Gave me these lineaments in mockery,
To tempt the world, and Envy joined with her
To make my life a scandal to my sex.
Fortune's both kind and cruel; seats me first
In highest honour, links me with a man,
In my respect above the world's esteem,
Then plucks me from his arms with iron hands,
And throws me in a dungeon: My dark thoughts
Which way to 'scape the king's lust, make it so.

Enter ARMANUS.

Arm. Still meditating, madam?
Phi. Oh, Armanus,
My sad fears still increase:
I have been pondering a thousand ways,
And clad my mind in Proteus' coloured robe,
Yet find no remedy but my resolve,
Which beyond death is constant.
Arm. Hold it still,
My death shall teach you how; but Heaven, I hope,
Will find a fairer dissolution.
I have bethought some means (sit, Philadelpha,)
To ease our doubts: I will delate 'em to you.
Fla. [*Within.*] She's not within, in troth.
Learchus. [*Within.*] We know she is.
Arm. What interruption's this?
Phi. Some visitants belike whose impudence
Will not be answered with a fair repulse.

Enter FLAVIA.

What are they, Flavia?
Fla. Serpents, madam, I think, they have such stinging tongues in their mouths; if their tails be such there's no meddling with 'em: Courtiers they say they are: they have made me swell above the girdle-stead. I cannot keep 'em out.
Phi. Alas, good Flavia, thou art troubled still.
Fla. Nay, I have had a hundred more, I think. First comes a senator: I denied him; the very sight of his scarlet gown made me blush as red as a turkey-cock; but the grave gentleman, knowing what a virtue it was in a woman to keep counsel, rewarded my modesty and departed. Next comes a lawyer; he was so used to lying himself, he would hardly believe me; I put the case to him, which he not being able to stand in long, let fall his suit, and sneaked away again. After him, a citizen, your jeweller, madam, asked if you wanted any precious stones; I made choice of a couple of his fairest, and said he should have's payment next time he came. Then comes a page: the saucy jacket-wearer stood upon's pantables with me, and would in; but I think I took him down ere I had done with him, and bade him go and rub his lady's roses. But now these courtiers,—there's no doing with 'em.
Phi. Why, Flavia.—
Arm. Let 'em come,
'Can be no prejudice; we may beget
Something from their intelligence may befriend us.
Phi. Your will's my law in all things.—Bring 'em in.

Enter LEARCHUS *and* LEONTIUS.

Learch. Why how now, my close counting-house? Do you stand [*To* FLAVIA.
So strict upon your office, not a man
Admitted without money?
Fla. Money? Marry, gip! You might have stood there till moss had grown o' your heels, except some friend had lent it. Such gay clothes seldom have silver linings.
Leon. A plaguy biting wench! I think she searched
Our pockets.
Arm. Noble lords.
Learch. Worthy Armanus,
We are bold visitants to see this widowed virgin.
Arm. Oh, your loves: she's much indebted to you;
You come in best time, she was sadly fitted.
Phi. Such entertainment as the house affords,
The owner being absent, shall be stretched
To bid your lordships welcome; but as yet
We know not well whether a bridal feast,
Or funeral banquet, best befits ye:
Excuse then what is wanting.
Learch. You're all bounty.
Have you received no news then from the camp?
Phi. Not the least tidings yet.
Learch. 'Tis hot at court
Your happy lord has got the victory,
Repulsed the foe, and ta'en their strongest hold—
And there, I hope, is perished. [*Aside.*
Phi. Your news brings life: Truth live with you for ever!
Leon. The king for joy proclaims a festival,
Triumphs, and masques, rich courtly revellings,
And celebrates withal his royal birth-day.
Arm. When is this happy jubilee solemnized?
Leon. The ensuing morn, you shall have notice doubtless.

Enter RUFINUS.

Ruf. Before me, gallants? you have then made known
This preparation.—From my sovereign's mouth,
Lady, you are invited, the chief guest:
His edict bears command, but kind entreaty
Summons your lovely presence.
Phi. His command,
Whate'er our hearts be, must not be denied.
Ruf. You have best cause to come; 'tis only done
In honour of your lord and your high grace,
Which all Rome does rejoice at.
Phi. We are vassals unto Rome and him.
Ruf. You must cast off this veil of widowhood;
It ill becomes a beauty of your years,
A married virgin too: Your bridal robes
I think ne'er saw as yet a second sun.
Phi. We shall appear as best befits the time.
Ruf. A time oft wished for by Martius, madam.
Phi. A banquet and some wine!—Please you, my lords,
To taste such homely cates as the house yields.
Ruf. You are prodigal in all things but in vice.
Arm. [*Apart.*] This man's malevolent in his aspect;
I look to hear the raven croak some news
That's baleful ere's departure; 'tis strange else.

Enter Servants *with a Banquet.*

Phi. Pray, seat you, lords; we'll bear you company,
But with small stomach to taste any food.
Arm. Thou art all goodness, virtue's pattern right,
Shews love e'en to her greatest enemies.
Learch. Will not you sit, Armanus?
Arm. No, my lords,
I am my friend's sole steward, and my care
Consists in your free welcome.
Ruf. You are kind, sir,

And worthy such a friend,—here and in hell.
Whither I'll quickly send you. [*Aside.*

Enter FLAVIA.

Fla. News, news, news!
Phi. Thou never com'st without; good, there's
Ruf What is it, Flavia? [no question.
Fla. A fool, and like your lordship, a mere ass,
That thinks himself a wonderous wise man,
A politician too.
Arm. Gramercy, wench;
That jest shall purchase a new gown from me.
Fla. It is Sir Pergamus return'd from camp
Ere he was half way there, holding up's snout
Like a sow smelling the wind; his mighty dwarf
Loaded with all his spoils and victories,
Which must hang up for trophies.
Learch. And he by 'em.
Fla. If honour take not place, 'tis like he may.
Ruff. I pr'ythee bring him in: His mirth may
Better digestion than a doctor's pill. [prove
Fla. Bring him in!
I warrant ye there's none can keep him out
If he hears talk but of a banquet once.
Leon. We shall hear wondrous stories, doubtless.
Ruff. The best will be some news of Tullius,
That may bring joy to you.—The warrior comes.

Enter Sir PERGAMUS *and* DINDIMUS, *bearing Trophies.*

Per. When sound the drums and trumpets that
We are returned in triumph? [should tell
Dind. By and by, sir;
They have run so fast, sir, to gape after us,
They have not recovered breath yet.
Per. Dindimus,
Be sure to second whatsoe'er I say
And swear it too profoundly.
Dind. I warrant you, sir;
Stamp you and stare, let me alone to swear.
Per. All hail!
Learch. He begins to storm already.
Ruf. Sir Pergamus, welcome to Rome, brave knight.
Per. You have cause to bid us welcome, for you see
We have brought home the spoils of victory.
Dind. They have spoil'd me, I'm sure; such another load
Would make me a dwarf all days of my life.
Leon. What honoured trophies has your valour
Pray relate, Sir Pergamus. [won?
Per. The first part
Of a bold soldier is to eat, you know.
Ruf. That's true, indeed; pray fall to, Sir Per-
Dind. I am my master's second. [gamus.
Per. Forbear Dindimus,
We shall be thought unmannerly; therefore, first
We'll finish our discourse; only reserve
A modicum to relish in the interim.
Learch. Nay, pray take all this pie, Sir Pergamus.
Per. By no means.
Leon. Now for your brave exploits.
Per. Behold this shield!
Dind. [*Aside.*] We bought it at an armourer's.
Per. This from the arm of bold Arminius,
The stoutest champion of the Sabinets,
When on my lance's point from his horse' back,
I bore't some three spears length, fell to the ground,
Which Dindimus took up; in that career,
Ere I could stay my Neapolitan steed,
Unhorsed some fifteen more.
All. Oh, wonderful!
Dind. Nay, this is nothing yet.
Per. See you this tail?
Dind. [*Aside.*] I cut it from a dead horse that can now
Neither wigher nor wag tail.
Per. This, with my scymitar, having cleft a man
Down to the saddle, my blade glanced along,
And pared it off by the stump; which shall adorn
The crest of Dindimus, that men may say,
Speaking of's honour, thereby hangs a tale.
Dind. Thanks, noble and renowned Sir Pergamus.
Per. But here, view this the standard of the foe.
Dind. [*Aside.*] It cost ten drachmas at a painter's shop.
Per. This standing in the middle of the host,
I, with my page before me—
Dind. I went first.
Per. Made such a lane amongst the thickest troops,
That twenty men abreast might follow me,
And brought this ensign thence by force of arms.
All. Is't possible?
Dind. By Mars' great toe, 'tis true.
Learch. And yet you 'scaped unhurt?
Per. And free as you see.
Learch. 'Tis most horrible!
Ruf. But all this while what did the general?
Per. He fought upon the other side o' th' field;
But when they fled we met, and joined our force
To beat 'em into th' town; they barred their gates,
Which we as easily tore unto the earth
As I this tower of marchpane: So we entered.
We only stayed there to refresh ourselves,
And so came posting home to bring the news.
Arm. It is a worthy story, and deserves
A recompence 'bove bounty.
Per. Cates we scorn,
Here's that's more worth than gold, or precious stone,
My smug-faced Flavia, for whose lovely sake
These hard adventures I did undertake.
Ruf. She cannot but requite you. Is't a match?
Fla. With all my heart.—The fool has wealth enough, [*Aside.*
Though he wants wit; whom I like fares the better.
Ruf. I will add something to't for our good mirth.
Arm. I'll see thou shalt not want, sweet Flavia.
Per. And are we met? Ring bells, and bonfires flame!
Go, Dindimus, this nuptial straight proclaim!
Come they that will unto our wedding feast,
For there will be a hundred geese at least.

[*Exeunt* Sir PERGAMUS, DINDIMUS, *and* FLAVIA.

Learch. Lady, I fear we are too long trouble-
Thanks for our entertain. [some.
Phi. Welcome, that's all.
Arm. This fool speaks comfort. Learchus here
Says there is some speech of his victory.
Ruf. Yes, over death, [*Apart to* ARMANUS.
'Tis true; he has won that fort, Armanus.
Arm. How?
Ruf. Upon my life, most certain, he is slain;
But none dares whisper it unto the king,
Nor would I have your tongue the doleful bell
To ring it in her ears; but seek some way
In smoothest terms which way to publish it.

I'm studying how to break it to the king;
But not before to-morrow's triumph's end.
Arm. [*Aside.*] Rufinus is a villain, and I fear
This is some hellish stratagem of his
Aiming at Tullius' life, thus to divulge
His death ere it be acted. Swift as thought
I'll fly unto the camp: If there be plots
My notice may prevent [his] treachery. [*Exit.*
Phi. Whither's Armanus posted in such haste?
Ruf. Unto the court, where we must after him;
There's some important business of state
To be debated on. Madam, adieu;
Small thanks must now suffice for your great love.
Think of to-morrow's triumph. [*Exit.*
Phi. To my death
I'd go triumphantly. Oh, Tullius,
This is the latest night that thou canst stay:
Be it for ever night ere day's bright eye
See me disrobed of my pure chastity. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Gates of the Sabine City. The Tent of* TULLIUS *on one side of the Stage.*

Enter MARCUS TULLIUS, MARIUS, *and* LELIA, *with a Letter.*

M. Tull. A letter, Janus?
Lel. Yes.
M. Tull. From whence?
Lel. From Rome.
M. Tull My Philadelpha? No.
Mar. Armanus?
M. Tull. Neither,
You shall partake it presently.
Mar. Let's leave him. [*Exeunt* MARIUS *and* LELIA.
M. Tull. [*Reads*] "The king solicits your fair bride to lust;
Armanus is his cunning instrument,
And Philadelpha makes but weak defence:-
If that your bed be pure, 'tis only want
Of opportunity defers the sin."—
Within there, ho!

Enter BELLARIO.

Bell. My lord?
M. Tull. Where's he that brought this letter?
Bell. Posted hence;
He said it craved no answer, and we discharged him.
M. Tull. I charge you on your lives make after him,
And bring him back with speed! take swiftest horse!— [*Exit.* BELLARIO.
Armanus! Philadelpha! Eyes drop forth,
And lose your light for ever! Oh, ye gods,
How could you find out such a merciless
And murdering torture for an innocent man?
What deed of mine ever deserved so ill
As this inscription does inflict on me?
Erinnis sends her snakes in horrid clusters
To swarm about my breast; but here they find
Such matchless torments, that, their stings unfelt,
For shame they back retire. Oh, fickle creatures,
Euripus' madding billows do not rush
With half that swiftness on another's necks,
As do your perjuries and infinite sins.
Your love at best is as an April shower;
Your rosy cheeks are shaded about with thorns,
That do not prick our fingers but our hearts.
Your pictures far excel you, for they have
All that is good in you, your outward feature,
But your infernal minds they, happy, want.
Beauty, at best, is like a blooming tree,
Fairest in bud, when it bears foulest fruit.
Fool that I am thus to invect against her!
'Protest I had forgot she is a woman.
What shall I do? Like a tame fool lament
My injuries with an unfruitful sorrow,
And still live wronged?—What are these last black lines? [*Reads.*
"Use your own will; censure me how you please.
What I have writ my life shall justify:
No friend's a friend till [he shall] prove a friend."
I am resolved: Grief, I discard thee now,
Anger and fury in thy place must enter.
King, it is thee on whom my rage must light,
And that best, worst of men, a faithless friend.
Just Vengeance, bear me on thy violent wings
Quickly to Rome, and arm me with thy fierceness,
That, without fear or pity, I may prove
Heaven's instrument to punish treachery!—
Marcellus.

Enter MARCELLUS.

Mar. Calls my lord?
M. Tull. Call Marius hither, come along with him.— [*Exit* MARCELLUS.
Good gods! Armanus turned a villain too!
The story of Orestes was a fable,
I'll not believe that ever friend was faithful.—

Enter MARIUS *and* MARCELLUS.

I sent for you, and, captain, draw you near;
My suit is now to both: I do not doubt
Those protestations of your proffered loves,
Of which we have had some trial, need again
A new oath to confirm me.—Kind friends, know
I must, but for what cause you must not ask,
A while forsake you, and must leave the camp
Wholly to your protection; 'tis my suit,
For fear my absence should be dangerous,
That you, till my return, under my name
Would see my place discharged.
Mar. To yield to this
Is but to accept my own advancement;
But, in the mean space, should the soldiers find
I were no general but a counterfeit,
Their scoffs at least, if not their violent rage,
Would persecute me, and, with shame and horror,
Work my destruction.
M. Tull. No such fear molest you,
For in the field I yet was never seen
But armed at all points, and but seldom so.
Wear my coat-armour, that disguise alone
Will make us undistinguished; but withal
Take this rich scarf which, for her sake that gave it,
Has been my individual ornament
And chiefest mark of note.—Marcellus,
Do you commend me to my nearest friends,
Entreat them wink at my departure;
If adverse fortune e'er chance to reveal it,
Be you my witness, that to honoured Marius
I thus resign all my authority.
Mar. Which I accept,
Although I know more dangers do attend it
Than wait upon a hundred diadems.
M. Tull. Pray do not think that fear or cowardice
Incites my blood to put these honours off,
This being the day of battle: Let suffice
The affairs that urge me are of such great weight.
I have scarce time to thank you. Fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Goodness guide thy actions whatsoever.
I wonder what's the matter with the general?
I neither know, nor do desire to know,
; his will I should not.—

Enter LELIA.

Pretty Janus,
; so wild, my boy, nor wonder not
hort transmutation, for anon
ilt partake it all; for thy discourse
intenance too, next her that keeps my heart,
n their possession: thy lord's safe.
But from your tongue I would not credit [truth
held him so.

Enter BELLARIO.

Where is the general?
The news with thee?
The drums beat up, the enemy comes on;
re forsook the town, and march in rank
y'd give us battle.
Let 'em come!
ir troops, and bring 'em near us: the foe
against what odds they strive.—
[*Exit* BELLARIO.
Now, Marcellus
scene of a bloody act begins;
f part I must play, and till my bones
ws crack, I'll stretch my utmost strength
ay truly imitate his worth
now represent. 'Tis my desire
a spear, the soldier's compliment,
ut Sabinus, for I emulate
ng valour.—Janus, keep my tent,
guard shall attend thee, for I vow
something in thee takes my fancies so
not have thee perish for a world.
Whate'er that unknown charm be, which [to me
n as the cause that merits it,
love I entreat you, let these hands
he field your target and your lance,
re with you this day your destiny
at shall be dangerous. Know, dear sir,
er was a soldier, and that blood
om him which flows within this breast,
illow-like, foreseeing of a storm
the ground, but soars up higher still.
not a man, methinks, that dares touch you
weak arm can strike him to the earth.
, deny me not.
Have thy desire;
otest, if by untimely fate
es should see thee sink, it would abate
is man within me. [*A flourish.*
Hark! they come.

Enter BELLARIO.

To parley, not to fight.
a herald sent out from their army
ves admittance.
. Let him have it. [*Exit* BELLARIO.

Enter a Sabine Herald.

To the great general of the Roman host
wisheth happiness.
We scarce credit it.
If from his own mouth you desire to hear it,
arching hitherward, and craves a parley.
Tell him we shall expect him, and, on terms
That do not jar with honour, should be glad
To entertain his friendship. So return.—
[*Exit* Herald.
Though his high pride did fly above his reach
Making a daring challenge, I commend him.
The princely eagle, when she means to soar
The highest pitch, raises her lofty flight
From lowest valley; and if smooth-faced Peace
Yet step betwixt us, for his resolute spirit
I must both love and honour him.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bell. My lord,
Sabinus is at hand, but brings with him
Not past a dozen gentlemen, and they,
Instead of weapons, in their unarmed hands
Bear olive branches, signals of calm peace.
Mar. 'Tis wonderful that he who yesterday
Like a Leonidas stood for his country,
Out-threatening death and danger, should so soon
Change his determined course; but I'll suspend
My censure till the event make known
The certain cause. Like number meet; the rest
Fall off again.

Enter SABINUS, ARMINIUS, *and other* Sabines, *with Olive Branches in their Hands, and Colours wrapt up. A slow March.*

Sab. Renowned Tullius,
The valiant general of a warlike people,
Thus have we left our walls that might have scorned
Jove's battering thunder, or disjointing earthquakes,
Sent from the depth of hell; and in our hands
Bear the true emblem of our hearts, now filled
With a desire of peace; but on what terms
We entertain it, that can best resolve you.
[*Offers a paper.*
Mar. A herald!

Enter a Roman Herald.

Read those articles aloud,
That all may hear on what conditions
Great Martius frees his subjects' lives from peril.
Herald. [*Reads.*] "Titus Martius, king of the Romans, to Sabinus, captain of the Sabines, greeting.
Incited by
A religious care, wherewith the gods endued us,
To save the blood of our dear countrymen,
Desiring rather to put up injury
Than right ourselves by too much cruelty,
We are contented not to cast our eye
Severely on those misdemeanours past,
That we may call them by so mild a name,
Our mercy may remit them; which but viewed
Severely, would pull on too great a ruin:
Wherefore, once more, not as impotent, but with arm'd hands
We offer peace on these conditions:
First, as a yearly tribute you shall pay
Seven hundred sestertias to the Roman crown;
Next, whene'er we have occasion,
Either of foreign or domestic wars,
You aid us with six thousand armed men;
And, lastly, you shall keep within your bounds,
Not suffering any upon pain of death
To rob and spoil upon our Latin confines:
If you consent unto these articles,
In all respects your liberty shall be

As large and free as in the days
Of our loved predecessor Tacitus;
If otherwise, expect the encrease of plagues
That war and Rome hath often laid on you;
But these confirmed, let Tullius our general
Enter your city with a competent number
Of well-armed men, and take the oaths of you
And your chief senators. Farewell."

Mar. Sir, we have heard
What we much wonder at; yet I rejoice
For your sake that Martius is gracious
To yield to what's here written. Let's join hands;
This knot of true-loved peace banish all former discords!

[*Within.*] Whoo!

Mar. How the glad soldiers do applaud this league!
Singing the same panegyric of peace!
Then let's avoid delay.—Bellario,
You, with some few of our chief officers,
Shall to the city with us, where this league
Before the gods we must see ratified.
Our other soldiers now may rest themselves,
For those that will depart, give them their pay,
And let them take their pleasures.

Sab. Come, brave Tullius.

[*They march together, and at the entrance of the gate* MARIUS *is stabbed.*

Mar. Oh, I am slain! [*Falls.*

Lel. Treason! murder! help!

Sab. Shut up the gates, and suffer none to enter!
He falls that lifts a hand!

Lel. Villains, tyrants!

Sab. Bind fast that boy!

Lel. Sanguivolent murderers!
Can soldiers harbour such damned treachery!

Sab. Tullius, thy pardon. By a soldier's faith,
I much lament thy too hard fate, for see,
[*Throws down a letter.*
There is the crimson tyrant. 'Tis thy blood
From unknown feet frees our affrighted country,
Which shed, Titus Martius, by the gods of Rome,
The powers of Heaven, of earth, of sea, of hell,
And the infernal shades, has bound himself
With ancient liberty to raise again
Our gorgeous buildings, battered down by war,
And seat us high as ever.

Mar. He the man? Oh!

Lel. Accursed fiend! barbarous, inhuman king!
Sabinus, see, behold the wretched wife of Tullius!
Look what a woeful widow you have made!
Our loves scarce measured a short hour in essence,
But in expectancy it was eternal,
And so my grief must be, without a period;
For as the day ends with the setting sun,
So with thy death my happy days are done,
For I am lost for ever.

Sab. Matchless woman,
Witness the gods how much I pity you!—
Oh, gentlemen, why do you fix your eyes
So firmly upon me? I know the strangeness
Of this sad act may make my truth suspected;
I'll use no airy protestations now
To clear myself; but if you please to enter,
After our oaths are taken to preserve
Those articles of peace inviolate,
The funeral obsequies, and true shed tears,
Which to his everlasting bed shall bring
All that remains of this unfortunate,
I know not what to call him, shall express
How dear I prized his goodness: but the love
We bear our country beats all pity back.—
Take up the body.

Lel. Touch him not, you furies!
No blood-stained hands shall dare to touch the [altar
On which I sacrifice these virgin tears,
Which shall outlast the marble which is laid
To cover his fair corpse. Stand off, I say!
Myself will see him coffined and embalmed,
And in one tomb rest with him.—Dear Tullius!

Sab. Cross her in nothing, let her use her will:
She has had too much wrong. Pray enter, lords,
For by our hearty sorrow you shall find
In all but this we bore a godlike mind.
[*Exeunt all but* LELIA *and* MARIUS.

Lel. Oh, Marius, I have wronged thy blessed spirit
To mourn thy death by a contrary name,
But 'twas a sister's love; then pardon me.
If any life remain, fix but thine eye
Upon thy Lelia's sorrow, crying now
On Marius, Marius, breathing nothing else
Till my loathed breath expire. Oh, Marius!

Mar. What life-restoring balm those true love's tears
Pour in my bleeding wounds, able to free
A dying soul from death's strongest charnel-house!
But I am well, far distant from that place:
This shirt of mail worn near my skin
Rebated their sharp steel and killing points
Were darted at my breast. My greatest hurt
Is but a scratch compared to mortal wounds.
Yet I have changed my life, my life of woe,
And am transported into paradise,
Rapt above apprehension to behold
My dearest Lelia's sight: Hast thou been dead
To all men's knowledge since I first left Rome,
And dost survive to be my life's preserver?

Lel. I lived not else at all: But dangers now
Surround us everywhere; some sudden means
Must further our swift flight, or we are lost again
Past remedy.

Enter BELLARIO.

Here comes a trusty friend, Bellario.—
Oh, good Bellario, help me to convey
This habit where it may be hid for ever,
And lend us any garments; Marius lives;
Throw it into any pool. Thy coat and hat!
Nay quickly dear Bellario. [*She disguises* MARIUS

Mar. Thy reward for this,
Whene'er we see thee next, wants precedent
Of what thy trust hath gained thee. Fare thee [well!
Commend me to Marcellus: thou and he
Appease the mutinous soldiers, and make head.
You shall with speed hear from us.—Come, my bliss,
Never had man a happiness like this. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest.*

Enter ARMANUS.

Arm. Thrice has my horse o'erthrown me; the last time
Fell stark dead under me: ominous signs!
The scorching beams too weaken and make faint
My bruised limbs, that I of force must rest,
If rest dares steal into the dwelling place
Of grief and care.
If Tullius fell by damned practices,
And not by honourable dint of sword,
I take a solemn vow ne'er to return,
Or live 'mongst other creatures willingly
Than wolves and tigers, studying how to learn
Their savage fierceness, and to practise it
Upon their hearts were causers of his death.
My weariness o'ermasters me, and fills
My head with strange distemp'rature; sleep weighs down
My eyelids. [*Sleeps.*

Enter MARCUS TULLIUS.

M. Tull. I would have no one marry, for it is
A foolish, vain, and idle ceremony;
Let every woman choose the man she likes
To pleasure her, and after him another,
Changing as often as the subtle wind, [thoughts:
The pale-faced moon, or their own wandering
Twere better far than thus with breach of faith
To fill the world with sin and bastard births.
Oh, Philadelpha, if thou dost prove false,
Betwixt the parched Indians, short-breathed men,
And longest-lived, cold Hyperboreans,
Lives not a constant woman. But, Armanus!
To see the antipathy 'twixt love and friendship!
As if it were ingrafted in the soul,
In which there is more pleasure than desire,
In will and in affection; like two hearts
Closed up both in a mold, that if one die
The poisonous infection kills the other.
I would I could forget thee, for methinks
I am ne'er alone when I remember thee:
Such sympathy, conditions, manners, speech,
In studies, pleasures, inclinations
Bearing continual one thought and motion,
For such are perfect friends—I am o'erheard;
And yet I am not. There's a happy man;
No politic devices keep him waking
For mines of gold: my mad and mutinous thoughts
Will not afford me such a minute's rest.
These three days have these eyelids kept asunder,
And still unfriendly they deny to meet.
Yet I will lay me down by this blest creature;
It may be his example may teach me
How to beguile fond passions. [*Lays down.*

Arm. Forgive me, [*In his sleep.*
I will revenge thy death, by Heaven I will.

M. Tull. Alas, poor soul, he is afflicted too.
Methinks that face should be no stranger to me:
Armanus!
Oh, see the spring from whence comes all my woe,
Whose flattering bubbles show like crystal streams,
But I have found 'em full of Lernean poison.
How sound he sleeps! He is so used to sin,
Not the black furies that still hover about him,
Nor his own guilt that's ever calling him,
Can waken him; but here is that can do't. [*Draws.*

Just Nemesis, that sit'st on sharpest thorns,
Twisting thy iron whips for perjured man,
Behold thy priest offer a sacrifice
That will be pleasing to thee!—My hand shakes.
Revenge and fury guard me round about,
And force calm pity and compassion back!—
Once more have at thee.—Still my arm wants
And cannot hold my weapon. [strength,

Arm. Sacred spirit, [*Awakes.*
That from the ever-springing fields art come
To this unhallowed ground, why dost thou shake
Thy threatening sword, and so austerely bend
Thy incorporeal brow against the man
That ever loved and honoured Tullius' name
So dear, the natural antipathy
Betwixt my frail and thy immortal substance,
Which guilty creatures tremble to behold,
And drives their cold blood through their shaking joints,
Nothing dismays me; but with open arms
Run to embrace thy shadow. Shun me not!
By all my hopes of future happiness
Tell me but who they were contrived thy death,
And though the Cyclops guard them, or the race
That from his kingdom durst attempt to drive
The star-crowned monarch, yet my vengeful flame
Shall strike 'em down to hell, where thou shalt hear,
To those bless'd shades where all the worthies live,
Their tortured souls with anguish howl and yell.
Then do not fly my arms.

M. Tull. Villain, keep off!
Thou art mad; a pandar, nay, what's worse,
A traitor to thy friend.

Arm. Devil, or ghost,
Spirit of earth, of air, of active fire
(For Tullius thou art not; he never used
Such barbarous language to a faithful friend)
Therefore whate'er thou art that dar'st assume
The blessed shape of my dear murdered friend
Where goodness so long dwelt, prepare thyself;
My anger thus salutes thee. [*Draws.*

M. Tull. What dream's this?
What spirit or what murder talks he of?
This is a fetch past man's capacity.
Armanus, thou hast lost thyself too far:
I am no deluding goblin, nor false friend,
But real as thyself.

Arm. Lives Tullius then?
With joy and wonder thus——

M. Tull. Keep distance, slave!
Yes, I do live, and only live to be
A terror to thy falsehood.

Arm. These are words
I must not live to hear.

M. Tull. Villain, read that: [*Gives him the letter.*
So long I'll spare my justice, which shall fall
As horrid as thy fact. Does't startle you?

Arm. Whoever writ these black lies is a devil,
Which are as false and envious as himself:
Yet, if you can believe 'em, 'tis high time
That I were turned to earth. See, there's my sword,
And thus my breast flies open to your fury:
Strike, and strike home, and when my guiltless blood
Shall dye this green grass crimson, you shall see
How free 'twas from corruption.

M. Tull. I am struck
With deep astonishment: If that were false,
To what end should that man, whate'er he were,
Engage himself so dreadfully? 'Tis a reach
Beyond my understanding. By the truth
And forepast protestations tied our hearts
In bonds of amity, (a greater oath
Sin cannot think upon) resolve my fear:
Has not my Philadelpha 'filed her faith?
Arm. She is as pure as the unspotted sun
Shining in brightest glory.
M. Tull. Does not the king solicit her?
Arm. He does;
And politic Rufinus haunts her hourly,
Like an ill spirit, striving to seduce her
To what she most abhors; 'twas he possessed
Me with your credulous death,
And has by this divulged it to the king:
Which rumour winged me on to fly to th' camp,
Doubting some dangerous plot laid 'gainst your life
That he so confidently spoke you dead.
By all my comforts hoped for, and those plagues
Which perjury would tremble to recite,
By our past friendship and unwrinkled truth,
Which hitherto I ever have adored,
What I have spoken is as free from blot
As is the firmament.
M. Tull. And I, as true, believe it. Pardon me;
Thus will I beg it from thee. Jealousy [*Kneels.*
And frantic rage, which from these lines took life,
And had their black original, bereft
And put me past myself. Now, I conceive
Rufinus' damn'd intent, to draw me from
The camp unto my death, or execute
Some hellish treason there. Heaven keep Marius
Arm. Speak low, here's company. [safe!
Enter MARIUS *disguised, and* LELIA *like a* Post-boy.
Mar. Let's rest a while, sweet Lelia, we have rid hard,
And whilst our horses graze, refresh ourselves;
These pleasant groves yield comfortable shades.
Lel. Marius!
Mar. Ha! what affrights my love?
Lel. Saw you that face?
Mar. 'Tis——
Lel. Tullius, my dear brother; that, Armanus.
Mar. Oh, everlasting comfort! Tullius—
M. Tull. Amazement! Marius! loving Janus
Joy and sad fear both struggle in my breast: [too!
Your sights are Heaven, but the sudden cause
Forced you to leave the camp, and thus disguised,
Begets in me a wonder beyond thought.
Mar. And well it may. Oh, noble worthy lord,
I shall amaze you with strange stratagems.
Titus is a tyrant; bloody snares
And horrid treasons do begirt thee round;
But I was trapt with 'em, yet hate to think
Thy virtue knew of them.
Behold a warrant granted for thy death,
Upon condition of a feigned league,
Signed with his own hand and commanding seal,
Which I observed in all things void of fear,
And as I entered through their flattering gates,
Which stood wide open to receive us in,
Going to take their oaths of fealty,
I fell by their sharp weapons; witness these.
[*Shews his wounds.*
But how I was restored and 'scaped with life
Will wonder you far more: here is the hand
That under heaven was my only safety.
M. Tull. Who? pretty Janus?
Mar. No, thy sister Tullius,
And my dear Lelia, that all this while
Like my good angel hath protected me:
The manner now's too tedious to rehearse,
For I could ever sit recounting it.
M. Tull. Is't possible, sweet sister, thou shouldst live
Thus long disguised, and serve me as my page,
And these eyes ne'er descry thee, that have took
Such infinite delight to gaze upon
The splendour of thy beauty? nay, I vow,
Wert not my sister, even doted on thee.
Arm. Is this your post? Was she your happy [guide?
I could fast ever to kiss such a post.
M. Tull. Surcease a while this explicating joy,
And let us study how to be revenged
On this injurious king, King Machiavel.
Mar. For such a plot no fury ever formed.
M. Tull. Were all these honours and the gilded [titles
He heaped upon my head against my will,
Laid on my shoulders for to weigh me down,
And sink me with black obloquy? Well, king,
The moon may dim the sun, and so may I
Wrap up thy blazing pride in a red cloud,
And darken thee for ever. Come to Rome:
We'll yet determine nothing; what we do
Occasion must present us. On to Rome.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Temple.*

Enter in a dumb Show, two Flamens; *after them one bearing an Offering for the* King; *then four* Senators; *after them* TITUS MARTIUS, *talking to* RUFINUS; LEARCHUS *and* LEONTIUS *following; then* PHILADELPHA *richly attired, her Train borne up by* Virgins, *all carrying in their Hands several kinds of Sacrifice: so pass over the Stage.*

SCENE III.—*A Banqueting-Room in the Palace.*

Soft Music strikes. A Banquet being set forth, enter TITUS *and* PHILADELPHA, *who sit down at each end of one Table; then at another Side-table sit down* MARCELLANUS *and other* Senators, *and Old* TULLIUS; *then* RUFINUS, LEARCHUS, *and* LEONTIUS, *who wait on the* King.

Titus. Sit, glorious Philadelpha, there's thy chair,
To which thou'lt add more beauty than the sun
Can to his golden chariot. Reverend Tullius,
You have been long a stranger; this approach
Adds to your double welcome: There, sit there.
And you, Lucius Marcellanus, take your place;
'Tis for you and your fellow senators.
O. Tull. The king is full of sacred courtesies.
Titus. Sit, my dear beauteous guest; methinks,
As we are placed in opposition, thou, like that
Eternal soul of nature, which can give
Or take at pleasure every excellence,
Add'st or depriv'st me of perfection.
Methinks all dread, all reverence, majesty, [flame
With which kings shake their footstools, like a
Leaves me to lodge in thy bright countenance.
Phi. If there be such a wonder, 'tis your grace
And favour which creates it; that withdrawn,
I am dark and nothing, only but your handmaid.
Titus. Thou art all man's wish can climb to.—
Fill some wine! [*Drinks.*
Here's to thee, sweetness, and a solemn health
To noble Tullius and his victories!

You are all engaged, my lords; this must go round;
'Tis the king's friend, nay, his companion.
[*The health goes about.*
1 *Sen.* Sir, you're a happy man that does enjoy
A son of this rare merit.
O. Tull. Rather blest
To have a king, whose judgment can infuse
Merit, where merit's wanting.
2 *Sen.* Noble sir,
You are not short in this felicity
To have a daughter past all parallel:
In brief you're both true maps of happiness
In having such rare children.
Marcellan. They're the gifts
Of Heaven, not of Nature.
O. Tull. Mine, alas,
Is what the king hath made him; so far good
As goodness sparkles in his actions;
Though grief be my remembrancer, I must
Confess I have lost ten sons, in every part
As hopeful, good, though not so fortunate,
In loss of my dear Lelia.
Ruf. How fain the old man would be flattered,
And yet not seem to catch it!
Lear. Oh, it is
A modesty which strives how to convert
Praise into adoration.
Leon. Rather, sir,
Your coy whore's rhetoric, ever to deny
What they would swallow with most greediness.
Ruf. May superstition choak them! What's
Or idol they so reverence, but a spunge [this toy,
Fill'd with the king's waste moisture, or a bag
Blown with the breath of greatness? When the
Of wrath shall squeeze it, or a little pin [hand
Prick but the windy outside, down falls all,
And leaves him nought but despised emptiness.
Lear. Come, you're too bitter. See, how the king sits gazing!
Titus. Whence is this music? [*Music within.*
Ruf. 'Tis, as I conceive,
A warning of the masquers' readiness,
Prepared to attend your triumphs.
Titus. Let them come.
Quickly remove these tables!—Here's your place,
For all things this night strive to honour you.—
More lights and more attendants!—Sit, my lords,
Revels ask elbow-room at all times. So.

Enter the Masque, *in which is* Young TULLIUS, MARIUS, *and* ARMANUS, *dressed as* Furies, *with Torches, and* LELIA *in Lady's Habit; they dance with the* Ladies.

You have done to the height of motion; yet I'll
Dancing a greater glory: 'Tis but lame [give
When beauty shares not in it; here are they
Can give life unto measure. Hand her, lords.
Nay, you must not excuse it; for but you,
Perfection hath no crown to triumph in.
Phi. Your majesty will make me to disclose
Errors I would have hidden. [*She dances.*
Titus. Say not so,
You can shew art rules to astonish her.
How like the nimble winds, which play upon
The tender grass, yet press it not, or fly
Over the crystal face of smoothest streams,
Leaving no curl behind them; or how like
The yellow-feathered Hymen when he treads
Upon the soft air's bosom, doth she pass
Observed by admiration! Why, she makes
Motion the god of every excellence,
And what the muses would with study find.
She teaches in her dancing; 'tis indeed
A school to teach all we call liberal.
I cannot give her worth a name; to me
It must suffice only to say, 'tis she.
[*The Dance ends.*
Lear. This is no rich idolatry.
Ruf. Yes, sure,
And set out to the full height; there nor wants
Imposture nor embroidery: What dull eye
But sees the swelling boscage, and your trails
How they do hug and stifle flattery?
Leon. No more, the king observes us.
Titus. Blessed thing,
Come, I have wronged thy sweetness, and I know
Thou'rt weary; but I'll make a recompence.
See, that a stately banquet be prepared
To entertain the masquers; they've this night
Tied to their king a strange beholdingness,
And I am all your debtors. Call for lights!
We'll to our chamber straight. Madam, your rest
Must be to-night in the court, that and I
Are both proud you will grace it. Rufinus, 'tis
Your honour to attend her. So to all
Good night and best repose. Reverend Tullius,
Thou good old man, much peace.—But thousand happy rests
Dwell on thy noble bosom. [*To* PHILADELPHA.
Phi. Ten times those,
Doubled in myriads, live with my sovereign.
[*Exeunt all but* RUFINUS, PHILADELPHA, MARCUS TULLIUS, ARMANUS, *and* MARIUS.
M. Tull. Marius, Armanus, as you are noble friends,
Go to the privy garden, and in the walk,
Next to the stillatory, stay for me,
I must adventure something. Give me that torch.
Mar. Arm. Dispose yourself, we will attend your coming. [*Exeunt.*
Ruf. Who waits there? Lights for the noble lady!
M. Tull. They are ready, and attend you.
Ruf. Away before then.
Lead to the chamber called Elysium. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Bed Chamber spendidly furnished.*

Enter TULLIUS *disguised, with a Torch;* PHILADELPHA, RUFINUS, *and* Ladies.

M. Tull. This is the lodging called Elysium
Ruf. It is your lodging, madam; here the king
Prays you may sleep with comfort.
Phi. Sir, I'm bound
To his respect and your most noble trouble.
Ruf. Avoid the chamber, and put out your torch.
M. Tull. Is this the devil's chamber?—I am
But not so far as mischief wishes me; [gone,—
I must attend your night-spells. Arras, thou
Shalt hide my body, but light my understanding.
[*Puts out the Torch, and steps behind the Arras.*
Phi. Sir, I beseech you let my women stay,
They must this night attend me.
Ruf. Oh, not these!
These to attend your person? Madam, know,
The greatest dames of Rome and Italy,
Nay, the altezzas and their sovereigns,
Must this night do you service; as for these,
They must spare their duties.
Phi. Good my lord,
Let mine own creatures serve me; others will

In this work supererogate, and I
Shall think their diligence a mockery.
Ruf. Nothing so,
You shall find virtue in their services.
Come, ladies, you must vanish.
[*Exit with* PHILADELPHA's Women.
Phi. I do not like this courtship.—Ha! the door
Locked up and bolted? in the name of truth,
What differs this from strong imprisonment?
Virtue, thou art my mistress, and I sit
Under thy shade so safely, that methinks
Dishonour dare not touch me. Yet, alas,
Man is an untamed creature, and dare break
Through any fence of goodness: Help me, then,
Oh, sacred Virtue, and mine innocence!

Enter TITUS MARTIUS.

Titus. They will, believe it; never didst thou ask
What piety denied thee.
Phi. Now I see I'm ruined:
In the name of wonder, sir, what make you here?
Titus. To tell thee truth, not wonders, for no eye
Sees thee but stands amazed, and would turn
His crystal humour into atomies
Ever to play about thee.
Phi. Sacred sir,
Oh, let me understand you!—Yet, sir, hold,
Let me not understand you: let me be
Dull as the earth, more ignorant than fools,
Rather than know you are dishonourable.
Titus. Let not suspicion scare you, or respect
Of that which is but nothing make you run
From the height of all great fortunes. Plainly, sweet,
I love you, dearly love you; love you so
As no speech can express it, and have by art
And such discretion shaped opportunity,
That malice cannot touch you in your honour.
Come, you must be kind.
Phi. Great sir, keep farther distance! you speak poison.
M. Tull. Ha! here is some hope in her goodness.
Titus. Do not with coyness cast that fortune off
You would with torments purchase; be to me
The sweetness which I long for, and to all
Thy thoughts, thy wishes, and thine actions,
No power shall put a girdle; thou shalt be
Greater than greatness thinks on, sway more hearts,
Have more eyes hanging on thee, and command
More glorious titles and more sovereignty
Than is spoke of Egypt and Assyria.
M. Tull. Now do I see
The devil's a cunning book-thief, and hath robbed
The honest schools of their best rhetoric
To tempt poor virgins' weakness.
Titus. Poppæa, when she met her emperor
Clad in the wealth of many monarchies,
Not rich Paulina that out-braved the sun,
And made him dark with sparkling jewelry,
Compared with thee shall be as poor and dull
As wasted dross or baser excrements,
Only let me enjoy thee.
M. Tull. Hold now or never!
Phi. I took you, sir, to be the only thing
The earth could call her good one, and no doubt
You are no less, only now seek to prove
How an ill thing would scare me. Pray, sir, think
These foul ingredients cannot alter me.
Trust me, I prize poor virtue with a rag
Better than vice with both the Indies.
M. Tull. This is some comfort, if it have constancy.
Titus. Be not a fool for custom, know my worth,
And who I am that do solicit you;
Think of the crowns hang o'er you, crowns of joy,
Honour and reputation; if they fail,
Think of the swords I carry, swords of shame,
Contempt, disgrace, slander, and infamy,
And think with these how I can torture you,
Nay, whip you to obedience; and by Heaven
I'll spare nought to afflict you.
M. Tull. [*Stepping forward.*] Yes, you will,
Virtue I know must be no instrument.
Titus. How's this? surprised? oh me! 'tis Tullius.
M. Tull. Yes, it is Tullius, Tullius the unfortunate.
Are you a god, a king, nay, but a man,
And dare commit this outrage? Do you know
A good thought and dare speak thus? Good sir, think,
Although I am your subject, and do view
Each beam that shines about you, and conceive
How dear you are to the gods, to angels, saints,
The world, and mankind; though I know you are
A temple so divine and hallowed,
That but to dream ill of you were to plunge
Men's souls into damnation; yet, to it
Think what this woman is: My wife, sir, she's my wife,
My chaste dear wife, a word that's precious,
Self of myself, nay, such a self beyond,
That where she falls my fame is perish'd;
Mine did I say? nay, my posterity,
Mine utter generation, all my name
Lost and undone to all eternity!
How this will tempt a good man, oh, sir, think,
Tremble and fear to think it.
Titus. Be not jealous.
M. Tull. Not jealous, and have heard your blasphemy?
What slave can be so stupid? Sir, if you
Have raised me for this merit, or built up
My low foundations with strange pinnacles
Higher than other's buildings; if you have
Made me a glittering outside, but within
Store nothing but dishonour, cast me down,
Beat me to dust; my ashes will appear
A monument more glorious than your palace.
Titus. On my life,
Thou dost mistake me strangely.
M. Tull. 'Would I did,
So I might perish for it; but my eyes
And own ears are my witness.
Titus. Come, no more:
They have told you a false message, and your heart
Seduced by them is much too credulous;
For I protest by all that's good or holy,
Never did I conceive 'gainst her or thee
A thought of so much baseness. What is done
Was done for special caution; first, to stop
Their poisoned mouths I know do envy you,
Next to convert their malice to this ground
Which else had touched thy person; next to try
The temper of her goodness, and how far
Corruption might work on her, which I find
Past praise and past example, and she is
The jewel I renowned her, and indeed

Worthy the love of noble Tullius:
'Twas this design that led me; by my life,
No other thought came near me.
M. Tull. It was a course pious and full of virtue,
A deed for which I ever owe a debt
Of terror and affliction: Fearful king,
Nay, impudent transgressor, now thou seest
Thy lustful breast lie bare to my revenge
Coin'st these apparent falsehoods; but I have
Strange and undoubted causes: witness this,
This warrant for my murder; besides that,
The articles of peace you sent the rebels
Sabinus and Arminius, but the cause
Was written in a bloody character,
Such as I think had never precedent;
This can speak how firm is your affection.
[*Gives him the warrant.*
Phi. I am lost in my amazement: Dearest,
What warrant for thy murder? [speak,
M. Tull. Oh, my love,
Time will not now permit me to relate
The cruel circumstance; thou shalt partake it.
Titus. What slave or hell-hound has abused my truth,
And forged this slanderous writ? Oh, my Tullius,
I cannot blame thee now had thy just rage
Flown out above man's temper. This would move
A creature without gall. Who should be
This angry billow that thus seeks to drown
The fair bark I would nourish? By dread Jove,
I will sift out this swelling sycophant,
And beat him down so flat, so low, so dead,
Make him so smooth and calm, that but his shame
There shall be nothing to remember him.
Tullius, by this embracement credit me
I am sound in all thoughts to thee. Do not neither
Believe nor them nor me; but as short time
Shall prove this lie most odious, so let truth
Shine in my other actions. With all speed
We'll call a present council, and send post
For proud Sabinus,
Who dreadless in his articles may come;
If not, we'll force him hither; you, disguised,
Shall hear our strange proceedings; thou shalt see
How quaintly I shall trip 'em. Love this sweet,
She is a thing for Heaven to envy at,
And tell thyself thou hast all the joys of life,
A perfect royal friend and faithful wife. [*Exit.*
M. Tull. 'Would I could hope the first, the last is sure,
And both I'll seek to perfect.—Come, my love,
Thou hast played the part of goodness royally,
And I'll strive to deserve it. Yet, since things
Lie but at half discovered, for a time
In some strange shape I'll shroud me,
Free from the knowledge of the king or any,
Until these tares be weeded; when they're ripe,
I'll be myself, and shine unlimited.
Phi. Your will is my direction, and I'll move
Only by your commandment and your love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Temple.*

Enter SIR PERGAMUS, *the foolish Knight, like a Bridegroom, leading* FLAVIA, *his Bride;* BELLARIO, *the singing Soldier;* BLACKSNOUT *the Smith,* SNIPSNAP *the Tailor, and* CALVESKIN *the Shoemaker.—An Altar to be set forth with the Image of Mars;* DINDIMUS *the Dwarf bearing* SIR PERGAMUS' *Lance and Shield, which are hung up for Trophies, and* SIR PERGAMUS *vows for the Love of* FLAVIA, *never to bear Arms again; the like does* BLACKSNOUT, *who hangs up his Sword, and takes his Hammer, vowing to God Vulcan never to use another Weapon. The Tailor and the Shoemaker do vow the like to God Mercury. Then* BELLARIO *sings a Song how they will fall to their old Trades. A Clap of Thunder, and all run off. Finis* 4 *Act.*

Per. There hang, thou fatal engine of my wrath,
Thou great divorcer of the soul and body,
Which three-score princes, emperors, and kings,
Besides some thousand lords, captains sans number,
One lance-prisado and a sutler's wife,
Hast sent to Erebus and dismal lake;
Hang there, I say, and this the world shall grant
None e'er shall use the like but John of Gaunt.
All. Oh, rare, rare Pergamus!
Per. Now give me that! [*Takes the Shield.*
Come thou, thou faithful bulwark to my breast,
Thou that keep'st off the cannon-shot like hail,
Cut through and through some four-score inches deep
With direful strokes and dreary hardiment;
Whose wide-mouthed trenches keep imprisoned
Five thousand captains couchant to thy mercy,
Which must yield Pergamus a world for ransom,
Terror, hang there! no Guildhall shews the like,
Bloody in peace, but in war politic.
Dind. Go on, brave Pergamus, the son of fame,
The child of fortune; all men know the same.
Fla. A periphrasis of a fool that fortunes favour.
Per. Hang there, ye instruments of blood and rust!
Hence, fighting vain! My Flavia must be buss'd.
Yet thus far, Mars, I will thy soldier be,
And valiantly in thy great quarrel strike,
When Flavia teaches me to raise the pike.
Black. Blacksnout the like doth vow, and in a word
Into a hammer I'll convert my sword.
Though Venus Vulcan horn, I'll wive: our hall
Increased by us may grow a capital.
I am for Vulcan now, for Mars no more;
If my wife scold, my bout-hammer shall roar.
Snip. Turn garment, tailor, too, and be not barr'd:
I'll marry and betake me to my yard,
And if my trade then prove not worth a dodkin,
Curse, curse o' women, both my yard and bodkin!
Calve. Then, shoemaker, the last of all the rout,
Of tailor, Pergamus, or fair Blacksnout:
By Mercury I swear it is my draught
To take a wife and use the gentle craft.

SONG *by* BELLARIO.

Then farewell the drum, pike, gun, and the fife!
If a man loves jarring and plenty of strife,
To try his valour let him take a wife,
And to our old trades again.
Chorus. And to our old trades again.

Come, Pergamus, tailor, and Blacksnout too,
The shoemaker will teach your wives all what to do,
For if you tread awry they'll underlay you:
Then to our old trades again!
Chorus. Then to our old trades again!

So, furious Mars, we bid thee adieu,
We care not for killing, it's a life for a Jew:
So let us be jogging with our jovial crew,
And to our old trades again!
Chorus. And to our old trades again!
[*Thunder.*

Bell. Oh, the gods are angry! Let's begone.
All. Oh, oh, oh! [*Exeunt running.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter LEARCHUS *and* LEONTIUS *meeting, muffled up in Cloaks.*

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!
Leon. Why dost thou laugh, Learchus?
Lear. To see us two walk thus like Saturnists
Muffled up in a condensed cloud.
Why art thou sad, Leontius?
Leon. 'Troth, I know not.
Why art thou melancholy?
Lear. Hang me if I can tell. Oh, now I remember:
The king is discontented, and we courtiers
Are like the Macedonian humourists,
'Cause Philip had a wry neck they wore theirs so,
And said 'twas all the fashion: yet, methinks,
'Tis something more than strange
To see this sudden alteration;
Last night he was unbounded and profuse
In mirth and jovialty, but looks this morn
As if he had drunk Lethe.

Enter RUFINUS.

Ruf. Plotting still?
You think to outdo me now in some rare springe
To catch this green-head general; but you shall not,
Nay, you cannot: know, brave spirits, 'tis done·
Our stratagem has taken rare effect,
The peace is made, the articles confirmed,
The execution past, and Tullius sunk
Lower than policy can ever search,
Or plumb the unfathomed bottom.—
What means this silence? Do not your glad hearts leap
Into your bosom to hear this brave revenge?
Have you thus far mingled your bloods with mine,
And waded hand in hand through death and hell,
And do you now repent?
Lear. Leon. Repent!
Ruf. What then portends this sadness?
Lear. Understand it:
Saw you the king to-day?
Ruf. No. What succeeds your question?
Lear. He is wondrous discontented.
Ruf. What of that?
Leon. Think you he has not caught intelligence
Of Tullius' murder, or this feigned truce?
Ruf. Why, say he have, do you shrink or shudder at it?
We have ventured too far in to retire now:
But I'll take off that doubt, 'tis no such thing,
Neither does grief or anger make him show
A wrinkled front or a dejected look;
'Tis rather too much joy, surfeit of pleasure,
And those sweet delights with which he has been sated
This last night in the arms of Philadelpha;
Tullius' fair hoard was made his cradle
In which the devil and lust sate rocking him.
Lear. Is't possible? is Tullius' mounted higher?
Ruf. Yes, on the horn of greatness.
Lear. Ha, ha, ha!
Ruf. And being fixed, perchance,
In meditation of these sugared sins,
He did not greatly mind ye; there's his sadness:
But when we come in presence you shall see
Another change of countenance, for I am
The served-up instrument whose tearing brain
Gives motion to his actions.—

Enter Messenger.

Sent to me
Mess. And all your honours.
The senate sits this morning instantly,
The king in person too, but for what cause
None but himself yet knows.
Ruf. 'Tis a short summons: well, we shall attend him. [*Exit* Messenger.
Lear. What thinks Rufinus now?
Ruf. By Jove, I am puzzled; yet, now
To forge or study for replies would show
A shallow brain. Let not our timorous guilt
Betray ourselves; and scorn the worst event;
If we must down let us like cedars fall,
And make an earthquake tumbling, that our fame
May live to after-ages, and our acts
By all rare politicians be eternized:
'Tis nobler far than live in such a state
Where worth hath no reward, merit no grace.
Can virtue spring where true regard is wanting?
It is impossible: Thus join we then,
And let our fates be like the elements,
So linked and chained that none can break the twine
But they that twisted it. This knot, methinks,
Resembles just the trinal sisterhood
That spun our thread of life: make much on't then.
Before the destinies do wind it up
They shall have many turnings. But when you
There is no remedy, let one stroke divide us. [see
Lear. Leon. 'Tis resolved.
[*Cornets play a Lesson.*
Ruf. The senate's coming, fall into the train.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Capitol.*

Enter MARCELLANUS, OLD TULLIUS, *and two other Senators; then* TITUS MARTIUS, RUFINUS, LEARCHUS, LEONTIUS, *and other Attendants;* MARCUS TULLIUS *in Disguise, among other Petitioners.*

M. Tull. I hope this habit's undiscoverable,
In which, as in a perspicle, I shall see [*Aside*
These hidden furies tread the devil's maze.
Titus. Grave fathers,
You in whose wisdom rest the states of kings,
Whose prudent and discreet directions
Uphold and govern all things next the gods,
To you I now appeal, and shall in brief
Declare the motive that incited us
To call this sudden council. I must first
Confess my rashness, that, without advice
Of your sage judgments and a general voice,
We made a general thy son, Tullius,
And him sent forth without a full consent
Against the Sabines that invaded us;
The error is acknowledged, yet, my lords,
The strong necessity considered,
The fierceness of the insurrection,
And devastation which the rebels used,
Was cause sufficient for a present choice
Without deliberate council.
2 *Sen.* 'Twas most fit.
Ruf. A policy both good and requisite.

Titus. We are excused for't then. But, reverend senate,
Having since weighed by weighty circumstance,
Grounded on reason, that the opinions
And several censures of the commonalty,
And some of our great peers too, may, perchance,
Out of their ignorance raise a mutiny
That might in time work a conspiracy
Against young Tullius,
Not being elected by a public voice,
(For what they do without all malice moves,
But thousands envy where a king once loves)
These known examples make us cautelous
Of future dangers: therefore, once more, lords,
Deliver your minds freely; if you think
His youth or judgment, strength or discipline,
Debilitate his person, or his birth
Make him unfit to undergo a place
So eminent and powerful, call him home,
Choose a more able, more experienced man,
That thirsts for such an honour, and let him
Revel at home here with his beauteous bride:
Poor soul! She has the most wrong; such a war
Were far more pleasing to a courtier,
One so complete and young as Tullius is,
And questionless she'll thank ye. Now, you hear
The cause of your assembly, speak your thoughts,
And let your hearts and tongues so sympathise
That truth may write the comments.
O. Tull. Royal sir,
I humbly crave I may be pardoned,
And licensed to suspend my censure yet,
Until that their opinions be all passed:
A father's doom will be thought partial,
Though the gods record it.
Titus. Use your will.
Marcellan. I beg like liberty, dread sovereign:
We two are equal sharers in his honours;
'Twould ill beseem us to detract from him.
Titus. Shall one man speak for all, then?
All. Willingly.
1 *Sen.* And whom your majesty shall please to call,
His voice shall give a general approbation.
Titus. Rufinus, you are he then.
Ruf. I, my liege?
Titus. Rufusal is in vain, we'll have it so.
Ruf. The most unworthiest creature.
Titus. Wrong not your worth, we know your merits, sir.
You have done good service in the like affairs,
And know best what belongs to't: Therefore speak.
Ruf. With pardon then I shall.
Your highness might have made a surer choice
Of an approved soldier; but a man
More daring and more valiant, Rome contains not;
For what he wants in years and discipline,
His industry and spirit countervails;
He's mild and courteous to the people too,
Which is the chain that ties the soldiers' hearts
And general's together; last and chief,
He's fortunate, crying as Cæsar did,
Who, being tossed in a small boat at sea
In a tempestuous storm, cheared up the mariners
With, 'On, brave hearts! Think not of fear, you bear
Me and my fortunes;'
Which shows that resolution is the crown
Of all a soldier's honours, and brings in
A happy conquest: All this Tullius has.
No doubt need to be made then of his worth,
But that he still enjoy it.
All. 'Tis confirmed.
Lear. Stand away,
I pr'ythee let me hug him; by this hand,
Leontius, the devil's a novice to him.
M. Tull. [*Apart.*] I am swallowed in this quicksand: all my thoughts
Again are quite diverted: He speak thus!
Titus. Rufinus, you have given a noble verdict,
We are become your debtor.
Lictor. [*Within.*] Back there, back! keep back.
Ruf. What uproar's that, disturbs the senate?

Enter a Lictor.

Lictor. A captain post from the camp.
Titus. Admit him straight.

Enter Marcellus.

Lictor. Your sword.
Marc. No, sir, 'tis kept for a far better use,
Than cut his master's throat.
Ruf. A guard!
Marc. Ten guards! There are some persons here
Ten millions cannot shelter.
1 *Sen.* What means this?
Marc. King, king! senate!
Oh, that I could speak to you in a tone
Would drown the voice of thunder, that, the sound
Being echoed by this marble capitol,
Each syllable were doubled in your ears,
Or that you had more hearts, for those weak strings
Will crack at the first entrance. Tullius is——
All. What?
Marc. Dead; (does that damp you?) he is murdered.
All. Ha! Murdered!
M. Tull. [*Apart.*] Now it begins to work.
Marc. Yes, murdered,
Butchered by most inhuman slaughter, treachery.
O. Tull. Forgive me, Jupiter! When he said dead
I had almost shed a tear, but murder straight
Caused fiery rage to dry it up again.
Marcellan. The manner, good Marcellus, or by whom?
Marc. By Titus Martius.
All. The king!
Marc. Yes.
Titus. Traitor!
Marc. Tyrant!—He, 'twas he, grave lords,
That by damn'd feigned articles of peace
Conspired our general's ruin. To this truth
I here give up my body to more torments
Than can by man be thought on, and rejoice
To lose my life so meritoriously,
As to discover this black treachery.
Ruf. [*Apart.*] Beyond our wishes published.
Titus. Villain, thy death shall be more terrible
Than ever time could pattern.
O. Tull. Except thine. [*Rises*
Off with these robes of peace and clemency,
And let us hoop our aged limbs with steel,
And study tortures for this tyranny.
Marc. 'Tis needless, sir; vengeance is near at hand.
Lord Marius and Armanus are conjoined,
And vow for their dear friend's untimely fall
To lay his palace level with the dust,
And kill the tyrant in the capitol,
In the very throne he has polluted so.
Ruf. Desperate traitors! See you now, dread sir,
This brood of vipers! Who can suffer this!

Leontius and Learchus, let's to arms!
Give us three leave, my liege: We'll raise such
To guard Rome and your person, [force
That Marius and Armanus shall as soon
Grasp lightning as but touch a hair of you.

Leon. [*Aside.*] Excellent villain!—Oh that we were gone once.

Titus. Stir not. I do entreat you let 'em come.
If I be guilty of these practices,
Let me with shame and horror suffer for't.
There's the arch-wreath; thus we disthrone our-
And, as a private man, will answer here [self,
'Gainst all objections. Only let me crave
Sabinus may be sent for with all speed,
Who, dreadless in his articles, may come:
The law of arms does warrant him.

2 *Sen.* See it done.

Enter a Lictor.

Lict. Reverend lords,
There is a pilgrim sent from the Sabines,
That craves admittance into th' capitol.

Titus. Bring him with speed to th' senate.

Ruf. On my life,
Some strange confession of this stratagem
And penitent submission.

Enter SABINUS *in a Palmer's Habit, which he throws off; with a* Postmaster.

Sab. The gods of Rome protect ye.

All. Ha, Sabinus!

Sab. Yes. Do you wonder? Though a native
Caused a transgression to regain our own, [love
We now are Titus' substitute, and come
In peace and duty to acknowledge it.
There is my warrant.

Titus. For thy death, damn'd rebel!
No warrant, nor no articles of mine.
From whom didst thou receive it?

Sab. What matters that? Suppose I have forgot,
There's thy own hand to witness it.

Titus. Thou art deceived, Sabinus; 'twas a trick
To train thee to the block; 'tis counterfeit;
Therefore, if thou hast hope of any mercy,
Confess from whom thou hadst it.

Sab. I shall disclose your plot if I talk thus.

Titus. Slave, what plot?

Sab. Young Tullius' murder; the caution, sir,
Of these sworn articles, delivered me
By this chief Postmaster, whom I have brought
To testify as much.

Ruf. Now we are caught: [*Aside.*
Hell and damnation strike him dumb for ever!

O. Tull. From whom received you this?

Postm. Oh, pardon—

Ruf. Peace, fearful slave!
Thou shalt not have the glory to pronounce it:—
It was from me.

Learch. Let us have part of it;—'twas from us three.

Ruf. It is confessed; give sentence. Ha, ha, ha!
Could you imagine, dotards, that our spirits
Could brook an upstart stripling to be borne
Up to the clouds with pomp, and we rejected,
But we would check your peacock?

Sen. Lictors, seize him. [*They are seized.*

Learch. Come, come, quick, dispatch:
Now we have reached the pitch of our desires,
'Tis hell to hold life longer.

M. Tull. [*Throwing off his Disguise.*] In that hell
Your conscience shall torment ye. 'On my knee
I beg that for their sentence.'

All. Tullius!

Learch. Death now were heaven.

Ruf. What incantation's this?

O. Tull. O blessed metamorphosis!

Marcellan. This capitol appears a new Elysium.

M. Tull. Sacred sir, let me adore your goodness,
That are in all things so unmatchable.

Titus. Thy virtues make it so. Rise, Tullius,
And be thy own judge of these impious crimes.

M. Tull. The doom is passed already. If your grace
And favour will permit it, they shall live.

Titus. Live, Tullius?

M. Tull. Yes, dear sir:
Their own bloods cannot wash away their fact,
'Tis so infectious; but their conscience may,
Touched with this mercy, purge the sin away.

Titus. Thou still transcend'st in goodness. Have thy wish,
Let 'em still live, but never near the court.

Ruf. The farther thence, the farther from my pain,
Parched Afric's desarts will more please than Rome.

[*Exeunt* RUFINUS, LEARCHUS, *and* LEONTIUS.

Enter PHILADELPHA, MARIUS, LELIA, *and* ARMANUS.

Titus. Welcome to thy husband's noble triumph,
Where he has vanquished his domestic foes,
As he has done his country's foes abroad.
Here, Tullius, take her, worthy of thy virtues,
And worthy the imperial seat of Rome,
When thou shalt gain her voices to be king,
As I foresee thou wilt. Marius, and Lelia too,
Enjoy the harvest of your ripened loves;
I have tried you all, and find you worthy favour;
For whilst I reign, on virtue will I smile,
And honour only with me still prevail. *Exeunt.*

Chaucer.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
PALAMON, } *the* TWO NOBLE KINSMEN, *in Love*
ARCITE, } *with* EMILIA.
PERITHOUS, *an Athenian General.*
ARTESIUS, *a Captain.*
VALERIUS, *a Theban Nobleman.*

Six valiant Knights.
Herald.
Jailor.
Wooer *to the* Jailor's *Daughter.*

Brother } *to the* Jailor.
Friends }
GERROLD, *a Schoolmaster.*
A Taborer, Countrymen, Soldiers, *&c.*

HIPPOLITA, *Bride to* THESEUS.
EMILIA, *her Sister.*
Three Queens.
Jailor's Daughter, *in Love with* PALAMON.
Servant *to* EMILIA.
Nymphs, Wenches, *&c.*

SCENE,—ATHENS, AND IN PART OF THE FIRST ACT, THEBES.

PROLOGUE.

[*Flourish.*

NEW plays and maidenheads are near a-kin;
Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'en,
If they stand sound, and well: And a good play,
(Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,
And shake to lose his honour) is like her
That after holy tie, and first night's stir,
Yet still is modesty, and still retains
More of the maid to sight than husband's pains.
We pray our play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a poet never went,
More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent:
Chaucer (of all admired) the story gives:
There constant to eternity it lives!
If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under-ground, "Oh, fan
From me the witless chaff of such a writer
That blasts my bays, and my famed works makes lighter
Than Robin Hood!" This is the fear we bring;
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim,
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we will tack about,
And something do to save us: you shall hear
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travel. To his bones sweet sleep!
Content to you!—If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave.

[*Flourish.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ATHENS. *Before the Temple.*

Music. Enter HYMEN *with a Torch burning; a* Boy, *in a white robe before, singing and strewing flowers; after* HYMEN, *a* Nymph, *encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten Garland; then* THESEUS, *between two other* Nymphs, *with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then* HIPPOLITA, *led by* PERITHOUS, *and another; holding a Garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her* EMILIA, *holding up her train.* ARTESIUS *and* Attendants.

SONG.

Roses their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thime true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim:
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim;

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [*Strewing flowers*
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Enter three Queens, *in black, with veils stained, with imperial Crowns. The first* Queen *falls down at the foot of* THESEUS; *the second falls down at the foot of* HIPPOLITA; *the third before* EMILIA.

1 *Queen.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
Hear and respect me!
2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair
Hear, and respect me! [ones,
3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us, and our distresses! This good deed
Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses
All you are set down there.
Thes. Sad lady, rise!
Hip. Stand up!
Emi. No knees to me! What woman I
May sted, that is distress'd, does bind me to her.
Thes. What's your request? Deliver you for all.
1 *Queen.* We are three Queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endured
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword
That does good turns to th' world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them!
And of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to every thing!
Thes. Pray you kneel not!
I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capaneus was your lord: The day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor thresh'd nor blasted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman,
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,
And swore his sinews thaw'd: Oh, Grief and Time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!
1 *Queen.* Oh, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker!
Thes. Oh, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—Troubled I am. [*Turns away.*
2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolita,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive; but that this thy lord
(Born to uphold creation in that honour
First Nature styled it in) shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'er-flowing, at once subduing
Thy force, and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity,
Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than e'er he had on thee; who ow'st his strength
And his love too, who is a servant to
The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us!
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off!
Tell him, if he i' th' blood-sized field lay swoln,
Shewing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do!
Hip. Poor lady, say no more!
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: Let him consider;
I'll speak anon.
3 *Queen.* Oh, my petition was [*To* EMILIA.
Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops: so sorrow wanting form
Is press'd with deeper matter.
Emi. Pray stand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.
3 *Queen.* Oh, woe!
You cannot read it there; there through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold 'em! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' th' earth
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.
Emi. Pray you say nothing; pray you!
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
To instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;
(Such heart-pierced demonstration!) but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity
Though it were made of stone: Pray have good comfort!
Thes. Forward to th' temple! leave not out a jot
O' th' sacred ceremony.
1 *Queen.* Oh, this celebration
Will longer last, and be more costly, than
Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o' th' world: What you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more

Than others' labour'd meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions; but, (oh, Jove!) your actions,
Soon as they move, as osprays do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: Think, dear duke, [think
What beds our slain kings have!
2 *Queen*. What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!
3 *Queen*. None fit for the dead:
Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been Death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.
1 *Queen*. But our lords
Lie blist'ring 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings, when living.
Thes. It is true;
And I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves:
The which to do must make some work with Creon.
1 *Queen*. And that work [now] presents itself to the doing:
Now 'twill take form; the heats are gone to-morrow;
Then bootless Toil must recompense itself, [row;
With its own sweat; now he's secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes,
To make petition clear.
2 *Queen*. Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.
3 *Queen*. And his army full
Of bread and sloth.
Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprize
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock!
1 *Queen*. Dowagers, take hands!
Let us be widows to our woes! Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.
All the Queens. Farewell!
2 *Queen*. We come unseasonably; but when could Grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fit'st time
For best solicitation.
Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going
Greater than any war; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
1 *Queen*. The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: When her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moon-light corslet thee, oh, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings, or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? Oh, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to.
Hip. Though much unlike [*Kneels*.
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think
Did I not, by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure the surfeit,
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: Therefore sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about,
And hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service!
All Queens. Oh, help now! [*To* Emilia.
Our cause cries for your knee.
Emi. If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you anything, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.
Thes. Pray stand up!
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me.—Perithous,
Lead on the bride! Get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not anything
In the pretended celebration. Queens,
Follow your soldier.—As before, hence you,
And at the banks of Aulis meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger look'd!—[*Exit* Artesius.] Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token! Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.
[*Exeunt towards the Temple all but* Perithous, Theseus, *and* Queens.
Farewell, my beauteous sister! Perithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't!
Per. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels: The feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return.
Thes. Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which I pray you
Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all:
1 *Queen*. Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' th' world.
2 *Queen*. And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.
3 *Queen*. If not above him; for
Thou being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honours; they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery.
Thes. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our humane title. Good cheer, ladies! [*Flourish*
Now turn we towards your comforts. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Thebes. *The Court of the Palace*

Enter Palamon *and* Arcite.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood.
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in
The crimes of nature; let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth!
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence: For not to swim

I' th' aid o' th' current, were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but life, and weakness.
Pal. Your advice
Is cried up with example: What strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! Scars, and bare weeds,
The gain o' th' martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour, and golden ingots,
Which though he won he had not; and now flurted
By Peace, for whom he fought! Who then shall offer
To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that Peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than Strife or War could be.
Arc. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconsider'd soldier?
Pal. Yes; I pity
Decays where-e'er I find them; but such most
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.
Arc. 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes: I speak of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing; where every evil
Hath a good colour; where every seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be even jump
As they are, here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters.
Pal. 'Tis in our power
(Unless we fear that apes can tutor us) to
Be masters of our manners: What need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceived; saved too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long, until
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own barber is unbless'd, with him
My poor chin too, for 'tis not scissar'd just
To such a favourite's glass? What canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' th' sequent trace! These poor slight sores
Need not a plantain; that which rips my bosom,
Almost to th' heart, 's——
Arc. Our uncle Creon.
Pal. He,
A most unbounded tyrant! whose successes
Make Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assured,
Beyond its power there's nothing; almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance: who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act; commands men's service,
And what they win in't, boot and glory too;
That fears not to do harm; good dares not: Let
The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suck'd
From me with leeches; let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!
Arc. Clear-spirited cousin,
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy! for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile, or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.
Pal. Nothing truer!
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heavenly justice: Widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,
Till his great rage be off him! Phœbus when
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against
The horses of the sun, but whispered, to
The loudness of his fury.
Pal. Small winds shake him:
But what's the matter?
Val. Theseus (who where he threats appals) hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.
Arc. Let him approach!
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us: Yet what man
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours)
When that his action's dregg'd with mind assured
'Tis bad he goes about?
Pal. Leave that unreason'd!
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet, to be neutral to him, were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.
Arc. So we must.
Is't said this war's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?
Val. 'Tis in motion;
The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.
Pal. Let's to the king! who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: But, alas,
Our hands advanced before our hearts, what will
The fall o' th' stroke do damage?
Arc. Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Gates of Athens.*

Enter PERITHOUS, HIPPOLITA, *and* EMILIA.

Per. No further!
Hip. Sir, farewell! Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him

Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,
To dare ill-dealing Fortune. Speed to him!
Store never hurts good governors.
Per. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. My precious maid,
Those best affections that the heavens infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthroned
In your dear heart!
Emi. Thanks, sir! Remember me
To our all-royal brother! for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit: And
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent!
Hip. In's bosom!
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women
That have sod their infants in (and after eat them)
The brine they wept at killing 'em: Then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.
Per. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit.*
Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart, his sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, past slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider! but
Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so differing twins! Have you observed
Since our great lord departed? [him
Hip. With much labour,
And I did love him for't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending, they have skiff'd
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' th' least of these was dreadful; and they have
Fought out together, where Death's self was lodged,
Yet Fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.
Emi. Doubtless,
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' th' moon
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven. [count
Hip. 'Twas Flavina.
Emi. Yes.
You talk of Perithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
Loved for we did, and like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance; our souls
Did so to one another: What she liked,
Was then of me approved; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment; the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts, (oh, then but beginning
To swell about the blossom) she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where, phœnix-like,
They died in perfume; on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections (pretty,
Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd
For my most serious decking; had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd on
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn, (rather dwell on)
And sing it in her slumbers: This rehearsal
(Which every innocent wots well, comes in
Like old Importment's bastard) has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.
Hip. You are out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.
Emi. I am sure I shall not.
Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point
(Though in't I know thou dost believe thyself)
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loaths even as it longs. But sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance,
That we, more than his Perithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.
Emi. I am not
Against your faith; yet I continue mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle before* THEBES.

A Battle struck within; then a Retreat; flourish. Then enter THESEUS *(victor); the three* Queens *meet him, and fall on their Faces before him.*

1 *Queen.* To thee no star be dark!
2 *Queen.* Both Heaven and earth
'Friend thee for ever!
3 *Queen.* All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry *amen* to't!
Thes. The impartial gods, who from the mounted Heavens
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony! rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply it.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect: So adieu,
And Heaven's good eyes look on you!—What are those? [*Exeunt* Queens
Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judged
By their appointment; some of Thebes have told us
They are sister's children, nephews to the king.

Thes. By the helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions, smear'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view! What prisoner was't that told me,
When I enquired their names?
Herald. With leave, they are called
Arcite and Palamon.
Thes. 'Tis right; those, those.
They are not dead?
Herald. Nor in a state of life: Had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.
Thes. Then like men use 'em!
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others; all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;
But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us than Death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air (to them unkind), and minister
What man to man may do! for our sake, more!
Since I have known frights, fury, friends' behests,
Love's provocations, zeal, a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
'T hath set a mark which Nature could not reach to
Without some imposition, sickness in will,
Or wrestling strength in reason. For our love,
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender!—Lead into the city;
Where, having bound things scatter'd, we will post
To Athens 'fore our army. [*A Mourn. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter the Queens, *with the Hearses of their Knights, in Funeral Solemnity, &c.*

SONG.

Urns and odours bring away,
Vapors, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying!
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours, through the wild air flying!
Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed Pleasure's foes!
We convent nought else but woes.
We convent, &c.

3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your household graves:
Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!
2 *Queen.* And this to yours!
1 *Queen.* Yours this way! Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end!
3 *Queen.* This world's a city full of straying streets;
And death's the market-place, where each one meets. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ATHENS. *A Garden, with a Tower in the Back-ground.*

Enter Jailor *and* Wooer.

Jailor. I may depart with little, while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: Before one salmon, you shall take a number o' minnows. I am given out to be better lined, than it can appear to me report is a true speaker. I would I were really, that I am delivered to be! Marry, what I have (be't what it will) I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I'll estate your daughter, in what I have promised.

Jailor. Well, we will talk more of this, when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Enter DAUGHTER, *with rushes.*

Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.

Jailor. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old business: But no more of that now! So soon as the court-hurry is o'er, we'll have an end of it: I' th' mean time, look tenderly to the two prisoners! I can tell you they are princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. 'Tis pity they are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed: The prison itself is proud of them; and they have all the world in their chamber.

Jailor. They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think Fame but stammers 'em; they stand a grief above the reach of report.

Jailor. I heard them reported, in the battle to be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have look'd, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making Misery their mirth, and Affliction a toy to jest at.

Jailor. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me, they have no more sense of their captivity, than I of ruling Athens: They eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet, some time, a divided sigh, martyr'd as 'twere in the deliverance, will break from one of them; when th' other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I never saw 'em.

Jailor. The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they; what the reason of it is, I know not.

PALAMON *and* ARCITE *appear at the Window of their Prison.*

Look, yonder they are! that is Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon: Arcite's the lower of the twain; you may perceive a part of him.

Jailor. Go to, leave your pointing! They would not make us their object: Out of their sight!

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them! Lord, the difference of men! [*Exeunt.*

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?

Arc. How do you, sir?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at Misery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners
I fear for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it;
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends, and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Out stript the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses,
Like proud seas under us! our good swords now,
(Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore)
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more!

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: Here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring; here Age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks! no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To Youth and Nature: This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here, but one another;
Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still!

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite! To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts! All valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die,
(Which is the curse of Honour!) lastly,
Children of Grief and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here; a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

Pal. Certainly,
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twined together: 'Tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cousin?

Arc. Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men!
We are young, and yet desire the ways of Honour;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of Love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: Here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of War hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth; were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: A thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite!) almost wanton
With my captivity: What a misery
It is to live abroad, and every where!
'Tis like a beast methinks! I find the court here,
I am sure a more content; and all those pleasures
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses!
Shall I say more?

Arc. I would hear you still.

Pal. You shall.
Is there record of any two that loved
Better than we do, Arcite?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deaths it cannot;
And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir!

Enter EMILIA, *and her* Servant, *below.*

Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures in't.
What flower is this?
Serv. 'Tis call'd Narcissus, madam.
Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself; were there not maids enough?—
Arc. Pray, forward!
Pal. Yes.—
Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Serv. They could not be to one so fair.
Emi. Thou wouldst not?
Serv. I think I should not, madam.
Emi. That's a good wench!
But take heed to your kindness though!
Serv. Why, madam?
Emi. Men are mad things.—
Arc. Will you go forward, cousin?—
Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk,
Serv. Yes. [wench?
Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;
This is a pretty colour: Will't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?
Serv. Dainty, madam.—
Arc. Cousin! Cousin! How do you, sir? Why, Palamon!
Pal. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.
Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?
Pal. Behold, and wonder!
By Heaven, she is a goddess!
Arc. Ha!
Pal. Do reverence!
She is a goddess, Arcite!—
Emi. Of all flowers,
Methinks a rose is best.
Serv. Why, gentle madam?
Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.
Serv. Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for it: A maid,
If she have any honour, would be loth
To take example by her.
Emi. Thou art wanton.—
Arc. She is wond'rous fair!
Pal. She is all the beauty extant!
Emi. The sun grows high; let's walk in! Keep these flowers;
We'll see how near Art can come near their colours.
I am wond'rous merry-hearted; I could laugh now.
Serv. I could lie down, I am sure.
Emi. And take one with you?
Serv. That's as we bargain, madam.
Emi. Well, agree then. [*Exit with* Servant.
Pal. What think you of this beauty?
Arc. 'Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is't but a rare one?
Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I
Beshrew mine eyes for't! Now I feel my sh
Pal. You love her then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And desire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I saw her first.
Arc. That's nothing.
Pal. But it shall be.
Arc. I saw her too.
Pal. Yes; but you must not love her.
Arc. I will not, as you do; to worship her,
As she is heavenly, and a blessed goddess:
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her;
So both may love.
Pal. You shall not love at all!
Arc. Not love at all? who shall deny me?
Pal. I that first saw her; I, that took posse
First with mine eye of all those beauties in her
Revealed to mankind! If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her: Friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!
Arc. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.
If that will lose you, farewell, Palamon!
I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maint
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living,
That is a man's son.
Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?
Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are moved thus?
Let me deal coldly with you! am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend
Pal. You may be. [sa
Arc. Why then would you deal so cunning
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think m
Unworthy of her sight?
Pal. No; but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.
Arc. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge
Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom! else, if thou pursuest
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I must be,
Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
Arc. Fy, sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare
And all this justly.

Pal. Oh, that now, that now
Thy false self, and thy friend, had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another!
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse!
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!
Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou can'st not; thou art feeble!
Put my head out? I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.

Enter Jailor.

Pal. No more! the Keeper's coming: I shall
To knock thy brains out with my shackles. [live
Arc. Do!
Jailor. By your leave, gentlemen!
Pal. Now, honest Keeper?
Jailor. Lord Arcite, you must presently to the
The cause I know not yet. [duke:
Arc. I am ready, Keeper.
Jailor. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave
Of your fair cousin's company. [you
[*Exit with* Arcite.
Pal. And me too,
Even when you please, of life!—Why is he sent
It may be, he shall marry her; he's goodly, [for?
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble, and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one.—Blessed garden,
And fruit and flowers more blessed, that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye! 'Would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricot!
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,
Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;
And, if she be not heavenly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;
And then I am sure she would love me.

Enter Jailor.

How now, Keeper!
Where's Arcite?
Jailor. Banished. Prince Perithous
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.
Pal. He's a blessed man!
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men, that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward:
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me.
Jailor. My lord, for you
I have this charge too.
Pal. To discharge my life?
Jailor. No; but from this place to remove your
The windows are too open. [lordship;
Pal. Devils take 'em,
That are so envious to me! Pr'ythee kill me!
Jailor. And hang for't afterward?
Pal. By this good light,
Had I a sword, I would kill thee.
Jailor. Why, my lord?
Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life! I will not go.
Jailor. Indeed you must, my lord.
Pal. May I see the garden?
Jailor. No.
Pal. Then I'm resolved I will not go.
Jailor. I must
Constrain you then; and, for you are dangerous,
I'll clap more irons on you.
Pal. Do, good Keeper!
I'll shake 'em so, you shall not sleep;
I'll make you a new morris! Must I go?
Jailor. There is no remedy.
Pal. Farewell, kind window!
May rude wind never hurt thee!—Oh, my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer!—Come, now bury me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country.*

Enter Arcite.

Arc. Banish'd the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
A mercy, I must thank 'em for; but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! Such a vengeance,
That were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall;
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her;
And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come what can come,
The worst is death; I will not leave the kingdom:
I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redress there; if I go, he has her.
I am resolved: Another shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes; either way, I am happy:
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Country People; *one with a Garland before them.*

1 *Coun.* My masters, I'll be there, that's cer-
2 *Coun.* And I'll be there. [tain.
3 *Coun.* And I.
4 *Coun.* Why then, have with ye, boys! 'tis but a chiding;
Let the plough play to-day! I'll tickle't out
Of the jades' tails to-morrow!
1 *Coun.* I am sure

To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
But that's all one; I'll go through, let her mumble.
2 *Coun.* Clap her aboard to-morrow night, and stow her,
And all's made up again.
3 *Coun.* Ay, do but put
A feskue in her fist, and you shall see her
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Do we all hold, against the maying!
4 *Coun.* Hold? what
Should ail us?
3 *Coun.* Arcas will be there.
2 *Coun.* And Sennois,
And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danced
Under green tree; and ye know what wenches. Ha!
But will the dainty *domine*, the schoolmaster,
Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye know.
3 *Coun.* He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail! Go to!
The matter is too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.
4 *Coun.* Shall we be lusty?
2 *Coun.* All the boys in Athens
Blow wind i' th' breech on us! and here I'll be,
And there I'll be, for our town, and here again,
And there again! Ha, boys, heigh for the weavers!
1 *Coun.* This must be done i' th' woods.
4 *Coun.* Oh, pardon me!
2 *Coun.* By any means; our thing of learning says so;
Where he himself will edify the duke
Most parlously in our behalfs: He's excellent i' th' woods;
Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no cry.
3 *Coun.* We'll see the sports; then every man to's tackle!
And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any means,
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,
And God knows what may come on't!
4 *Coun.* Content: The sports
Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!
Arc. By your leaves, honest friends! Pray you whither go you?
4 *Coun.* Whither? why, what a question's that!
Arc. Yes, 'tis a question, to me that knows not.
3 *Coun.* To the games, my friend.
2 *Coun.* Where were you bred, you know it not?
Arc. Not far, sir.
Are there such games to-day?
1 *Coun.* Yes, marry are there;
And such as you ne'er saw: The duke himself
Will be in person there.
Arc. What pastimes are they?
2 *Coun.* Wrestling and running.—'Tis a pretty fellow.
3 *Coun.* Thou wilt not go along?
Arc. Not yet, sir.
4 *Coun.* Well, sir,
Take your own time.—Come, boys!
1 *Coun.* My mind misgives me
This fellow has a vengeance trick o' th' hip;
Mark, how his body's made for't!
2 *Coun.* I'll be hang'd though,
If he dare venture; hang him, plumb-porridge!
He wrestle? He roast eggs. Come, let's be gone, lads! [*Exeunt* Countrymen.
Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity
I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent; and run,
Swifter the wind upon a field of corn
(Curling the wealthy ears) ne'er flew! I'll venture,
And in some poor disguise be there: Who knows
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
And happiness prefer me to a place,
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her? [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—ATHENS. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman?
He never will affect me: I am base, 'Tis odds
My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince: To marry him is hopeless,
To be his whore is witless. Out upon't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to,
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him,
(If he please to bestow it so) as ever
These eyes yet look'd on: Next, I pitied him;
And so would any young wench o' my conscience,
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead
To a young handsome man: Then, I loved him,
Extremely loved him, infinitely loved him,
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!
And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
Was never gentleman: When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus:
"Fair, gentle maid, good morrow! may thy goodness
Get thee a happy husband!" Once he kiss'd me;
I loved my lips the better ten days after:
'Would he would do so every day! He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery:
What should I do, to make him know I love him?
For I would fain enjoy him: Say I ventured
To set him free? what says the law then?
Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it,
And this night, or to-morrow: He shall love me! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*An open Place in the City. A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PERITHOUS, EMILIA, ARCITE *disguised, with a garland, and* Countrymen.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seen,
Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
Whate'er you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
That these times can allow.
Arc. I am proud to please you.
Thes. What country bred you?
Arc. This; but far off, prince.
Thes. Are you a gentleman?
Arc. My father said so;
And to those gentle uses gave me life.
Thes. Are you his heir?
Arc. His youngest, sir.
Thes. Your father
Sure is a happy sire then. What proves you?
Arc. A little of all noble qualities:
I could have kept a hawk, and well have hollo'd
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best piece; last, and greatest,
I would be thought a soldier.

Thes. You are perfect.
Per. Upon my soul a proper man!
Emi. He is so.
Per. How do you like him, lady?
Hip. I admire him:
I have not seen so young a man so noble,
(If he say true) of his sort.
Emi. Believe,
His mother was a wond'rous handsome woman!
His face, methinks, goes that way.
Hip. But his body,
And fiery mind, illustrate a brave father.
Per. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments.
Hip. He's well got, sure.
Thes. What made you seek this place, sir?
Arc. Noble Theseus,
To purchase name, and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
For only in thy court, of all the world,
Dwells fair-eyed Honour.
Per. All his words are worthy.
Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
Nor shall you lose your wishes.—Perithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.
Per. Thanks, Theseus!—
Whate'er you are, you are mine; and I shall give
To a most noble service, to this lady, [you
This bright young virgin: Pray observe her goodness.
You have honour'd her fair birth-day with your virtues,
And, as your due, you are hers; kiss her fair hand, sir.
Arc. Sir, you're a noble giver.—Dearest beauty,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith! when your servant
(Your most unworthy creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.
Emi. That were too cruel.
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see't:
You are mine; and somewhat better than your [rank
I'll use you.
Per. I'll see you furnish'd: And because you [say
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride; but 'tis a rough one.
Arc. I like him better, prince; I shall not then
Freeze in my saddle.
Thes. Sweet, you must be ready:
And you, Emilia; and you, friend; and all;
To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance
To flowery May, in Dian's wood.—Wait well, sir,
Upon your mistress!—Emily, I hope
He shall not go a-foot.
Emi. That were a shame, sir,
While I have horses.—Take your choice; and what
You want at any time, let me but know it:
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll find a loving mistress.
Arc. If I do not,
Let me find that my father ever hated,
Disgrace and blows!
Thes. Go, lead the way; you have won it;
It shall be so: You shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 'twere wrong else.—
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master;
But you are wise. [*Flourish.*
Emi. I hope too wise for that, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes, and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty! I have ventured for him;
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence. I have sent him where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,
Till I provide him files and food; for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. Oh, Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have endured cold iron, than done it.
I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety! I have made him know it:
I care not; I am desperate! If the law
Find me, and then condemn me for't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here!
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: Let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly!
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I'll presently
Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me! by him, like a shadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub
Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father!
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Forest. Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hallooing as people a-Maying.*

Enter Arcite.

Arc. The duke has lost Hippolita; each took
A several land. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To the heart of ceremony. Oh, queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o' th' mead or garden! yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,

That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, oh, jewel
O' th' wood, o' th' world, hast likwise blest a place
With thy sole presence.—In thy rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought!—Thrice blessed chance,
To drop on such a mistress! Expectation
Most guiltless of it! Tell me, oh, lady Fortune,
(Next after Emily my sovereign) how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn
(The prim'st of all the year) presents me with
A brace of horses: two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, although free: But if
Thou knew'st my mistress breathed on me, and that
I ear'd her language, lived in her eye, oh, coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

Enter PALAMON *out of a Bush, with his Shackles; bends his Fist at* ARCITE.

Pal. Traitor kinsman!
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! Oh, thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword
And these house-clogs away——

Arc. Dear cousin Palamon——

Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast shew'd me feat!

Arc. Not finding, in
The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 'Tis your passion
That thus mistakes; the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish, and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me; and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleased
To shew in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way, with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst, Arcite!

Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well advertised
How much I dare: You have seen me use my sword
Against the advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i' th' sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,
I have seen you move in such a place, which well
Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: But the whole week's not fair,
If any day it rain! Their valiant temper
Men lose, when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear, which now disdains you!

Pal. Come up to me!
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword
(Though it be rusty), and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea my life,
If then thou carry't; and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.

Arc. Be content;
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house!
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' th' prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but "Arcite,
I am in plight!" there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.

Pal. Oh, you heavens, dare any
So noble bear a guilty business? None
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.

Arc. Sweet Palamon——

Pal. I do embrace you and your offer: For
Your offer do't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on't.

[*Wind horns of cornets.*

Arc. You hear the horns:
Enter your muse, lest this match between us
Be crost ere met. Give me your hand; farewell!
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you
Take comfort, and be strong!

Pal. Pray hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow! most certain
You love me not; be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language: By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff! my stomach
Not reconciled by reason.

Arc. Plainly spoken!
Yet pardon me hard language? When I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
In me have but one face.

[*Wind horns.*

Hark, sir! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet: You must guess
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please Heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is atchieved.

Arc. I have a good title,
I am persuaded: This question, sick between us,
By bleeding must be cured. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea
And talk of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:
You're going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For, note you, mine she is——

Arc. Nay, then——

Pal. Nay, pray you!—
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength:
You are going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on: there you have
A vantage o'er me; but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. He has mistook the brake I meant; is gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning;
No matter! 'would it were perpetual night,
And Darkness lord o' th' world!—Hark! 'tis a wolf:
In me hath Grief slain Fear, and, but for one thing,
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I halloo'd for him?
I cannot halloo: if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night; why may't not be
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: So much for that!
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I then?
All's chared when he is gone. No, no, I lie;
My father's to be hang'd for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I prized life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens?—I am moped:
Food took I none these two days; sipt some water;
I have not closed mine eyes, save when my lids
Scowered off their brine. Alas, dissolve, my life!
Let not my sense unsettle, lest I should drown,
Or stab, or hang myself!
Oh, state of Nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp'd!—So! which way now?
The best way is, the next way to a grave:
Each errant step besides is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done
Save what I fail in: But the point is this,
An end, and that is all! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same Part of the Forest as before.*

Enter Arcite, *with Meat, Wine, and Files.*

Arc. I should be near the place.—Ho, cousin Palamon!

Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite?
Arc. The same: I have brought you food and files.
Come forth, and fear not; here's no Theseus.
Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite
Arc. That's no matter;
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
You shall not die thus beastly; here, sir; drink!
I know you are faint; then I'll talk further with you.
Pal. Arcite, thou might'st now poison me.
Arc. I might;
But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good now,
No more of these vain parlies! let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health! [*Drinks.*
Pal. Do——
Arc. Pray sit down then; and let me entreat you,
By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman! 'twill disturb us;
We shall have time enough.
Pal. Well, sir, I'll pledge you.
Arc. Drink a good hearty draught! it breeds good blood, man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?
Pal. Stay; I'll tell you
After a draught or two more.
Arc. Spare it not;
The duke has more, coz. Eat now!
Pal. Yes.
Arc. I am glad
You have so good a stomach.
Pal. I am gladder
I have so good meat to't.
Arc. Is't not mad lodging
Here in the wild woods, cousin?
Pal. Yes, for them
That have wild consciences.
Arc. How tastes your victuals?
Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.
Pal. Not much:
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin
What is this?
Arc. Venison.
Pal. 'Tis a lusty meat.
Give me more wine: Here, Arcite, to the wenches
We have known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter:
Do you remember her?
Arc. After you, coz.
Pal. She loved a black-hair'd man.
Arc. She did so: Well, sir?
Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite; [and—
Arc. Out with it, 'faith!
Pal. She met him in an arbour:
What did she there, coz? Play o' th' virginals?
Arc. Something she did, sir.
Pal. Made her groan a month for't;
Or two, or three, or ten.
Arc. The marshal's sister
Had her share too, as I remember, cousin
Else there be tales abroad: You'll pledge her?
Pal. Yes.
Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis! There was a time
When young men went a hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—Heigh-ho!
Pal. For Emily, upon my life!—Fool,
Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,
That sigh was breathed for Emily: Base cousin,
Darest thou break first?
Arc. You are wide.
Pal. By Heaven and earth,
There's nothing in thee honest!

Arc. Then I'll leave you:
You are a beast now.
Pal. As thou mak'st me, traitor.
Arc. There's all things needful; files, and shirts, and perfumes:
I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all.
Pal. A sword and armour?
Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul: Farewell!
Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought.
Pal. Sirrah——
Arc. I'll hear no more! [*Exit.*
Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for't! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. I am very cold; and all the stars are out too,
The little stars, and all that look like aglets:
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!
Alas, no; he's in Heaven!—Where am I now?—
Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship; how't tumbles!
And there's a rock lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beats upon it! now, now, now!
There's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry!
Spoom her before the wind, you'll lose all else!
Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys!
Good night, good night; you are gone!—I am very hungry:
'Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell me
News from all parts o' th' world; then would I make
A carrack of a cockle-shell, and sail
By East and North-east to the king of Pigmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now, my father,
Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
To-morrow morning; I'll say never a word. [*Sings.*

SONG.

For I'll cut my green coat, a foot above my knee;
And I'll clip my yellow locks, an inch below mine e'e.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

Oh, for a prick now like a nightingale,
To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a top else. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Grove in the Forest.*

Enter Gerrold, *four* Countrymen, *as* Morris-dancers, (*and the* Bavian,) *five* Wenches, *with a* Taborer.

Ger. Fy, fy!
What tediosity and disensanity
Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, even the very plumb-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,
And do ye still cry *where*, and *how*, and *wherefore*?
Ye most coarse freeze capacities, ye jave judgments,
Have I said *thus let be*, and *there let be*,
And *then let be*, and no man understand me?
Proh Deum, medius fidius; ye are all dunces!
For why? here stand I; here the duke comes; there are you,
Close in the thicket; the duke appears, I meet him,
And unto him I utter learned things,
And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums,
And then cries *rare!* and I go forward; at length
I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,
Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
Cast yourselves in a body decently,
And sweetly, by a figure, trace, and turn, boys!
1 *Coun.* And sweetly we will do it, master Gerrold.
2 *Coun.* Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?
3 *Coun.* Why, Timothy! [*Tab.* Here, my mad boys: have at ye!
Ger. But I say where's their women?
4 *Coun.* Here's Friz and Maudlin.
2 *Coun.* And little Luce, with the white legs, and bouncing Barbery.
1 *Coun.* And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.
Ger. Where be your ribbands, maids? Swim with your bodies,
And carry it sweetly, and deliverly;
And now and then a favour, and a frisk!
Nell. Let us alone, sir.
Ger. Where's the rest o' th' music?
3 *Coun.* Dispersed as you commanded.
Ger. Couple then,
And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?
My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
You tumble with audacity, and manhood!
And when you bark, do it with judgment.
Bav. Yes, sir.
Ger. *Quo usque tandem?* Here's a woman wanting.
4 *Coun.* We may go whistle; all the fat's i' th' fire!
Ger. We have,
As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile;
We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.
2 *Coun.* This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding,
That gave her promise faithfully she would be here,
Cicely, the sempster's daughter!
The next gloves that I give her shall be dog's skin!
Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,
She swore, by wine and bread, she would not break.
Ger. An eel and woman,
A learned poet says, unless by th' tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
In manners this was false position.
1 *Coun.* A fire ill take her! does she flinch now?
3 *Coun.* What
Shall we determine, sir?
Ger. Nothing;
Our business is become a nullity,
Yea, and a woful, and a piteous nullity!
4 *Coun.* Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampal, now to piss o' th' nettle!
Go thy ways; I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!

Enter Jailor's Daughter, *and sings.*

Daugh. The George alow came from the South,
From the coast of Barbary-a,
And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.
Well hall'd, well hall'd, you jolly gallants!
And whither now are you bound-a?
Oh, let me have your company
Till [we] come to the Sound-a!

There was three fools, fell out about an howlet:
The one said 'twas an owl,
The other he said nay,
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

3 *Coun.* There's a dainty mad woman, master,
As mad as a March hare! [comes i' th' nick;
If we can get her dance, we are made again:
I warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols!
1 *Coun.* A mad woman? We are made, boys!
Ger. And are you mad, good woman?
Daugh. I would be sorry else;
Give me your hand.
Ger. Why?
Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
You are a fool. Tell ten: I have poz'd him. Buz!
Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,
Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance,
I know you; you're a tinker: Sirrah tinker, [ho?
Stop no more holes, but what you should!
Ger. *Dii boni!*
A tinker, damsel?
Daugh. Or a conjurer:
Raise me a devil now, and let him play
Qui passa, o' th' bells and bones!
Ger. Go, take her,
And fluently persuade her to a peace:
Atque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis—
Strike up, and lead her in!
2 *Coun.* Come, lass, let's trip it!
Daugh. I'll lead. [*Wind horns.*
3 *Coun.* Do, do.
Ger. Persuasively, and cunningly; away, boys!
[*Exeunt all but* GERROLD.
I hear the horns: Give me some meditation,
And mark your cue. Pallas inspire me!

Enter THESEUS, PERITHOUS, HIPPOLITA, EMILIA, ARCITE, *and* Train.

Thes. This way the stag took.
Ger. Stay, and edify!
Thes. What have we here?
Per. Some country-sport, upon my life, sir.
Thes. Well, sir, go forward; we will edify.
Ladies, sit down! we'll stay it.
Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail! all hail, sweet [ladies!
Thes. This is a cold beginning.
Ger. If you but favour, our country pastime [made is.
We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
And to say verity, and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or else a rabble,
Or company, or, by a figure, chorus,
That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
And I that am the rectifier of all,
By title Pedagogus, that let fall
The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine, or this frame:
And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From Dis to Dedalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad; help me, thy poor well-willer,
And, with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight
Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight;
Is—now comes in, which being glew'd together
Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither.
The body of our sport, of no small study,
I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
To speak before thy noble grace, this tenor:
At whose great feet I offer up my penner.
The next, the lord of May, and lady bright,
The chambermaid, and servingman by night,
That seek out silent hanging: Then mine host,
And his fat spouse, that welcome to their cost
The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning
Informs the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
Then the beast-eating clown, and next the fool,
The Bavian, with long tail, and eke long tool;
Cum multis aliis, that make a dance;
Say *ay*, and all shall presently advance.
Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear *domine!*
Per. Produce.
Ger. *Intrate, filii!* Come forth, and foot it.

Enter Countrymen, Wenches, *&c.* *They dance a* ***Morris.***

Ladies, if we have been merry,
And have pleased ye with a derry,
And a derry, and a down,
Say the schoolmaster's no clown.
Duke, if we have pleased thee too,
And have done as good boys should do,
Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Thes. Take twenty, *domine.*—How does my [sweetheart?
Hip. Never so pleased, sir.
Emi. 'Twas an excellent dance; and, for a pre-
I never heard a better. [face,
Thes. Schoolmaster, I thank you.—
One see 'em all rewarded!
Per. And here's something
To paint your pole withal.
Thes. Now to our sports again.
Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong!
May they kill him without letts,
And the ladies eat's dowsets!
Come, we are all made! [*Wind horns.*
Dii Deæque omnes! ye have danced rarely, wenches. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter PALAMON *from the Bush.*

Pal. About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords, and two good armours; if he fail,
He's neither man, nor soldier. When he left me,
I did not think a week could have restored
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou art yet a fair foe; and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to [hearing,
That I lay fatting like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier: Therefore, this blest morning
Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis justice:
So, Love and Fortune for me!—Oh, good morrow!

Enter ARCITE, *with Armours and Swords.*

Arc. Good morrow, Noble Kinsman!
Pal. I have put you
To too much pains, sir.
Arc. That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.

Pal. Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish
As kind a Kinsman, as you force me find [you
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank you, not my blows.
Arc. I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.
Pal. Then I shall quit you.
Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you shew
More than a mistress to me: no more anger,
As you love anything that's honourable!
We were not bred to talk, man! when we are armed,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us!
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains (without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings
Fitter for girls and schoolboys) will be seen,
And quickly, yours, or mine. Wilt please you arm,
Or if you feel yourself not fitting yet, [sir?
And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
And every day discourse you into health,
As I am spared: Your person I am friends with,
And I could wish I had not said I loved her,
Though I had died; but loving such a lady,
And justifying my love, I must not fly from't.
Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee:
I am well, and lusty; chuse your arms!
Arc. Chuse you, sir!
Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?
Arc. If you think so, cousin,
You are deceived; for as I am a soldier,
I will not spare you!
Pal. That's well said!
Arc. You'll find it.
Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and love
With all the justice of affection,
I'll pay thee soundly! This I'll take.
Arc. That's mine then;
I'll arm you first. [*Puts on* PALAMON'S *armour.*
Pal. Do pray thee, tell me, cousin,
Where got'st thou this good armour?
Arc. 'Tis the duke's;
And to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?
Pal. No.
Arc. Is't not too heavy?
Pal. I have worn a lighter;
But I shall make it serve.
Arc. I'll buckle't close.
Pal. By any means.
Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?
Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive
You would fain be at that fight.
Arc. I am indifferent.
Pal. 'Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
Through far enough!
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My casque now!
Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Pal. We shall be the nimbler.
Arc. But use your gauntlets though: Those are lost;
Pr'ythee take mine, good cousin! [o' th' least;
Pal. Thank you, Arcite!
How do I look? am I fall'n much away?
Arc. 'Faith, very little; Love has used you kindly.
Pal. I'll warrant thee, I'll strike home.
Arc. Do, and spare not!
I'll give you cause, sweet cousin

Pal. Now to you, sir!
Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
Arc. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you out-did me, cousin;
I never saw such valour: When you charged
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurred hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.
Pal. You had indeed;
A bright-bay, I remember.
Arc. Yes. But all
Was vainly labour'd in me; you out-went me,
Nor could my wishes reach you: Yet a little
I did by imitation.
Pal. More by virtue;
You are modest, cousin.
Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.
Pal. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little!
Is not this piece too straight?
Arc. No, no; 'tis well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
A bruise would be dishonour.
Arc. Now I'm perfect.
Pal. Stand off then!
Arc. Take my sword! I hold it better.
Pal. I thank you, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me!
[*They bow several ways; then advance and stand.*
Arc. And me, my love! Is there aught else to say?
Pal. This only, and no more: Thou'rt mine aunt's son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killest me
The gods and I forgive thee! If there be
A place prepared for those that sleep in honour,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it!
Fight bravely, cousin: Give me thy noble hand!
Arc. Here, Palamon! This hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.
Pal. I commend thee.
Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
For none but such dare die in these just trials.
Once more, farewell, my cousin!
Pal. Farewell, Arcite! [*Fight.*
[*Horns within; they stand.*
Arc. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us!
Pal. Why?
Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you;
If we be found, we are wretched! Oh, retire,
For Honour's sake and safety, presently
Into your bush again, sir! We shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen you perish instantly,
For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: Then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.
Pal. No, no, cousin;
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial;
I know your cunning, and I know your cause.

Helden leben auf — wie in Frankreich durch Corneille

He that faints now, shame take him! Put thyself
Upon thy present guard——
Arc. You are not mad?
Pal. Or I will make the advantage of this hour
Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me,
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia! and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else!
Arc. Then come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die as discourse, or sleep: Only this fears me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life!
Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite!
[*Fight again. Horns.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EMILIA, PERITHOUS, *and Train.*

Thes. What ignorant and mad malicious traitors
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die!
Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus!
We are certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Think well what that deserves! and this is Arcite;
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seem'd friend: This is the man
Was begg'd and banished; this is he contemns thee,
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against this known edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia,
(Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to, justly
I am;) and, which is more, dares think her his!
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer: If thou be'st,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say, "Fight again!" and thou shalt see me, The-
Do such a justice, thou thyself wilt envy; [seus,
Then take my life! I'll woo thee to't.
Per. Oh, Heaven,
What more than man is this!
Thes. I have sworn.
Arc. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus! 'Tis to me
A thing as soon to die, as thee to say it,
And no more moved. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: If in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish;
As I have brought my life here to confirm it;
As I have served her truest, worthiest;
As I dare kill this cousin, that denies it;
So let me be most traitor, and you please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if *she* say traitor,
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.
Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, oh, The-
If unto neither thou shew mercy; stop, [seus,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
Let's die together, at one instant, duke!
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.
Thes. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
Being no more than his. — None here speak for 'em
For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.
Hip. Alas, the pity! Now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied: That face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after-ages,
For these lost cousins!
Emi. In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
The misadventure of their own eyes kills 'em:
Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,
My knees shall grow to the ground but I'll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister, in a deed so virtuous,
The powers of all women will be with us.
Most royal brother.—— [*They kneel.*
Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage——
Emi. By your own spotless honour——
Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me——
Emi. By that you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite——
Hip. By valour,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleased you—
Thes. These are strange conjurings!
Per. Nay, then I'll in too: [*Kneels.*
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady——
Emi. By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing maid——
Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus——
Per. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy! I beg first.
Hip. Next, hear my prayers!
Emi. Last, let me entreat, sir!
Per. For mercy!
Hip. Mercy!
Emi. Mercy on these princes!
Thes. You make my faith reel: Say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?
Emi. Upon their lives; but with their banishments.
Thes. You're a right woman, sister; you have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: Can these two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
They would fight about you; hourly bring your honour
In public question with their swords: Be wise then,
And here forget 'em! it concerns your credit,
And my oath equally: I have said, they die!
Better they fall by the law, than one another.
Bow not my honour.
Emi. Oh, my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold it: If such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I am sure more love;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

Thes. What is it, sister?
Per. Urge it home, brave lady!
Emi. That you would ne'er deny me anything
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting;
I tie you to your word now; if you fail in't,
Think how you maim your honour;
(For now I am set a-begging, sir, I am deaf
To all but your compassion!) how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name, opinion!
Shall anything that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom! do men prune
The straight young boughs, that blush with thousand blossoms,
Because they may be rotten? Oh, duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
And all the longing maids that ever loved,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And, in their funeral songs for these two cousins,
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women:
For Heaven's sake save their lives, and banish ['em!
Thes. On what conditions?
Emi. Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.
Pal. I'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
Oh, all ye gods, despise me then! Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords and cause along: Else, never trifle,
But take our lives, duke! I must love, and will;
And for that love, must and dare kill this cousin,
On any piece the earth has!
Thes. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?
Pal. He's a villain then!
Per. These are men!
Arc. No, never, duke; 'tis worse to me than begging,
To take my life so basely. Though I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honour of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil!
Thes. What may be done? for now I feel com- [passion.
Per. Let it not fall again, sir!
Thes. Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever Fame yet spoke of; look upon 'em,
And, if you can love, end this difference!
I give consent:—Are you content too, princes?
Both. With all our souls.
Thes. He that she refuses
Must die then.
Both. Any death thou canst invent, duke.
Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.
Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed [me,
And soldiers sing my epitaph.
Thes. Make choice then!
Emi. I cannot, sir; they are both too excellent:
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.
Hip. What will become of 'em?
Thes. Thus I ordain it;
And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
Or both shall die!—You shall both to your country;
And each within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a pyramid: And whether,
Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
He shall enjoy her; the other lose his head,
And all his friends: Nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady.
Will this content ye?
Pal. Yes. Here, cousin Arcite,
I am friends again till that hour.
Arc. I embrace you.
Thes. Are you content, sister?
Emi. Yes: I must, sir;
Else both miscarry.
Thes. Come, shake hands again then;
And take heed, as you are gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course!
Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.
Thes. Come, I'll give ye
Now usage like to princes, and to friends.
When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—ATHENS. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Jailor *and a* Friend.

Jailor. Hear you no more? Was nothing said
Concerning the escape of Palamon? [of me
Good sir, remember!
1 *Friend.* Nothing that I heard;
For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: Yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons; for Hippolita,
And fair-eyed Emily, upon their knees
Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should
His rash oath, or the sweet compassion [follow
Of those two ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble prince Perithous,
Half his own heart set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: Neither heard I one question
Of your name, or his 'scape.

Enter Second Friend.

Jailor. Pray Heaven, it hold so!
2 *Friend.* Be of good comfort, man! I bring [you news,
Good news.
Jailor. They are welcome.
2 *Friend.* Palamon has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and discover'd how
And by whose means he 'scaped, which was your Daughter's,
Whose pardon is procured too; and the prisoner
(Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness)

Has given a sum of money to her marriage
A large one, I'll assure you.
Jailor. You're a good man,
And ever bring good news.
1 *Friend.* How was it ended?
2 *Friend.* Why, as it should be; they that never begg'd
But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted.
The prisoners have their lives.
1 *Friend.* I knew 'twould be so.
2 *Friend.* But there be new conditions, which
At better time. [you'll hear of
Jailor. I hope they are good.
2 *Friend.* They are honourable;
How good they'll prove I know not.
1 *Friend.* 'Twill be known.

Enter Wooer.

Wooer. Alas, sir, where's your Daughter?
Jailor. Why do you ask?
Wooer. Oh, sir, when did you see her?
2 *Friend.* How he looks!
Jailor. This morning.
Wooer. Was she well? Was she in health, sir?
When did she sleep?
1 *Friend.* These are strange questions.
Jailor. I do not think she was very well; for, now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answered me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An innocent! and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?
Wooer. Nothing but my pity;
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.
Jailor. Well, sir?
1 *Friend.* Not right?
2 *Friend.* Not well?
Wooer. No, sir; not well;
'Tis too true, she is mad.
1 *Friend.* It cannot be.
Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.
Jailor. I half suspected
What you [have] told me; the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his 'scape,
Or both.
Wooer. 'Tis likely.
Jailor. But why all this haste, sir? [angling
Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
From the far shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
'Twas one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceived not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down,
And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your Daughter.
Jailor. Pray go on, sir!
Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I
Repeat this often: "Palamon is gone, [heard her
Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries;
I'll find him out to-morrow."
1 *Friend.* Pretty soul!
Wooer. "His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken;
And what shall I do then! I'll bring a beavy,
A hundred black-eyed maids that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads, of daffadillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,
And all we'll dance an antic 'fore the duke,
And beg his pardon." Then she talk'd of you, sir,
That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome: Then she sung
Nothing but "Willow, willow, willow;" and be-
Ever was, "Palamon, fair Palamon!" [tween,
And "Palamon was a tall young man!" The place
Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses,
A wreath of bull-rush rounded; about her stuck
Thousand fresh-water flowers of several colours;
That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt down from Heaven! Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies; "Thus our true love's tied;"
"This you may loose, not me;" and many a one:
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smiled, and kist her [hand.
2 *Friend.* Alas, what pity 'tis!
Wooer. I made in to her;
She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I saved
And set her safe to land; when presently [her,
She slipt away, and to the city made;
With such a cry, and swiftness, that, believe me,
She left me far behind her: Three, or four,
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
And fell, scarce to be got away; I left them with
And hither came to tell you. Here they are! [her,

Enter Brother, Daughter, *and others.*

Daugh. [*Sings.*] May you never more enjoy the light, &c.

Is not this a fine song?
Brother. Oh, a very fine one!
Daugh. I can sing twenty more.
Brother. I think you can.
Daugh. Yes, truly can I; I can sing the Broom,
And bonny Robin. Are not you a tailor?
Brother. Yes.
Daugh. Where's my wedding-gown?
Brother. I'll bring it to-morrow.
Daugh. Do very rearly; I must be abroad else,
To call the maids, and pay the minstrels;
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock-light;
'Twill never thrive else.

Oh, fair, oh, sweet, &c. [*Sings.*

Brother. You must even take it patiently.
Jailor. 'Tis true.
Daugh. Good even, good men! Pray did you
Of one young Palamon? [ever hear
Jailor. Yes, wench, we know him.
Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman?
Jailor. 'Tis love!
Brother. By no means cross her; she is then
Far worse than now she shews. [distemper'd
1 *Friend.* Yes, he's a fine man.
Daugh. Oh, is he so! You have a sister?
1 *Friend.* Yes.
Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For a trick that I know: You had best look to her.

For if she see him once, she's gone; she's done,
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him; but I laugh
at 'em,
And let 'em all alone; is't not a wise course?
1 Friend. Yes.
Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with
child by him,
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys,
He has the trick on't; and at ten years old
They must be all gelt for musicians,
And sing the Wars of Theseus.
2 Friend. This is strange.
Daugh. As ever you heard; but say nothing.
1 Friend. No.
Daugh. They come from all parts of the duke-
dom to him;
I'll warrant you, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch; he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.
Jailor. She's lost,
Past all cure!
Brother. Heaven forbid, man!
Daugh. Come hither; you are a wise man.
1 Friend. Does she know him?
2 Friend. No; 'would she did!
Daugh. You are master of a ship?
Jailor. Yes.
Daugh. Where's your compass?
Jailor. Here.
Daugh. Set it to th' North;
And now direct your course to the wood, where
Lies longing for me; for the tackling [Palamon
Let me alone: Come weigh, my hearts, cheerly!
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 'tis up, the wind is
Top the bowling; out with the main-sail! [fair,
Where is your whistle, master?
Brother. Let's get her in.
Jailor. Up to the top, boy.
Brother. Where's the pilot?
1 Friend. Here.
Daugh. What ken'st thou?
2 Friend. A fair wood.
Daugh. Bear for it, master; tack about! [*Sings.*
When Cynthia with her borrow'd light, &c.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter EMILIA *with two Pictures.*

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that
must open
And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll choose,
And end their strife; two such young handsome
men
Shall never fall for me: Their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good Heaven,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man: What an eye!
Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetness,
Has 'his young prince! here Love himself sits
Just such another wanton Ganymede [smiling;
Set Jove a-fire with, and enforced the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him,
A shining constellation! what a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and Honour
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in Heaven, should clap their wings, and
To all the under-world, the loves and fights [sing
Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow;
He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile.
Yet these that we count errors, may become him
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
Oh, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me!
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I ask thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten love, and what young maid dare cross
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting, ['em
Has this brown manly face! Oh, Love, this only
From this hour is complexion; lie there, Arcite!
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body—I am sotted,
Utterly lost! my virgin's faith has fled me.
For if my brother but even now had asked me
Whether I loved, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.
Stand both together! Now, come, ask me, brother;
Alas, I know not! ask me, now, sweet sister;
I may go look! What a mere child is fancy,
That, having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!—

Enter a Gentleman

How now, sir?
Gent. From the noble duke your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: The knights are come.
Emi. To end the quarrel?
Gent. Yes.
Emi. 'Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
With blood of princes? and my chastity
Be made the altar, where the lives of lovers
(Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers' joy) must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PERITHOUS, *and Attendants.*

Thes. [*Entering.*] Bring 'em in
Quickly by any means! I long to see 'em—
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights: Now, my fair
You must love one of them. [sister,
Emi. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.
Thes. Who saw 'em?
Per. I a while.
Gent. And I.

Enter Messenger.

Thes. From whence come you, sir?
Mess. From the knights.
Thes. Pray speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.

Mess. I will, sir,
And truly what I think: Six braver spirits
Than these they have brought, (if we judge by the outside)
I never saw, nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince
(His very looks so say him): his complexion
Nearer a brown than black; stern, and yet noble,
Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;
The circles of his eyes shew far within him,
And as a heated lion, so he looks;
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like ravens' wings; his shoulders broad, and strong;
Arm'd long and round; and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns
To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.
Thes. Thou hast well described him.
Per. Yet a great deal short,
Methinks of him that's first with Palamon.
Thes. Pray speak him, friend.
Per. I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in't.
He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own; in's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
And when he's angry, then a settled valour
(Not tainted with extremes) runs through his body,
And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
He shows no such soft temper; his head's yellow,
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick twined, like ivy tops,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;
And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
As if she ever meant to crown his valour;
His nose stands high, a character of honour,
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.
Emi. Must these men die too?
Per. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean;
He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
His age some five-and-twenty
Mess. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never look'd on.
Per. Oh, he that's freckle-faced?
Mess. The same, my lord:
Are they not sweet ones?
Per. Yes, they are well.
Mess. Methinks,
Being so few, and well-disposed, they shew
Great, and fine art in Nature. He's white-hair'd,
Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
Next to an auburn; tough, and nimble set,
Which shews an active soul; his arms are brawny,
Lined with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
Gently they swell, like women new-conceived,
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's grey-eyed,
Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round-faced, and when he smiles
He shews a lover, when he frowns, a soldier;
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
His age, some six-and-thirty. In his hand
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.
Thes. Are they all thus?
Per. They are all the sons of honour.
Thes. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em!
Lady, you shall see men fight now.
Hip. I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord: They would shew
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms;
'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous.—
Oh, my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench! it must be.
Thes. You have steel'd 'em with your beauty.—
Honour'd friend,
To you I give the field; pray order it,
Fitting the persons that must use it!
Per. Yes, sir.
Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay
(Their fame has fired me so) till they appear;
Good friend, be royal!
Per. There shall want no bravery.
Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Jailor, Wooer, *and* Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon than at other some, is it not?
Jailor. She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world, and a better; and what broken piece of matter soe'er she is about, the name Palamon lards it; that she farces every business withal, fits it to every question.

Enter Daughter.

Look, where she comes! you shall perceive her behaviour.
Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was *down-a-down-a;* and penn'd by no worse man than Giraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: He's as fantastical too, as ever he may go upon's legs; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.
Doctor. What stuff's here? poor soul!
Jailor. Even thus all day long.
Daugh. Now for this charm that I told you of: you must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: Then if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits [are,] (there's a sight now) we maids that have our livers perish'd, crack'd to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him—mark me—then!
Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further!
Daugh. 'Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break, we of the bless'd: Alas, 'tis a sore life they have i' th' other place, such burning, fry

ing, boiling, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing, oh, they have shrewd measure; take heed! If one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves, thither they go; Jupiter bless us! and there shall we be put in a cauldron of lead and usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cut-purses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.

Doctor. How her brain coins!

Daugh. Lords and courtiers, that have got maids with child, they are in this place; they shall stand in fire up to the navel, and in ice up to the heart, and there the offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes: In troth, a very grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a trifle! believe me, one would marry a leprous witch, to be rid on't, I'll assure you.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

Daugh. To hear there a proud lady, and a proud city-wife, howl together! I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport: one cries, "Oh, this smoke!" another, "this fire!" one cries, "Oh, that ever I did it behind the arras!" and then howls; the other curses a suing fellow and her garden-house. [*Sings.*

I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c.

[*Exit* Daughter.

Jailor. What think you of her, sir?

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind which I cannot minister to.

Jailor. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man, ere she beheld Palamon?

Jailor. I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too; and would account I had a great pen'worth on't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distemper'd the other senses; they may return and settle again to execute their preordain'd faculties; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you (young sir, her friend) the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love; this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon: other objects that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskins of her madness; sing to her such green songs of love, as she says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours, which are grateful to the sense: all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing; desire to eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; learn what maids have been her companions, and play-pheers; and let them repair to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him: It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's now out of square in her, into their former law and regiment: I have seen it approved, how many times I know not; but to make the number more, I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution; and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Temple of Mars, which appears in the Back-ground.*

A Flourish. Enter THESEUS, PERITHOUS, HIPPOLITA, *and* Attendants.

Thes. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers! let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us! Let no due be wanting!
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.

A Flourish of Cornets. Enter PALAMON, ARCITE, *and their* Knights.

Per. Sir, they enter.

Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers
(The all-fear'd gods) bow down your stubborn bodies!
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And, as the gods regard ye, fight with justice!
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Per. Honour crown the worthiest!

[*Exeunt all but* PALAMON, ARCITE, *and their* Knights.

Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: Think you but thus;
That were there aught in me which strove to shew
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself! then from this gather
How I should tender you!

Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your antient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory; and i' th' self-same place
To seat something I would confound: So hoist we
The sails, that must these vessels port even where
The heavenly Limiter pleases!

Pal. You speak well:
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin!
This I shall never do again.

Arc. One farewell!

Pal. Why, let it be so: Farewell, coz!

Arc. Farewell, sir!—

[*Exeunt* PALAMON *and his* Knights.

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension

Which still is father of it, go with me
Before the god of our profession! There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too!
Yea, the speed also! to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails: you know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood! force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flowers; our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron
Brimm'd with the blood of men; give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him!—

[*They enter the Temple, and fall prostrate before the Statue of* MARS.

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; [whose approach]
Comets prewarn; whose havock in vast field
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foyzon; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styled the lord o' th' day! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure!

[*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the altar.*

Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' th' plurisy of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly. Let us go! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Temple of Venus.*

Enter PALAMON *and his* Knights, *fall prostrate, and rise again.*

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To-day extinct: Our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: Then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard! To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party!— [*They kneel.*
Hail, sovereign queen of secrets! who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance to choak Mars's drum,
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that may'st force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale Gravity to dance; the polled bachelor,
(Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have skipt thy flame) at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him; the huntress
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away, and sigh; take to thy grace
Me, thy vow'd soldier! who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles:
I have never been foul-mouth'd against thy law;
Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none, would not
Had I ken'd all that were; I never practised
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
At simpering sirs that did; I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd them
If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eighty winters, (this I told them) who
A lass of fourteen brided; 'twas thy power
To put life into dust; the aged cramp
Had screw'd his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots.
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture; this anatomy
Had by his young fair pheer a boy, and I
Believed it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? 'Brief, I am
To those that prate, and have done, no companion
To those that boast, and have not, a defier;
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer:
Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language; such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. Oh, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure!

[*Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter, they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Oh, thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chace is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token! which being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business. Let us rise
And bow before the goddess! Time comes on.
[*They bow, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Temple of Diana.*

[*Still music of records.*

Enter EMILIA *in white, her hair about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver Hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the Altar, her Maid standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curtesy and kneel.*

Emi. Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe; I here, thy priest,
Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin!
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear
(Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er enter'd wanton sound) to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear! This is my last

Of vestal office; I am bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted; a husband I have 'pointed,
But do not know him; out of two I should
Chuse one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election of mine eyes;
Were I to lose one, (they are equal precious)
I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
Go to't unsentenced: Therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me
And has the truest title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band!

[*Here the Hind vanishes under the Altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances? But one rose?
If well inspired, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flower
Must grow alone unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree.*

The flower is fallen, the tree descends! Oh, mistress,
Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery!—I hope she's pleased;
Her signs were gracious.

[*They curtesy, and exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A darkened Apartment in the Prison.*

Enter Doctor, Jailor, *and* Wooer (*in habit of* PALAMON.)

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?
Wooer. Oh, very much: The maids that kept her company
Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon;
Within this half hour she came smiling to me,
And asked me what I would eat, and when I would kiss her:
I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.
Doctor. 'Twas well done! twenty times had been far better;
For there the cure lies mainly.
Wooer. Then she told me
She would watch with me to-night, for well she
What hour my fit would take me. [knew
Doctor. Let her do so;
And when your fit comes, fit her home and pre-
Wooer. She would have me sing. [sently!
Doctor. You did so?
Wooer. No.
Doctor. 'Twas very ill done then;
You should observe her every way.
Wooer. Alas,
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.
Doctor. That's all one, if you make a noise:
If she entreat again, do anything;
Lie with her, if she ask you.
Jailor. Hoa, there, Doctor!
Doctor. Yes, in the way of cure.
Jailor. But first, by your leave,
I' th' way of honesty!
Doctor. That's but a niceness:
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty;
Cure her first this way; then, if she will be honest,
She has the path before her.
Jailor. Thank you, Doctor!
Doctor. Pray bring her in,
And let's see how she is.
Jailor. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her: But, Doctor,
Methinks you are i' th' wrong still. [*Exit.*
Doctor. Go, go! you fathers are fine fools: Her honesty?
An we should give her physic till we find that—
Wooer. Why, do you think she is not honest, sir?
Doctor. How old is she?
Wooer. She's eighteen.
Doctor. She may be;
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose:
Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh—you have me?
Wooer. Yes, very well, sir.
Doctor. Please her appetite,
And do it home; it cures her, *ipso facto*,
The melancholy humour that infects her.
Wooer. I am of your mind, Doctor.

Enter Jailor, Daughter, *and* Maid.

Doctor. You'll find it so. She comes; pray humour her!
Jailor. Come; your love Palamon stays for you, child;
And has done this long hour, to visit you.
Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience;
He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me? [him.
Jailor. Yes.
Daugh. How do you like him?
Jailor. He's a very fair one
Daugh. You never saw him dance.
Jailor. No.
Daugh. I have often;
He dances very finely, very comely;
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him!
He turns you like a top.
Jailor. That's fine indeed.
Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,
And that will founder the best hobby-horse
(If I have any skill) in all the parish;
And gallops to the tune of Light o' Love:
What think you of this horse?
Jailor. Having these virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.
Jailor. Can he write and read too?
Daugh. A very fair hand; and casts himself the accounts
Of all his hay and provender; that hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
The chesnut mare the duke has?
Jailor. Very well.
Daugh. She is horribly in love with him, poor beast;
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.
Jailor. What dowry has she?
Daugh. Some two hundred bottles
And twenty strike of oats: But he'll ne'er have
He lisps in's neighing, able to entice [her;
A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.
Doctor. What stuff she utters!
Jailor. Make curt'sy; here your love comes!

Wooer. Pretty soul,
How do you? That's a fine maid! there's a curt'sy!
Daugh. Yours to command, i' th' way of honesty.
How far is't now to th' end o' th' world, my masters?
Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.
Daugh. Will you go with me?
Wooer. What shall we do there, wench?
Daugh. Why, play at stool-ball:
What is there else to do?
Wooer. I am content,
If we shall keep our wedding there.
Daugh. 'Tis true;
For there I will assure you we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice and foolish;
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
And that would be a blot i' th' business.
Are not you Palamon?
Wooer. Do not you know me?
Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me! I have nothing
But this poor petticoat, and two coarse smocks.
Wooer. That's all one; I will have you.
Daugh. Will you surely?
Wooer. Yes; by this fair hand, will I.
Daugh. We'll to bed then.
Wooer. Even when you will.
Jailor. Oh, sir, you would fain be nibbling.
Wooer. Why do you rub my kiss off?
Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wedding.
Is not this your cousin Arcite?
Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.
Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daugh. Do you think so too?
Jailor. Yes.
Daugh. We shall have many children. Lord, how you're grown!
My Palamon I hope will grow too, finely,
Now he's at liberty: Alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat, and ill lodging,
But I will kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What do you here?
You'll lose the noblest sight that e'er was seen.
Jailor. Are they i' th' field?
Mess. They are:
You bear a charge there too.
Jailor. I'll away straight.—
I must even leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you;
I will not lose the fight.
Jailor. How did you like her?
Doctor. I'll warrant you within these three or four days
I'll make her right again.—You must not from her,
But still preserve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doctor. Let's get her in.
Wooer. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
And then we'll play at cards.
Daugh. And shall we kiss too?
Wooer. A hundred times.
Daugh. And twenty?
Wooer. Ay, and twenty.
Daugh. And then we'll sleep together?
Doctor. Take her offer.
Wooer. Yes, marry will we.
Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.
Wooer. I will not, sweet.
Daugh. If you do, love, I'll cry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous, *and* Attendants.

Emi. I'll no step further.
Per. Will you lose this sight?
Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
Than this decision: Every blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell, than blade: I will stay here:
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen, ('gainst the which there is
No deafing) but to hear, not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.
Per. Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.
Thes. Oh, she must;
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,
Which sometime shew well, pencill'd: Nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present;
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
To crown the question's title.
Emi. Pardon me;
If I were there, I'd wink.
Thes. You must be there;
This trial is as 'twere i' th' night, and you
The only star to shine.
Emi. I am extinct:
There is but envy in that light, which shews
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accursed
Of many mortal millions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto she's guilty.
Hip. You must go.
Emi. In faith I will not.
Thes. Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: Know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.
Emi. Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.
Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure!
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.
Hip. Farewell, sister!
I am like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time: He whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot!
[*Exeunt* Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, &c.
Emi. Arcite is gently visaged; yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; Mercy, and manly courage,
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon

Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is graved, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if Mirth did make him sad,
And Sadness, merry; those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling.

[*Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge, within.*

Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to
The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,
Which craved that very time; it is much better
I am not there: oh, better never born
Than minister to such harm!—

[*Cornets. Cry within*, A Palamon!]

—What is the chance?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The cry's a Palamon.

Emi. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely:
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men. I pr'ythee run
And tell me how it goes.

[*Shout, and Cornets; cry*, A Palamon.

Serv. Still Palamon.

Emi. Run and enquire. Poor servant, thou hast lost!
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: Why so, I know not;
I had no end in't else; Chance would have it so.
On the sinister side the heart lies; Palamon
Had the best boding chance.—[*Another cry and shout within, and Cornets.*]—This burst of clamour
Is sure the end o' the combat.

Enter Servant.

Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' th' pyramid, that the cry
Was general "a Palamon;" but anon,
The assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emi. Were they metamorphosed
Both into one—Oh, why? there were no woman
Worth so composed a man! Their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness
To any lady breathing.—More exulting?

[*Cornets. Cry within*, Arcite, Arcite!

Palamon still?

Serv. Nay, now the sound is Arcite.

Emi. I pr'ythee lay attention to the cry;
Set both thine ears to th' business.

[*Cornets. A great shout, and cry*, Arcite, Victory!

Serv. The cry is
Arcite, and Victory! Hark! Arcite, victory!
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind instruments.

Emi. Half sights saw
That Arcite was no babe: God's lid, his richness
And costliness of spirit look'd through him! it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters,
That drift-winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew not
Why I did think so: Our reasons are not prophets,
When oft our fancies are. They are coming off;
Alas, poor Palamon! [*Cornets.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PERITHOUS, ARCITE *as victor*, Attendants, *&c.*

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled. Fairest Emilia,
The gods, by their divine arbitrament,
Have given you this knight: He is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands!
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay!

Arc. Emily,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

Thes. Oh, loved sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed: Surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should shew i' th' world too godlike! His behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead: If I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I have spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good,
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' th' night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em: So it fared
Good space between these Kinsmen; till Heavens did
Make hardly one the winner.—Wear the garland
With joy that you have won! For the subdued,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em; let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing: Go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow! Arm your prize
I know you will not lose her. Hippolita,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver. [*Flourish.*

Emi. Is this winning?
Oh, all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should, and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
That two must needs be blind for't!

Thes. So it is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the City, with a Scaffold.*

Enter PALAMON *and his* Knights *pinioned*, Jailor, Executioner, *and* Guard.

Pal. There's many a man alive, that hath outlived
The love o' th' people; yea, i' th' self-same state
Stands many a father with his child: Some comfort

Euphuism

We have by so considering; we expire
And not without men's pity; to live still,
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers; we come towards the gods
Young, and unwapper'd, not halting under crimes
Many and stale; that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,
Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid down,
You have sold 'em too, too cheap.

1 *Knight.* What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
They not o'er-weigh us.

2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tottering Fortune,
Who at her certain'st reels!

3 *Knight.* Come; who begins?

Pal. Even he that led you to this banquet, shall
Taste to you all.—Ah ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle Daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever. Pray how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.

Jailor. Sir, she's well restored,
And to be married shortly.

Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on't! 'tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of; pr'ythee tell her so;
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this.

1 *Knight.* Nay, let's be offerers all!

2 *Knight.* Is it a maid?

Pal. Verily, I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quite or speak of!

All Knights. Commend us to her.
[*Give their purses.*

Jailor. The gods requite you all,
And make her thankful!

Pal. Adieu! and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. [*Lies on the block.*

1 *Knight.* Lead, courageous cousin!

2 *Knight.* We'll follow cheerfully.
[*A great noise within, crying,* Run, save, hold!

Enter in haste a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold! oh, hold, hold, hold!

Enter Perithous *in haste.*

Per. Hold, hoa! it is a cursed haste you made,
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will shew their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be, when
Venus I have said is false? How do things fare?

Per. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter!

Pal. What
Hath waked us from our dream?

Per. List then! Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing
Not a hair worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance: On this horse is Arcite,
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleased his rider
To put pride in him: As he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to the music
His own hoofs made (for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin) what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadry, to dis-seat
His lord that kept it bravely: When nought served,
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring plunges
Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind-hoofs
On end he stands,
That Arcite's legs being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poize
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living,
But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: He much desires
To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears!

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite *brought in a Chair.*

Pal. Oh, miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty!—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words! I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand;
Farewell! I have told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous: Forgive me, cousin!
One kiss from fair Emilia! [*Kisses her.*] 'Tis done:
Take her. I die! [*Dies.*

Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!

Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince; blessed souls be with thee!
Thou art a right good man; and while I live
This day I give to tears.

Pal. And I to honour.

Thes. In this place first you fought; even very here
I sunder'd you: Acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well: Your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of Heaven does arrose you;
The powerful Venus well hath graced her altar,
And given you your love; our master Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: So the deities
Have shew'd due justice. Bear this hence!

Pal. Oh, cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us

The loss of our desire! That nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love!
Thes. Never Fortune
Did play a subtler game: The conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restored her,
As your stolen jewel, and desired your spirit
To send him hence forgiven: The gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends! A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite! in whose end
The visages of Bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite; and am now as glad,
As for him sorry. Oh, you heavenly charmers
What things you make of us! For what we la
We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankf
For that which is, and with You leave dispute
That are above our question! Let's go off,
And bear us like the time! [*Flourish. Ex*

EPILOGUE.

I WOULD now ask ye how ye like the play;
But, as it is with schoolboys cannot say,
I am cruel fearful! Pray yet stay a while,
And let me look upon ye! No man smile?
Then it goes hard, I see: He that has
Loved a young handsome wench then, shew his face!
'Tis strange if none be here; and if he will
Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill
Our market! 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye;
Have at the worst can come, then! Now what say ye?
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold;
We have no such cause. If the tale we have told
(For 'tis no other) any way content ye,
(For to that honest purpose it was meant ye)
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long
I dare say many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us: We, and all our might,
Rest at your service. Gentlemen, good-night!
[*Flourish.*

THE MAID IN THE MILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PHILIPPO, *King of Spain.*
OTRANTE, *a Spanish Count, in Love with* FLORIMEL.
JULIO, *a Nobleman, Uncle to* ANTONIO.
BELLIDES, *Father to* ISMENIA, *Enemy to* JULIO.
LISAURO, *Brother to* ISMENIA, BELLIDES' *Son.*
TERZO, *Kinsman to* LISAURO, *and Friend to* BELLIDES.
ANTONIO, *in Love with* ISMENIA, *an Enemy to* BELLIDES.
MARTINE, *Friend to* ANTONIO, *and his secret Rival.*
GERASTO, *Friend to* OTRANTE.
PEDRO, MONCADO, } *Two Courtiers.*
GOSTANZO, GIRALDO, PHILIPPO, } *Three Gentlemen, Friends to* JULIO.

VERTIGO, *a French Tailor.*
FRANIO, *a Miller, supposed Father to* FLORIMEL.
BUSTOPHA, FRANIO'S *Son, a Clown.*
PEDRO, *a Songster.*
Lords *attending the* King *in progress.*
Gentlemen, Shepherd, Constable, Officers, Servants, a Boy, *&c.*

ISMENIA, *Daughter to* BELLIDES, *Mistress of* ANTONIO.
AMINTA, *Cousin to* ISMENIA, *and her private competitrix in* ANTONIO'S *Love.*
FLORIMEL, *supposed Daughter to* FRANIO, *Daughter to* JULIO, *stolen from him a child.*
GILLIAN, FRANIO'S *Wife.*
Country Maids.

SCENE,—TOLEDO, AND THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

Enter LISAURO, TERZO, ISMENIA, *and* AMINTA.

Lisauro. Let the coach go round! we'll walk along these meadows,
And meet at port again.—Come, my fair sister,
These cool shades will delight you.
Amin. Pray be merry:
The birds sing as they meant to entertain you;
Every thing smiles abroad; methinks the river,
As he steals by, curls up his head, to view you:
Every thing is in love.
Ism. You would have it so.
You, that are fair, are easy of belief, cousin;
The theme slides from your tongue——
Amin. I fair? I thank you!
Mine is but shadow when your sun shines by me.
Ism. No more of this; you know your worth,
Where are we now? [Aminta.
Amin. Hard by the town, Ismenia.
Terzo. Close by the gates.
Ism. 'Tis a fine air.
Lis. A delicate;
The way so sweet and even, that the coach
Would be a tumbling trouble to our pleasures.
Methinks I am very merry.
Ism. I am sad.
Amin. You are ever so when we entreat you, cousin.
Ism. I have no reason. Such a trembling here,
Over my heart, methinks——
Amin. Sure you are fasting,
Or not slept well to-night; some dream, Ismenia?
Ism. My dreams are like my thoughts, honest and innocent;
Yours are unhappy. Who are these that coast us?
You told me the walk was private.

Enter ANTONIO *and* MARTINE.

Terzo. 'Tis most commonly.
Ism. Two proper men! It seems they have some business;
With me none sure. I do not like their faces;
They are not of our company.
Terzo. No, cousin.—
Lisauro, we are dogg'd.
Lis. I find it, cousin.
Ant. What handsome lady?
Mart. Yes, she's very handsome;
They are handsome both.
Ant. Martine, stay; we are cozen'd.
Mart. I will go up; A woman is no wildfire.
Ant. Now, by my life, she is sweet. Stay, good Martine!
They are of our enemies, the house of Bellides;
Our mortal enemies.
Mart. Let them be devils,
They appear so handsomely, I will go forward.
If these be enemies, I'll ne'er seek friends more
Ant. Pr'ythee, forbear! the gentlewomen——
Mart. That's it, man, [Ladies——
That moves me like a gin. Pray ye stand off.—

Lis. They are both our enemies, both hate us
By this fair day, our mortal foes! [equally;
Terzo. I know 'em.—
And come here to affront! How they gape at us!
They shall have gaping work. [*They draw.*
Ism. Why your swords, gentlemen?
Terzo. Pray you stand you off, cousin;—
And good now leave your whistling!—We are
Back, back, I say! [abused all!—
Lis. Go back!
Ant. We are no dogs, sir,
To run back on command.
Terzo. We'll make ye run, sir.
Ant. Having a civil charge of handsome ladies,
We are your servants! Pray ye no quarrel, gen-
There's way enough for both. [tlemen.
Lis. We'll make it wider.
Ant. If you will fight, arm'd for this saint, have at ye! [*They fight.*
Ism. Oh, me unhappy! Are ye gentlemen,
Discreet and civil, and in open view thus——
Amin. What will men think of us! Nay, you may kill us.
Mercy o' me! through my petticoat? what bloody gentlemen!
Ism. Make way through me, ye had best, and kill an innocent!
Brother! why, cousin! by this light, I'll die too!
This gentleman is temperate; be you merciful;
Alas, the swords!
Amin. You had best run me through the belly!
'Twill be a valiant thrust.
Ism. I faint amongst ye.
Ant. Pray ye be not fearful! I have done, sweet lady;
My sword's already awed, and shall obey you.
I come not here to violate sweet beauty;
I bow to that.
Ism. Brother, you see this gentleman,
This noble gentleman—
Lis. Let him avoid then,
And leave our walk!
Ant. The lady may command, sir;
She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.
Ism. What a sweet nature this man has! Dear
Put up your sword. [brother,
Terzo. Let them put up, and walk then.
Ant. No more loud words! there's time enough before us.
For shame, put up! do honour to these beauties.
Mart. Our way is this; we will not be denied it.
Terzo. And ours is this, we will not be cross'd in it.
Ant. Whate'er your way is, lady, 'tis a fair one;
And may it never meet with rude hands more,
Nor rough uncivil tongues!
[*Exeunt* Antonio *and* Martine.
Ism. I thank you, sir,
Indeed I thank you nobly!—A brave enemy:
Here's a sweet temper now! This is a man, brother;
This gentleman's anger is so nobly seated,
That it becomes him; yours proclaim ye monsters.
What if he be your house-foe? we may brag on't;
We have ne'er a friend in all our house so honourable:
I had rather from an enemy, my brother,
Learn worthy distances and modest difference,
Than from a race of empty friends loud nothings.
I am hurt between ye.
Amin. So am I, I fear too.
I am sure their swords were between my legs.
Dear cousin,
Why look you pale? where are you hurt?
Ism. I know not;
But here methinks.
Lis. Unlace her, gentle cousin.
Ism. My heart, my heart! and yet I bless the
Amin. Is it so dangerous? [hurter.
Ism. Nay, nay, I faint not.
Amin. Here is no blood that I find; sure 'tis inward.
Ism. Yes, yes, 'tis inward; 'twas a subtle
The hurt not to be cured, I fear. [weapon;
Lis. The coach there!
Amin. May be a fright.
Ism. Aminta, 'twas a sweet one;
And yet a cruel.
Amin. Now I find the wound plain:
A wond'rous handsome gentleman——
Ism. Oh, no deeper!
Pr'ythee be silent, wench; it may be thy case.
Amin. You must be search'd; the wound will
And of so sweet a nature—— [rankle, cousin.—
Ism. Dear Aminta,
Make it not sorer!
Amin. And on my life admires you.
Ism. Call the coach, cousin.
Amin. The coach, the coach!
Terzo. 'Tis ready. Bring the coach there!
Lis. Well, my brave enemies, we shall yet meet
And our old hate shall testify—— [ye,
Terzo. It shall, cousin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Toledo. *A Room in the House of* Antonio.

Enter Antonio *and* Martine.

Ant. Their swords! alas, I weigh 'em not, dear friend;
The indiscretion of the owners blunts 'em;
The fury of the house affrights not me,
It spends itself in words. Oh me, Martine!
There was a two-edged eye, a lady carried,
A weapon that no valour can avoid,
Nor art, the hand of spirit, put aside.
Oh, friend, it broke out on me, like a bullet
Wrapt in a cloud of fire; that point, Martine,
Dazzled my sense, and was too subtle for me;
Shot like a comet in my face, and wounded
(To my eternal ruin) my heart's valour.
Mart. Methinks she was no such piece.
Ant. Blaspheme not, sir!
She is so far beyond weak commendation,
That Impudence will blush to think ill of her.
Mart. I see it not, and yet I had both eyes open,
And I could judge; I know there is no beauty
Till our eyes give it 'em, and make 'em handsome:
What's red and white, unless we do allow 'em?
A green face else; and methinks such another—
Ant. Peace, thou lewd heretic! thou judge of beauties?
Thou hast an excellent sense for a sign-post, friend.
Didst thou not see, (I'll swear thou art stone-blind else,
As blind as Ignorance) when she appear'd first,
Aurora breaking in the East? and through her face,
(As if the hours and graces had strew'd roses)
A blush of wonder flying? when she was frighted
At our uncivil swords, didst thou not mark

How far beyond the purity of snow
The soft wind drives, whiteness of innocence,
Or anything that bears celestial paleness,
She appear'd o' th' sudden? Didst thou not see her tears
When she entreated? Oh, thou reprobate!
Didst thou not see those orient tears flow'd from her,
The little worlds of love? A set, Martine,
Of such sanctified beads, and a holy heart to love,
I could live ever a religious hermit.

Mart. I do believe a little; and yet, methinks,
She was of the lowest stature.

Ant. A rich diamond,
Set neat and deep! Nature's chief art, Martine,
Is to reserve her models curious,
Not cumbersome and great; and such a one,
For fear she should exceed upon her matter,
Has she framed this. Oh, 'tis a spark of beauty!
And where they appear so excellent in little,
They will but flame in great; extension spoils 'em.
Martine, learn this; the narrower that our eyes
Keep way unto our object, still the sweeter
That comes unto us: Great bodies are like countries,
Discovering still, toil and no pleasure finds 'em.

Mart. A rare cosmographer for a small island!
Now I believe she's handsome.

Ant. Believe heartily;
Let thy belief, though long a-coming, save thee.

Mart. She was, certain, fair.

Ant. But hark you, friend Martine!
Do not believe yourself too far before me;
For then you may wrong me, sir.

Mart. Who bid you teach me?
Do you shew me meat, and stitch my lips, Antonio?
Is that fair play?

Ant. Now if thou shouldst abuse me—
And yet I know thee for an arrant wencher,
A most immoderate thing; thou canst not love long.

Mart. A little serves my turn; I fly at all games;
But I believe——

Ant. How if we never see her more?
She is our enemy.

Mart. Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive, she hates our whole house.

Ant. Yet, good Martine——

Mart. Come, come; I have mercy on you:
You shall enjoy her in your dream, Antonio,
And I'll not hinder. Though, now I persuade myself—

Ant. Sit with persuasion down, and you deal honestly;
I will look better on her.

Enter AMINTA *with a Letter.*

Mart. Stay; who's this, friend?

Ant. Is't not the other gentlewoman?

Mart. Yes. A letter!
She brings no challenge sure? If she do, Antonio,
I hope she'll be a second too; I am for her.

Amin. A good hour, gentlemen!

Ant. You are welcome, lady!
'Tis like our late rude passage has pour'd on us
Some reprehension.

Amin. No, I bring no anger;
Though some deserved it.

Ant. Sure we are all to blame, lady:
But for my part, in all humility,
And with no little shame, I ask your pardons!
Indeed I wear no sword to fright sweet beauties.

Amin. You have it; and this letter, pray you sir, view it,
And my commission's done.

Mart. Have you none for me, lady?

Amin. Not at this time.

Mart. I am sorry for't; I can read too.

Amin. I am glad: But, sir, to keep you in your exercise,
You may chance meet with one ill written.

Mart. Thank you!
So it be a woman's, I can pick the meaning;
For likely they have but one end.

Amin. You say true, sir. [*Exit.*

Ant. Martine, my wishes are come home and loaden,
Loaden with brave return: most happy, happy!
I am a blessed man!—Where's the gentlewoman?

Mart. Gone, the spirit's gone; what news?

Ant. 'Tis from the lady;
From her we saw; from that same miracle!
I know her name now. Read but these three lines;
Read with devotion, friend! the lines are holy.

Mart. [*Reading.*] "I dare not chide you in my letter, sir;
'Twill be too gentle: If you please to look me
In the West-street, and find a fair stone window
Carved with white cupids, there I'll entertain you:
Night and discretion guide you. Call me Ismenia."

Ant. Give it me again! Come, come; fly, fly!

Mart. There may be danger. [I am all fire!

Ant. So there is to drink,
When men are thirsty; to eat hastily,
When we are hungry; so there is in sleep, friend,
Obstructions then may rise and smother us;
We may die laughing-choak'd; even at devotions,
An apoplexy, or a sudden palsy,
May strike us down.

Mart. May be, a train to catch you.

Ant. Then I am caught; and let Love answer for it!
'Tis not my folly, but his infamy;
And if he be adored, and dare do vile things——

Mart. Well, I will go.

Ant. She is a lady, sir,
A maid, I think, and where that holy spell
Is flung about me, I ne'er fear a villainy.
'Tis almost night; away, friend!

Mart. I am ready:
I think I know the house too.

Ant. Then we are happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Night. A Street before the House of* BELLIDES.

Enter ISMENIA *and* AMINTA.

Ism. Did you meet him?

Amin. Yes.

Ism. And did you give my letter?

Amin. To what end went I?

Ism. Are you sure it was he?
Was it that gentleman?

Amin. Do you think I was blind?
I went to seek no carrier, nor no midwife.

Ism. What kind of man was he? Thou may'st be deceived, friend.

Amin. A man with a nose on's face; I think he had eyes too:
And hands, for sure he took it.

Ism. What an answer!

Amin. What questions are these to one that's hot and troubled!

Do you think me a babe? Am I not able, cousin,
At my years and discretion, to deliver
A letter handsomely? Is that such a hard thing?
Why every wafer-woman will undertake it:
A sempster's girl, or a tailor's wife, will not miss it:
A puritan hostess, cousin, would scorn these
My legs are weary. [questions.
Ism. I'll make 'em well again.
Amin. Are they at supper?
Ism. Yes, and I am not well,
Nor desire no company. Look out, 'tis darkish.
Amin. I see nothing yet. Assure yourself,
If he be a man, he will not miss. [Ismenia,
Ism. It may be he is modest,
And that may pull him back from seeing me;
Or has made some wild construction of my easiness:
I blush to think what I writ.
Amin. What should you blush at?
Blush when you act your thoughts, not when you write 'em;
Blush soft between a pair of sheets, sweet cousin.
Though he be a curious-carried gentleman, I cannot think
He's so unnatural to leave a woman,
(A young, a noble, and a beauteous woman)
Leave her in her desires. Men of this age
Are rather prone to come before they are sent for.
Hark! I hear something: Up to th' chamber,
You may spoil all else. [cousin!

Enter Antonio *and* Martine.

Ism. Let me see! They are gentlemen;
It may be they.
Amin. They are they. Get you up,
And like a load-star draw him!
Ism. I am shame-faced!
[*Exeunt* Ismenia *and* Aminta *into the house.*
Ant. This is the street.
Mart. I am looking for the house.
Close, close, pray you close!—Here.
Ant. No; this is a merchant's;
I know the man well.
Mart. And this is a 'pothecary's: I have lain here many times,
For a looseness in my hilts.
Ant. Have you not past it?
Mart. No sure;
There is no house of mark that we have 'scaped yet.
Ant. What place is this?
Mart. Speak softer! 'may be spies.
If any, this; a goodly window too,
Carved fair above! that I perceive. 'Tis dark;
But she has such a lustre——

Ismenia *and* Aminta *appear at the Window with a Taper.*

Ant. Yes, Martino;
So radiant she appears——
Mart. Else we may miss, sir.
The night grows vengeance black: Pray Heaven she shine clear!
Hark, hark! a window, and a candle too!
Ant. Step close. 'Tis she! I see the cloud disperse;
And now the beauteous planet——
Mart. Ha! 'Tis indeed.
Now, by the soul of love, a divine creature!
Ism. Sir, sir!
Ant. Most blessed lady!
Ism. Pray you stand out.
Amin. You need not fear; there's nobody now stirring.
Mart. Beyond his commendation I am taken
Infinite strangely taken. [As
Amin. I love that gentleman;
Methinks he has a dainty nimble body:
I love him heartily.
Ism. 'Tis the right gentleman;
But what to say to him?—Sir——
Amin. Speak.
Ant. I wait still;
And will do till I grow another pillar,
To prop this house, so it please you.
Ism. Speak softly;
And pray you speak truly too.
Ant. I never lied, lady.
Ism. And do not think me impudent to ask you
I know you are an enemy, (speak low!)
But I would make you a friend.
Ant. I am friend to beauty;
There is no handsomeness I dare be foe to.
Ism. Are you married?
Ant. No.
Ism. Are you betrothed?
Ant. No, neither.
Ism. Indeed, fair sir?
Ant. Indeed, fair sweet, I am not.
Most beauteous virgin, I am free as you are.
Ism. That may be, sir; then you are miserab
For I am bound.
Ant. Happy the bonds that hold you!
Or do you put them on yourself for pleasure?
Sure they be sweeter far than liberty:
There is no blessedness but in such bondage.
Give me that freedom, madam, I beseech you,
(Since you have questioned me so cunningly)
To ask you whom you are bound to; he must certain
More than human, that bounds in such a beauty
Happy that happy chain! such links are heaven
Ism. Pray you do not mock me, sir.
Ant. Pray you, lady, tell me.
Ism. Will you believe? and will you keep it
And not scorn what I speak? [yo
Ant. I dare not, madam;
As oracle, what you say I dare swear to.
Ism. I'll set the candle by, for I shall blu
now—
Fy, how it doubles in my mouth! It must out.—
'Tis you I am bound to.
Ant. Speak that word again!
I understand you not.
Ism. 'Tis you I am bound to.
Ant. Here is another gentleman.
Ism. 'Tis you, sir.
Amin. He may be loved too.
Mart. Not by thee; first curse me! [As
Ism. And if I knew your name——
Ant. Antonio, madam.
Ism. Antonio, take this kiss; 'tis you I a
bound to.
Ant. And when I set you free, may Heaven b
sake me!
Ismenia——
Ism. Yes, now I perceive you love me;
You have learned my name.
Ant. Hear but some vows I make to you;
Hear but the protestations of a true love.
Ism. No, no, not now: Vows should be cha
ful things,
Done in the clearest light, and noblest testimo
No vow, dear sir: tie not my fair belief

To such strict terms; those men have broken credits,
Loose and dismember'd faiths, my dear Antonio,
That splinter 'em with vows. Am I not too bold?
Correct me when you please.
Ant. I had rather hear you,
For so sweet music never struck mine ears yet.
Will you believe now?
Ism. Yes.
Ant. I am yours.
Ism. Speak louder;
If you answer the priest so low, you'll lose your wedding.
Mart. Would a mighe speak! I would holloa.
Ant. Take my heart;
And if it be not firm and honest to you,
Heaven——
Ism. Peace; no more! I'll keep your heart, and credit it:
Keep you your word. When will you come again, friend?
For this time we have woo'd indifferently:
I would fain see you, when I dare be bolder.
Ant. Why, any night. Only, dear noble mistress,
Pardon three days! My uncle Julio
Has bound me to attend him upon promise,
Upon expectation too: We have rare sports there,
Rare country sports; I would you could but see
Dare you so honour me? ['em!
Ism. I dare not be there;
You know I dare not; no, I must not, friend.
Where I may come with honourable freedom—
Alas, I am ill too; we in love——
Ant. You flout me.
Ism. Trust me, I do not; I speak truth, I am sickly,
And am in love; but you must be physician.
Ant. I'll make a plaister of my best affection.
Ism. Be gone! we have supp'd: I hear the people stir.
Take my best wishes! Give me no cause, Antonio,
To curse this happy night.
Ant. I'll lose my life first.
A thousand kisses!
Ism. Take ten thousand back again!
Mart. I am dumb with admiration!—Shall we go, sir? [*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* MARTINE.
Ism. Dost thou know his uncle?
Amin. No, but I can ask, cousin.
Ism. I'll tell thee more of that. Come, let's to bed both;
And give me handsome dreams, Love. I beseech thee!
Amin. He has given you a handsome subject.
Ism. Pluck-to the windows. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Country. Before the Mill of* Franio.

Enter BUSTOPHA.

Bust. [*Reading.*] *The thund'ring seas, whose wat'ry fire*
Washes the whiting-mops,
The gentle whale, whose feet so fell
Flies o'er the mountains' tops——

Fra. [*Within.*] Boy!
Bust. *The thund'ring*——
Fra. [*Within.*] Why, boy Bustopha!

Enter FRANIO.

Bust. Here I am. *The gentle whale*——
Fra. Oh, are you here, sir? where's your sister?
Bust. *The gentle whale flies o'er the mountains'* [*tops*—
Fra. Where's your sister, man?
Bust. *Washes the whiting-mops*——
Fra. Thou liest! she has none to wash. Mops?
The boy is half way out of his wits sure.
Sirrah, who am I?
Bust. *The thund'ring seas*——
Fra. Mad, stark mad!
Bust. Will you not give a man leave to con?
Fra. Yes, and 'fess too,
Ere I have done with you, sirrah. Am I your father?
Bust. The question is too hard for a child; ask me anything
That I have learned, and I will answer you.
Fra. Is that a hard question? Sirrah, am not I your father?
Bust. If I had my mother-wit I could tell you.
Fra. Are you a thief?
Bust. So far forth as the son of a miller.
Fra. Will you be hang'd?
Bust. Let it go by eldership.
The gentle whale——
Fra. Sirrah, lay by your foolish study there,
And beat your brains about your own affairs; or—
Bust. I thank you!
You'd have me go under the sails, and beat
My brains about your mill? a natural father you are!
Fra. I charge you go not to the sports to-day:
Last night I gave you leave; now I recant.
Bust. Is the wind turn'd since last night?
Fra. Marry is it, sir:
Go no further than my mill; there's my command upon you.
Bust. I may go round about then as your mill does.
I will see your mill gelded, and his stones fried
In steaks, ere I deceive the country so!
Have I not my part to study? How shall
The sports go forward, if I be not there?
Fra. They'll want their fool indeed, if thou be'st not there.
Bust. Consider that, and go yourself.
Fra. I have fears, sir, that I cannot utter:
You go not, nor your sister; there's my charge.
Bust. The price of your golden thumb cannot hold me. [*Hounds in full cry within.*
Fra. Ay, this was sport that I have tightly lo'ed!
I could have kept company with the hounds——
Bust. You are fit for no other company yet.
Fra. Run with the hare,
And been in the whore's tail, i'faith!
Bust. That was
Before I was born: I did ever mistrust

I was a bastard, because *lapis* is
In the singular number with me.

Enter OTRANTE *and* GERASTO.

Otr. Leave thou that game, Gerasto, and chase
Do thou but follow it with my desires. [here;
Thou'lt not return home empty.
Ger. I am prepared,
My lord, with advantages: And see,
Yonder's the subject I must work upon.
Otr. Her brother? 'tis: Methinks it should be easy:
That gross compound cannot but diffuse
The soul, in such a latitude of ease,
As to make dull her faculties, and lazy.
What wit, above the least, can be in him,
That reason ties together?
Ger. I have proved it, sir,
And know the depth of it: I have the way
To make him follow me a hackney-pace,
With all that flesh about him: yes, and drag
His sister after him. [*Cry of hounds.*
This baits the old one;
Rid you him, and leave me to the other. [*Exit.*
Otr. 'Tis well.—Oh, Franio, the good day to you!
You were not wont to hear this music standing;
The beagle and the bugle you have loved,
In the first rank of huntsmen.
Bust. The dogs cry out of him now.
Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking; I'll bite you [else.
Bust. *Cur! cur!*
Fra. Slave, dost call me dog?
Otr. Oh fy, sir!
He speaks Latin to you; he would know
Why you'll bite him.
Bust. *Responde, cur!* You see his understanding, my lord.
Fra. I shall have a time to curry you for this!—
But, my lord, to answer you; the days have been
I must have footed it before this hornpipe,
Though I had hazarded my mill a-fire,
And let the stones grind empty: But those dancings
Are done with me: I have good will to't still,
And that's the best I can do.
Otr. Come, come, you shall be horsed;
Your company deserves him; though you kill him,
Run him blind, I care not.
Bust. He will do it
O' purpose, my lord, to bring him up to the mill.
Fra. Do not tempt me too far, my lord.
Otr. There is
A foot i' th' stirrop; I'll not leave you now.
You shall see the game fall once again.
Fra. Well, my lord, I will make ready
My legs for you, and try 'em once a-horseback.—
Sirrah! my charge; keep it! *Exit.*
Bust. Yes;
When you pare down your dish for conscience sake,
When your thumb's coin'd into *bonæ et legalis*,
When you're a true man-miller.
Otr. What's the matter, Bustopha?
Bust. My lord, if you
Have e'er a drunken jade that has the staggers,
That will fall twice the height of our mill with him,
Set him o' th' back on him; a galled jennet
That will winch him out o' th' saddle, and break one on's necks,
Or a shank of him (there was a fool
Going that way, but the ass had better luck);
Or one of your brave Barbaries, that would pass
The Straits, and run into his own country with him
The first Moor he met would cut his throat
For complexion's sake; there's as deadly feud between
A Moor and a miller, as between black and white.
Otr. Fy, fy! this is unnatural, Bustopha,
Unless on some strong cause.
Bust. Be judge, my lord: I am studied in my part;
The Julian feast's to-day, the country expects me;
I speak all the dumb-shows; my sister chosen
For a nymph. "*The gentle whale, whose feet so fell.*"
'Cry mercy! that was some of my part; but his charge is,
To keep the mill, and disappoint the revels.
Otr. Indeed, there it speaks shrewdly for thee.
Expecting. [the country
Bust. Ay, and for mine own grace too.
Otr. Yes, and being studied too, and the main speaker too.
Bust. The main? why, all my speech lies in the main,
And the dry ground together: "*The thund'ring seas, whose*——"
Otr. Nay, then thou must go; thou'lt be much condemn'd else.
But then, o' th' other side, obedience.
Bust. Obedience? But speak your conscience now, my lord;
Am not I past asking blessing at these years?
Speak as you're a lord; if you had a miller to your father——
Otr. I must yield to you, Bustopha;
Your reasons are so strong, I cannot contradict.
This I think, if you go, your sister ought
To go along with you.
Bust. There I stumble now:
She is not at age.
Otr. Why, she's fifteen, and upwards.
Bust. Thereabouts.
Otr. That's woman's ripe age; as full as thou art
At one-and-twenty: She's manable, is she not?
Bust. I think not: Poor heart, she was never tried,
In my conscience. 'Tis a coy thing: she will not
Kiss you a clown, not if he would kiss her——
Otr. What, man?
Bust. Not if he would kiss her, I say.
Otr. Oh, 'twas cleanlier than I expected.—Well, sir,
I'll leave you to your own; but my opinion is,
You may take her along.—This is half way;
The rest, Gerasto;—and I hunt my prey. [*Exit.*
Bust. Away with the old miller, my lord!
And the mill strikes sail presently.

Enter PEDRO, *with* GERASTO *disguised as a blind* Ballad Singer.

SONG.

Ger Come follow me, you country-lasses!
And you shall see such sport as passes:
You shall dance, and I will sing;
Pedro, he shall rub the string;
Each shall have a loose-bodied gown
Of green, and laugh till you lie down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

Enter FLORIMEL.

Bust. Oh, sweet Diego, the sweetest Diego! Stay.—Sister Florimel!
Flor. What's that, brother?
Bust. Didst not hear Diego? Hear him, and thou'lt be ravish'd.
Flor. I have heard him sing, yet unravish'd, brother.
Bust. You had the better luck, sister. I was ravish'd
By my own consent. Come away: for the sports!
Flor. I have the fear of a father on me, brother.
Bust. Out! the thief is as safe as in his mill;
He's hunting with our great landlord, the Don
Strike up, Diego. [Otrante.—
Flor. But say he return before us, where's our excuse?
Bust. Strike up, Diego! Hast no strings to thy apron?
Flor. Well, the fault lie upon your head, brother.
Bust. My faults never mount so high, girl; they rise
But to my middle at most.—Strike up, Diego.
Ger. Follow me by the ear: I'll lead thee on,
Bustopha, and pretty Florimel thy sister.
Oh, that I could see her!
Bust. Oh, Diego, there's two pities upon thee;
Great pity thou art blind; and as great a pity,
Thou canst not see.

SONG.

Ger. You shall have crowns of roses, daisies,
Buds, where the honey-maker grazes:
You shall taste the golden thighs,
Such as in wax-chamber lies.
What fruits please you, taste, freely pull,
Till you have all your bellies full.
Come follow me, &c.

Bust. Oh, Diego! the don
Was not so sweet when he perfumed the steeple.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the House of* JULIO.

Enter ANTONIO *and* MARTINE.

Mart. Why, how now, friend? thou art not lost again?
Ant. Not lost? Why, all the world's a wilderness;
Some places peopled more by braver beasts
Than others are; but faces, faces, man;
May a man be caught with faces?
Mart. Without wonder,
'Tis odds against him: May not a good face
Lead a man about by the nose? Alas,
The nose is but a part against the whole.
Ant. But is it possible that two faces
Should be so twinn'd in form, complexion,
Figure, aspect, that neither wen, nor mole,
The table of the brow, the eyes' lustre,
The lips' cherry, neither the blush nor smile,
Should give the one distinction from the other?
Does Nature work in moulds?
Mart. Altogether;
We are all one mould, one dust.
Ant. Thy reason's mouldy:
I speak from the form, thou the matter. Why?
Was it not ever one of Nature's glories,
Nay, her great piece of wonder, that amongst
So many millions millions of her works
She left the eye distinction, to cull out
The one from other; yet all one name, the face?
Mart. You must compare 'em by some other part
Of the body, if the face cannot do't.
Ant. Didst ask her name?
Mart. Yes, and who gave it her;
And what they promised more, besides a spoon,
And what apostle's picture: She is christen'd too
In token whereof she's called Isabella;
The daughter of a country plow-swain by:
If this be not true, she lies.
Ant. She cannot:
It would be seen, a blister on her lip,
Should falsehood touch it, it is so tender.
Had her name held, 't had been Ismenia,
And not another of her name.
Mart. Shall I speak?
Ant. Yes, if thou wilt speak truth.
Is she not wond'rous like?
Mart. As two garments of the same fashion,
Cut from the same piece; yet, if any excel,
This has the first; and in my judgment 'tis so.
Ant. 'Tis my opinion.
Mart. Were it the face
Where mine eyes should dwell, I would please both
With this, as soon as one with the other.
Ant. And yet the other is the cause of this.
Had I not look'd upon Ismenia,
I ne'er had stray'd beyond good-morrow's time
In view of this.
Mart. 'Would I could leave him here! [*Aside.*
'Twere a free passage to Ismenia.
I must now blow, as to put out the fire;
Yet kindle't more.—You not consider, sir,
The great disparity is in their bloods,
Estates and fortunes: There is the rich beauty,
Which this poor homeliness is not endow'd with;
There's difference enough.
Ant. The least of all;
Equality is no rule in Love's grammar.
That sole unhappiness is left to princes,
To marry blood: We are free disposers,
And have the power to equalize their bloods
Up to our own; we cannot keep it back:
'Tis a due debt from us.
Mart. Ay, sir, had you
No father, nor uncle, nor such hinderers,
You might do with yourself at your pleasure;
But as it is——
Ant. As it is? It is nothing:
Their powers will come too late, to give me back
The yesterday I lost.
Mart. Indeed, to say sooth,
Your opposition from the other part
Is of more force; there you run the hazard
Of every hour a life, had you supply;
You meet your dearest enemy in love
With all his hate about him: 'Twill be more hard
For your Ismenia to come home to you,
Than you to go to country Isabel.
Ant. Tush! 'Tis not fear removes me.
Mart. No more! your uncle.

Enter JULIO.

Julio. Oh, the good hour upon you, gentlemen!
Welcome, nephew! speak it to your friend, sir;
It may be happier received from you,
In his acceptance.
Ant. I made bold, uncle,
To do it before; and I think he believes it.

Mart. 'Twas never doubted, sir.
Julio. Here are sports, dons,
That you must look on with a loving eye,
And without censure, unless it be giving
My country neighbours' loves their yearly offerings,
That must not be refus'd; though't be more pain
To the spectator, than the painful actor;
It will abide no more test than the tinsel
We clad our masks in for an hour's wearing,
Or the livery lace sometimes on the cloaks
Of a great don's followers: I speak no further
Than our own country, sir.
Mart. For my part, sir,
The more absurd, 't shall be the better welcome.
Julio. You'll find the guest you look for.—I heard, cousin,
You were at Toledo the other day.
Ant. Not late, sir.
Julio. Oh fy! must I be plainer? You changed the point
With Terzo and Lisauro, two of the stock
Of our antagonists, the Bellides.
Ant. A mere proffer, sir; the prevention
Was quick with us: We had done somewhat else.
This gentleman was engaged in't.
Julio. I am the enemy
To his foe for it. That wildfire will crave
More than fair water to quench it, I suspect:
Whence it will come, I know not.
Ant. I was about a gentle reconcilement;
But I do fear I shall go back again.
Jul. Come, come; the sports are coming on us.

Enter GOSTANZO, GIRALDO, *and* PHILIPPO.

Nay, I have more guests to grace it: Welcome, don Gostanzo, Giraldo, Philippo! Seat, seat all! [*Music.*

Enter a Boy, *as* Cupid, *blinded.*

Cupid. "Love is little, and therefore I present him;
Love is a fire, therefore you may lament him."
Mart. Alas, poor Love! who are they that can quench him?
Julio. He's not without those members; fear him not.
Cupid. "Love shoots; therefore I bear his bow about;
And love is blind; therefore my eyes are out."
Mart. I ne'er heard Love give reason for what he did before.

Enter BUSTOPHA, *for* Paris.

Cupid. "Let such as can see, see such as cannot. Behold
Our goddesses all three strive for the ball of gold:
And here fair Paris comes, the hopeful youth of Troy,
Queen Hecuba's darling son, king Priam's only joy."
Mart. Is this Paris?
I should have taken him for Hector rather.
Bust. Paris at this time: Pray you hold your prating!
Ant. Paris can be angry.
Julio. Oh, at this time
You must pardon him; he comes as a judge.
Mart. God's mercy on all that look upon him, say I.
Bust. "The thund'ring seas, whose watery fire washes the whiting-mops,
The gentle whale, whose feet so fell flies o'er the mountain tops,
No roars so fierce, no throats so deep, no howls can bring such fears,
As Paris can, if garden from he call his dogs and bears."
Mart. Ay, those they were that I feared all this while.
Bust. "Yes, Jack-an-apes"——
Mart. I thank you, good Paris!
Bust. You may hold your peace, and stand further out o' th' way then:
The lines will fall where they light.
"Yes, Jack-an-apes he hath to sport, and faces make like mirth,
Whilst bellowing bulls the horned beasts do toss from ground to earth.
Blind bear there is, as Cupid blind"——
Ant. That bear would be whipp'd for losing of his eyes.
Bust. "Be-whipped man may see,
But we present no such content, but nymphs such as they be."
Ant. These are long lines.
Mart. Can you blame him, leading bulls and bears in 'em?

Enter Shepherd *singing, with* ISMENIA, AMINTA, FLORIMEL, *(as* JUNO, PALLAS, VENUS,) *and three* Nymphs *attending.*

Bust. "Go, Cupid blind, conduct the dumb; for ladies must not speak here.
Let shepherds sing with dancing feet, and cords of music break here! [*Sung.*
Now, ladies, fight, with heels so light; by lot your luck must fall,
Where Paris please, to do you ease, and give the golden ball." [*Dance.*
Mart. If you play'd Paris now, Antonio,
Where would you bestow it?
Ant. I pr'ythee, friend,
Take the full freedom of thought, but no words.
Mart. 'Protest there is a third, which by her habit
Should personate Venus, and, by consequence
Of the story, receive the honour's prize:
And were I a Paris, there it should be.
Do you note her?
Ant. No; mine eye is so fix'd, I cannot move it.
Cupid. The dance is ended; now to judgment, Paris!
Bust. "Here, Juno, here!—But stay; I do espy
A pretty gleek coming from Pallas' eye:
Here, Pallas, here!—Yet stay again; methinks
I see the eye of lovely Venus winks:
Oh, close them both; shut in those golden ey'n!
And I will kiss those sweet blind cheeks of thine.
Juno is angry; yes, and Pallas frowns:
'Would Paris now were gone from Ida's downs!
They both are fair; but Venus has the mole,
The fairest hair, and sweetest dimple-hole:
To her, or her, or her, or her, or neither;
Can one man please three ladies all together?
No; take it, Venus! toss it at thy pleasure;
Thou art the lover's friend beyond his measure." [*Gives her the apple.*
Julio. Paris has done what man can do, pleased
Who can do more? [one.
Mart. Stay, here's another person.

Enter GERASTO, *as* Mars.

Ger. "Come, lovely Venus; leave this lower orb,
And mount with Mars up to his glorious sphere."

Bust. How now? what's he?
Flor. I'm ignorant what to do, sir.
Ger. "Thy silver yoke of doves are in the team,
And thou shalt fly thorough Apollo's beam:
I'll see thee seated in thy golden throne,
And hold with Mars a sweet conjunction."
[*Exit with* FLORIMEL.
Bust. Ha! what fellow's this has carried away my sister Venus?
He ne'er rehearsed his part with me before.
Julio. What follows now, Prince Paris?
Flor. [*Within.*] Help, help, help!
Bust. Hue and cry! I think, sir, this is Venus'
Mine own sister Florimel's. [voice,
Mart. What, is there some tragic act behind?
Bust. No, no; altogether comical; Mars and
Are in the old conjunction, it seems. [Venus
Mart. 'Tis very improper then; for Venus
Never cries out when she conjoins with Mars.
Bust. That's true indeed; they are out of their parts sure:
It may be 'tis the book-holder's fault; I'll go see.
[*Exit.*
Julio. How like you our country revels, gentlemen?
All Gent. Oh, they commend themselves, sir.
Ant. Methinks now
Juno and Minerva should take revenge on Paris;
It cannot end without it.
Mart. I did expect,
Instead of Mars, the storm-gaoler Æolus;
And Juno proffering her deiopeia
As satisfaction to the blust'ring god,
To send his tossers forth.
Julio. It may so follow;
Let's not prejudicate the history!

Enter BUSTOPHA.

Bust. Oh, oh, oh, oh!
Julio. So here's a passion towards.
Bust. Help, help, if you be gentlemen! my
My Venus! she's stol'n away. [sister,
Julio. The story changes
From our expectation.
Bust. Help! my father,
The miller will hang me else: God Mars
Is a bawdy villain! he said he should ride upon doves:
She's hors'd, she's hors'd, whether she will or no.
Mart. Sure, I think he's serious.
Bust. She's hors'd upon
A double-gelding, and a stone-horse in
The breech of her: The poor wench cries *help*,
And I cry *help*, and none of you will help.
Julio. Speak, is it the show? or dost thou bawl?
Bust. A pox on the ball! my sister bawls, and I bawl!
Either bridle horse and follow, or give me a halter
To hang myself: I cannot run so fast
As a hog.
Julio. Why, follow me! I'll fill
The country with pursuit, but I will find
The thief! My house thus abused? [*Exit.*
Bust. 'Tis my house that's abused;
The sister of my flesh and blood! Oh, oh! [*Exit.*
1 *Wench.* 'Tis time we all shift for ourselves, if
Be serious. [this
2 *Wench.* However, I'll be gone.
3 *Wench.* And I. [*Exeunt.*

Ant. You need not fright your beauties, pretty
With the least pale complexion of a fear. [souls,
Mart. Juno has better courage, and Minerva's more discreet.
Ism. Alas, my courage was so counterfeit,
It might have been struck from me with a feather:
Juno ne'er had so weak a presenter.
Amin. Sure I was ne'er the wiser for Minerva;
That I find yet about me.
[ANTONIO *whispers* ISMENIA.
Ism. My dwelling, sir?
'Tis a poor yeoman's roof, scarce a league off,
That never shamed me yet.
Ant. Your gentle pardon!
I vow my erring eyes had almost cast you
For one of the most mortal enemies
That our family has.
Ism. I am sorry, sir,
I am so like your foe: 'Twere fit I hasted
From your offended sight.
Ant. Oh, mistake not;
It was my error, and I do confess it.
You'll not believe you're welcome; nor can I speak it;
But there's my friend can tell you; pray hear him!
Mart. Shall I tell her, sir? I'm glad of the employment.
Ant. A kinswoman to that beauty?
Amin. A kin to her, sir;
But nothing to her beauty.
Ant. Do not wrong it;
It is not far behind her.
Amin. Her hinder parts
Are not far off, indeed, sir.
Mart. Let me but kiss you with his ardour
You shall feel how he loves you. [now,
Ism. Oh, forbear!
'Tis not the fashion with us. But would you
Persuade me that he loves me?
Mart. I'll warrant you
He dies in't; and that were witness enough on't.
Ism. Love me, sir? Can you tell me for what reason?
Mart. Fy! will you ask me? That which you have about you.
Ism. I know nothing, sir.
Mart. Let him find it then!
He constantly believes you have the thing
That he must love you for; much is apparent,
A sweet and lovely beauty.
Ism. So, sir; pray you
Shew me one thing; Did he ne'er love before?
(I know you are his bosom counsellor.)
Nay, then, I see your answer is not ready;
I'll not believe you, if you study farther.
Mart. Shall I speak truth to you?
Ism. Or speak no more.
Mart. There was a smile thrown at him, from a lady,
Whose deserts might buy him treble, and lately
He received it, and I know where he lost it;
In this face of yours: I know his heart's within
Ism. May I know her name? [you.
Mart. In your ear you may,
With vow of silence. [*They walk apart.*
Amin. He'll not give over, sir;
If he speak for you, he'll sure speed for you.
Ant. But that is not the answer to my question.
Amin. You are the first, in my virgin-conscience,
That ever spoke love to her. Oh, my heart!

Ant. How do you?
Amin. Nothing, sir; but 'would I had
A better face! how well your pulse beats!
Ant. Healthfully;
Does it not?
Amin. It thumps prettily, methinks.—
Ism. Alack, I hear it with much pity: How great
Is your fault too, in wrong to the good lady!
Mart. You forget the difficult passage he has to her;
A hell of feud's between the families.
Ism. And that has often Love wrought by advantage
To peaceful reconcilement.
Mart. There impossible.
Ism. This way 'tis worser; it may seed again
In her unto another generation:
For where, poor lady, is her satisfaction?
Mart. It comes in me. To be truth, I love her
(I'll go no farther for comparison)
As dear as he loves you.
Ism. How if she love not?
Mart. Tush, be that my pains! You know not what art
I have those ways.
Ism. Beshrew you! you have practised upon me;
Well, speed me here, and you with your Ismenia.
Mart. Go, the condition's drawn, ready dated;
There wants but your hand to't.
Amin. Truly you have taken
Great pains, sir.
Mart. A friendly part, no more, sweet beauty.
Amin. They are happy, sir, have such friends as you are:
But do you know you have done well in this?
How will his allies receive it? She, though I say't,
Is of no better blood than I am.
Mart. There
I leave it; I am at farthest that way.
Ism. You shall extend your vows no larger now:
My heart calls you mine own, and that's enough.
Reason, I know, would have all yet conceal'd.
I shall not leave you unsaluted long,
Either by pen or person.
Ant. You may discourse
With me, when you think you're alone; I shall
Be present with you.
Ism. Come, cousin, will you walk?
Amin. Alas, I was ready long since. In conscience,
You would with better will yet stay behind.
Ism. Oh, Love! I never thought thou hadst been so blind. [*Exeunt.*
Mart. You'll answer this, sir.
Ant. If e'er it be spoke on:
I purpose not to propound the question.

Enter JULIO.

Julio. 'Tis true the poor knave said: Some ravisher,
Some of Lust's blood-hounds, have seized upon her
The girl is hurried, as the devil were with 'em
And help'd their speed.
Mart. It may be not so ill, sir.
A well-prepared lover may do as much
In hot blood as this, and perform it honestly.
Julio. What? steal away a virgin 'gainst her will?
Mart. It may be any man's case; despise nothing
And that's a thief of a good quality,
Most commonly he brings his theft home again,
Though with a little shame.
Julio. There's a charge by't
Fall'n upon me: Paris (the miller's son)
Her brother, dares not venture home again,
Till better tidings follow of his sister.
Ant. You are the more beholding to the miller chance, sir:
Had I gone a boot-haling, I should as soon
Have stolen him as his sister: Marry then,
To render him back in the same plight he is
May be costly; his flesh is not maintain'd with little.
Julio. I think the poor knave will pine away
All-to-be-pitied yonder. [he cry
Mart. Pray you, sir, let's go see him: I should
To see him cry, sure. [laugh
Julio. Well, you are merry, sir.—
Antonio, keep this charge; (I have fears
Move me to lay it on you) pray forbear
The ways of your enemies, the Bellides.
I have reason for my injunction, sir. [*Ex*

Enter AMINTA *as a Page, with a Letter.*

Ant. To me, sir? from whom?
Amin. A friend, I dare vow, sir,
Though on the enemies' part: The lady Ismenia
Mart. Take heed; blush not too deep. Let me advise you
In your answer; it must be done heedfully.
Ant. I should not see a masculine, in peace,
Out of that house.
Amin. Alas, I am a child, sir;
Your hates cannot last 'till I wear a sword.
Ant. Await me for your answer.
Mart. He must see her,
To manifest his shame; 'tis my advantage:
While our blood's under us, we keep above;
But then we fall, when we do fall in love. [*Exe*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the same.*

Enter JULIO *and* FRANIO.

Fra. My lord, my lord, your house hath injured me,
Robb'd me of all the joys I had on earth.
Julio. Where wert thou brought up, fellow?
Fra. In a mill;
You may perceive it by my loud exclaims,
Which must rise higher yet.
Julio. Obstreperous carle,
If thy throat's tempest could o'er-turn my house
What satisfaction were it for thy child?
Turn thee the right way to thy journey's end:
Wilt have her where she's not?
Fra. Here was she lost,
And here must I begin my footing after;
From whence, until I meet a power to punish,
I will not rest. You are not quick to grief;
Your hearing's a dead sense! Were your's the h
Had you a daughter stol'n, perhaps be-whored,

what other end should come the thief?)
lay the miller then, be loud and high;
ng not a sorrow of your own,
e no help nor pity for another.
Oh, thou hast oped a sluice was long shut
a flood of grief in; a buried grief [up,
e hath waked again, a grief as old
'tis thy child is! Friend, I tell thee,
ce lose a daughter.
Did you, sir?
you then, how did you bear her loss?
With thy grief trebled.
But was she stolen from you?
Yes, by devouring thieves, from whom cannot
urn a satisfaction:
beasts had her in her swathing clothes.
Oh, much good do 'em with her!
Away, tough churl!
Why, she was better eaten, than my child,
y beasts, than beastly men devoured:
k away a life, no honour, from her;
asts might make a saint of her; but these
ke my child a devil. But was she, sir,
ly daughter?
I ne'er had other, friend.

Enter GILLIAN.

Where are you, man? Your business lies not here!
ughter's in the pound; I have found where
st you dear, her freedom.
I'll break it down, and free her without pay!
cks nor chains shall hold her from me.
[GILLIAN *whispers him.*
I'll take this relief:
ave time to speak alone with grief. [*Exit.*
How! my landlord? he is lord of my lands,
my cattle: I'll have her again, Gil.
You are not mad upon the sudden now?
No, Gil;
een mad these five hours! I'll sell my mill
a roaring—I'll batter down his house,
ke a stews on't.
Will you gather up your wits
and hear me? The king's near by, in pro-
ave got our supplication drawn, [gress;
re's the way to help us.
Give it me, Gil:
t fear to give it to the king.
wn hands, God bless him, will I give it;
shall set the law upon their shoulders,
g 'em all that had a hand in it.
Where is your son?
He shall be hang'd in flitches!
s shall eat him in Lent; there's cats' meat
s' meat enough about him.
Sure the poor girl is the count's whore by this time.
If she be the count's whore, the whore's count
y for't; he shall pay for a new maidenhead!
You are so violous!—This I'm resolved;
a whore once, I'll renounce her.
w, if every man had his right,
ne of our child, but a mere foundling;
can guess the owner for a need too)
but foster'd her.

Fra. Gil, no more of that!
I'll cut your tongue out, if you tell those tales.
[*A Flourish within.*
Hark, hark! these toaters tell us the king's coming.
Get you gone; I'll see if I can find him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter LISAURO, TERZO, PEDRO, *and* MONCADO.

Lis. Does the king remove to-day?
Terzo. So say the harbingers,
And keeps his way on to Valentia;
There ends the progress.
Pedro. He hunts this morning, gentlemen,
And dines i' th' fields: The court is all in readiness.
Lis. Pedro, did you send for this tailor? or you, Moncado!
This light French demi-lance that follows us?
Pedro. No, I assure ye on my word, I am guiltless;
I owe him too much to be inward with him.
Monc. I am not quit, I am sure: There is a reckoning
(Of some four scarlet cloaks, and two laced suits,)
Hangs on the file still, like a fearful comet,
Makes me keep off.
Lis. I am in too, gentlemen,
I thank his faith, for a matter of three hundred.
Terzo. And I for two. What a devil makes he
I do not love to see my sins before me. [this way?
Pedro. 'Tis the vacation, and these things break
To see the court and glory in their debtors. [out
Terzo. What do you call him? for I never love
To remember their names that I owe money to;
'Tis not genteel: I shun 'em like the plague ever.
Lis. His name's Vertigo, (hold your heads, and wonder!)
A Frenchman, and a founder of new fashions:
The revolutions of all shapes and habits
Run madding through his brains.

Enter VERTIGO.

Monc. He's very brave!
Lis. The shreds of what he steals from us, believe it,
Make him a mighty man. He comes; have at ye!
Vert. Save ye together, my sweet gentlemen!
I have been looking——
Terzo. Not for money, sir?
You know the hard time.
Vert. Pardon me, sweet signor!
'Good faith, the least thought in my heart; your love, gentlemen,
Your love's enough for me. Money? hang money!
Let me preserve your love.
Lis. Yes, marry shall you,
And we our credit. You would see the court?
Monc. He shall see every place.
Vert. Shall I, i'faith, gentlemen?
Pedro. The cellar, and the buttery, and the
The pastry, and the pantry. [kitchen,
Terzo. Ay, and taste too
Of every office, and be free of all too;
That he may say, when he comes home in glory—
Vert. And I will say, i'faith, and say it openly,
And say it home too. Shall I see the king also?
Lis. 'Shalt see him every day; 'shalt see the ladies

In their French clothes; shalt ride a hunting with
him;
Shalt have a mistress too.—We must fool hand-
To keep him in belief we honour him; [somely
He may call on us else.
Pedro. A pox upon him!
Let him call at home in's own house for salt butter.
Vert. And when the king puts on a new suit—
Terzo. Thou shalt see it first,
And dissect his doublets, that thou may'st be
perfect.
Vert. The wardrobe I would fain view, gentle-
Fain come to see the wardrobe. [men,
Lis. Thou shalt see it,
And see the secret of it, dive into it;
Sleep in the wardrobe, and have revelations
Of fashions five years hence.
Vert. Ye honour me,
Ye infinitely honour me!
Terzo. Anything i' th' court, sir,
Or within the compass of a courtier——
Vert. My wife shall give ye thanks.
Terzo. You shall see anything!
The privat'st place, the stool, and where 'tis
emptied.
Vert. Ye make me blush, ye pour your bounties,
In such abundance. [gentlemen,
Lis. I will shew thee presently
The order that the king keeps when he comes
To open view, that thou may'st tell thy neighbours
Over a shoulder of mutton, thou hast seen some-
thing;
Nay, thou shalt present the king for this time—
Vert. Nay, I pray, sir!
Lis. That thou mayst know what state there
does belong to't.
Stand there, I say! and put on a sad countenance,
Mingled with height! Be covered and reserved;
Move like the sun, by soft degrees, and glorious.
Into your order, gentlemen, uncovered!
The king appears.—We'll sport with you a while,
sir; *Aside.*
I'm sure you're merry with us all the year long,
tailor.—
Move softer still; keep in that fencing leg, mon-
Turn to no side. [sieur;

Enter FRANIO *out of breath.*

Terzo. What's this that appears to him?
Lis. He has a petition, and he looks most la-
Mistake him, and we are made. [mentably.
Fra. This is the king sure,
The glorious king! I know him by his gay clothes.
Lis. Now bear yourself, that you may say here-
after——
Fra. I have recover'd breath; I'll speak unto
him presently.
May it please your gracious majesty to consider
A poor man's case? [*Kneels.*
Vert. What's your will, sir?
Lis. You must accept, and read it.
Terzo. The tailor will run mad upon my life for't.
Pedro. How he mumps and bridles! He will
ne'er cut clothes again.
Vert. And what's your grief?
Monc. He speaks i' th' nose like his goose.
Fra. I pray you read there; I am abused and
frump'd, sir,
By a great man, that may do ill by authority:
Poor honest men are hang'd for doing less, sir.
My child is stol'n, the Count Otrante stole her!
A pretty child she is, although I say it,
A handsome mother; he means to make a wh
of her,
A silken whore; his knaves have filched her fr
me;
He keeps lewd knaves, that do him beastly offi
I kneel for justice: Shall I have it, sir?

Enter PHILIPPO *and* Lords.

Phil. What pageant's this?
Lis. The king!—
Tailor, stand off! Here ends your apparition.—
Miller, turn round, and there address your pa
There, there's the king indeed.
Fra. May it please your majesty!——
Phil. Why didst thou kneel to that fellow?
Fra. In good faith, sir,
I thought he had been a king, he was so gallant
There's none here wears such gold.
Phil. So foolishly?
You have golden business sure! Because I
homely
Clad, in no glittering suit, I am not looked on.
Ye fools, that wear gay clothes, love to be gaped
What are you better when your end calls on yo
Will gold preserve ye from the grave? or jewel
Get golden minds, and fling away your trapping
Unto your bodies minister warm raiments,
Wholesome and good; glitter within, and spare n
Let my court have rich souls! their suits I we
not.—
And what are you that took such state upon yo
Are you a prince?
Lis. The prince of tailors, sir:
We owe some money to him, an't like your m
jesty!
Phil. If it like him, 'would ye owed more!
modester:—
And you less saucy, sir; and leave this place:
Your pressing-iron will make no perfect courtie
Go stitch at home, and cozen your poor neighbou
Shew such another pride, I'll have you whipt fo
And get worse clothes; these but proclaim y
And what's your paper? [felony
Fra. I beseech you read it.
Phil. What's here? the Count Otrante ta
For stealing of a maid? [for a base villain
Lord. The Count Otrante?
Is not the fellow mad, sir?
Fra. No, no, my lord;
I am in my wits: I am a labouring man,
And we have seldom leisure to run mad:
We have other business to employ our heads in
We have little wit to lose too. If we complain
And if a heavy lord lie on our shoulders,
Worse than a sack of meal, and oppress our
verties,
We are mad straight, and whoop'd, and tied
fetters,
Able to make a horse mad, as you use us.
You are mad for nothing, and no man dare p
In you a wildness is a noble trick, [claim
And cherished in ye, and all men must love it;
Oppressions of all sorts sit like new clothes,
Neatly and handsomely, upon your lordships;
And if we kick, when your honours spur us,
We are knaves and jades, and ready for the just
I am a true miller.
Phil. Then thou art a wonder.

2 *Lord.* I know the man reputed for a good man,
An honest and substantial fellow.
Phil. He speaks sense,
And to the point: Greatness begets much rudeness.—
How dare you, sirrah, 'gainst so main a person,
A man of so much noble note and honour,
Put up this base complaint? must every peasant
Upon a saucy will affront great lords?
All fellows, miller?
Fra. I have my reward, sir;
I was told, one greatness would protect another,
As beams support their fellows; now I find it.
If 't please your grace to have me hang'd, I am ready;
'Tis but a miller, and a thief dispatched.
Though I steal bread, I steal no flesh to tempt me.
I have a wife; an't please him to have her too,
With all my heart; 'twill make my charge the less, sir;
She'll hold him play a-while. I have a boy too;
He's able to instruct his honour's hogs,
Or rub his horse heels; when it please his lordship,
He may make him his slave too, or his bawd:
The boy is well bred, can exhort his sister.
For me, the prison, or the pillory,
To lose my goods, and have mine ears cropt off,
Whipt like a top, and have a paper stuck
Before me, for abominable honesty
To his own daughter! I can endure, sir; the miller
Has a stout heart, tough as his toll-pin.
Phil. I suspect this shrewdly!
Is it his daughter that the people call
The miller's fair maid?
2 *Lord.* It should seem so, sir.
Phil. Be sure you be i' th' right, sirrah.
Fra. If I be i' th' wrong, sir,
Be sure you hang me; I will ask no courtesy.
Your grace may have a daughter, (think of that, sir)
She may be fair, and she may be abused too,
(A king is not exempted from these cases)
Stol'n from your loving care——
Phil. I do much pity him.
Fra. But Heaven forbid that she should be in that venture
That mine is in at this hour. I'll assure your grace,
The lord wants a water-mill, and means to grind with her:
'Would I had his stones to set! I would fit him for't.
Phil. Follow me, miller, and let me talk with you further;
And keep this private all, upon your loyalties!
To-morrow morning, though I am now beyond him,
And the less look'd for, I'll break my fast with the good count.
No more; away! all to our sports; be silent!
[*Exeunt* PHILIPPO, FRANIO, *and* Lords.
Vert. What grace shall I have now?
Lis. Choose thine own grace,
And go to dinner when thou wilt, Vertigo;
We must needs follow the king.
Terzo. You heard the sentence.
Monc. If you stay here, I'll send thee a shoulder of venison.
Go home, go home; or, if thou wilt disguise,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the dogs.
Pedro. Or thou shalt be special tailor to the king's monkey;
'Tis a fine place. We cannot stay.
Vert. No money,
Nor no grace, gentlemen?
Terzo. 'Tis too early, tailor;
The king has not broke his fast yet.
Vert. I shall look for you
The next term, gentlemen.
Pedro. Thou shalt not miss us:
Pr'ythee provide some clothes. And, dost thou hear, Vertigo?
Commend me to thy wife: I want some shirts too.
Vert. I have chambers for you all.
Lis. They are too musty;
When they are clear, we'll come.
Vert. I must be patient
And provident; I shall never get home else.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the House of* OTRANTE.

Enter OTRANTE *and* FLORIMEL.

Otr. Pr'ythee be wiser, wench! thou canst not 'scape me:
Let me with love and gentleness enjoy that,
That may be still preserved with love, and longed for.
If violence lay rough hold, I shall hate thee;
And after I have enjoyed thy maidenhead,
Thou wilt appear so stale and ugly to me,
I shall despise thee, cast thee off——
Flor. I pray you, sir,
Begin it now, and open your doors to me.
I do confess I am ugly; let me go, sir!
A gipsey-girl; why would your lordship touch me?
Fy, 'tis not noble! I am homely bred,
Coarse, and unfit for you; why do you flatter me?
There be young ladies many, that will love you,
That will dote on you: You are a handsome gentleman.
What will they say when once they know your quality?
"A lord, a miller? Take your toll-dish with you!
You that can deal with gurgeons, and coarse flour,
'Tis pity you should taste what manchet means."
Is this fit, sir, for your repute and honour?
Otr. I'll love thee still.
Flor. You cannot; there's no sympathy
Between our births, our breeding, arts, conditions;
And where these are at difference, there's no liking.
This hour it may be I seem handsome to you,
And you are taken with variety
More than with beauty; to-morrow, when you have enjoyed me,
Your heat and lust assuaged, and come to examine,
Out of a cold and penitent condition,
What you have done, whom you have shared your love with,
Made partner of your bed, how it will vex you,
How you will curse the devil that betrayed you!
And what shall become of me then?
Otr. Wilt thou hear me?
Flor. As hasty as you were then to enjoy me,
As precious as this beauty shewed unto you,
You'll kick me out of doors, you'll whore, and ban me;
And if I prove with child with your fair issue,
Give me a pension of five pound a-year
To breed your heir withal, and so God speed me!
Otr. I'll keep thee like a woman.
Flor. I'll keep myself, sir,
Keep myself honest, sir; there's the brave keeping!
If you will marry me——

Otr. Alas, poor Florimel!
Flor. I do confess I am too coarse and base, sir,
To be your wife; and it is fit you scorn me;
Yet such as I have crown'd the lives of great ones:
To be your whore I am sure I am too worthy,
(For, by my troth, sir, I am truly honest)
And that's an honour equal to your greatness!
Otr. I'll give thee what thou wilt.
Flor. Tempt me no more then:
Give me that peace, and then you give abundance.
I know you do but try me; you are noble;
All these are but to try my modesty:
If you should find me easy, and once coming,
I see your eyes already, how they would fright me;
I see your honest heart, how it would swell,
And burst itself into a grief against me;
Your tongue in noble anger, now, even now, sir,
Ready to rip my loose thoughts to the bottom,
And lay my shame unto myself wide open.
You are a noble lord; you pity poor maids.
The people are mistaken in your courses:
You, like a father, try 'em to the uttermost;
As they do gold, you purge the dross from them,
And make them shine.
Otr. This cunning cannot help you!
I love you to enjoy you; I have stol'n you,
To enjoy you now, not to be fool'd with circumstance.
Yield willingly, or else——
Flor. What?
Otr. I will force you:
I will not be delay'd! A poor base wench,
That I in courtesy make offer to,
Argue with me?
Flor. Do not; you'll lose your labour:
Do not, my lord; it will become you poorly.
Your courtesy may do much on my nature,
For I am kind as you are, and as tender.
If you compel, I have my strengths to fly to,
My honest thoughts, and those are guards about me:
I can cry too, and noise enough I dare make,
And I have curses, that will call down thunder;
For all I am a poor wench, Heaven will hear me.
My body you may force, but my will never!
And be sure I do not live, if you do force me,
Or have no tongue to tell your beastly story;
For if I have, and if there be a justice——
Otr. Pray ye go in here! I'll calm myself for this time,
And be your friend again.
Flor. I am commanded. [*Exit.*
Otr. You cannot 'scape me yet; I must enjoy you!
I'll lie with thy wit, though I miss thy honesty.
Is this a wench for a boor's hungry bosom?
A morsel for a peasant's base embraces?
And must I starve, and the meat in my mouth?
I'll none of that.

Enter GERASTO.

Ger. How now, my lord? how sped you?
Have you done the deed?
Otr. No, pox upon't, she's honest.
Ger. Honest! what's that? You take her bare denial?
Was there ever wench brought up in a mill, and honest?
That were a wonder worth a chronicle.
Is your belief so large? What did she say to you?
Otr. She said her honesty was all her dowry;
And preached unto me, how unfit, and homely,
Nay, how dishonourable, it would seem in me
To act my will; popt me i' th' mouth with modesty—
Ger. What an impudent quean was that! That's their trick ever.
Otr. And then discoursed to me very learnedly,
What fame and loud opinion would tell of me.
A wife she touched at——
Ger. Out upon her, varlet!
Was she so bold? These home-spun things are devils!
They'll tell you a thousand lies, if you'll believe 'em,
And stand upon their honours like great ladies;
They'll speak unhappily too good words to come you,
And outwardly seem saints; they'll cry downright also,
But 'tis for anger that you do not crush 'em.
Did she not talk of being with child?
Otr. She touched at it.
Ger. The trick of an errant whore, to mill your lordship!
And then a pension named?
Otr. No, no, she scorned it:
I offer'd anything; but she refused all,
Refused it with a confident hate.
Ger. You thought so;
You should have ta'en her then, turn'd her, and tewed her
I' th' strength of all her resolution, flatter'd her,
And shaked her stubborn will; she would have thank'd you,
She would have loved you infinitely: They must seem modest,
It is their parts; if you had play'd your part, sir,
And handled her as men do unmann'd hawks,
Cast her, and mail'd her up in good clean linen,
And there have coy'd her, you had caught her heart-strings.
These tough virginities, they blow like white thorns,
In storms and tempests.
Otr. She's beyond all this;
As cold, and harden'd, as the virgin crystal.
Ger. Oh, force her, force her, sir! she longs to be ravish'd;
Some have no pleasure but in violence;
To be torn in pieces is their paradise:
'Tis ordinary in our country, sir, to ravish all;
They will not give a penny for their sport
Unless they be put to't, and terribly;
And then they swear they'll hang the man comes near 'em,
And swear it on his lips too.
Otr. No, no forcing;
I have another course, and I will follow it.
I command you, and do you command your fellows
That when ye see her next, disgrace and scorn her;
I'll seem to put her out o' th' doors o' th' sudden,
And leave her to conjecture, then seize on her.
Away! be ready straight.
Ger. We shall not fail, sir. [*Exit.*
Otr. Florimel!

Enter FLORIMEL.

Flor. My lord.
Otr. I am sure you have now consider'd,
And like a wise wench weigh'd a friend's displeasure,
Repented your proud thoughts, and cast your scorn off.

My lord, I am not proud; I was never beautiful,
n I anything that's just and honest.
Come, to be short, can you love yet? You told me
s would far compel you: I am kind to you,
n to exceed that way.
I told you too, sir,
it agreed with modesty, [you.
nour, and with honesty, I would yield to
lord, take some other theme; for love,
never knew yet what it meant,
the sudden, sir, to run through volumes
ost mystic art, 'tis most impossible;
begin with lust, which is an heresy,
ne too; to learn that in my childhood—
d my lord!
You will not out of this song?
desty, and honesty? is that all?
t force you.
You are too noble, sir.
Nor play the childish fool, and marry you:
not mad.
If you did, men would imagine——
Nor will I woo you at that infinite price
e you expect.
I expect your pardon,
scharge, my lord; that's all I look for.
No, nor fall sick for love.
'Tis a healthful year, sir.
Look ye; I'll turn ye out o' doors, and
Thank you, my lord. [scorn ye.
A proud slight peat I found ye,
t may be too——
An honest woman,
lord, think me.
And a base I leave you;
you well! [*Exit.*
Blessing attend your lordship!—
ot love, that vanisheth like vapours;
's off, his burning fits are well quench'd,
Heaven for't.—His men! They will not force me?

Enter Gerasto *and* Servants.

What dost thou stay for? dost thou not know the way,
se unprovident whore?
Good words, pray ye, gentlemen!
. Has my lord smoked ye over, good-wife miller?
mill broken that you stand so useless?
. An impudent quean! upon my life, she's unwholesome!
se discarded thing my lord has found her;
d not have turn'd her off o' th' sudden else.
Now against every sack, my honest sweet-
ery Smig and Smug—— [heart,
I must be patient.
And every greasy guest, and sweaty rascal,
oyal hire between his fingers, gentlewoman!
. I fear thou hast given my lord the pox, thou damned thing.
. I have seen her in the stews.
The knave her father
vd to her there, and kept a tipling-house.
st e'en to't again: A modest function!
If ye had honesty, ye would not use me
sely, wretchedly, though your lord bid ye;
that knows——

Ger. Away, thou carted impudence,
You meat for every man! A little meal
Flung in your face, makes ye appear so proud—
Flor. This is inhuman. Let these tears persuade
(If ye be men) to use a poor girl better! [you
I wrong not you, I am sure; I call you gentlemen.

Enter Otrante.

Otr. What business is here? Away! [*Exeunt* Servants.] Are not you gone yet?
Flor. My lord, this is not well, although you hate me,
(For what I know not) to let your people wrong
Wrong me maliciously, and call me—— [me.
Otr. Peace,
And mark me what we say, advisedly,
Mark, as you love that, that you call your credit!
Yield now, or you're undone; your good name's perish'd;
Not all the world can buoy your reputation;
'Tis sunk for ever else: These people's tongues will poison you;
Though you be white as innocence, they'll taint
They will speak terrible and hideous things; [you;
And people in this age are prone to credit;
They'll let fall nothing that may brand a woman:
Consider this, and then be wise and tremble!
Yield yet, and yet I'll save you.
Flor. How?
Otr. I'll shew you;
Their mouths I'll seal up, they shall speak no more
But what is honourable and honest of you,
And saint-like they shall worship you: They are
And what I charge them, Florimel—— [mine,
Flor. I am ruined!
Heaven will regard me yet, they are barbarous
Let me not fall, my lord! [wretches.
Otr. You shall not, Florimel:
Mark how I'll work your peace, and how I honour
Who waits there? come all in. [you.—

Enter Gerasto *and* Servants.

Ger. Your pleasure, sir?
Otr. Who dare say this sweet beauty is not heavenly?
This virgin, the most pure, the most untainted,
The holiest thing——
Ger. We know it, my dear lord:
We are her slaves; and that proud impudence
That dares disparage her, this sword, my lord——
1 *Serv.* They are rascals base, the sons of common women,
That wrong this virtue, or dare own a thought
But fair and honourable of her: When we slight her,
Hang us, or cut's in pieces; let's tug i' th' gal-
2 *Serv.* Brand us for villains! [lies——
Flor. Why, sure I dream! these are all saints.
Otr. Go, and live all her slaves.
Ger. We are proud to do it.
[*Exeunt* Gerasto *and* Servants.
Otr. What think you now? Am not I able, Flo-
Yet to preserve you? [rimel,
Flor. I am bound to your lordship;
You are all honour! And, good my lord, but grant me,
Until to-morrow, leave to weigh my fortunes,
I'll give you a free answer, perhaps a pleasing;
Indeed I'll do the best I can to satisfy you.
Otr. Take your good time. This kiss! Till then, farewell, sweet! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

Enter Antonio, Martino, *and* Bustopha.

Mart. By all means discharge your followers.
Ant. If we can get him off—Sirrah, Bustopha,
There must needs run back.
Bust. But I must not, unless you send a lier,
Or a letter at my back: I do not use
To run from my friends.
Ant. Well, go! will serve turn; I have forgot—
Bust. What, sir?
Ant. Sw., if I can think on't now!
Bust. I know what 'tis now.
Ant. A pistolet of that!
Bust. Done! You have forgot a device to send
You are going a-smocking perhaps? [me away.
Mart. His own! due, due i'faith, Antonio;
The pistolet's his own!
Ant. I confess it:
There 'tis! Now if you could afford out of it
A reasonable excuse to mine uncle——
Bust. Yes, I can;
But an excuse will not serve your turn: It must be
A lie, a full lie; 'twill do no good else.
If you'll go to the price of that——
Ant. Is a lie
Dearer than an excuse?
Bust. Oh, treble; this is
The price of an excuse; but a lie is two more.
Look, how many falls go to a fair fall,
So many excuses to a full lie; and less
Cannot serve your turn, let any tailor i' th' town make it.
Mart. Why, 'tis reasonable; give him his price:
Let it be large enough now!
Bust. I'll warrant you;
Cover him all over.
Ant. I would have proof of one now.
Bust. What? stale my invention beforehand? you shall pardon me
For that! Well, I'll commend you to your uncle,
And tell him you'll be at home at supper with him.
Ant. By no means; I cannot come to-night, man.
Bust. I know that too: You do not know a lie
When you see it.
Mart. Remember
It must stretch for all night.
Bust. I shall want stuff:
I doubt 'twill come to the other pistolet.
Ant. Well, lay out; you shall be no loser, sir.
Bust. It must be faced, you know; there will be
Of dissimulation at least, city-measure, [a yard
And cut upon an untroth or two; lined with fables,
That must needs be, cold weather's coming; if it had a galloon
Of hypocrisy, 'twould do well; and hook'd together
With a couple of conceits, that's necessity.
Well, I'll bring in my bill: I'll warrant you
As fair a lie by that time I have done with it,
As any gentleman i' th' town can swear to,
If he would betray his lord and master. [*Exit.*
Ant. So, so, this necessary trouble's over.
Mart. I would you had bought an excuse of him
Before he went; you'll want one for Ismenia.
Ant. Tush, there needs none, there's no suspicion yet;
And I'll be sure'd, before the next occasion,
In a fast tie with my fair Isabel.

Enter Bustopha.

Mart. Yes,
You'll find your errand is before you now.
Bust. Oh, gentlemen, look to yourselves! ye are
Men of another world else: Your enemies
Are upon you! the old house of the Bellides
Will fall upon your heads. Signor Lisauro——
Ant. Lisauro?
Bust. And this what call you him? he's a gentleman,
Yet he has but a yeoman's name. Don Tuno,
Tuno, and a dozen at their heels.
Ant. Lisauro, Tuno, nor a dozen more,
Shall fright me from my ground, nor shun my path.
Let 'em come on in their fiercest fury.
Mart. 'Tis worthily resolved; I'll stand by you.
This way! I am thy true friend. [*ut.*
Bust. I'll be gone, sir,
That one may live to tell what is become of you.—
Put up, put up! Will you never learn to know a lie
From an Æsop's fables? There's a taste for you now! [*Exit.*

Enter Ismenia *and* Aminta.

Mart. Look, sir! what time of day is it?
Ant. I know not;
My eyes go false, I dare not trust 'em now!
I pr'ythee tell me, Martino, if thou canst,
Is that Ismenia or Isabella?
Mart. This is the lady; forget not Isabella.
Ant. If this face may be borrowed and lent out,
If it can shift shoulders, and take other tires,
So, 'tis mine where'er I find it—
Ism. Be sudden:
I cannot hold out long. [*Exit* Aminta.
Mart. Believe't, she frowns.
Ant. Let it come, she cannot frown me off on't.
How prettily it wooes me to come nearer!—
How do you, lady, since yesterday's pains?
Were you not weary? of my faith——
Ism. I think you were.
Ant. What, lady?
Ism. Weary of your faith; it is a burthen
That men faint under, though they bear little of it.
Mart. So! this is to the purpose.
Ant. You came home
In a fair hour, I hope.
Ism. From whence, sir?

Enter Aminta.

Amin. Sir, there's a gentlewoman without desires
To speak with you. [
Ant. They were pretty homely toys; but your presence
Made them illustrious. [
Ism. My cousin speaks to you.
Amin. A gentlewoman, sir; Isabella
She names herself.
Mart. So, so! it hits finely now.
Ant. Name yourself how you please, speak what you please,
I'll hear you chearfully.
Ism. You are not well;—
Request her in, she may have more acquaintance
With his passions, and better cure for 'em.

in. She's nice in that, madam: Poor soul,
fearful of your displeasure. [it seems
. I'll quit her
that presently, and bring her in myself.
[*Exit.*
rt. How carelessly do you behave yourself,
you should call all your best faculties
nsel in you! How will you answer
each you made with fair Ismenia?
you forgot the retrograde vow you took
er that now is come in evidence?
die upon your shame; you need no more
es of the house, but the lady now;
all have your dispatch.

Enter Ismenia *habited like Juno.*

. Give me that face,
am satisfied, upon whose shoulders
it grows. Juno, deliver us
this amazement!—Beseech you, goddess,
of our friends; how does Ismenia?
ow does Isabella? Both in good health,
, as you yourself are.
. I am at furthest [*Aside.*
counterfeit.—My Antonio,
matter against you may need pardon,
ust crave of you.
. Observe you, sir,
evidence is come against me! What think
ydra-headed jury will say to't? [you
rt. 'Tis I am fool'd; [*Aside.*
pes are pour'd into the bottomless tubs.
bour for the house of Bellides;
not seem so yet.—But in sooth, lady,
u imagine your changeable face
u from me? By this hand, I knew you!
. I went by the face: And by these eyes I
een deceived. [might
. You might indeed, Antonio;
is gentleman did vow to Isabella,
e it was that loved Ismenia,
t Antonio.
rt. Good! and was not that
ifest confession that I knew you?
ad been unjust unto my friend.
well remembered! there I found you out;
eak your conscience now.
. But did he so protest?
Yes, I vow to you, had Antonio
d Isabella, Ismenia
t been lost; there had been her lover.
. Why much good do you, friend! take her
to you;
but one; here have I my wish full:
lad we shall be so near neighbours.
t. Take both, sir; Juno to boot, three parts
in one
Hilarie bless you!—Now opportunity,
to meet with falsehood! if thou canst,
. My friend's faith's turning from him.
Might I not justly accuse Antonio
ove-wanderer? You know no other
, for another, and confess troth now?
Here was my guide; where-e'er I find
lover. Marry, I must not miss [this face
eckle then, (I have the number of 'em)
is dimple; not a silk from this brow;
the full idea ever with me.
re can so punctually parallel,
e cozen'd.

Ism. Well, all this is even:
But now, to perfect all, our love must now
Come to our enemies' hands, where neither part
Will ever give consent to it.
Ant. Most certain:
For which reason it must not be put to 'em.
Have we not prevention in our own hands?
Shall I walk by the tree, desire the fruit,
Yet be so nice to pull, 'till I ask leave
Of the churlish gardener, that will deny me?
Ism. Oh, Antonio!
Ant. 'Tis manners to fall to
When grace is said.
Ism. That holy act's to come.
Mart. You may ope an oyster or two before grace.
Ant. Are there not double vows as valuable
And as well spoke as any friar utters?
Heaven has heard all.
Ism. Yes; but stays the blessing,
'Till all dues be done: Heaven is not served by halves:
We shall have ne'er a father's blessing here;
Let us not lose the better from above!
Ant. You take up weapons of unequal force;
It shews you cowardly. Hark in your ear!
Amin. Have I lost all employment? 'Would this proffer [*Aside.*
Had been made to me, though I had paid it with
A reasonable penance!
Mart. Have I past
All thy fore-lock, Time? I'll stretch a long arm
But I'll catch hold again, (do but look back
Over thy shoulder) and have a pull at thee.
Ism. I hear you, sir; nor can I hear too much
While you speak well: You know th' accustom'd
Of our night-parley; if you can ascend, [place
The window shall receive you; you may find there
A corrupted churchman to bid you welcome.
Ant. I would meet no other man.
Ism. Aminta, you hear this.
Amin. With joy, madam, because it pleases you:
It may be mine own case another time.
Now you go the right way, ask the banns out;
Put it past father, or friends, to forbid it,
And then you're sure. Sir, your Hymen taper
I'll light up for you; the window shall shew you
The way to Sestos.
Ant. I will venture drowning.
Mart. The simile holds not; 'tis hanging rather.
You must ascend your castle by a ladder;
To the foot I'll bring you.
Ant. Leave me to climb it.
Mart. If I do turn you off?
Ant. Till night, fare well, then better.
Ism. Best it should be;
But peevish hatred keeps back that decree. [*Exeunt.*
Mart. I never look'd so smooth as now I purpose:
And then, beware! Knave is at worst of knave
When he smiles best, and the most seems to save.
[*Exit*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in* Julio's *House*

Enter Julio.

Julio. My mind's unquiet; while Antonio
My nephew's abroad, my heart is not at home;
Only my fears stay with me; bad company!
But I cannot shift 'em off. This hatred

Betwixt the house of Bellides and us
Is not fair war; 'tis civil, but uncivil.
We are near neighbours; were of love as near,
Till a cross misconstruction ('twas no more,
In conscience) put us so far asunder:
I would 'twere reconciled! it has lasted
Too many sun-sets. If grace might moderate,
Man should not lose so many days of peace,
To satisfy the anger of one minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The knave to attend my Antonio too,
Yet he returns no comfort to me neither.

Enter BUSTOPHA.

Bust. No, I must not——
Julio. Ha! he is come.
Bust. I must not;
'Twill break his heart to hear it.
Julio. How! there's bad tidings: [*Steps aside.*
I must obscure and hear it; he'll not tell me,
For breaking of my heart; 'tis half split already.
Bust. I have spied him: Now to knock down a [don
With a lie, a silly harmless lie! 'twill be
Valiantly done, and nobly perhaps.
Julio. I cannot hear him now.
Bust. Oh, the bloody days that we live in!
The envious, malicious, deadly days
That we draw breath in!
Julio. Now I hear too loud.
Bust. The children that never shall be born may rue it;
For men, that are slain now, might have lived
To have got children, that might have cursed
Their fathers.
Julio. Oh, my posterity is ruined!
Bust. Oh, sweet Antonio!
Julio. Oh, dear Antonio!
Bust. Yet it was nobly done of both parts:
When he and Lisauro met——
Julio. Oh, death has parted 'em!
Bust. "Welcome, my mortal foe," says one! "Welcome,
My deadly enemy," says th' other! Off go their doublets,
They in their shirts, and their sword stark naked;
Here lies Antonio, here lies Lisauro;
He comes upon him with an *embroccado*,
That he puts by with a *punta reversa*; Lisauro
Recoils me two paces, and some six inches back,
Takes his career, and then, oh——
Julio. Oh!
Bust. Runs Antonio
Quite through——
Julio. Oh, villain!
Bust. Quite through between the arm and the [body;
So that he had no hurt at that bout.
Julio. Goodness be praised!
Bust. But then, at next encounter,
He fetches me up Lisauro; Lisauro
Makes out a lunge at him, which he thinking
To be a *passado*, Antonio's foot
Slipping down, oh, down——
Julio. Oh, now thou art lost!
Bust. Oh, but the quality of the thing, both gentlemen,
Both Spanish Christians: Yet one man to shed—
Julio. Say his enemies' blood.
Bust. His hair may come
By divers casualties, though he never go
Into the field with his foe; but a man
To lose nine ounces and two drams of blood
At one wound, thirteen and a scruple at another.
And to live till he die in cold blood—Yet the surgeon,
That cur'd him, said if *pia mater* had not
Been perished, he had been a lives man
Till this day.
Julio. There he concludes he is gone.
Bust. But all this is nothing: Now I come to the point——
Julio. Ay the point, that's deadly; the ancient blow
Over the buckler ne'er went half so deep.
Bust. Yet pity bids me keep in my charity;
For me to pull an old man's ears from his head
With telling of a tale—Oh, foul tale! No, be silent, tale.
Furthermore, there is the charge of burial;
Every one will cry *blacks*, *blacks*, that had
But the least finger dipt in his blood, though ten
Degrees removed when it was done. Moreover,
The surgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid;
Sugar-plums and sweet-breads! yet, I say,
The man may recover again, and die in his bed
Julio. What motley stuff is this? Sirrah, speak [truth,
What hath befallen my dear Antonio?
Restrain your pity in concealing it!
Tell me the danger full; take off your care
Of my receiving it; kill me that way,
I'll forgive my death! what thou keep'st back from truth
Thou shalt speak in pain; do not ook to find
A limb in his right place, a bone unbroke,
Nor so much flesh unbroil'd of all that mountain,
As a worm might sup on; dispatch, or be dispatched!
Bust. Alas, sir, I know nothing, but that Antonio
Is a man of God's making to this hour:
'Tis not two since I left him so.
Julio. Where didst thou leave him?
Bust. In the same clothes he had on when he went from you.
Julio. Does he live?
Bust. I saw him drink.
Julio. Is he not wounded?
Bust. He may have a cut i' th' leg by this time: for Don Martine
And he were at whole slashes.
Julio. Met he not with Lisauro?
Bust. I do not know her.
Julio. Her? Lisauro is a man, as he is.
Bust. I saw
Ne'er a man like him.
Julio. Didst thou not discourse
A fight betwixt Antonio and Lisauro?
Bust. Ay, to myself;
I hope a man may give himself the lie
If it please him.
Julio. Didst thou lie then?
Bust. As sure as you live now.
Julio. I live
The happier by it. When will he return?
Bust. That he sent me to tell you; within these
Ten days at furthest.
Julio. Ten days? he's not wont
To be absent two.
Bust. Nor I think he will not;
He said he would be at home to-morrow; but I love
To speak within my compass.

Julio. You shall speak within mine, sir, now.
Within there!

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow into custody!
Keep him safe, I charge you!
Bust. Safe? Do you hear? take notice
What plight you find me in; if there want but a [collop,
Or a steak o' me, look to't!
Julio. If my nephew
Return not in his health to-morrow, thou goest
To the rack.
Bust. Let me go to th' manger first;
I had rather eat oats than hay. [*Exit, with* Servants.

Enter BELLIDES *with a Letter.*

Bel. By your leave, sir.
Julio. For aught I know yet, you are welcome, sir.
Bel. Read that, and tell me so; or if thy spectacles
Be not easy, keep thy nose unsaddled, and ope
Thine ears: I can speak thee the contents; I made
'Tis a challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't: ['em.
I scorn to hire my second to deliver't,
I bring't myself. Dost know me, Julio?
Julio. Bellides?
Bel. Yes; is not thy hair on end now?
Julio. Somewhat amazed at thy rash hardiness:
How durst thou come so near thine enemy?
Bel. Durst?
I dare come nearer: Thou art a fool, Julio.
Julio. Take it home to thee, with a knave to boot.
Bel. Knave to thy teeth again! and all that's
Give me not a fool more than I give thee, [quit.
Or, if thou dost, look to hear on't again.
Julio. What an encounter's this!
Bel. A noble one!
My hand is to my words; thou hast it there:
There I do challenge thee, if thou dar'st, be
Good friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee
Julio. Be friends with thee? [coward.
Bel. I'll shew thee reasons for't:
A pair of old coxcombs, (now we go together)
Such as should stand examples of discretion,
The rules of grammar to unwilling youth
To take out lessons by; we, that should check
And quench the raging fire in others' bloods,
We strike the battle to destruction?
Read 'em the black art? and make 'em believe
It is divinity? Heathens, are we not?
Speak thy conscience: how hast thou slept this
Since this fiend haunted us? [month,
Julio. Sure some good angel
Was with us both last night! Speak thou truth
Was it not last night's motion? [now;
Bel. Dost not think
I would not lay hold of it at first proffer,
Should I ne'er sleep again?
Julio. Take not all from me;
I'll tell the doctrine of my vision.
"Say that Antonio, best of thy blood,
Or any one, the least allied to thee,
Should be the prey unto Lisauro's sword,
Or any of the house of Bellides"——
Bel. Mine was the just inversion; on, on!
Julio. "How would mine eyes have emptied thee in sorrow,
And left the conduit of Nature dry!
Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the balls,
And broke the glasses; with thine own curses
Have torn thy soul, left thee a statue
To propagate thy next posterity!"
Bel. "Yes, and thou causer!" so it said to me,
"They fight but your mischiefs; the young men
As is the life and blood coagulate, [were friends,
And curded in one body; but this is yours,
An inheritance that you have gather'd for 'em,
A legacy of blood to kill each other
Throughout your generations." Was't not so?
Julio. Word for word.
Bel. Nay, I can go farther yet.
Julio. 'Tis far enough: Let us atone it here,
And in a reconciled circle fold
Our friendship new again.
Bel. The sign's in Gemini;
An auspicious house! 't has join'd both ours again.
Julio. You cannot proclaim me coward now, Don Bellides.
Bel. No; thou'rt a valiant fellow; so am I:
I'll fight with thee at this hug, to the last leg
I have to stand on, or breath or life left.
Julio. This is the salt unto humanity,
And keeps it sweet.
Bel. Love! oh, life stinks without it.—
I can tell you news.
Julio. Good has long been wanting.
Bel. I do suspect, and I have some proof on't,
(So far as a love-epistle comes to)
That Antonio (your nephew) and my daughter
Ismenia, are very good friends before us.
Julio. That were a double wall about our houses,
Which I could wish were builded.
Bel. I had it from
Antonio's intimate, Don Martine:
And yet, methought, it was no friendly part
To shew it me.
Julio. Perhaps 'twas his consent:
Lovers have policies as well as statesmen:
They look not always at the mark they aim at.
Bel. We'll take up cudgels, and have one bout
They shall know nothing of this union; [with 'em.
And, till they find themselves most desperate,
Succour shall never see 'em.
Julio. I'll take your part, sir.
Bel. It grows late; there's a happy day past us.
Julio. The example, I hope, to all behind it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Night. Before the House of* BELLIDES.

AMINTA *appears at the Window with a Taper.*

Amin. Stand fair, light of love! which epithet and place
Adds to thee honour, to me it would be shame.
We must be weight in love, no grain too light;
Thou art the land-mark: but if Love be blind,
(As many that can see have so reported)
What benefit canst thou be to his darkness?
Love is a jewel (some say) inestimable,
But hung at the ear, deprives our own sight,
And so it shines to others, not ourselves.
I speak my skill; I have only heard on't,
But I could wish a nearer document.
Alas, the ignorant desire to know!
Some say, Love's but a toy, and with a but——
Now, methinks, I should love it ne'er the worse:
A toy is harmless sure, and may be play'd with;
It seldom goes without his adjunct, *pretty*.

"A pretty toy," we say; 'tis metre to *joy* too.
Well, here may be a mad night yet, for all this!
Here's a priest ready, and a lady ready;
chamber ready, and a bed ready;
'Tis then but making unready, and that's soon done.
My lady is my cousin; I myself;
Which is nearest then? My desires are mine;
Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter?
It may be ventured in a worser cause.
I must go question with my conscience;
I have the word; centinel, do thou stand;
Thou shalt not need to call, I'll be at hand. [*Exit.*

Enter below, ANTONIO *and* MARTINE.

Ant. Are we not dogg'd behind us, think'st thou, friend?
Mart. I heard not one bark, sir.
Ant. There are that bite
And bark not, man; methought I spied two fellows,
That through two streets together walk'd aloof,
And wore their eyes suspiciously upon us.
Mart. Your jealousy, nothing else; or such perhaps
As are afraid as much of us; who knows
But about the like business? but, for your fears' sake,
I'll advise and entreat one courtesy. [
Ant. What is that, friend?
Mart. I will not be denied, sir;
Change your upper garments with me.
Ant. It needs not.
Mart. I think so too; but I will have it so,
If you dare trust me with the better, sir.
Ant. Nay then——
Mart. If there should be danger towards,
There will be the main mark, I'm sure.
Ant. Here thou takest from me——
Mart. Tush! the general
Must be safe, howe'er the battle goes.
[*They change cloaks.*
See you the beacon yonder?
Ant. Yes; we are near shore.

Enter two Gentlemen, *with weapons drawn; lay on upon* MARTINE; ANTONIO *pursues them out in rescue of* MARTINE.

Mart. Come, land, land! you must clamber by the cliff;
Here are no stairs to raise by. [
Ant. Ay! are you there? [*Fight, and exeunt.*

Enter AMINTA *above, and* MARTINE, *returned again, ascends.*

Amin. Antonio?
Mart. Yes. Ismenia?
Amin. Thine own.
Mart. Quench the light; thine eyes are guides illustrious.
Amin. 'Tis necessary. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Your legs have saved your lives, whoe'er ye are.
Friend! Martine! where art thou? not hurt, I hope!
Sure I was farthest i' th' pursuit of 'em. [
My pleasures are forgotten through my fears!
The light's extinct! it was discreetly done;
They could not but have notice of the broil,
And fearing that might call up company,
Have carefully prevented, and closed up:
I do commend the heed. Oh, but my friend,
I fear he's hurt!—Friend! friend! It cannot be
So mortal, that I should lose thee quite, friend!
A groan! anything that may discover thee!
Thou art not sunk so far, but I might hear thee.
I'll lay mine ear as low as thou canst fall:
Friend! Don Martine! I must answer for thee,
('Twas in my cause thou fell'st) if thou be'st down.
Such dangers stand betwixt us and our joys,
That, should we forethink ere we undertake,
We'd sit at home, and save.—What a night's here
Purposed for so much joy, and now disposed
To so much wretchedness! I shall not rest in't!
If I had all my pleasures there within,
I should not entertain 'em with a smile.
Good night to you! Mine will be black and sad;
A friend cannot, a woman may be had. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* BELLIDES.

Enter ISMENIA *and* AMINTA.

Ism. Oh, thou false——
Amin. Do your daring'st! he's mine own,
Soul and body mine, church and chamber mine,
Totally mine.
Ism. Darest thou face thy falsehood?
Amin. Shall I not give a welcome to my wishes,
Come home so sweetly? Farewell, your company,
Till you be calmer, woman! [*Exit.*
Ism. Oh, what a heap
Of misery has one night brought with it!

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Where is he? Do you turn your shame from me?
You're a blind adulteress! you know you are.
Ism. How's that, Antonio?
Ant. Till I have vengeance,
Your sin's not pardonable! I will have him,
If hell hide him not! you have had your last of him. [*Exit.*
Ism. What did he speak? I understood him not!
He call'd me a foul name; it was not mine;
He took me for another, sure.

Enter BELLIDES.

Bel. Ha! are you there?
Where is your sweetheart? I have found you, traitor
To my house! wilt league with mine enemy?
You'll shed his blood, you'll say: Ha! will you so?
And fight with your heels upwards? No, minion;
I have a husband for you, (since you're so rank)
And such a husband as thou shalt like him,
Whether thou wilt or no: Antonio?
Ism. It thunders with the storm now.
Bel. And to-night
I'll have it dispatch'd; I'll make it sure, I!
By to-morrow this time thy maidenhead

Shall not be worth a chequin, if it were
Knock'd at an out-cry. Go! I'll ha' you before me:
Shough, shough! up to your coop, pea-hen!
Ism. Then I'll try my wings. [*Exit.*
Bel. Ay? are you good at that? stop, stop, thief! stop there! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of* OTRANTE.

Enter OTRANTE *and* FLORIMEL, *singing.*

SONG.

Flor. Now having leisure, and a happy wind,
Thou mayst at pleasure cause the stones to grind;
Sails spread, and grist here ready to be ground;
Fy, stand not idly, but let the mill go round!

Otr. Why dost thou sing and dance thus? why so merry?
Why dost thou look so wantonly upon me?
And kiss my hands?
Flor. If I were high enough,
I would kiss your lips too.
Otr. Do, this is some kindness;
This tastes of willingness; nay, you may kiss still.
But why o' th' sudden now does the fit take you,
Unoffer'd, or uncompell'd? why these sweet curtesies? [thus:
Even now you would have blush'd to death to kiss
Pr'ythee, let me be prepared to meet thy kindness!
I shall be unfurnish'd else to hold thee play, wench:
Stay now a little, and delay your blessings!
If this be love, methinks it is too violent:
If you repent you of your strictness to me,
It is so sudden, it wants circumstance.
Flor. Fy, how dull!

SONG.

How long shall I pine for love?
How long shall I sue in vain?
How long, like the turtle-dove,
Shall I heavily thus complain?
Shall the sails of my love stand still?
Shall the grist of my hopes be unground?
Oh fy, oh fy, oh fy!
Let the mill, let the mill go round!

Otr. Pr'ythee be calm a little!
Thou makest me wonder; thou that wert so strange,
And read such pious rules to my behaviour
But yesternight; thou that wert made of modesty,
Shouldst in a few short minutes turn thus desperate!
Flor. You are too cold.
Otr. I do confess I freeze now!
I am another thing all over me.
It is my part to woo, not to be courted.
Unfold this riddle; 'tis to me a wonder,
That now o' th' instant, ere I can expect,
Ere I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
A separation of your honest carriage
From the desires of youth, thus wantonly,
Thus beyond expectation——
Flor. I will tell you,
And tell you seriously, why I appear thus,
To hold you no more ignorant and blinded:
I have no modesty; I am truly wanton;
I am that you look for, sir: Now, come up roundly!
If my strict face and counterfeited stateliness
Could have won on you, I had caught you that way,
And you should ne'er have come to have known who hurt you.
Pr'ythee, sweet count, be more familiar with me!
However we are open in our natures,
And apt to more desires than you dare meet with,
Yet we affect to lay the gloss of good on't.
I saw you touch'd not at the bait of chastity,
And that it grew distasteful to your palate
To appear so holy; therefore I take my true shape:
Is your bed ready, sir? you shall quickly find me.

SONG.

On the bed I'll throw thee, throw thee down;
Down being laid,
Shall we be afraid
To try the rights that belong to love?
No, no; there I'll woo thee with a crown,
Crown our desires;
Kindle the fires,
When love requires we should wanton prove,
We'll kiss, we'll sport, we'll laugh, we'll play;
If thou comest short, for thee I'll stay;
If thou unskilful art, on the ground
I'll kindly teach—we'll have the mill go round.

Otr. Are you no maid?
Flor. Alas, my lord, no certain;
I am sorry you're so innocent to think so.
Is this an age for silly maids to thrive in?
It is so long too since I lost it, sir,
That I have no belief I ever was one:
What should you do with maidenheads? you hate 'em;
They are peevish, pettish things, that hold no game up,
No pleasure neither; they are sport for surgeons;
I'll warrant you I'll fit you beyond maidenhead:
A fair and easy way men travel right in.
And with delight, discourse, and twenty pleasures,
They enjoy their journey; madmen creep through hedges.
Otr. I am metamorphosed! Why do you appear,
I conjure you, beyond belief thus wanton?
Flor. Because I would give you pleasure beyond belief.

SONG.

Think me still in my father's mill,
Where I have oft been found-a
Thrown on my back,
On a well-fill'd sack,
While the mill has still gone round-a:
Pr'ythee, sirrah, try thy skill;
And again let the mill go round-a!

Otr. Then you have traded?
Flor. Traded? how should I know else how to live, sir,
And how to satisfy such lords as you are,
Our best guests and our richest?
Otr. How I shake now!
You take no base men?
Flor. Any that will offer;
All manner of men, and all religions, sir,
We touch at in our time; all states and ages,
We exempt none.

SONG.

The young one, the old one.
The fearful, the bold one,
The lame one, though ne'er so unsound,
The Jew or the Turk,
Have leave for to work,
The whilst that the mill goes round.

Otr. You are a common thing then?
Flor. No matter, since you have your private pleasure.
And have it by an artist excellent,

Whether I am thus, or thus; your men can tell you.
Otr. My men? defend me! how I freeze together,
And am on ice! Do I bite at such an orange?
After my men? I am preferr'd!
Flor. Why stay you?
Why do we talk, my lord, and lose our time?
Pleasure was made for lips, and sweet embraces;
Let lawyers use their tongues!—Pardon me, Modesty! [*Apart.*
This desperate way must help; or I am miserable.
Otr. She turns, and wipes her face; she weeps for certain!
Some new way now; she cannot be thus beastly;
She is too excellent fair to be thus impudent:
She knows the elements of common looseness;
The art of lewdness—that, that, that—How now, sir?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The king, an't please your lordship, is
Close at the gate. [alighted
Otr. The king?
Serv. And calls for you, sir;
Means to breakfast here too.
Flor. Then I am happy!
Otr. Stolen so suddenly? Go, lock her up;
Lock her up where the courtiers may not see her;
Lock her up closely, sirrah, in my closet.
Serv. I will, my lord. What, does she yield yet?
Otr. Peace!
She's either a damn'd devil, or an angel.—
No noise, upon your life, dame, but all silence!
[*Exeunt* Florimel *and* Servant.

Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Lisauro, *and* Terzo.

Otr. Your majesty heaps too much honour on me,
With such delight to view each several corner
Of a rude pile; there's no proportion in't, sir.
Phil. Methinks 'tis handsome, and the rooms along
Are neat, and well contrived: the gallery
Stands pleasantly and sweet. What rooms are [these?
Otr. They are sluttish ones.
Phil. Nay, I must see.
Otr. Pray you do, sir:
They are lodging-chambers o'er a homely garden.
Phil. Fit still, and handsome; very well!—and those?
Otr. Those lead to the other side o' th' house,
Phil. Let me see those. [an't like you.
Otr. You may; the doors are open.—
What should this view mean? I am half suspicious. [*Aside.*
Phil. This little room?
Otr. 'Tis mean; a place for trash, sir,
For rubbish of the house.
Phil. I would see this too:
I will see all.
Otr. I beseech your majesty!
The savour of it, and the coarse appearance——
Phil. 'Tis not so bad; you would not offend
Come, let me see. [your house with it:
Otr. 'Faith, sir——
Phil. I'faith, I will see.
Otr. My groom has the key, sir; and 'tis ten to one——
Phil. But I will see it.—Force the lock, my lords,
There be smiths enough to mend it:—I perceive
You keep some rare things here, you would not shew, sir.

Florimel *discovered.*

Terzo. Here's a fair maid indeed!
Phil. By my faith is she;
A handsome girl!—Come forward! do not fear, wench.—
Ay, marry, here's a treasure worth concealing.
Call in the miller.
Otr. Then I am discover'd!—
I'll confess all before the miller comes, sir:
'Twas but intention; from all act I am clear yet.

Enter Franio.

Phil. Is this your daughter?
Fra. Yes, an't please your highness,
This is the shape of her; for her substance, sir,
Whether she be now honourable or dishonourable,
Whether she be a white rose, or a canker, is the question.
I thank my lord, he made bold with my filly:
If she be for your pace, you had best preserve her, sir;
She's tender-mouth'd; let her be broken handsomely!
Phil. Maid, were you stol'n? [
Flor. I went not willingly,
An't please your grace; I was ne'er bred so boldly.
Phil. How has he used you!
Flor. Yet, sir, very nobly.
Phil. Be sure you tell truth.—And be sure, my lord,
You have not wrong'd her; if you have, I tell you,
You have lost me and yourself too!—Speak again, wench.
Flor. He has not wrong'd me, sir; I am yet a maid:
By all that's white and innocent, I am, sir!
Only I suffer'd under strong temptations,
The heat of youth; but Heaven deliver'd me.—
My lord, I am no whore, for all I feign'd it,
And feign'd it cunningly, and made you loath me:
'Twas time to out-do you: I had been robb'd else,
I had been miserable; but I forgive you.
Phil. What recompense for this?
Otr. A great one, sir;
First a repentance, and a hearty one.—
Forgive me, sweet!
Flor. I do, my lord.
Otr. I thank you!
The next, take this, and these; all I have, Florimel! [*Offers jewels.*
Flor. No, good my lord, these often corrupt maidens;
I dare not touch at these, they are lime for virgins;
But if you'll give me——
Otr. Anything in my power,
Or in my purchase.
Flor. Take heed, noble sir!
You'll make me a bold asker.
Otr. Ask me freely.
Flor. Ask you? I do ask you, and I deserve you;
I have kept you from a crying sin would damn you
To men and time; I have preserved your credit,
That would have died to all posterity:
Curses of maids shall never now afflict you,
Nor parents' bitter tears make your name barren.
If he deserves well that redeems his country,
And as a patriot be remember'd nobly,

Nay, set the highest; may not I be worthy
To be your friend, that have preserved your honour?

Otr. You are, and thus I take you; thus I seal
Mine own, and only mine. [you

Phil. Count, she deserves you:
And let it be my happiness to give you!
[*Gives her to* OTRANTE.
I have given a virtuous maid now, I dare say it;
'Tis more than blood. I'll pay her portion, sir;
And it shall be worthy you.

Fra. I'll sell my mill,
I'll pay some too! I'll pay the fiddlers,
And we'll have all i' th' country at this wedding.
Pray let me give her too:—Here, my lord, take her,
Take her with all my heart, and kiss her freely.
'Would I could give you all this hand has stol'n too,
In portion with her! 'twould make her a little whiter.
The wind blows fair now; get me a young miller!

Vert. She must have new clothes.

Terzo. Yes.

Vert. Yes, marry must she.—
If't please ye, madam, let me see the state of your
I'll fit you instantly. [body;

Phil. Art not thou gone yet?

Vert. An't please your grace, a gown, a hand-
An orient gown—— [some gown now,

Phil. Nay, take thy pleasure of her.

Vert. Of cloth of tissue—I can fit you, madam:
(My lords, stand out o' th' light!) a curious body!
The neatest body in Spain this day—with embroider'd flowers,
A clinquant petticoat of some rich stuff,
To catch the eye: I have a thousand fashions.
Oh, sleeve, oh, sleeve! I'll study all night, madam,
To magnify your sleeve.

Otr. Do, superstitious tailor,
When you have more time.

Flor. Make me no more than woman, and I am thine.

Otr. Sir, happily my wardrobe, with your help,
May fit her instantly; will you try her?

Vert. If I fit her not, your wardrobe cannot:
But if the fashion be not there, you mar her.

Enter ANTONIO, Constable, *and* Officers.

Ant. Is my offence so great, ere I be convict,
To be torn with rascals? If it be law,
Let 'em be wild horses rather than these.

Phil. What's that?

Con. This is a man suspected of murder, if it please your grace.

Phil. It pleases me not, friend. But who suspects him?

Con. We that are your highness' extraordinary officers, we that have taken our oaths to maintain you in peace.

Phil. 'Twill be a great charge to you.

Con. 'Tis a great charge indeed: but then we call our neighbours to help us. This gentleman and another were fallen out (yet that is more than I am able to say, for I heard no words between 'em, but what their weapons spoke, clash, and clatter) which we seeing, came with our bills of government, and first knock'd down their weapons, and then the men.

Phil. And this you did to keep the peace?

Con. Yes, an't like your grace, we knock'd 'em down, to keep the peace: This we laid hold on, the other we set in the stocks. That I could do, by mine own power, without your majesty.

Phil. How so, sir?

Con. I am a shoemaker by my trade.

Enter AMINTA.

Amin. Oh, my husband!
Why stands my husband as a man endanger'd?
Restore him me, as you are merciful
I'll answer for him.

Ant. What woman's this?—What husband?—Hold thy bawling!
I know thee for no wife.

Amin. You married me last night.

Ant. Thou liest! I neither was
In church nor house last night, nor saw I thee.
A thing that was my friend, I scorn to name now,
Was with Ismenia, like a thief, and there
He violated a sacred trust: This thou may'st know,

Amin Are not you he? [Aminta.

Ant. No, nor a friend of his:
'Would I had killed him! I hope I have.

Amin. That was my husband, royal sir, that
That excellent man! [man,

Ant. That villain, that thief!

Enter BELLIDES.

Bel. Have I caught you, sir? Well overtaken!
This is mine enemy.—Pardon, my sovereign!

Phil. Good charity, to crave pardon for your enemy!

Bel. Mine own pardon, sir, for my joy's rude-
In what place better could I meet my foe, [ness.
And both of us so well provided too?
He with some black blood-thirsty crime upon him,
That (ere the horse-leech burst) will suck him dry;
I with a second accusation,
Enough to break his neck, if need should be;
And then to have even Justice' self to right us!
How should I make my joys a little civil,
They might not keep this noise?

Ant. Here is some hope:
Should the axe be dull, the altar is preparing.

Phil. What is your accusation, sir? We have
The former. [heard

Enter JULIO.

Bel. Mine, my lord? A strong one.

Julio. A false one, sir,
At least malicious; an evidence
Of hatred and despite: He would accuse
My poor kinsman of that he never dreamed of,
Nor, waking, saw,—the stealing of his daughter;
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.—
Speak, Antonio, didst thou ever see her?

Ant. Yes, sir; I have seen her.

Bel. Ah, ha, friend Julio!

Julio. He might; but how? With an unheedful eye,
An accidental view, as men see multitudes,
That the next day dare not precisely say
They saw that face, or that, amongst 'em all.—
Didst thou so look on her?

Bel. Guilty, guilty!
His looks hang themselves.

Phil. Your patience, gentlemen!
I pray you tell me if I be in error;
I may speak often when I should but hear.
This is some show you would present us with.

And I do interrupt it. Pray you speak,
(It seems no more) is't anything but a show?
Bel. My lord, this gentlewoman can shew you all,
So could my daughter too, if she were here:
By this time they are both immodest enough.
She is fled me, and I accuse this thief for't.
Don Martine, his own friend, 's my testimony;
A practised night-work!
Phil. That Martine's the other
In your custody; he was forgotten:
Fetch him hither.
Con. We'll bring the stocks and all else,
An't please your grace!
Amin. That man's my husband certain, instead
Of this: Both would have deceived, and both beguiled.

Enter Bustopha *and* Ismenia *as* Juno.

Bust. So ho, miller, miller! look out, miller! Is there ne'er a miller amongst you here, gentlemen?
Terzo. Yes, sir, here is a miller amongst gentlemen,
A gentleman miller.
Bust. I should not be far off then; here went but a pair of sheers and a bodkin between us.—Will you to work, miller? Here's a maid has a sack full of news for you: Shall your stones walk? Will you grind, miller?
Phil. This your son, Franio?
Fra. My ungracious, my disobedient,
My unnatural, my rebel son, my lord.
Bust. Fy! your hopper runs over, miller.
Fra. This villain
(Of my own flesh and blood) was accessary
To the stealing of my daughter.
Bust. Oh mountain, shalt thou call a molehill a scab upon the face of the earth? Though a man be a thief, shall a miller call him so? Oh, egregious!
Julio. Remember, sirrah, who you speak before.
Bust. I speak before a miller, a thief in grain; for he steals corn: He that steals a wench, is a true man to him.
Phil. Can you prove that?
You may help another cause that was in pleading.
Bust. I'll prove it strongly. He that steals corn, steals the bread of the commonwealth; he that steals a wench, steals but the flesh.
Phil. And how
Is the bread-stealing more criminal than the flesh?
Bust. He that steals bread, steals that which is lawful every day; he that steals flesh, steals nothing from the fasting day: *ergo*, to steal the bread is the arranter theft.
Phil. This is to some purpose.
Bust. Again, he that steals flesh, steals for his own belly full; he that steals bread, robs the guts of others: *Ergo*, the arranter thief the bread-stealer. Again, he that steals flesh, steals once, and gives over; yes, and often pays for it; the other steals every day, without satisfaction. To conclude, bread-stealing is the more capital crime; for what he steals, he puts it in at the head; he that steals flesh (as the Dutch author says) puts it in at the foot (the lower member).—Will you go as you are now, miller?
Phil. How has this satisfied you, Don Bellides?
Bel. Nothing, my lord; my cause is serious!
I claim a daughter from that loving thief there.
Ant. I would I had her for you, sir!
Bel. Ah, ha, Julio!
Julio. How said you, Antonio! Wish you, you had his daughter?
Ant. With my soul I wish her; and my body
Shall perish, but I will enjoy my soul's wish.
I would have slain my friend for his deceit,
But I do find his own deceit hath paid him.
Julio. Will you vex my soul forth? no other choice
But where my hate is rooted?—Come hither, girl!
Whose pretty maid art thou?
Ism. The child of a poor man, sir.
Julio. The better for it. With my sovereign's leave,
I will wed thee to this man, will he, nill he.
Phil. Pardon me, sir, I'll be no love-enforcer;
I use no power of mine unto those ends.
Julio. Wilt thou have him?
Ism. Not unless he love me.
Ant. I do love thee: Farewell all other beauties!
I settle here.—You are Ismenia? [*Aside to* Ismenia.
Ism. The same I was; better, nor worse, Antonio.
Ant. I shall have your consent here, I'm sure, sir.
Bel. With all my heart, sir; nay, if you accept it,
I'll do this kindness to mine enemy,
And give her as a father.
Ant. She'll thank you as a daughter;—
Will you not, Ismenia?
Bel. How! Ismenia?
Ism. Your daughter, sir.
Bel. Is't possible?—
Away, you feeble-witted things! You thought
You had caught the old ones! You wade, you wade
In shallow fords; we can swim, we: Look here!
We made the match; we are all friends, good friends:
Thin, thin! Why, the fool knew all this, this fool.
Bust. Keep that to yourself, sir; what I knew I knew: This sack is a witness.—Miller, this is not for your thumbing: Here's gold lace; you may see her in the holiday clothes if you will; I was her wardrobe man.

Enter Martine, Aminta, Constable, *and* Officers.

Ant. You beguiled me well, sir. [*To* Julio.
Mart. Did you speak to me, sir?
Ant. It might seem to you, Martine;
Your conscience has quick ears.
Mart. My sight was
A little dim i' th' dark indeed; so was
My feeling cozen'd; yet I am content:
I am the better understander now;
I know my wife wants nothing of a woman!
There you're my junior.
Ant. You are not hurt?
Mart. Not shrewdly hurt;
I have good flesh to heal, you see, good round flesh.
These cherries will be worth chopping, crack stones and all;
I should not give much to boot to ride in your new,
And you in my old ones now.
Ant. You mistake the weapon: Are you not hurt?
Mart. A little scratch; but I shall claw it off well enough.

Enter GILLIAN.

Gil. I can no longer own what is not mine,
With a free conscience.—My liege, your pardon.
Phil. For what?—Who knows this woman?
Fra. I best, my lord; I have been acquainted with her
These forty summers, and as many winters,
Were it spring again: She's like the gout; I can
No cure for her. [get
Phil. Oh, your wife, Franio?
Fra. 'Tis "oh, my wife" indeed, my lord;
A painful stitch to my side; 'would it were pick'd
Phil. Well, sir, your silence! [out!
Bust. Will you be older and older every day than other? The older you live the older still? Must his majesty command your silence, ere you'll hold your tongue?
Phil. Your reprehension runs into the same
Pray, sir, will you be silent? [fault:
Bust. I have told him of this before now, my liege; but age will have his course, and his weaknesses—
Phil. Good sir, your forbearance.
Bust. And his frailties, and his follies, as I may say, that cannot hold his tongue ere he be bidden——
Phil. Why, sirrah!
Bust. But I believe your majesty will not be long troubled with him: I hope that woman has something to confess will hang 'em both.
Phil. Sirrah, you'll pull your destiny upon you,
If you cease not the sooner.
Bust. Nay, I have done, my liege; yet it grieves me that I should call that man father, that should be so shameless, that being commanded to hold his tongue——
Phil. To the porter's lodge with him.
Bust. I thank your grace! I have a friend there.
Phil. Speak, woman!
If any interruption meet thee more, it shall
Be punish'd sharply.
Gil. Good my liege, (I dare not)
Ask you the question why that old man weeps.
Phil. Who? Count Julio? I observed it not.—
You hear the question, sir; will you give the cause?
Julio. Oh, my lord, it hardly will get passage,
(It is a sorrow of that greatness grown)
'Less it dissolve in tears, and come by parcels.
Gil. I'll help you, sir, in the delivery,
And bring you forth a joy: You lost a daughter.
Julio. 'Twas that recounted thought brought forth these sorrows.
Gil. She's found again. Know you this mantle,
Julio. Ha! [sir?
Gil. Nay, leave your wonder, I'll explain it to you.
This did enwrap your child, whom ever since
I have call'd mine, when nurse Amaranta,
In a remove from Mora to Corduba,
Was seized on by a fierce and hungry bear;
She was the ravin's prey, as Heaven so would!
He, with his booty fill'd, forsook the babe:
All this was in my sight; and so long I saw,
Until the cruel creature left my sight;
At which advantage I adventured me
To rescue the sweet lamb: I did it, sir;
And ever since I have kept back your joy,
And made it mine. But age hath wearied me,
And bids me back restore unto the owner
What I unjustly kept these fourteen years.
Julio. Oh, thou hast ta'en so many years from me,
And made me young as was her birth-day to me.
Oh, good my liege, give my joys a pardon!
I must go pour a blessing on my child,
Which here would be too rude and troublesome.
[*Exit.*
Phil. Franio, you knew this before?
Bust. Oh, oh! *Item* for you, miller!
Fra. I did, my liege; I must confess I did;
And I confess, I ne'er would have confess'd,
Had not that woman's tongue begun to me.
We poor ones love, and would have comforts, sir,
As well as great. This is no strange fault, sir;
There's many men keep other men's children,
As though they were their own.
Bust. It may stretch farther yet, I beseech you, my liege, let this woman be a little farther examined; let the wards of her conscience be search'd: I would know how she came by me; I am a lost child, if I be theirs: Though I have been brought up in a mill, yet I had ever a mind, methought, to be a greater man.
Phil. She will resolve you sure.
Gil. Ay, ay, boy; thou art mine own flesh and
Born of mine own body. [blood,
Bust. 'Tis very unlikely that such a body should bear me! There's no trust in these millers. Woman, tell the truth! My father shall forgive thee, whatsoever he was, were he knight, squire, or captain; less he should not be.
Gil. Thou art mine own child, boy.
Bust. And was the miller my father?
Gil. Wouldst thou make thy mother a whore, knave?
Bust. Ay, if she make me a bastard.—The rack must make her confess, my lord; I shall never come to know who I am else. I have a worshipful mind in me, sure; methinks I do scorn poor folks.

Enter OTRANTE, FLORIMEL, JULIO, *&c.*

Phil. Here comes the brightest glory of the day;
Love yoked with love, the best equality,
Without the level of estate or person.
Jul. You both shall be rewarded bountifully;
We'll be a-kin too; brother and sister shall
Be changed with us ever.
Bust. Thank you, uncle! My sister is my cousin yet, at the last cast: Farewell, sister-foster; if I had known the civil law would have allowed it, thou hadst had another manner of husband than thou hast; but much good do thee! I'll dance at thy wedding, kiss the bride, and so—
Julio. Why, how now, sirrah?
Bust. 'Tis lawful now, she's none of my sister.
[*Sings.*

It was a miller and a lord,
That had a scabbard and a sword,
He put it up, in the country word;
The miller and his daughter.

She has a face, and she can sing,
She has a grace, and she can spring,
She has a place with another thing.
Tradoodle.

Fra. A knavish brother of yours, my lord.
Bust. 'Would I were acquainted with your tailor, noble brother.

Otr. You may; there he is! mine, newly entertain'd.

Vert. If you have any work for me, I can fit
I fitted the lady. [you, sir;

Bust. My sister, tailor? What fits her will
hardly fit me.

Vert. Who fits her
May fit you, sir; the tailor can do both.

Bust. You have a true yard, tailor?

Vert. Ne'er a whit too long, I warrant you.

Bust. [*Sings.*] Then, tailor, march with me away!
I scorn these robes, I must be gay;
My noble brother he shall pay
Tom Tailor. [*Exeunt.*

Phil. Your recovered friendships are so
gentlemen?

Bel. At heart, at heart, my lord: The
shall not
Beyond many ages find a breach to enter at.

Phil. These lovers' unities I will not doub
How happy have you made our progress then
To be the witness of such fair accords!
Come, now we'll eat with you, my lord Otra
'Tis a charge saved; you must not grudge
guest;
'Tis both my welcome, and your wedding-feas
[*E*

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, *Governor of Barcelona.*
LEONARDO, *a noble Genoese, Father to* MARC-ANTONIO.
SANCHIO, *an old lame angry Soldier, Father to* LEOCADIA.
ALPHONSO, *a choleric Don, Father to* THEODOSIA.
PHILIPPO, *Son to* ALPHONSO, *Lover of* LEOCADIA.
MARC-ANTONIO, *Son to* LEONARDO.
PEDRO, *Friend to* LEONARDO.
RODERIGO, *General of the Spanish Gallies.*
INCUBO, *Bailiff of Castel-Blanco.*
DIEGO, *Host of* OSSUNA.
LAZARO, *Hostler to* DIEGO.

Host, Bailiff } *of Ygualada.*
Chirurgeons, Soldiers, Townsmen, Attendants. Passengers, Boys, Servants.

THEODOSIA, *Daughter to* ALPHONSO,
LEOCADIA, *Daughter to* SANCHIO, } *Love-sick Ladies in pursuit of* MARC-ANTONIO.
EUGENIA, *Wife to the* Governor *of Barcelona.*
Hostess, *Wife to* DIEGO.
Wife *to the* Host *of Barcelona.*

SCENE,—SPAIN, AND AT SEA.

PROLOGUE.

To this place, gentlemen, full many a day
We have bid ye welcome, and to many a play:
And those whose angry souls were not diseased
With law, or lending money, we have pleased;
And make no doubt to do again. This night,
No mighty matter, nor no light,
We must entreat you look for: A good tale,
Told in two hours, we will not fail,
If we be perfect, to rehearse ye. New
I am sure it is, and handsome; but how true
Let them dispute that writ it. Ten to one
We please the women, and I'd know that man
Follows not their example! If ye mean
To know the play well, travel with the scene,
For it lies upon the road: If we chance tire,
As ye are good men, leave us not i' th' mire;
Another bait may mend us: If you grow
A little gall'd or weary, cry but "hoa,"
And we'll stay for ye. When our journey ends,
Every man's pot I hope, and all part friends.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—OSSUNA. *The Inn.*

Enter INCUBO *and* DIEGO.

Incubo. Signor Don Diego, and mine host, save thee!
Diego. I thank you, master Baily.
Inc. Oh, the block!
Diego. Why, how should I have answer'd?
Inc. Not with that
Negligent rudeness; but, "I kiss your hands,
Signor Don Incubo de Hambre;" and then
My titles; "master Baily of Castel-Blanco."
Thou ne'er wilt have the elegancy of an host;
I sorrow for thee, as my friend and gossip!—
No smoke, nor steam out-breathing from the kitchen?
There's little life i' th' hearth then.
Diego. Ay; there, there!
That is his friendship, hearkening for the spit,
And sorry that he cannot smell the pot boil.
Inc. Strange an inn should be so cursed, and not the sign
Blasted nor wither'd; very strange! three days
And not an egg eat in it, or an onion.
Diego. I think they ha' strew'd the highways now, with caltraps, I;
No horse dares pass 'em; I did never know
A week of so sad doings, since I first
Stood to my sign-post.
Inc. Gossip, I have found
The root of all: Kneel, pray; it is thyself
Art cause thereof; each person is the founder
Of his own fortune, good or bad: But mend it;
Call for thy cloak and rapier.
Diego. How!
Inc. Do, call,
And put 'em on in haste: Alter thy fortune,
By appearing worthy of her. Dost thou think
Her good face e'er will know a man in *cuerpo*?
In single body, thus? in hose and doublet,
The horse-boy's garb? base blank, and half-blank *cuerpo*?

Did I, or master dean of Sevil, our neighbour,
E'er reach our dignities in *cuerpo*, think'st thou?
In squirting hose and doublet? Signor, no;
There went more to't: There were cloaks, gowns,
And other *paramentos*: Call, I say.— [cassocks,
His cloak and rapier here!

Enter Hostess.

Hostess. What means your worship?
Inc. Bring forth thy husband's sword.—So! hang it on.
And now his cloak; here, cast it up.—I mean,
Gossip, to change your luck, and bring you guests.
Hostess. Why, is there charm in this?
Inc. Expect. Now walk;
But not the pace of one that runs on errands!
For want of gravity in an host is odious.
You may remember, gossip, if you please,
(Your wife being then th' infanta of the gipsies,
And yourself governing a great man's mules then)
Me a poor 'squire at Madrid, attending
A master of ceremonies (but a man, believe it,
That knew his place to the gold-weight;) and such,
Have I heard him oft say, ought every host
Within the catholic king's dominions
Be, in his own house.
Diego. How?
Inc. A master of ceremonies;
At least, vice-master, and to do nought in *cuerpo*;
That was his maxim. I will tell thee of him:
He would not speak with an ambassador's cook,
See a cold bake-meat from a foreign part,
In *cuerpo*: Had a dog but stay'd without,
Or beast of quality, as an English cow,
But to present itself, he would put on
His Savoy chain about his neck, the ruff
And cuffs of Holland, then the Naples hat,
With the Rome hatband, and the Florentine agate,
The Milan sword, the cloak of Genoa, set
With Flemish buttons; all his given pieces,
To entertain 'em in; and compliment
With a tame cony, as with the prince that sent it.
[*Knock within.*
Diego. List! who is there?
Inc. A guest, an't be thy will!
Diego. Look, spouse; cry "luck," an we be encounter'd. Ha!
Hostess. Luck then, and good; for 'tis a fine
With a brave horse. [brave guest,
Inc. Why now, believe of *cuerpo*
As you shall see occasion. Go, and meet him.

Enter Theodosia *in Men's Clothes.*

Theod. Look to my horse, I pray you, well.
Diego. He shall, sir.
Inc. Oh, how beneath his rank and call was that now!
"Your horse shall be entreated as becomes
A horse of fashion, and his inches."
Theod. Oh! [*Faints.*
Inc. Look to the cavalier! What ails he? Stay!
If it concern his horse, let it not trouble him;
He shall have all respect the place can yield him,
Either of barley, or fresh straw.
Diego. Good sir,
Look up.
Inc. He sinks! Somewhat to cast upon him;
He'll go away in *cuerpo* else.
Diego. What, wife!
Oh, your hot waters quickly, and some cold
To cast in his sweet face.
Hostess. Alas, fair flower! [*Exit.*
Inc. Does any body entertain his horse?
Diego. Yes; Lazaro has him.

Enter Hostess *with a Glass of Water.*

Inc. Go you see him in person. [*Exit* Diego.
Hostess. Sir, taste a little of this; of mine own water,
I did distill't myself. Sweet lilly, look upon me;
You are but newly blown, my pretty tulip;
Faint not upon your stalk. 'Tis firm and fresh.
Stand up: So! bolt upright. You are yet in growing.
Theod. Pray you let me have a chamber.
Hostess. That you shall, sir.
Theod. And where I may be private, I entreat you.
Hostess. For that, in troth, sir, we have no choice: Our house
Is but a vent of need, that now and then
Receives a guest between the greater towns,
As they come late; only one room——
Inc. She means, sir, 'tis none
Of those wild scatter'd heaps call'd inns, where searce
The host's heard, though he wind his horn to his people;
Here is a competent pile, wherein the man,
Wife, servants, all do live within the whistle.
Hostess. Only one room——
Inc. A pretty modest quadrangle!
She will describe to you.
Hostess. (Wherein stand two beds, sir)
We have: and where, if any guest do come,
He must of force be lodged; that is the truth, sir.

Enter Diego.

Theod. But if I pay you for both your beds,
That should alike content you. [methinks,
Hostess. That it shall, sir:
If I be paid, I am paid.
Theod. Why, there's a ducat!
Will that make you content?
Hostess. Oh, the sweet face on you!
A ducat? yes: An there were three beds, sir,
And twice so many rooms, which is one more,
You should be private in them all, in all, sir:
No one should have a piece of a bed with you;
Not master dean of Sevil himself, I swear,
Though he came naked hither, as once he did,
When he had like to have been ta'en a-bed with the Moor,
And gelt by her master; you shall be as private
As if you lay in's own great house that's haunted,
Where nobody comes, they say.
Theod. I thank you, Hostess.
Pray you, will you shew me in?
Hostess. Yes, marry will I, sir;
And pray that not a flea, or a chink vex you.
[*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Theodosia.
Inc. You forget supper! Gossip, move for supper.
Diego. 'Tis strange what love to a beast may do!
Threw him into this fit. [his horse
Inc. You shall excuse me;
It was his being in *cuerpo* merely caused it.
Diego. Do you think so, sir?
Inc. Most unlucky *cuerpo!*
Nought else. He looks as he would eat partridge,
This guest; ha' you 'em ready in the house?

And a fine piece of kid now? and fresh garlic,
With a sardina and Zant oil?—How now?

Enter Hostess.

Has he bespoke? what, will he have a brace,
Or but one partridge? or a short-legg'd hen,
Daintily carbonadoed?
Hostess. 'Las, the dead
May be as ready for a supper as he.
Inc. Ha?
Hostess. He has no mind to eat, more than his
Inc. Say you? [shadow.
Diego. How does your worship?
Inc. I put on
My left-shoe first to-day, (now I perceive it)
And skipt a bead in saying them over, else
I could not be thus cross'd! He cannot be
Above seventeen; one of his years, and have
No better a stomach?
Hostess. And in such good clothes too!
Diego. Nay, those do often make the stomach
That is no reason. [worse, wife;
Inc. I could, at his years, gossips,
(As temperate as you see me now) have eaten
My brace of ducks, with my half-goose, my cony,
And drank my whole twelve marvedis in wine,
As easy as I now get down three olives.
Diego. And, with your temperance' favour, yet I think
Your worship would put to't at six-and-thirty,
For a good wager, and the meal in too.
Inc. I do not know what mine old mouth can
I have not proved it lately. [do;
Diego. That's the grief, sir.
Inc. But is he, without hope then, gone to bed?
Hostess. I fear so, sir; he has lock'd the door
Sure he is very ill. [close to him:
Inc. That is with fasting.
You should ha' told him, gossip, what you had
Given him the inventory of your kitchen; [had.
It is the picklock in an inn, and often
Opens a close-barr'd stomach. What may he be,
Has he so good a horse? [trow!
Diego. Oh, a brave jennet,
As e'er your worship saw.
Inc. And *he* eats?
Diego. Strongly.
Inc. A mighty solecism! Heaven grant me pa-
What creatures has he? [tience!
Hostess. None.
Inc. And so well clothed,
And so well mounted?
Diego. That's all my wonder, sir,
Who he should be: He is attired and horsed
For the constable's son of Spain.
Inc. My wonder's more
He should want appetite.—Well, a good night
To both my gossips! I will for this time
Put off the thought of supping. In the morning
Remember him of breakfast, pray you.
Hostess. I shall, sir.
Diego. A hungry time, sir.
Inc. We that live like mice
On other's meat, must watch when we can get it.
[*Exit.*
Hostess. Yes, but I would not tell him, our fair
Says, though he eat no supper, he will pay [guest
For one.
Diego. Good news! we'll eat it, spouse, to his
'Twas politicly done to admit no sharers. [health.

Enter Philiro.

Phil. Look to the mules there! Where's mine
Diego. Here, sir.— [host?
Another fairy?
Hostess. Bless me!
Phil. From what, sweet Hostess?
Are you afraid o' your guests?
Hostess. From angels, sir;
I think there's none but such come here to-night.
My house had never so good luck before,
For brave fine guests: And yet, the ill luck on't is
I cannot bid you welcome.
Phil. No?
Hostess. Not lodge you, sir.
Phil. Not, Hostess?
Hostess. No, in troth, sir; I do tell you,
Because you may provide in time: my beds
Are both ta'en up by a young cavalier,
That will and must be private.
Diego. He has paid, sir,
For all our chambers.
Hostess. Which is one; and beds,
Which I already ha' told you are two. But, sir,
So sweet a creature—I am very sorry
I cannot lodge you by him; you look so like him
You are both the loveliest pieces——
Phil. What train has he?
Diego. None but himself.
Phil. And will no less than both beds
Serve him?
Hostess. He has given me a ducat for 'em.
Phil. Oh,
You give me reason, Hostess. Is he handsome,
And young, do you say?
Hostess. Oh, sir, the delicat'st flesh,
And finest clothes withal, and such a horse,
With such a saddle!
Phil. She's in love with all,
The horse, and him, and saddle, and clothes.—
Good woman,
Thou justifiest thy sex, lov'st all that's brave.

Enter Incubo.

Sure, though I lie o' th' ground, I'll stay here now.
And have a sight of him: You'll give me house-
room,
Fire, and fresh meat, for money, gentle Hostess,
And make me a pallet?
Inc. Sir, she shall do reason.—
I understood you had another guest, gossips:
Pray you let his mule be look'd to, have good straw,
And store of bran. And, gossip, do you hear,
Let him not stay for supper: What good fowl ha'
This gentleman would eat a pheasant. [you?
Hostess. 'Las, sir,
We ha' no such.
Inc. I kiss your hands, fair sir.—
What ha' you then? speak what you have.—I'm
Here for the Catholic king, an officer [one, sir
To enquire what guests come to these places: You
Appear a person of quality, and 'tis fit [sir,
You be accommodated.—Why speak you not?
What ha' you, woman? are you afraid to vent
That which you have?
Phil. This is a most strange man,
To appoint my meat!
Hostess. The half of a cold hen, sir,
And a boil'd quarter of kid, is all i' th' house.
Inc. Why, all's but cold. Let him see it forth;
And give the eye some satisfaction: [cover,

A traveller's stomach must see bread and salt;
His belly is nearer to him than his kindred.—
Cold hen's a pretty meat, sir.
Phil. What you please.—
I am resolved to obey.
Inc. So is your kid,
With pepper, garlic, and the juice of an orange:
She shall with sallads help it, and clean linen.—
Dispatch!—What news at court, sir?
Phil. 'Faith, new tires
Most of the ladies have, the men old suits;
Only the king's fool has a new coat
To serve you.
Inc. I did guess you came from thence, sir.
Phil. But I do know I did not.
Inc. I mistook, sir.
What hear you of the archdukes?
Phil. 'Troth, your question.
Inc. Of the French business what?
Phil. As much.
Inc. No more?

Enter Hostess *and* Servants, *with a Table.*

They say the French—Oh, that's well; come, I'll help you.—
Have you no giblets now? or a broil'd rasher?
Or some such present dish to assist!
Host. Not any, sir.
Inc. The more your fault! you ne'er should be without
Such aids: What cottage would ha' lack'd a pheasant
And kid forth quickly,
[*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Servants.
At such a time as this? Well, bring your hen.
Phil. That should be my prayer,
To 'scape his inquisition.
Inc. Sir, the French,
They say, are divided 'bout their match with us:
What think you of it?
Phil. As of nought to me, sir.
Inc. Nay, it's as little to me too; but I love
To ask after these things, to know the affections
Of states and princes, now and then, for bettering—
Phil. Of your own ignorance.
Inc. Yes, sir.
Phil. Many do so.
Inc. I cannot live without it. What do you hear
Of our Indian fleet? they say, they are well return'd.
Phil. I had no venture with 'em, sir; had you?
Inc. Why do you ask, sir?
Phil. 'Cause it might concern you;
It does not me.

Enter Hostess *and* Servants *with Meat, and exeunt.*

Inc. Oh, here's your meat come.
Phil. Thanks!
I welcome it at any price.
Inc. Some stools here!
And bid mine host bring wine.—I'll try your kid,
If he be sweet: He looks well. Yes; he is good.
I'll carve you, sir.
Phil. You use me too, too princely;
Taste, and carve too!
Inc. I love to do these offices.
Phil. I think you do; for whose sake?
Inc. For themselves, sir;
The very doing of them is reward.
Phil. He had little faith would not believe you, sir.
Inc. Gossip, some wine!

Enter Diego *with Wine.*

Diego. Here 'tis, and right Saint Martin.
Inc. Measure me out a glass.
Phil. I love the humanity
Used in this place.
Inc. Sir, I salute you here.
Phil. I kiss your hands, sir.
Inc. Good wine! it will beget an appetite:
Fill him, and sit down, gossip; entertain
Your noble guest here, as becomes your title.
Diego. Please you to like this wine, sir?
Phil. I dislike
Nothing, mine host, but that I may not see
Your concealed guest. Here's to you?
Diego. In good faith, sir,
I wish you as well as him; 'would you might see him!
Inc. And wherefore may he not?
Diego. He has lock'd himself, sir,
Up; and has hired both the beds o' my wife
At extraordinary rate.
Phil. I'll give as much
(If that will do't) for one, as he for both;
What say you, mine host? The door once open,
I'll fling myself upon the next bed to him,
And there's an end of me till morning; noise
I will make none.
Diego. I wish your worship well; but——
Inc. His honour is engaged; and my she-gossip
Hath past her promise, hath she not?
Diego. Yes, truly.
Inc. That toucheth to the credit of the house:
Well, I will eat a little, and think. How say you, sir,
Unto this brawn o' th' hen?
Phil. I ha' more mind
To get this bed, sir.
Inc. Say you so? why then,
Give't me again, and drink to me.—Mine host,
Fill him his wine! Thou'rt dull, and dost not praise it.—
I eat but to teach you the way, sir.
Phil. Sir,
Find but the way to lodge me in this chamber,
I'll give mine host two ducats for his bed,
And you, sir, two reals. Here's to you!
Inc. Excuse me;
I am not mercenary.—Gossip, pledge him for me.
I'll think. A little more; but even one bit;
And then—Talk on; you cannot interrupt me.
Diego. This piece of wine, sir, cost me——
Inc. Stay, I have found——
This little morsel, and then—Here's excellent garlic!
Have you not a bunch of grapes now, or some bacon,
To give the mouth a relish?
Diego. Wife, do you hear?
Inc. It is no matter.—Sir, give mine host your ducats.
Diego. How, sir!
Inc. Do you receive 'em: I will save
The honesty of your house; and yours too, gossip;
And I will lodge the gentleman. Shew the chamber.
Diego. Good sir, do you hear?
Inc. Shew me the chamber.
Diego. Pray you, sir,
Do not disturb my guest.
Inc. Disturb? I hope
The Catholic king, sir, may command a lodging,
Without *disturbing*, in his vassal's house.

For any minister of his, employ'd
In business of the state. Where is the door?—
Open the door! Who are you there? Within!
[*Knocks.*
In the king's name.
Theod. [*Within.*] What would you have?
Inc. Your key, sir,
And your door open: I have here command
To lodge a gentleman, from the justice, sent
Upon the king's affairs.
Theod. Kings and necessities
Must be obey'd: The key's under the door.
Inc. How now, sir? are you fitted? you secured?
Phil. Your two reals are grown a piece of eight.
Inc. Excuse me, sir!
Phil. 'Twill buy a hen, and wine,
Sir, for to-morrow. [*Exit.*
Inc. I do kiss your hands, sir.—
Well, this will bear my charge yet to the gallies,
(Where I am owing a ducat) whither this night,
By the moon's leave, I'll march; for in the morning
Early, they put from Port Saint Mary's. [*Exeunt all but* DIEGO.
Diego. Lazaro!

Enter LAZARO.

How do the horses?
Laz. 'Would you would go and see, sir!
A plague of all jades, what a clap he has given me!
As sure as you live, master, he knew perfectly
I cozen'd him on's oats; he look'd upon me,
And then he sneer'd, as who should say, "Take heed, sirrah!"
And when he saw our half-peck, which you know
Was but an old court-dish, Lord, how he stampt!
I thought 't had been for joy; when suddenly
He cuts me a back caper with his heels,
And takes me just o' th' crupper; down came I,
And all my ounce of oats: Then he neigh'd out,
As though he had had a mare by th' tail.
Diego. 'Faith, Lazaro,
We are to blame, to use the poor dumb servitors
So cruelly.
Laz. Yonder's this other gentleman's horse,
Keeping our Lady-eve; the devil a bit
He has got since he came in yet; there he stands,
And looks, and looks—But 'tis your pleasure, sir,
He shall look lean enough. He has hay before him,
But 'tis as big as hemp, and will as soon choak him,
Unless he eat it butter'd. He had four shoes,
And good ones, when he came; 'tis a strange wonder
With standing still he should cast three.
Diego. Oh, Lazaro,
The devil's in this trade! Truth never knew it;
And to the devil we shall travel, Lazaro,
Unless we mend our manners. Once every week
I meet with such a knock to mollify me,
Sometimes a dozen to awake my conscience,
Yet still I sleep securely.
Laz. Certain, master,
We must use better dealing.
Diego. 'Faith, for mine own part,
(Not to give ill example to our issues)
I could be well content to steal but two girths,
And now and then a saddle-cloth; change a bridle,
Only for exercise.
Laz. If we could stay there,
There were some hope on's, master; but the devil is
We are drunk so early, we mistake whole saddles,
Sometimes a horse; and then it seems to us too
Every poor jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his ears in clean straw; and every bottle
Shews at the least a dozen; when the truth is, sir,
There's no such matter, not a smell of provender,
Not so much straw as would tie up a horse-tail,
Nor anything i' th' rack, but two old cobwebs,
And so much rotten hay as had been a hen's nest.
Diego. Well, these mistakings must be mended,
These apparitions, that abuse our senses, [Lazaro,
And make us ever apt to sweep the manger,
But put in nothing; these fancies must be forgot,
And we must pray it may be reveal'd to us
Whose horse we ought, in conscience, to cozen,
And how, and when: A parson's horse may suffer
A little greasing in his teeth, 'tis wholesome,
And keeps him in a sober shuffle; and his saddle
May want a stirrup, and it may be sworn
His learning lay on one side, and so broke it:
He has ever oats in's cloak-bag to prevent us,
And therefore 'tis a meritorious office
To tithe him soundly.
Laz. And a grazier may
(For those are pinching puckfoists, and suspicious)
Suffer a mist before his eyes sometimes too,
And think he sees his horse eat half a bushel;
When the truth is, rubbing his gums with salt,
Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble
Like an old woman that were chewing brawn,
And drop 'em out again.
Diego. That may do well too,
And no doubt 'tis but venial: But, good Lazaro,
Have you a care of understanding horses,
Horses with angry heels, gentlemen's horses,
Horses that know the world! Let them have meat
Till their teeth ache, and rubbing till their ribs
Shine like a wench's forehead; they are devils——
Laz. And look into our dealings. As sure as we live,
These courtiers' horses are a kind of Welch prophets;
Nothing can be hid from 'em! For mine own part,
The next I cozen of that kind shall be founder'd,
And of all four too; I'll no more such compliments
Upon my crupper.
Diego. Steal but a little longer,
Till I am lamed too, and we'll repent together;
It will not be above two days.
Laz. By that time
I shall be well again, and all forgot, sir.
Diego. Why then, I'll stay for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bed-Room in the same.*

THEODOSIA *and* PHILIPPO, *discovered on several Beds*

Theod. Oh—ho! oh—ho!
Phil. Ha!
Theod. Oh—oh!—Heart, heart, heart, heart!
Phil. What's that?
Theod. When wilt thou break, break break,
Phil. Ha! [break?
I would the voice were stronger, or I nearer.
Theod. Shame, shame, eternal shame! what
Phil. Done? [have I done——
Theod. And to no end! what a wild journey
Have I more wildly undertaken!
Phil. Journey?

Theod. How, without counsel, care, reason, or [fear!
Phil. Whither will this fit carry?
Theod. Oh, my folly!
Phil. This is no common sickness.
Theod. How have I left
All I should love or keep! Oh, Heaven!
Phil. Sir!
Theod. Ha!
Phil. How do you, gentle sir?
Theod. Alas, my fortune!
Phil. It seems your sorrow oppresses: Please your goodness,
Let me bear half, sir; a divided burthen
Is so made lighter.
Theod. Oh!
Phil. That sigh betrays
The fullness of your grief.
Theod. Ay, if that grief
Had not bereft me of my understanding,
I should have well remembered where I was,
And in what company; and clapt a lock
Upon this tongue for talking.
Phil. Worthy sir,
Let it not add to your grief, that I have heard
A sigh or groan come from you; that is all, sir.
Theod. Good sir, no more! you have heard too much, I fear:
'Would I had taken poppy when I spake it!
Phil. It seems you have an ill belief of me,
And would have fear'd much more, had you spoke [aught
I could interpret. But, believe it, sir,
Had I had means to look into your breast,
And ta'en you sleeping here, that so securely
I might have read all that your woe would hide,
I would not have betrayed you.
Theod. Sir, that speech
Is very noble, and almost would tempt
My need to trust you.
Phil. At your own election;
I dare not make my faith so much suspected
As to protest again; nor am I curious
To know more than is fit.
Theod. Sir, I will trust you;
But you shall promise, sir, to keep your bed,
And, whatsoe'er you hear, not to importune
More, I beseech you, from me——
Phil. Sir, I will not.
Theod. Than I am prone to utter.
Phil. My faith for it!
Theod. If I were wise, I yet should hold my [peace.
You will be noble?
Phil. You shall make me so
If you'll but think me such.
Theod. I do. Then know
You are deceived with whom you have talk'd so [long;
I am a most unfortunate lost woman.
Phil. Ha!
Theod. Do not stir, sir! I have here a sword.
Phil. Not I, sweet lady. Of what blood or [name!
Theod. You'll keep your faith!
Phil. I'll perish else.
Theod. Believe, then,
Of birth too noble for me, so descended——
I am ashamed, no less than I'm affrighted.
Phil. Fear not: By all good things, I will not wrong you!
Theod. I am the daughter of a noble gentleman,
Born in this part of Spain; my father's name, sir—
But why should I abuse that reverence,
When a child's duty has forsaken me?
Phil. All may be mended, in fit time, too:
Theod. Alphonso, sir. [Speak it.
Phil. Alphonso? What's your own name?
Theod. Any base thing you can invent.
Phil. Deal truly.
Theod. They call me Theodosia.
Phil. Ha! and love
Is that that hath changed you thus?
Theod. You have observed me
Too nearly, sir; 'tis that indeed; 'tis love, sir;
And love of him—oh, Heavens, why should men deal thus?
Why should they use their arts to cozen us
That have no cunning, but our fears, about us;
And ever that too late too; no dissembling
Or double way, but doting, too much loving?
Why should they find new oaths, to make more [wretches?
Phil. What may his name be?
Theod. Sir, a name that promises,
Methinks, no such ill usage; Marc-Antonio,
A noble neighbour's son. Now I must desire you
To stay a while; else my weak eyes must answer.
Phil. I will.—Are you yet ready? What's his quality?
Theod. His best, a thief, sir; that he would be known by
Is, heir to Leonardo, a rich gentleman;
Next of a handsome body, had Heaven made him
A mind fit to it. To this man, my fortune
(My more than purblind fortune) gave my faith,
Drawn to it by as many shows of service
And signs of truth, as ever false tongue utter'd:
Heaven pardon all!
Phil. 'Tis well said! Forward, lady.
Theod. Contracted, sir, and by exchange of rings
Our souls delivered; nothing left unfinished
But the last work, enjoying me, and ceremony;
For that, I must confess, was the first wise doubt
I ever made. Yet, after all this love, sir,
All this profession of his faith, when daily
And hourly I expected the bless'd priest,
He left me like a dream, as all this story
Had never been, nor thought of; why, I know not
Yet I have call'd my conscience to confession,
And every syllable that might offend
I have had in shrift: Yet neither love's law, signor,
Nor tie of maiden's duty, but desiring,
Have I transgress'd in. Left his father too;
Nor whither he is gone, or why departed,
Can any tongue resolve me. All my hope
(Which keeps me yet alive, and would persuade me
I may be once more happy, and thus shapes me
A shame to all my modest sex) is this, sir;
I have a brother, and his old companion,
Student in Salamanca; there my last hope,
If he be yet alive, and can be loving,
Is left me to recover him: For which travel,
In this suit left at home of that dear brother's,
Thus as you find me, without fear, or wisdom,
I have wander'd from my father, fled my friends,
And now am only child of hope and danger.
You are now silent, sir; this tedious story
(That ever keeps me waking) makes you heavy:
'Tis fit it should do so; for that and I
Can be but troubles.
Phil. No; I sleep not, lady:
I would I could!—Oh, Heaven, is this my comfort?
Theod. What ail you, gentle sir?
Phil. Oh!
Theod. Why do you groan so?

Phil. I must, I must! oh, misery! [*Rises.*
Theod. But now, sir,
You were my comfort: If any thing afflict you,
Am not I fit to bear a part on't? and by your own rule?
Phil. No; if you could heal, as you have wounded me——
But 'tis not in your power.
Theod. I fear intemperance.
Phil. Nay, do not seek to shun me! I must see you,
By Heaven, I must.—Hoa there, mine host! a candle!—
Strive not; I will not stir you.
Theod. Noble sir,
This is a breach of promise.
Phil. Tender lady,
It shall be none but necessary.—Hoa there!
Some light, some light, for Heaven's sake!
Theod. Will you betray me?
Are you a gentleman?
Phil. Good woman!
Theod. Sir!

Enter Diego, *with a Light.*

Phil. If I be prejudicial to you, curse me!
Diego. You are early stirring, sir.
Phil. Give me your candle;
And so, good morrow for a while.
Diego. Good morrow, sir. [*Exit.*
Theod. My brother Don Philippo? Nay, sir, kill me! [*Kneels.*
I ask no mercy, sir, for none dare know me;
I can deserve none. As you look upon me,
Behold in infinite these foul dishonours
My noble father, then yourself, last all
That bear the name of kindred, suffer in me!
I have forgot whose child I am, whose sister;
Do you forget the pity tied to that,
Let not compassion sway you! you will be then
As foul as I, and bear the same brand with me,
A favourer of my fault. You have a sword, sir,
And such a cause to kill me in——
Phil. Rise, sister!
I wear no sword for women, nor no anger,
While your fair chastity is yet untouch'd.
Theod. By those bright stars, it is, sir.
Phil. For my sister
I do believe you; and so near blood has made us,
With the dear love I ever bore your virtues,
That I will be a brother to your griefs too.
Be comforted: 'Tis no dishonour, sister,
To love, nor to love him you do; he is a gentleman
Of as sweet hopes as years, as many promises
As there be growing truths, and great ones.
Theod. Oh, sir!
Phil. Do not despair.
Theod. Can you forgive?
Phil. Yes, sister,
Though this be no small error, a far greater.
Theod. And think me still your sister?
Phil. My dear sister.
Theod. And will you counsel me?
Phil. To your own peace too:
You shall love still.
Theod. How good you are!
Phil. My business
And duty to my father, which now drew me
From Salamanca, I will lay aside,
And only be your agent. To persuade you
To leave both love, and him, and well retire you—
Theod. Oh, gentle brother!
Phil. I perceive 'tis folly
Delay's in love more dangerous——.
Theod. Noble brother!
Phil. Fear not, I'll run your own way; and to help you,
(Love having rack'd your passions beyond counsel)
I'll hazard mine own fame. Whither shall we venture?
Theod. Alas, I know not, sir.
Phil. Come, 'tis bright morning.
Let's walk out, and consider. You will keep this habit?
Theod. I would, sir.
Phil. Then it shall be: What must I call you?
Come, do not blush; pray speak; I may spoil all else.
Theod. Pray call me Theodoro.

Enter Diego.

Diego. Are you ready?
The day draws on apace. Once more, good-morrow.
Theod. Good-morrow, gentle host. Now I must thank you.
Phil. Who dost thou think this is?
Diego. Were you a wench, sir,
I think you would know before me.
Phil. Mine own brother
Diego. By th' mass, your noses are akin! Should I then
Have been so barbarous to have parted brothers?
Phil. You knew it then?
Diego. I knew 'twas necessary
You should be both together: Instinct, signor,
Is a great matter in an host.
Theod. I am satisfied.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Is not mine host up yet?
Phil. Who's that?
Diego. I'll see.
Phil. Sister, withdraw yourself. [*She steps aside.*
Pedro. Signor Philippo!
Phil. Noble Don Pedro! where have you been this way?
Pedro. I came from Port Saint Maries, whence the gallies
Put this last tide; and bound for Barcelona,
I brought Marc-Antony upon his way.
Phil. Marc-Antony?
Pedro. Who is turned soldier,
And entertained in the new regiment
For Naples.
Phil. Is it possible?
Pedro. I assure you.
Phil. And put they in at Barcelona?
Pedro. So
One of the masters told me.
Phil. Which way go you, sir?
Pedro. Home.
Phil. And I for Sevil. Pray you, sir, say not
That you saw me, if you shall meet the question:
I have some little business.
Pedro. Were it less, sir,
It shall not become me to lose the caution.
Shall we breakfast together?
Phil. I'll come to you, sir.— [*Exit* Pedro.
Sister, you hear this; I believe your fortune
Begins to be propitious to you. We will hire
Mules of mine host here; if we can, himself
To be our guide, and straight to Barcelona.
This was as happy news as unexpected.
Stay you till I rid him away.
Theod. I will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the House of* LEONARDO, *in Andalusia.*

Enter ALPHONSO *and a* Servant.

Alph. Knock at the door.
Serv. 'Tis open, sir.
Alph. That's all one;
Knock when I bid you.
Serv. Will not your worship enter?
Alph. Will not you learn more manners, sir, and do that
Your master bids you? Knock, you knave, or I'll knock
Such a round peal about your pate——I enter
Under his roof, or come to say, "God save you" to him,
The son of whose base dealings has undone me?
(Knock louder! louder yet!) I'll starve and rot
This open air is every man's. [first;
2 *Serv.* [*Within.*] Come in, sir.

Enter Second Servant.

Alph. No, no, sir; I am none of these "Come-in-sirs,"
None of those visitants: Bid your wise master
Come out; I have to talk unto him; go, sir!
2 *Serv.* Your worship may be welcome.
Alph. Sir, I will not;
I come not to be welcome. Good my three ducats,
My pickled sprat a-day, and no oil to't,
And once a-year a cotton coat! leave prating,
And tell your master I am here.
2 *Serv.* I will, sir.—
This is a strange old man. [*Exit.*
Alph. I welcome to him?
I'll be first welcome to a pest-house.—Sirrah,
Let's have your valour now cased up, and quiet,
When an occasion calls; 'tis wisdom in you,
A serving-man's discretion: If you do draw,
Draw but according to your entertainment;
Five nobles' worth of fury.

Enter LEONARDO, *and* SANCHIO (*carried by two* Servants *in a Chair*).

Leo. Signor Alphonso,
I hope no discontent from my will given,
Has made you shun my house: I ever loved you;
And credit me, amongst my fears 'tis greatest
To minister offences.
Alph. Oh, good signor,
I know you for Italian breed, fair-tongued!
Spare your apologies; I care not for 'em;
As little for your love, sir: I can live
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and sleep
Without dependences, or hopes upon you.
I come to ask my daughter.
Leo. Gentle sir!
Alph. I am not gentle, sir; nor gentle will be,
Till I have justice, my poor child restored
Your caper-cutting boy has run away with,
Young signor Smooth-face; he that takes up wenches
With smiles and sweet behaviours, songs, and sonnets;
Your high-fed jennet, that no hedge can hold:
They say you bred him for a stallion.
Sanc. Fy, signor! there be times, and terms of honour
To argue these things in, decidements able
To speak ye noble gentlemen, ways punctual,
And to the life of credit; you're too rugged.
Alph. I am too tame, sir.
Leo. Will you hear but reason?
Alph. No, I will hear no reason: I come not hither
To be popt off with reason;—reason then.
Sanc. Why, signor, in all things there must be method;
You choke the child of Honour else, Discretion.
Do you conceive an injury?
Alph. What then, sir?
Sanc. Then follow it in fair terms; let your sword bite,
When time calls, not your tongue.
Alph. I know, sir,
Both when and what to do, without directions,
And where, and how; I come not to be tutor'd;
My cause is no man's but mine own.—You, signor!
Will you restore my daughter?
Leo. Who detains her?
Alph. No more of these slight shifts!
Leo. You urge me, signor,
With strange injustice: Because my son has err'd—
Sanc. Mark him.
Leo. Out of the heat of youth, does't follow
I must be father of his crimes?
Alph. I say still,
Leave off your rhetoric, and restore my daughter,
And suddenly; bring in your rebel too,
Mountdragon, he that mounts without commission,
That I may see him punished, and severely;
Or, by that holy Heaven, I'll fire your house!
And there's my way of honour.
Sanc. Pray give me leave.
Was not man made the noblest creature?
Alph. Well, sir?
Sanc. Should not his mind then answer to his making,
And to his mind his actions? If this ought to be,
Why do we run a blind way from our worths,
And cancel our discretions, doing those things
To cure offences, are the most offences?
We have rules of justice in us; to those rules
Let us apply our angers: You can consider
The want in others of these terminations,
And how unfurnish'd they appear.
Alph. Hang others!
And, where the wrongs are open, hang respects
I come not to consider.
Leo. Noble sir,
Let's argue coolly, and consider like men.
Alph. Like men?
Leo. You are too sudden still.
Alph. Like men, sir?
Sanc. It is fair language, and allied to honour.
Alph. Why, what strange beast would your grave reverence
Make me appear! Like men?
Sanc. Taste but that point, sir,
And you recover all.
Alph. I tell thy wisdom
I am as much a man, and as good a man——
Leo. All this is granted, sir.
Alph. As wise a man——
Sanc. You are not tainted that way.
Alph. And a man
Dares make thee no man; or, at best, a base man

Sanc. Fy, fy! here wants much carriage.
Alph. Hang much carriage!
Leo. Give me good language.
Alph. Sirrah signor, give me my daughter.
Leo. I am as gentle as yourself, as free born——
Sanc. Observe his way.
Leo. As much respect owed to me——
Sanc. This hangs together nobly.
Leo. And for civil,
A great deal more, it seems. Go look your daughter!
Sanc. There you went well off, signor.
Leo. That rough tongue
You understand at first. You never think, sir,
Out of your mightiness, of my loss; here I stand,
A patient anvil to your burning angers,
Made subject to your dangers; yet my loss equal:
Who shall bring home my son?
Alph. A whipping beadle.
Leo. Why, is your daughter whorish?
Alph. Ha, thou darest not——
By Heaven, I know thou darest not——
Leo. I dare more, sir,
If you dare be uncivil.
Alph. Laugh too, pigeon?
Sanc. A fitter time, for Fame's sake! two weak nurses
Would laugh at this. Are there no more days coming,
No ground but this to argue on? No swords left,
Nor friends to carry this, but your own furies?
Alas! it shews too weakly.
Alph. Let it shew!
I come not here for shows. Laugh at me, sirrah?
I'll give you cause to laugh.
Leo. You are as like, sir,
As any man in Spain.
Alph. By Heaven, I will;
I will, brave Leonardo!
Leo. Brave Alphonso,
I will expect it then.
Sanc. Hold ye there both!
These terms are noble.
Alph. You shall hear shortly from me.
Sanc. Now discreetly.
Alph. Assure yourself you shall. Do you see this sword, sir?
He has not cast his teeth yet.
Sanc. Rarely carried!
Alph. He bites deep, most times mortal: Signor,
I'll hound him at thee; fair and home.
Sanc. Still nobly.
Alph. And at all those that dare maintain you.
Sanc. Excellent!
Leo. How you shall please, sir, so it be fair: though certain
I had rather give you reason.
Sanc. Fairly urged too!
Alph. This is no age for reason; prick your [reason
Upon your sword's point——
Sanc. Admirably follow'd!
Alph. And there I'll hear it. So, till I please, live, sir. [*Exit.*
Leo. And so, farewell! you're welcome.
Sanc. The end crowns all things. Signor,
Some little business past, this cause I'll argue,
And be a peace between ye, if't so please you,
And by the square of honour to the utmost.
I feel the old man's master'd by much passion,
And too high racked, which makes him overshoot [all
His valour should direct at, and hurt those
That stand but by as blenchers. This he must know too,
As necessary to his judgment; doting women
Are neither safe nor wise adventurers, conceive me,
If once their wills have wander'd: Nor is't then
A time to use our rages; for why should I
Bite at the stone, when he that throws it wrongs me?
Do not we know that women are most wooers,
Though closest in their carriage? Do not all men know,
Scarce all the compass of the globe can hold 'em,
If their affections be a-foot? Shall I then covet
The follies of a she-fool, that by nature
Must seek her like, y reason be a woman?
Sink a tall ship, because the sails defy me?
No, I disdain that folly; he that ventures
Whilst they are fit to put him on, has found out
The everlasting motion in his scabbard.
I doubt not to make peace. And so, for this time,
My best love and remembrance!
Leo. Your poor servant! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest near Ossuna.*

Enter DIEGO, PHILIPPO, *and* THEODOSIA.

Phil. Where will our horses meet us?
Diego. Fear not you, sir;
Some half-mile hence my worship's man will stay us.
How is it with my young bloods? Come, be jovial;
Let's travel like a merry flock of wild geese,
Every tongue talking.
Phil. We are very merry.
But do you know this way, sir?
Theod. Is't not dangerous?
Methinks these woody thickets should harbour knaves.
Diego. I fear none but fair wenches; those are thieves
May quickly rob me of my good conditions,
If they cry *stand* once. But the best is, signors,
They cannot bind my hands; for any else,
They meet an equal knave, and there's my passport.
I have seen fine sport in this place; had these trees tongues,
They would tell ye pretty matters: Do not you [fear, though;
They are not every day's delights.
Phil. What sport, sir?
Diego. Why, to say true, the sport of all sports.
Phil. What was't?
Diego. Such turning-up of taffetaes! and you know
To what rare whistling tunes they go, far beyond
A soft wind in the shrouds; such *stand* there,
And *down* i' th' other place! such supplications
And sub-divisions for those toys their honours!
One, "As you are a gentleman," in this bush;
And "Oh, sweet sir, what mean you? There's a bracelet,
And use me, I beseech you, like a woman!"
And her petition's heard; another scratches,
And cries she will die first, and then swoons; but certain
She's brought to life again, and does well after.
Another, "Save mine honour, oh, mine honour!
My husband serves the duke, sir, in his kitchen;

Diego. Who wants a doublet?
2 *Pass.* I.
Diego. Where will you have it?
2 *Pass.* From you, sir, if you please.
Diego. Oh, there's the point, sir.
Phil. My honest friends, I am sorry for your fortunes;
But that's but poor relief: Here are ten ducats;
And to your distribution, holy sir,
I render 'em, and let it be your care
To see 'em, as your wants are, well divided.
Diego. Plain dealing now, my friends; and Father Friar,
Set me the saddle right! no wringing, Friar,
Nor tithing to the church! these are no duties;
Scour me your conscience! if the devil tempt you,
Off with your cord, and swinge him!
Friar. You say well, sir.
All. Heaven keep your goodness!
Theod. Peace keep you! Farewell, friends!
Diego. Farewell, light-horsemen!
[*Exeunt* Friar *and* Passengers.
Phil. Which way travel you, sir?
Inc. To the next town.
Theod. Do you want anything?
Inc. Only discretion to travel at good hours,
And some warm meat to moderate this matter;
For I am most outrageous, cruel hungry.
Diego. I have a stomach too, such as it is,
Would pose a right good pasty; I thank Heaven for't.
Inc. Cheese, that would break the teeth of a new handsaw,
I could endue now like an estrich; or salt beef,
That Cæsar left in pickle.
Phil. Take no care;
We'll have meat for you, and enough. I' th' mean time,
Keep you the horse-way, lest the fellow miss us;
We'll meet you at the end o' th' wood.
Diego. Make haste then.
[*Exeunt* Diego *and* Incubo.
Theod. My pretty sir, till your necessities
Be full supplied, so please you trust our friendships'
We must not part.
Leoc. You have pull'd a charge upon you;
Yet such a one as ever shall be thankful.
Phil. You have said enough. May I be bold to ask you,
What province you were bred in? and of what parents?
Leoc. You may, sir: I was born in Andalusia,
My name Francisco, son to Don Henriques
De Cardinas.
Theod. Our noble neighbour!
Phil. Son to Don Henriques?
I know the gentleman: And, by your leave, sir,
I know he has no son.
Leoc. None of his own, sir,
Which makes him put that right upon his brother
Don Sanchio's children: One of which I am,
And therefore do not much err.
Phil. Still you do, sir,
For neither has Don Sanchio any son:
A daughter, and a rare one, is his heir,
Which, though I never was so blest to see,
Yet I have heard great good of.
Theod. Urge no further!
He is ashamed, and blushes.
Phil. Sir
If't might import you to conceal yourself,
I ask your mercy, I have been so curious.
Leoc. Alas! I must ask yours, sir, for these lies
Yet they were useful ones; for by the claiming
Such noble parents, I believed your bounties
Would shew more gracious. The plain truth is gentlemen,
I am Don Sanchio's steward's son, a wild boy,
That for the fruits of his unhappiness
Is fain to seek the wars.
Theod. This is a lie too, [*Apart to* Philippo.
If I have any ears.
Phil. Why?
Theod. Mark his language,
And you shall find it of too sweet a relish
For one of such a breed. I'll pawn my hand,
This is no boy.
Phil. No boy? what would you have him!
Theod. I know, no boy: I watch'd how fearfully,
And yet how suddenly, he cured his lies,
The right wit of a woman; now I am sure——
Phil. What are you sure?
Theod. That 'tis no boy; I'll burn in't.
Phil. Now I consider better, and take counsel,
Methinks he shews more sweetness in that face,
Than his fears dare deliver.
Theod. No more talk on't!
There hangs some great weight by it; soon at night
I'll tell you more.
Phil. Come sir, whate'er you are,
With us, embrace your liberty, and our helps
In any need you have.
Leoc. All my poor service
Shall be at your command, sir, and my prayers.
Phil. Let's walk apace; hunger will cut their throats else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*On board of a Galley at Sea.*

Enter Roderigo *and* Marc-Antonio; *two Chairs set out.*

Rod. Call up the master.
Master. [*Within.*] Here, sir.
Rod. Honest master,
Give order all the gallies with this tide
Fall round, and near upon us; that the next wind
We may weigh off together, and recover
The port of Barcelona, without parting.
Master. [*Within.*] Your pleasure's done, sir.
Rod. Signor Marc-Antonio,
Till meat be ready, let's sit here, and prepare
Our stomachs with discourses.
Marc. What you please, sir.
Rod. Pray you answer me to this doubt.
Marc. If I can, sir.
Rod. Why should such plants as you are, Pleasure's children,
That owe their blushing years to gentle objects,
Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fullness,
Desire the stubborn wars?
Marc. In those 'tis wonder,
That make their ease their god, and not their honour:
But, noble general, my end is other;
Desire of knowledge, sir, and hope of tying
Discretion to my time, which only shews me,
And not my years, a man, and makes that more
Which we call handsome; the rest is but boy,
And with the boy consumed. [beauty
Rod. You argue well, sir

Marc. Nor do I wear my youth, as they wear breeches,
For object, but for use; my strength for danger,
(Which is the liberal part of man) not dalliance;
The wars must be my mistress, sir.
Rod. Oh, signor,
You'll find her a rough wench.
Marc. When she is won once,
She'll show the sweeter, sir.
Rod. You can be pleased, though,
Sometimes to take a tamer?
Marc. 'Tis a truth, sir;
So she be handsome, and not ill-condition'd.
Rod. A soldier should not be so curious.
Marc. I can make shift with any for a heat, sir.
Rod. Nay, there you wrong your youth too; and however
You are pleased to appear to me, which shews well, signor,
A tougher soul than your few years can testify;
Yet, my young sir, out of mine own experience
When my spring was, I am able to confute you,
And say, you had rather come to th' shock of eyes,
And boldly march up to your mistress' mouth,
Than to the cannon's.
Marc. That's as their lading is, sir.
Rod. There be trenches
Fitter and warmer for your years, and safer,
Than where the bullet plays.
Marc. There's it I doubt, sir.
Rod. You'll easily find that faith. But come, be liberal;
What kind of woman could you make best wars [with?
Marc. They are all but heavy marchers.
Rod. Fy, Marc-Antonio!
Beauty in no more reverence?
Marc. In the sex, sir,
I honour it, and, next to honour, love it.
For there is only beauty; and that sweetness,
That was first meant for modesty, sever it,
And put it in one woman, it appears not;
'Tis of too rare a nature, she too gross
To mingle with it——
Rod. This is a mere heresy.
Marc. Which makes 'em ever mending; for that gloss
That cozens us for beauty, is but bravery,
An outward shew of things well set, no more:
For heavenly beauty is as Heaven itself, sir,
Too excellent for object, and what's seen
Is but the veil then, airy clouds: Grant this,
It may be seen, 'tis but like stars in twinklings.
Rod. 'Twas no small study in their libraries
Brought you to this experience. But what think you
Of that fair red and white, which we call beauty?
Marc. Why, 'tis our creature, sir; we give it 'em
Because we like those colours! else 'tis certain
A blue face with a motley nose would do it,
And be as great a beauty, so we loved it:
That we cannot give, which is only beauty,
Is a fair mind.
Rod. By this rule, all our choices
Are to no ends.
Marc. Except the dull end, doing.
Rod. Then all to you seem equal?
Marc. Very true, sir,
And that makes equal dealing: I love any
That's worth love.
Rod. How long love you, signor?
Marc. Till I have other business.
Rod. Do you never
Love steadfastly one woman?
Marc. 'Tis a toil, sir,
Like riding in one road perpetually;
It offers no variety.
Rod. Right youth!
He must needs make a soldier.—Nor do you think
One woman can love one man?
Marc. Yes, that may be,
Though it appear not often; they are things ignorant,
And therefore apted to that superstition
Of doting fondness. Yet of late years, signor,
The world's well mended with 'em; fewer are found now
That love at length, and to the right mark; all
Stir now, as the time stirs; fame and fashion
Are ends they aim at now, and to make that love
That wiser ages held ambition:
They that cannot reach this may love by index;
By every day's surveying who best promises,
Who has done best, who may do, and who mended
May come to do again; who appears neatest
Either in new-stampt clothes, or courtesies,
Done but from hand to mouth neither; nor love they these things
Longer than new are making, nor that succession
Beyond the next fair feather. Take the city,
There they go to't by gold-weight, no gain from ['em,
All they can work by fire and water to 'em,
Profit is all they point at; if there be love,
'Tis shewed ye by so dark a light, to bear out
The bracks and old stains in't, that ye may purchase
French velvet better cheap; all loves are endless.
Rod. 'Faith, if you have a mistress, 'would she heard you!
Marc. 'Twere but the venturing of my place, or swearing
I meant it but for argument, as schoolmen
Dispute high questions.
Rod. What a world is this,
When young men dare determine what those are,
Age and the best experience ne'er could aim at!
Marc. They were thick-eyed then, sir; now the print is bigger,
And they may read their fortunes without spectacles.
Rod. Did you ne'er love?
Marc. 'Faith, yes, once after supper,
And the fit held till midnight.
Rod. Hot, or shaking?
Marc. To say true, both.
Rod. How did you rid it?
Marc. Thus, sir;
I laid my hand upon my heart, and bless'd me,
And then said over certain charms I had learn'd
Against mad dogs (for love and they are all one;)
Last, thought upon a windmill, and so slept,
And was well ever after.
Rod. A rare physician!
What would your practice gain you?
Marc. The wars ended,
I mean to use my art, and have these fools
Cut in the head like cats, to save the kingdom
Another inquisition.
Rod. So old a soldier,
Out of the wars, I never knew yet practised.
Marc. I shall mend every day. But, noble general,
Believe this, but as this you named, discourses.

Rod. Oh, you're a cunning gamester.
Marc. Mirths and toys
To cozen time withal; for, o' my troth, sir,
I can love; I think, well too, well enough;
And think as well of women as they are,
Pretty fantastic things, some more regardful,
And some few worth a service: I am so honest,
I wish 'em all in Heaven; and you know how hard, sir,
'Twill be to get in there with their great farthingals.
Rod. Well, Marc-Antonio, I would not lose thy company
For the best galley I command.
Marc. 'Faith, general,
If these discourses please you, I shall fit you
Once every day.
Rod. Thou canst not please me better. Hark, they call [*Knock within.*
Below to dinner: You are my cabin guest;
My bosom's, so you please sir.
Marc. Your poor servant! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Ygualada.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter Host *and his* Wife.

Host. Let 'em have meat enough, woman, half a hen;
There be old rotten pilchards, put 'em off too;
'Tis but a little new anointing of 'em,
And a strong onion, that confounds the stink.
Wife. They call for more, sir.
Host. Knock a dozen eggs down;
But then beware your wenches.
Wife. More than this too.
Host. Worts, worts, and make 'em porridge; pop 'em up, wench;
But they shall pay for cullises.
Wife. All this is nothing;
They call for kid and partridge.
Host. Well remember'd;
Where's the falconer's half dog he left?
Wife. It stinks, sir;
Past all hope that way.
Host. Run it o'er with garlic,
And make a Roman dish on't.
Wife. Pray you be patient,
And get provision in: These are fine gentlemen,
And liberal gentlemen: they have *unde quare;*
No mangy muleteers, nor pinching posts,
That feed upon the parings of musk-melons,
And radishes, as big and tough as rafters.
Will you be stirring in this business? Here's your brother,
Mine old host of Ossuna, as wise as you are,
That is, as knavish; if you put a trick,
Take heed he do not find it.
Host. I'll be wagging. [*Exit.*
Wife. 'Tis for your own commodity.—Why,
Serv. [*Within.*] Anon forsooth. [wenches!
Wife. Who makes a fire there? and who gets in water?
Let Oliver go to the justice, and beseech his worship
We may have two spits going; and, do you hear, Druce?
Let him invite his worship, and his wife's worship,
To the left meat to-morrow.

Enter Incubo.

Inc. Where's this kitchen?
Wife. E'en at the next door, signor. What, old [don!
We meet but seldom.
Inc. Pr'ythee be patient, Hostess;
And tell me where the meat is.
Wife. 'Faith, master Baily,
How have you done? and how, man——
Inc. Good sweet Hostess,
What shall we have to dinner?
Wife. How does your woman?
And a fine woman she is, and a good woman.
Lord, how you bear your years!
Inc. Is't veal or mutton,
Beef, bacon, pork, kid, pheasant? or all these?
And are they ready all?
Wife. The hours that have been
Between us two, the merry hours: Lord!
Inc. Hostess,
Dear Hostess, do but hear! I am hungry.
Wife. You are merrily disposed, sir.
Inc. Monstrous hungry,
And hungry after much meat! I have brought [hither
Right worshipful to pay the reckoning;
Money enough too with 'em; desire enough
To have the best meat, and of that enough too:
Come to the point, sweet wench; and so I kiss thee.
Wife. You shall have anything, and instantly,
Ere you can lick your ears, sir.
Inc. Portly meat,
Bearing, substantial stuff, and fit for hunger,
I do beseech you, Hostess, first; then some light garnish,
Two pheasants in a dish; if you have leverets,
(Rather for way of ornament, than appetite)
They may be look'd upon, or larks; for fish,
As there's no great need, so I would not wish you
To serve above four dishes; but those full ones.
You have no cheese of Parma?
Wife. Very old, sir.
Inc. The less will serve us; some ten pound.
Wife. Alas, sir,
We have not half these dainties.
Inc. Peace, good Hostess,
And make us hope you have.
Wife. You shall have all, sir——
Inc. That may be got for money.

Enter Diego *and a* Boy.

Diego. Where's your master?
Bring me your master, Boy! I must have liquor
Fit for the myrmidons; no dashing now, child,
No conjurings by candle-light! I know all;
Strike me the oldest sack, a piece that carries
Point-blank to this place, Boy, and batters.—Hostess,
I kiss thy hands, through which many a round reckoning
And things of moment have had motion.
Wife. Still mine old brother.
Diego. Set thy cellar open,
For I must enter, and advance my colours.
I have brought thee dons indeed, wench, dons with ducats,
And those dons must have dainty wine, pure Bacchus,
That bleeds the life-blood.—What, is your cure ended?
Inc. We shall have meat, man.
Diego. Then we will have wine, man,
And wine upon wine, cut and drawn with wine

Wife. Ye shall have all, and more than all.
Ino. All, well then.
Diego. Away, about your business! you with her,
For old acquaintance sake, to stay your stomach!
[*Exeunt* Wife *and* Incubo.
And, Boy, be you my guide, *ad inferos;*
For I will make a full descent in equipage.
Boy. I'll shew you rare wine.
Diego. Stinging geer?
Boy. Divine, sir.
Diego. Oh, divine Boy! march, march, my child. Rare wine, boy?
Boy. As any is in Spain, sir.
Diego. Old, and strong too?
Oh, my fine boy! clear too?
Boy. As crystal, sir, and strong as truth.
Diego. Away, boy!
I am enamour'd, and I long for dalliance.
Stay no where, child, not for thy father's blessing,
I charge thee, not to save thy sister's honour,
Nor to close thy dam's eyes, were she a-dying,
Till we arrive; and, for thy recompense,
I will remember thee in my will.
Boy. You have said, sir [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the same Inn.*

Enter Philippo *and* Host.

Phil. Mine Host, is that apparel got you spoke
You shall have ready money. [of?
Host. 'Tis come in, sir; he has it on, sir,
And I think 'twill be fit; and o' my credit,
'Twas never worn but once, sir, and for necessity
Pawn'd to the man I told you of.
Phil. Pray bargain for't,
And I will be the paymaster.
Host. I will, sir.
Phil. And let our meat be ready when you
I mean as soon. [please;
Host. It shall be presently.
Phil. How far stands Barcelona?
Host. But two leagues off, sir.
You may be there by three o'clock.
Phil. I am glad on't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Grove near the same.*

Enter Theodosia *and* Leocadia.

Theod. Signor Francisco, why I draw you hither
To this remote place, marvel not; for, trust me,
My innocence yet never knew ill dealing;
And as you have a noble temper, start not
Into offence, at anything my knowledge,
And for your special good, would be inform'd of;
Nor think me vainly curious.
Leoc. Worthy sir,
The courtesies you and your noble brother,
Even then when few men find the way to do 'em,
I mean in want, so freely shower'd upon me,
So truly and so timely minister'd,
Must, if I should suspect those minds that made
Either proclaim me an unworthy taker, ['em,
Or worse, a base believer. Speak your mind, sir,
Freely, and what you please; I am your servant.
Theod. Then, my young sir, know, since our first acquaintance,
Induced by circumstances that deceive not,
To clear some doubts I have (nay, blush not, signor!)
I have beheld you narrowly. More blushes?
Sir, you give me so much light, I find you
A thing confess'd already. Yet more blushes?
You would ill cover an offence might sink you,
That cannot hide yourself. Why do you shake so?
I mean no trouble to you. This fair hand
Was never made for hardness, nor those eyes
(Come, do not hide 'em) for rough objects. Hark ye,
You have betray'd yourself; that sigh confirms me.
Another? and a third too? Then I see
These boy's clothes do but pinch you. Come, be liberal;
You have found a friend that has found you; disguise not
That loaden soul that labours to be open.
Now you must weep, I know it, for I see
Your eyes down-laden to the lids; another
Manifest token that my doubts are perfect:
Yet I have found a greater; tell me this,
Why were these holes left open? there was an error,
A foul one, my Francisco!—Have I caught you?
Oh, pretty sir, the custom of our country
Allows men none in this place. Now the shower comes.
Leoc. Oh, signor Theodoro! [*Weeps.*
Theod. This sorrow shews so sweetly,
I cannot chuse but keep it company.
Take truce and speak, sir: And I charge your goodness,
By all those perfect hopes that point at virtue,
By that remembrance these fair tears are shed for,
If any sad misfortune have thus form'd you,
That either care or counsel may redeem,
Pain, purse, or anything within the power
And honour of free gentlemen, reveal it
And have our labours.
Leoc. I have found you noble,
And you shall find me true: Your doubts are certain,
Nor dare I more dissemble; I am a woman,
The great example of a wretched woman.
Here you must give me leave to shew my sex.—
And now, to make you know how much your credit
Has won upon my soul, so it please your patience,
I'll tell you my unfortunate sad story.
Theod. Sit down and say on, lady.
Leoc. I am born, sir,
Of good and honest parents, rich and noble,
And, not to lie, the daughter of Don Sanchio,
If my unhappy fortune have not lost me;
My name call'd Leocadia, even the same
Your worthy brother did the special honour
To name for beautiful, and without pride
I have been often made believe so, signor;
But that's impertinent! Now to my sorrows:
Not far from us a gentleman of worth,

A neighbour, and a noble visitor,
Had his abode, who often met my father
In gentle sports of chase and river-hawking,
In course and riding; and with him often brought
A son of his, a young and hopeful gentleman,
Nobly train'd up, in years fit for affection;
A sprightly man, of understanding excellent,
Of speech and civil 'haviour no less powerful;
And of all parts, else my eyes lied, abundant:
We grew acquainted, and from that acquaintance
Nearer into affection; from affection
Into belief.
Theod. Well?
Leoc. Then we durst kiss.
Theod. Go forward!
Leoc. But oh, man, man, unconstant, careless man,
Oh, subtle man, how many are thy mischiefs!
Oh, Marc-Antonio, I may curse those kisses!
Theod. What did you call him, lady?
Leoc. Marc-Antonio;
The name to me of misery.
Theod. Pray, forward!
Leoc. From these we bred desires, sir; but lose
If mine were lustful! [me, Heaven,
Theod. I believe.
Leoc. This nearness
Made him importunate: When, to save mine honour,
(Love having full possession of my powers)
I got a contract from him.
Theod. Sealed?
Leoc. And sworn too;
Which since, for some offence Heaven laid upon
I lost amongst my monies in the robbery [me,
(The loss that makes me poorest:) This won from
Fool that I was, and too too credulous, [him,
I 'pointed him a bye-way to my chamber
The next night at an hour——
Theod. Pray stay there, lady!—
And when the night came, came he? kept he touch with you?
(Be not so shame-faced!) had ye both your wishes?
Tell me, and tell me true, did he enjoy ye?
Were ye in one another's arms a-bed? the contract
Confirm'd in full joys there? did he lie with you?
Answer to that! ha! Did your father know this,
The good old man, or kindred privy to't?
And had you their consents? did that night's
Make you a mother? [promise
Leoc. Why do you ask so nearly?
Good sir, does it concern you anything?
Theod. No, lady;
Only the pity why you should be used so
A little stirs me. But did he keep his promise?
Leoc. No, no, signor;
Alas, he never came, nor never meant it!
My love was fool'd, time number'd to no end,
My expectation flouted; and guess you, sir,
What dor unto a doting maid this was,
What a base breaking-off!
Theod. [*Aside.*] All's well then.—Lady,
Go forward in your story.
Leoc. Not only fail'd, sir,
(Which is a curse in love; and may he find it
When his affections are full-wing'd, and ready
To stoop upon the quarry, then when all
His full hopes are in's arms!) not only thus, sir,
But more injurious, faithless, treacherous,
Within two days Fame gave him far removed
With a new love; which, much against my conscience,
But more against my cause, which is my hell,
I must confess a fair one, a right fair one,
Indeed of admirable sweetness, daughter
Unto another of our noble neighbours;
The thief call'd Theodosia, whose perfections
I am bound to ban for ever, curse to wrinkles,
As Heaven I hope will make them soon, and aches;
For they have robb'd me, poor unhappy wench,
Of all, of all, sir, all that was my glory,
And left me nothing but these tears and travel.
Upon this certain news, I quit my father,
(And, if you be not milder in construction,
I fear mine honour too) and like a page
Stole to Ossuna; from that place to Sevil;
From thence to Barcelona I was travelling
When you o'er-took my misery, in hope
To hear of gallies bound up for Italy; for never
Will I leave off the search of this bad man,
This filcher of affections, this love-pedlar!
Nor shall my curses cease to blast her beauties,
And make her name as wand'ring as her nature,
Till, standing face to face before their lusts,
I call Heaven's justice down.
Theod. This shews too angry;
Nor can it be her fault she is beloved:
If I give meat, must they that eat it surfeit?
Leoc. She loves again, sir, there's the mischief
And in despite of me, to drown my blessings, [of it.
Which she shall dearly know——
Theod. You are too violent.
Leoc. She has devils in her eyes, to whose de-
He offers all his service. [votion
Theod. Who can say
But she may be forsaken too? He that once wanders
From such a perfect sweetness as you promise,
Has he not still the same rule to deceive?
Leoc. No, no; they are together, love together,
Past all deceit of that side; sleep together,
Live, and delight together; and such deceit
Give me in a wild desert!
Theod. By your leave, lady,
I see no honour in this cunning.
Leoc. Honour?
True, none of her part; honour? she deserves none;
'Tis ceased with wand'ring ladies, such as she is,
So bold and impudent.
Theod. I could be angry, [*Aside.*
Extremely angry now, beyond my nature
An 'twere not for my pity: What a man
Is this, to do these wrongs!—Believe me, lady,
I know the maid, and know she is not with him—
Leoc. I would you knew she were in Heaven!
Theod. And so well know her,
That I think you are cozen'd.
Leoc. So I say, sir.
Theod. I mean, in her behaviour; for, trust my
So much I dare adventure for her credit, [faith,
She never yet delighted to do wrong.
Leoc. How can she then delight in him? Dare she think
(Be what she will, as excellent as angels)
My love so fond, my wishes so indulgent,
That I must take her prewnings? stoop at that
She has tired upon? No, sir, I hold my beauty,
(Wash but these sorrows from it) of a sparkle
As right and rich as hers, my means as equal,

My youth as much unblown; and, for our worths
And weight of virtue——
Theod. Do not task her so far.
Leoc. By Heaven she's cork, and clouds! light, light, sir, vapour!
But I shall find her out, with all her witchcrafts,
Her paintings, and her pouncings; for 'tis art,
And only art preserves her, and mere spells
That work upon his powers. Let her but shew me
A ruin'd cheek like mine, that holds his colour
(And writes but sixteen years) in spite of sorrows,
An unbathed body, smiles that give but shadows,
And wrinkle not the face! Besides, she's little,
A demy dame, that makes no object.
Theod. Nay,
Then I must say you err; for, credit me,
I think she's taller than yourself.
Leoc. Why, let her!
It is not that shall mate me; I but ask
My hands may reach unto her.
Theod. Gentle lady,
'Tis now ill time of further argument;
For I perceive your anger void of counsel,
Which I could wish more temperate.
Leoc. Pray forgive me,
If I have spoke uncivilly: They that look on
See more than we that play; and I beseech you
Impute it love's offence, not mine; whose torments,
If you have ever loved, and found my crosses,
You must confess are seldom tied to patience:
Yet I could wish I had said less.
Theod. No harm then;
You have made a full amends. Our company
You may command, so please you, in your travels,
With all our faith and furtherance; let it be so.
Leoc. You make too great an offer.
Theod. Then it shall be.
Go in, and rest yourself; our wholesome diet
Will be made ready straight. But hark you, lady!
One thing I must entreat; your leave and sufferance,
That these things may be open to my brother,
For more respect and honour.
Leoc. Do your pleasure.
Theod. And do not change this habit, by no means,
Unless you change yourself.
Leoc. Which must not yet be.
Theod. It carries you conceal'd and safe.
Leoc. I am counsell'd. [*Exit.*

Enter PHILIPPO.

Phil. What's done?
Theod. Why, all we doubted; 'tis a woman,
And of a noble strain too: Guess!
Phil. I cannot.
Theod. You have heard often of her.
Phil. Stay; I think not.
Theod. Indeed you have; 'tis the fair Leocadia,
Daughter unto Don Sanchio, our noble neighbour.
Phil. Nay?
Theod. 'Tis she, sir, o' my credit.
Phil. Leocadia?
Pish! Leocadia it must not be.
Theod. It must be, or be nothing.
Phil. Pray give me leave to wonder: Leocadia?
Theod. The very same.
Phil. The damsel Leocadia?
I guess'd it was a woman, and a fair one,
I see it through her shape, transparent, plain;
But that it should be she! tell me directly.
Theod. By Heavens, 'tis she.
Phil. By Heavens, then, 'tis a sweet one.
Theod. That's granted too.
Phil. But hark you, hark you, sister!
How came she thus disguised?
Theod. I'll tell you that too;
As I came, on the self-same ground, so used too.
Phil. By the same man?
Theod. The same too.
Phil. As I live,
You lovers have fine fancies, wondrous fine ones!
Theod. Pray Heaven, you never make one!
Phil. 'Faith, I know not:
But, in that mind I am, I had rather cobble;
'Tis a more Christian trade.—Pray tell me one thing;
Are not you two now monstrous jealous
Of one another?
Theod. She is much of me,
And has rail'd at me most unmercifully,
And to my face; and, o' my conscience,
Had she but known me, either she or I,
Or both, had parted with strange faces,
She was in such a fury.
Phil. Leocadia?
Does she speak handsomely?
Theod. Wond'rous well, sir,
And all she does becomes her, even her anger.
Phil. How seem'd she when you found her?
Theod. Had you seen
How sweetly fearful her pretty self
Betray'd herself; how neat her sorrow shew'd,
And in what handsome phrase she put her story;
And as occasion stirr'd her how she started,
Though roughly, yet most aptly, into anger;
You would have wonder'd.
Phil. Does she know you?
Theod. No,
Nor must not by no means.
Phil. How stands your difference?
Theod. I'll tell you that some fitter time; but, trust me,
My Marc-Antonio has too much to answer.
Phil. May I take knowledge of her?
Theod. Yes, she's willing.
Phil. Pray use her as she is, with all respects then;
For she's a woman of a noble breeding.
Theod. You shall not find me wanting.
Phil. Which way bears she?
Theod. Our way, and to our end.
Phil. I am glad on't. Hark you!
She keeps her shape?
Theod. Yes, and I think, by this time,
Has mew'd her old.

Enter LEOCADIA *in another Suit.*

Phil. She's here: By Heaven, a rare one!
An admirable sweet one! what an eye!
Of what a full command she bears! how gracious
All her aspect shews? Bless me from a fever!
I am not well o' th' sudden.
Leoc. Noble friends,
Your meat and all my service waits upon ye.
Phil. You teach us manners, lady; all which service
Must now be mine to you, and all too poor too:
Blush not we know you; for, by all our faiths,
With us your honour is in sanctuary,
And ever shall be.

Leoc. I do well believe it:
Will you walk nearer, sir?
[*Exeunt* PHILIPPO *and* LEOCADIA.
Theod. She shews still fairer,
Younger in every change, and clearer, neater:
I know not; I may fool myself, and finely
Nourish a wolf to eat my heart out. Certain
As she appears now, she appears a wonder,
A thing amazes me; what would she do then
In woman's helps, in ornaments apt for her,
And deckings to her delicacy? Without all doubt,
She would be held a miracle; nor can I think
He has forsaken her, say what she please;
I know his curious eye: Or, say he had,
Put case he could be so boy-blind and foolish,
Yet still I fear she keeps the contract with her.
Not stol'n, as she affirms, nor lost by negligence;
She would lose herself first, 'tis her life; and there
All my hopes are dispatch'd. Oh, noble Love,
That thou could'st be without this jealousy,
Without this passion of the heart, how heavenly
Wouldst thou appear upon us! Come what may come,
I'll see the end on't: And since chance has cast her
Naked into my refuge, all I can
She freely shall command, except the man. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Before* LEONARDO'S *House, in Andalusia.*

Enter LEONARDO *and* PEDRO.

Leo. Don Pedro, do you think assuredly
The gallies will come round to Barcelona
Within these two days?
Pedro. Without doubt.
Leo. And think you
He will be with 'em certainly?
Pedro. He is, sir;
I saw him at their setting off.
Leo. Must they needs
Touch there for water, as you say?
Pedro. They must, sir,
And for fresh meat too; few or none go by it.
Beside, so great a fleet must needs want trimming,
If they have met with foul seas; and no harbour
On this side Spain is able, without danger,
To moor 'em, but that haven.
Leo. Are the wars
His only end?
Pedro. So he professes.
Leo. Bears he
Any command amongst 'em?
Pedro. Good regard
With all; which quickly will prefer him.
Leo. Pray, sir, tell me,
And as you are a gentleman be liberal.
Pedro. I will, sir, and most true.
Leo. Who saw you with him?
Pedro. None but things like himself; young soldiers,
And gentlemen desirous to seek honour.
Leo. Was there no woman there, nor none disguised
That might be thought a woman? In his language,
Did he not let slip something of suspicion
Touching that wanton way?
Pedro. Believe me, sir,
I neither saw, nor could suspect that face
That might be doubted woman's; yet I am sure
Aboard him I see all that past: And 'tis impossible
Among so many high-set bloods there should be
A woman, let her close herself within a cockle,
But they would open her: He must not love
Within that place alone; and therefore surely
He would not be so foolish, had he any,
To trust her there. For his discourse, 'twas ever
About his business, war, or mirth, to make us
Relish a can of wine well; when he spoke private,
'Twas only the remembrance of his service,
And hope of your good prayers for his health, sir;
And so I gave him to the seas.
Leo. I thank you,
And now am satisfied. And to prevent
Suspicions that may nourish dangers, signor,
(For I have told you how the mad Alphonso
Chafes like a stag i' th' toil, and bends his fury
'Gainst all, but his own ignorance) I'm determined,
For peace sake and the preservation
Of my yet untouched honour, and his cure,
Myself to seek him there, and bring him back,
As testimony of an unsought injury
By either of our actions; that the world
And he, if he have reason, may see plainly
Opinion is no perfect guide, nor all fames
Founders of truths. In the mean time this courtesy
I must entreat of you, sir; be myself here,
And as myself command my family.
Pedro. You lay too much trust on me.
Leo. 'Tis my love, sir.
I will not be long from you. If this question
Chance to be call'd upon ere my return,
I leave your care to answer. So, farewell, sir!
Pedro. You take a wise way; all my best endeavours
Shall labour in your absence. Peace go with you!— [*Exit* LEONARDO.
A noble, honest gentleman, free-hearted,
And of an open faith, much loving and much loved,
And father of that goodness only malice
Can truly stir against; what dare befall
Till his return I'll answer. [*Exit.*

Enter ALPHONSO *and* Servant.

Alph. Walk off, sirrah;
But keep yourself within my call.
Serv. I will, sir.
Alph. And stir my horse, for taking cold.—Within there!
Hoa, people! you that dwell there! my brave signor!
What, are ye all asleep? is't that time with ye?
I'll ring a little louder.

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Sir, who seek you?
Alph. Not you, sir. Where's your master?
Pedro. I serve no man
In way of pay, sir.
Alph. Where's the man o' th' house then?
Pedro. What would you have with him, sir?
Alph. Do you stand here, sir,
To ask men questions when they come?
Pedro. I would, sir,
Being his friend, and hearing such alarums,
Know how men come to visit him.
Alph. You shall, sir:
Pray tell his mightiness here is a gentleman,
By name Alphonso, would entreat his conference
About affairs of state, sir. Are you answer'd?

Enter SANCHIO *carried in a Chair*

Pedro. I must be, sir.
Sanc. Stay; set me down. Stay, signor!
You must stay, and you shall stay.
Alph. Meaning me, sir?
Sanc. Yes, you, sir; you I mean, I mean you.
Alph. Well, sir?
Why should I stay?
Sanc. There's reason.
Alph. Reason, sir?
Sanc. Ay, reason, sir;
My wrong is greatest, and I will be served first.
Call out the man of fame.
Alph. How served, sir?
Sanc. Thus, sir.
Alph. But not before me?
Sanc. Before all the world, sir,
As my case stands.
Alph. I have lost a daughter, sir.
Sanc. I have lost another, worth five score of her, sir.
Alph. You must not tell me so.
Sanc. I have; and, hark ye,
Make it up five score more. Call out the fellow;
And stand you by, sir.
Pedro. This is the mad morris.
Alph. And I stand by?
Sanc. I say, stand by, and do it.
Alph. Stand by, among thy lungs.
Sanc. Turn presently,
And say thy prayers; thou art dead.
Alph. I scorn thee!
And scorn to say my prayers more than thou dost!
Mine is the most wrong, and my daughter dearest,
And mine shall first be righted.
Sanc. Shall be righted?
Pedro. A third may live, I see.—Pray hear me, gentlemen.
Sanc. Shall be?
Alph. Ay, shall be righted.
Sanc. Now?
Alph. Now.
Sanc. Instantly?
Alph. Before I stir.
Sanc. Before me?
Alph. Before any.
Sanc. Dost thou consider what thou sayst? Hast thou friends here
Able to quench my anger, or persuade me
(After I have beaten thee into one main bruise,
And made thee spend thy state in rotten apples)
Thou canst at length be quiet? Shall I kill thee?
Divide thee like a rotten pumpion,
And leave thee stinking to posterity?
There's not the least blow I shall give, but does
Urge me no further: I am first. this.
Alph. I'll hang first!
No, goodman Glory, 'tis not your bravadoes,
Your punctual honour, nor soldadoship——
Sanc. Set me a little nearer.
Alph. Let him sally!—
Lined with your quirks of carriage and discretion,
Can blow me off my purpose. Where's your credit,
With all your school-points now? your decent arguing,
And apt time for performing? where are these toys,
These wise ways and most honourable courses,
To take revenge? How dar'st thou talk of killing,
Or think of drawing anything but squirts,
When lechery has dry-founder'd thee?
Sanc. Nearer yet!
That I may spit him down!—Thou look'st like a man.
Pedro. I would be thought so, sir.
Sanc. Pr'ythee do but take me,
And fling me upon that puppy.
Alph. Do, for Heaven's sake,
And see but how I'll hug him.
Sanc. Yet take warning!
Pedro. 'Faith, gentlemen, this is a needless quarrel.
Sanc. And do you desire to make one?
Pedro. As a friend, sir,
To tell you all this anger is but lost, sir;
For Leonardo is from home.
Alph. No, no, sir!
Pedro. Indeed he is.
Sanc. Where dare he be, but here, sir,
When men are wrong'd, and come for satisfactions?
Pedro. It seems he has done none, sir; for his business,
Clear of those cares, hath carried him for some time
To Barcelona: If he had been guilty,
I know he would have stayed, and cleared all difference,
Either by free confession, or his sword.
Sanc. This must not be!
Pedro. Sure as I live, it is, sir.
Alph. Sure, as we all live,
He's run away for ever!—Barcelona?
Why, 'tis the key for Italy, from whence
He stole first hither.
Sanc. And having found his knaveries
Too gross to be forgiven, and too open,
He has found the same way back again: I believe
The good grass gentleman, for his own ease, too
Has taken one o' th' fillies. Is not his stuff sold?
Alph. I fear his worship's shoes too, to escape us;
I do not think he has a dish within doors,
A louse left of his lineage.
Pedro. You are too wide, sir.
Alph. Or one poor wooden spoon.
Pedro. Come in and see, sir.
Alph. I'll see his house on fire, first!
Pedro. Then be pleased,
Sir, to give better censure.
Sanc. I will after him,
And search him like conceal'd land, but I'll have him;
And, though I find him in his shrift, I'll kill him.
Alph. I'll bear you company.
Sanc. Pray have a care then,
A most especial care, indeed a fear,
You do not anger me.
Alph. I will observe you;
And if I light upon him handsomely——
Sanc. Kill but a piece of him; leave some, Alphonso,
For your poor friends!
Pedro. I fear him not for all this.
Alph. Shall we first go home,
(For it may prove a voyage) and dispose
Of things there? Heaven knows what may follow!
Sanc. No,
I'll kill him in this shirt I have on: Let things
Govern themselves! I am master of my honour
At this time, and no more; let wife, and land,
Lie lay till I return!
Alph. I say *Amen* to't:
But what care for our monies?
Sanc. I'll not spend

Above three shillings, till his head be here;
Four is too great a sum for all his fortunes.
Come, take me up instantly.
Alph. Farewell to you, sir!
And if your friend be in a feather-bed,
Sow'd up to shrowd his fears, tell him 'tis folly;
For no course but his voluntary hanging
Can get our pardons. [*Exeunt.*
Pedro. These I think would be
Offence enough, if their own indiscretions
Would suffer 'em; two of the old seditions!
When they want enemies, they are their own foes!
Were they a little wiser, I should doubt 'em;
Till when, I'll ne'er break sleep, nor suffer hunger,
For any harm he shall receive: For 'tis as easy,
If he be guilty, to turn these two old men
Upon their own throats, and look on, and live still,
As 'tis to tell five pound; a great deal sooner.
And so I'll to my meat, and then to hawking.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Barcelona. *The Harbour.*

Enter Marc-Antonio *and a* Gentleman.

Marc. Sir, this is compliment; I pray you leave
Gent. Sir, it is not. [me.
Marc. Why, I would only see
The town.
Gent. And only that I come to shew you.
Marc. Which I can see without you.
Gent. So you may,
Plainly, not safely: For such difference
As you have seen betwixt the sea and earth
When waves rise high, and land would beat 'em
As fearful of invasion; such we find [back,
When we land here at Barcelona.
Marc. Sir——
Gent. Besides, our general of the gallies, fearing
Your hasty nature, charged me not return
Without you safe.
Marc. Oh, sir, that Roderigo
Is noble, and he does mistake my temper:
There is not in the world a mind less apt
To conceive wrongs, or do 'em. Has he seen me
In all this voyage, in the which he pleases
To call me friend, let slip a hasty word?—

Enter Eugenia *with divers* Attendants.

'Slight, sir! yonder is a lady veil'd;
For properness beyond comparison,
And sure her face is like the rest; we'll see't.
Gent. Why, you are hasty, sir, already. Know
What 'tis you go about? [you
Marc. Yes; I would see
The woman's face.
Gent. By Heaven you shall not do't!
You do not know the custom of the place:
To draw that curtain here, though she were mean,
Is mortal.
Marc. Is it? Earth must come to earth
At last; and, by my troth, I'll try it, sir.
Gent. Then I must hold you fast. By all the
That can be placed in man, 'tis an attempt [faith
More dangerous than death; 'tis death and shame!
I know the lady well.
Marc. Is she a lady?
I shall the more desire to see her, sir.
Gent. She is Alanso's wife, the governor,
A noble gentleman.
Marc. Then let me go:
If I can win her, you and I will govern
This town, sir, fear it not, and we will alter
These barbarous customs then; for every lady
Shall be seen daily, and seen over too.
Gent. Come, do not jest, nor let your passions bear you
To such wild enterprizes! Hold you still;
For, as I have a soul, you shall not do't!
She is a lady of unblemish'd fame,
And here to offer that affront, were base.
Hold on your way: and we will see the town,
And overlook the ladies.
Marc. I am school'd,
And promise you I will.—But, good sir, see!
She will pass by us now: I hope I may
Salute her thus far off.
Gent. 'Sfoot, are you mad?
'Twill be as ill as the other.
1 *Attend.* What's the matter?
What would that fellow have?
Gent. Good sir, forbear.
1 *Attend.* It seems you are new landed; would
Anything here? [you beg
Marc. Yes, sir, all happiness
To that fair lady, as I hope.
Gent. Marc-Antonio!
Marc. Her face, which needs no hiding, I would
A sight of. [beg
Gent. Now go on; for 'tis too late
To keep this from a tumult.
1 *Attend.* Sirrah, you
Shall see a fitter object for your eyes,
Than a fair lady's face.
Eug. For Heaven's sake, raise not
A quarrel in the streets for me!
1 *Attend.* Slip in then;
This is your door.
Eug. Will you needs quarrel then?
1 *Attend.* We must, or suffer
This outrage.—Is't not all your minds, sirs? speak.
All. Yes.
Eug. Then I do beseech ye, let my lord
Not think the quarrel about me; for 'tis not.
[*Exit.*

Enter three or four Soldiers.

Gent. See, happily some of our galley soldiers
Are come ashore.
1 *Attend.* Come on, sir! you shall see
Faces enough.

Enter certain Townsmen.

Gent. Some one of you call to
Our general! the whole roar of the town
Comes in upon us.—
Marc. I have seen, sir, better [*To* Attendants.
Perhaps, than that was covered; and will yet
See that, or spoil yours. [*They fight.*

Enter Philippo, Theodosia, *and* Leocadia.

Phil. On! why start you back?
Theod. Alas, sir, they are fighting.

Leoc. Let's be gone.— [MARC-ANTONIO *falls.*
See, see, a handsome man struck down!
Gent. Ho, general!
Look out! Antonio is in distress.
Theod. Antonio?
Leoc. Antonio? 'Tis he.
[RODERIGO *appears on the deck of a galley.*
Rod. [*Within.*] Ho, Governor!—Make a shot into the town!
I'll part you. Bring away Antonio [*A shot.*
Into my cabin. [*Exeunt* Attendants *and* Townsmen.
Gent. I will do that office:
I fear it is the last that I shall do him.
[*Exeunt* Soldiers *and* Gentlemen, *with* MARC-ANTONIO.
Theod. The last? why, will he die? [*Faints.*
Leoc. Since I have found him, happiness leave me,
When I leave him! [*Exit.*
Phil. Why, Theodosia!
My sister! wake! Alas, I grieved but now
To see the streets so full, and now I grieve
To see them left so empty: I could wish
Tumult himself were here, that yet at least
Amongst the band I might espy some face
So pale and fearful, that would willingly
Embrace an errand for a cordial,
Or *aqua-vitæ*, or a cup of sack,
Or a physician. But to talk of these——
She breathes!—Stand up! oh, Theodosia!
Speak but as thou wert wont; give but a sigh,
Which is but the most unhappy piece of life,
And I will ever after worship sadness,
Apply myself to grief, prepare and build
Altars to sorrow!
Theod. Oh, Philippo, help me!
Phil. I do: These are my arms, Philippo's arms,
Thy brother's arms, that hold thee up.
Theod. You help me
To life; but I would see Antonio
That's dead.
Phil. Thou shalt see anything. How dost thou?
Theod. Better, I thank you.
Phil. Why, that's well. Call up
Thy senses, and uncloud thy covered spirits.
How now?
Theod. Recovered. But Antonio!
Where is he?
Phil. We will find him. Art thou well?
Theod. Perfectly well, saving the miss of him.
And I do charge you here, by our alliance,
And by the love which would have been betwixt us,
Knew we no kindred; by that killing fear,
Mingled with twenty thousand hopes and doubts,
Which you may think placed in a lover's heart,
And in a virgin's too when she wants help,
To grant me your assistance to find out
This man, alive or dead! and I will pay you,
In service, tears, or pray'rs, a world of wealth;
But other treasure I have none. Alas!
You men have strong hearts; but we feeble maids
Have tender eyes, which only given be
To blind themselves, crying for what they see.
Phil. Why dost thou charge me thus? Have I been found
Slow to perform, what I could but imagine
Thy wishes were? Have I at any time
Tendered a business of mine own, beyond
A vanity of thine? Have I not been
As if I were a senseless creature, made
To serve thee without power of questioning?
If so, why fear'st thou?
Theod. I am satisfied.
Phil. Come then, let's go!—Where's Leocadia?
Theod. I know not, sir.
Phil. Where's Leocadia?
Theod. I do not know.
Phil. Leocadia!
This tumult made the streets as dead as night;
A man may talk as freely! what's become
Of Leocadia?
Theod. She is run away.
Phil. Be gone, and let us never more behold
Each other's face, till we may, both together,
Fasten our eyes on her! Accursed be
Those tender cozening names of Charity,
And Natural Affection! they have lost
Me, only by observing them, what cost,
Travel, and fruitless wishes, may in vain
Search through the world, but never find again.
Theod. Good sir, be patient! I have done no fault
Worthy this banishment.
Phil. Yes: Leocadia,
The lady so distress'd, who was content
To lay her story, and to lay her heart
As open as her story to yourself;
Who was content that I should know her sex,
Before dissembled, and to put herself
Into my conduct; whom I undertook
Safely to guard; is in this tumult lost!
Theod. And can I help it, sir?
Phil. No; 'would thou couldst!
You might have done, but for that zeal'd religion
You women bear to swoonings: You do pick
Your times to faint, when somebody is by
Bound or by nature, or by love, or service,
To raise you from that well-dissembled death:
Inform me but of one that has been found
Dead in her private chamber by herself,
Where sickness would no more forbear than here,
And I will quit the rest for her.
Theod. I know not
What they may do, and how they may dissemble
But, by my troth, I did not.
Phil. By my troth,
'Would I had tried! 'would I had let thee lain,
And follow'd her!
Theod. I would you had done so,
Rather than been so angry. Where's Antonio?
Phil. Why dost thou vex me with these questions?
I'll tell thee where; he's carried to the gallies,
There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and row
With knotted ropes, and pizzles; if he swoon,
He has a dose of biscuit.
Theod. I am glad
He is alive.
Phil. Was ever man thus troubled?
Tell me where Leocadia is!
Theod. Good brother,
Be not so hasty, and I think I can:
You found no error in me, when I first
Told you she was a woman; and, believe me,
Something I have found out which makes me think,
Nay, almost know so well, that I durst swear
She follow'd hurt Antonio.
Phil. What do we
Then lingering here? We will aboard the gallies,
And find her. [*Going*

Enter the Governor, *two* Attendants, *and the* Townsmen.

Gov. Made he a shot into the town?
1 *Attend.* He did, sir.
Gov. Call back those gentlemen.
1 *Attend.* The Governor
Commands you back.
Phil. We will obey him, sir.
Gov. You gave him cause to shoot, I know: He
So far from rash offence, and holds with me [is
Such curious friendship—Could not one of you
Have call'd me while 'twas doing? Such an uproar,
Before my door too?
1 *Towns.* By my troth, sir,
We were so busy in the public cause,
Of our own private falling out, that we forgot it.
At home we see now you were not; but as soon
As the shot made us fly, we ran away
As fast as we could to seek your honour.
Gov. 'Twas gravely done! but no man tells the cause,
Or chance, or what it was, that made you differ.
1 *Towns.* For my part, sir, if there were any that
I knew of, the shot drove it out of my head.—
Do you know any neighbours?
All. Not we, not we.
Gov. Not we?—Nor can you tell?
1 *Attend.* No other cause,
But the old quarrel betwixt the town and the gallies.
Gov. Come nearer, gentlemen! What are your
Phil. My name Philippo. [names?
Theod. And mine Theodoro.
Gov. Strangers you are, it seems.
Phil. Newly arrived.
Gov. Then you are they begun this tumult.
Phil. No, sir.
Gov. Speak one of you.
1 *Attend.* They are not; I can quit 'em.
Theod. Yet we saw part, and an unhappy part,
Of this debate; a long-sought friend of ours
Struck down for dead, and borne unto the gallies;
His name is Marc-Antonio.
Phil. And another
Of our own company, a gentleman
Of noble birth, besides accompanied
With all the gifts of Nature, ravish'd hence
We know not how, in this dissention.—
Gov. Get you home all, and work; and when I
You meddle with a weapon any more, [hear
But those belonging to your trades, I'll lay you
Where your best customers shall hardly find you.—
[*Exeunt* Townsmen.
I am sorry, gentlemen, I troubled you,
Being both strangers, by your tongues, and looks,
Of worth: To make ye some part of amends
If there be anything in this poor town
Of Barcelona that you would command,
Command me!
Theod. Sir, this wounded gentleman,
If it might please you, if your power and love
Extend so far, I would be glad to wish
Might be removed into the town for cure:
The gallies stay not; and his wound, I know,
Cannot endure a voyage.
Gov. Sir, he shall,
I warrant you.—Go call me hither, sirrah,
One of my other servants. [*Exit* 1*st* Attendant.
Phil. And besides,
The gentleman we lost, signor Francisco,
Shall he be render'd too?

Enter a Servant.

Gov. And he, sir, too.—Go, sirrah, bear this
To Roderigo, my most noble friend, [ring
The general of the gallies: Tell him this.
[*Talks apart to his* Servant. *Exit* Servant.
Theod. Now we shall have em both.
Phil. Blest be thy thoughts
For apprehending this! blest be thy breath
For uttering it!
Gov. Come, gentlemen, you shall
Enter my roof; and I will send for surgeons,
And you shall see your friends here presently.
Theod. His name was Marc-Antonio.
Gov. I know it,
And have sent word so.
Phil. Did you not forget
Francisco's name?
Gov. Nor his. You are truly welcome;
To talk about it more, were but to say
The same word often over: You are welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the House of the Governor.*

Enter Marc-Antonio, *carried by two* Soldiers; Leocadia *and the* Servant *following.*

Serv. This is the house, sir.
Marc. Enter it, I pray you;
For I am faint, although I think my wound
Be nothing.—Soldiers, leave us now; I thank you.
1 *Sold.* Heaven send you health, sir!
Serv. Let me lead you in.
Marc. My wound's not in my feet; I shall entreat 'em,
I hope, to bear me so far. [*Exit with the* Servant.
2 *Sold.* How seriously
These land-men fled, when our general made
A shot, as if he had been a warning
To call 'em to their hall!
1 *Sold.* I cannot blame 'em:
What a man have they now in the town
Able to maintain a tumult, or uphold
A matter out of square, if need be? Oh,
The quiet hurly-burlies that I have seen
In this town, when we have fought four hours together,
And not a man amongst us so impertinent
Or modest to ask why!
But now the pillars that bare up this blessed
Town in that regular debate, and scrambling,
Are dead, the more's the pity.
2 *Sold.* Old Ignatio
Lives still.
1 *Sold.* Yes, I know him; he will do
Prettily well at a man's liver: But where
Is there a man now living in the town
That hath a steady hand, and understands
Anatomy well? If it come
To a particular matter of the lungs,
Or the spleen, why, alas! Ignatio is to seek.
Are there any such men left as I have known,
That would say they would hit you in this place?
Is there ever a good artist,
Or a member-piercer, or a small-gut-man,
Left in the town? Answer me that.
2 *Sold.* 'Mass,
I think there be not.
1 *Sold.* No, I warrant thee.
Come, come; 'tis time we were at the gallies.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the same House.*

Enter Governor, Eugenia, Marc-Antonio, Philippo, Theodosia, Leocadia, *and* Attendants.

Gov. Sir, you may know by what I said already
You may command my house; but I must beg
Pardon to leave you. If the public business
Forced me not from you, I myself should call it
Unmannerly; but, good sir, do you give it
A milder name. It shall not be an hour
Ere I return.
Marc. Sir, I was ne'er so poor
In my own thoughts, as that I want a means
To requite this with.
Gov. Sir, within this hour. [*Exit.*
Marc. Is this the lady that I quarrell'd for? [*Apart.*
Oh, Lust, if wounds cannot restrain thy power,
Let shame! Nor do I feel my hurt at all,
Nor is it aught; only I was well beaten.
If I pursue it, all the civil world,
That ever did imagine the content
Found in the band of man and wife unbroke,
The reverence due to households, or the blemish
That may be stuck upon posterity,
Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my forehead,
"This is the wounded stranger, that, received
For charity into a house, attempted"——
I will not do it. [*Going.*
Eug. Sir, how do you now,
That you walk off?
Marc. Worse, madam, than I was;
But it will over.
Eug. Sit, and rest a while!
Marc. Where are the surgeons?
Eug. Sir, it is their manner,
When they have seen the wound, especially
The patient being of worth, to go consult
(Which they are now at in another room)
About the dressing.
Marc. Madam, I do feel
Myself not well.
Theod. Alas!
Leoc. How do you, sir?
Eug. Will you drink waters?
Marc. No, good madam; 'tis not
So violent upon me, nor I think
Any thing dangerous: But yet there are
Some things that sit so heavy on my conscience,
That will perplex my mind, and stop my cure;
So that unless I utter 'em, a scratch,
Here on my thumb, will kill me.—Gentlemen,
I pray you leave the room, and come not in
Yourselves, or any other, till I have
Open'd myself to this most-honour'd lady!
Phil. We will not.
Theod. Oh, blessed! he'll discover now
His love to me.
Leoc. Now he will tell the lady
Our contract.
[*Exeunt all but* Eugenio *and* Marc-Antonio.
Eug. I do believe he will confess to me
The wrong he did a lady in the streets;
But I forgive him.
Marc. Madam, I perceive
Myself grow worse and worse.
Eug. Shall I call back
Your friends?
Marc. Oh, no! but, ere I do impart
What burthens me so sore, let me entreat you
(For there is no trust in these surgeons)
To look upon my wound; it is perhaps
My last request: But tell me truly too,
(That must be in) how far you do imagine
It will have power upon me.
Eug. Sir, I will.
Marc. For Heaven's sake, softly! Oh! I must needs lay
My head down easily, whilst you do it.
Eug. Do, sir.—
'Tis but an ordinary blow; a child
Of mine has had a greater, and been well:
Are you faint-hearted?
Marc. Oh!
Eug. Why do you sigh?
There is no danger in the world in this:
I wonder it should make a man——Sit down.
What do you mean? why do you kiss my breasts?
Lift up your head; your wound may well endure it.
Marc. Oh, madam, may I not express affection
(Dying affection too, I fear) to those
That do me favours, such as this of yours?
Eug. If you mean so, 'tis well: But what's the [business
Lies on your conscience?
Marc. I will tell you, madam.
Eug. Tell me, and laugh?
Marc. But I will tell you true,
Though I do laugh: I know as well as you,
My wound is nothing; nor the power of earth
Could lay a wound upon me in your presence,
That I could feel: But I do laugh to think
How covertly, how far beyond the reach
Of men, and wise men too, we shall deceive 'em.
Whilst they imagine I am talking here
With that short breath I have, ready to swoon
At every full point; you my ghostly mother
To hear my sad confession; you and I
Will on that bed within, prepared for me,
Debate the matter privately.
Eug. Forbear!
Thou wert but now as welcome to this house
As certain cures to sick men, and just now
This sudden alteration makes thee look
Like plagues come to infect it; if thou knew'st
How loathsome thou wilt be, thou wouldst entreat
These walls or posts to help thee to a hurt,
Past thy dissimulation.
Marc. Gentle madam,
Call 'em not in!
Eug. I will not yet; this place
I know to be within the reach of tongue
And ears; thou canst not force me; therefore hear
What I will tell thee quickly: Thou art born [use
To end some way more discasteemed than this;
Or, which is worse, to die of this hurt yet.—
Come, gentlemen!

Enter Leocadia.

Marc. Good madam!
Eug. Gentlemen!
Leoc. Madam, how is't? Is Marc-Antonio well?
Methinks your looks are alter'd, and I see
A strange distemper in you.
Eug. I am wrought
By that dissembling man, that fellow, worth
Nothing but kicking.

Enter Philippo *and* Theodosia.

Leoc. Gentle madam, speak
To me alone! let not them understand
His fault! he will repent it, I dare swear.

g. I'll tell it you in private.—
il. Marc-Antonio,
do you!
arc. Stand further off I pray you;
me some air.
eod. Good brother, will he 'scape?
urgeons say there is no danger.
il. 'Scape?
oubt he will.—
oc. Alas, will he not leave
trying all?—Madam, I do beseech you
ne but speak to him, you and these by,
I dare almost promise you to make him
himself truly sorrowful to you.
es, a story I shall open to you,
ut in so good words, but in itself
ll of chance, that you will easily
ve my tediousness, and be well pleased
that so much afflicts me.
g. Good sir, do.
oc. And I desire no interruption
eech may trouble me, till I have said
I will quickly do.
eod. What will she say?
g. Come, gentlemen, I pray you lend your ears,
keep your voices.
oc. Signor Marc-Antonio,
do you?
arc. Oh, the surgeons!
oc. Let me tell you,
know as well as you, you do dissemble,
no time to do so; leave the thoughts
is vain world, forget your flesh and blood,
nake your spirit an untroubled way
ss to what it ought.
arc. You are not in earnest?
I can walk, sir, and am well.
oc. 'Tis true
you can walk, and do believe you're well:
the nature, as your surgeons say,
ese wounds, for a man to go, and talk,
merrily, till his last hour, his minute:
Heaven sake, sir, sit down again!
arc. Alas,
e are the surgeons?
oc. Sir, they will not come;
ey should dress you, you would die, they say,
me told twenty. Trouble not your mind,
your head warm, and do not stir your body,
you may live an hour.
arc. Oh, Heavens, an hour?
it is too little to remember
alf the wrongs that I have done: How short
for contrition, and how least of all
atisfaction!
oc. But you desire
tisfy?
arc. Heaven knows, I do!
oc. Then know
I am he, or she, or what you will,
wrong'd by you, your Leocadia,
ow you must remember me)——
arc. Oh, Heaven!
oc. That lost her friends, that lost her father's house,
lost her fame in losing of her sex,
these strange garments: There is no excuse
nder me; it is within your power
ve me satisfaction; you have time
Left in this little piece of life to do it:
Therefore I charge you for your conscience' sake,
And for our fame, which I would fain have live
When both of us are dead, to celebrate
That contract, which you have both seal'd and sworn,
Yet ere you die; which must be hastily,
Heaven knows.
Marc. Alas, the sting of conscience
To death-ward for our faults! Draw nearer all,
And hear what I, unhappy man, shall say.—
First, madam, I desire your pardon; next,
(I feel my spirits fail me!) gentlemen,
Let me shake hands with you, and let's be friends;
For I have done wrong upon wrong so thick,
I know not where, that every man methinks
Should be mine enemy; forgive me both!
Lastly, 'tis true (oh, I do feel the power
Of death seize on me!) that I was contracted
By seal and oath to Leocadia;
(I must speak fast, because I fear my life
Will else be shorter than my speech would be)
But 'tis impossible to satisfy
You, Leocadia, but by repentance,
Though I can dyingly and boldly say
I know not your dishonour; yet that was
Your virtue, and not mine, you know it well:
But herein lies the impossibility;
(Oh! Theodosia, Theodosia!)
I was betroth'd to Theodosia,
Before I ever saw thee; Heaven forgive me!
She is my wife this half-hour whilst I live.
Theod. That's I, That's I! I'm Theodosia.
Hear me a little now, who have not suffer'd
Disgrace at all methinks, since you confess
What I so long have sought for. Here is with me
Philippo too, my brother.
Marc. I am glad;
All happiness to him! Come, let me kiss thee,
Beg pardon of that maid for my offence;
And let me further, with a dying breath,
Tell in thine ear the rest of my desires.
[*Whispers* THEODOSIA.
Eug. I am afraid they will all four turn women,
If we hold longer talk.
Leoc. Alas, there is
No hope for me; that's Theodosia,
And that her brother. I am only sorry
I was beholding to 'em; I will search
Over the world, as careless of my fortunes
As they of me, till I can meet a curse
To make these almost-killing sorrows worse! [*Exit.*
Theod. Sir, as I live, she lied, only to draw
A just confession from you, which she hath;
A happy one for me! Ask of this lady,
Ask of my brother.
Eug. Sir, she did dissemble;
Your wound is nothing.
Phil. Leocadia's gone! [*Exit.*
Theod. Rise up, and stir yourself; 'tis but amazement
And your imagination that afflicts you;
Look you, sir, now! [*He rises*
Marc. I think 'tis so, indeed.
Theod. The surgeons do not come, because they swear
It needs no dressing.
Eug. You shall talk with 'em
Within, for your own fancy.

Marc. Where's your brother,
And Leocadia?
Eug. Within, belike.
Marc. I feel myself, methinks, as well as ever.
Eug. Keep then your mind so too; I do forgive
The fault you did to me; but here is one
Must not be wrong'd hereafter.
Marc. Neither shall she:
When I make jests of oaths again, or make
My lust play with religion; when I leave
To keep true joys for her, and yet within
Myself true sorrow for my passed deeds;
May I want grace when I would fain repent,
And find a great and sudden punishment! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter PHILIPPO, DIEGO, *and* INCUBO

Phil. Where is mine host? did not he see him
Diego. Not I, i'faith, sir. [neither?
Phil. Nor the muleteer?
Inc. Nay, he's past seeing, unless it be in's sleep,
By this time; all his visions were the pots,
Three hours since, sir.
Phil. Which way should she take?
Nay, look you now! do you all stand still? Good Heaven!
You might have lighted on him. Now, this instant!
For love's sake, seek him out! Whoever finds him,
I will reward his fortune as his diligence.
Get all the town to help, that will be hired;
Their pains I'll turn to an annual holiday,
If it shall chance but one bring word of her:
Pray you, about it!
Inc. Her, sir? who do you mean?
Phil. I had forgot myself; the page, I meant,
That came along with us.
Diego. He you gave the clothes to?
Phil. I gave the clothes to, rascal?
Diego. Nay, good sir!
Phil. Why dost thou mention or upbraid my Slave? [courtesies,
Diego. For your honour, sir.
Phil. Wretch! I was honour'd,
That she should wear 'em (he, I would say) 'sdeath!
Go, get and find him out, or never see me.—
I shall betray my love, ere I possess it.
Some star direct me, or ill planet strike me! [*Exit.*
Inc. Best to divide.
Diego. I'll this way.
Inc. And I this.
Diego. I, as you, find him for a ryal!
Inc. 'Tis done.
Diego. My course is now directly to some pie-house;
I know the pages' compass.
Inc. I think rather
The smock side o' th' town, the surer harbour
At his years to put in.
Diego. If I do find
The hungry haunt, I take him by the teeth now.
Inc. I by the tail; yet I as you!
Diego. No more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter PHILIPPO.

Phil. Dear Leocadia, where canst thou be fled
Thus, like a spirit, hence? and in a moment?
What cloud can hide thee from my following search,
If yet thou art a body? Sure she hath not
Ta'en any house: She did too late leave one
Where all humanity of a place received her,
And would, if she had stay'd, have help'd to right
The wrong her fortune did her. Yet she must
Be enter'd somewhere, or be found; no street,
Lane, passage, corner, turn, hath 'scaped enquiry.
If her despair had ravish'd her to air,
She could not yet be rarified so,
But some of us should meet her: Though their eyes
Perhaps be leaden, and might turn, mine would
Strike out a lightning for her, and divide
A mist as thick as ever darkness was,
Nay, see her through a quarry: They do lie,
Lie grossly, that say Love is blind; by him,
And Heaven, they lie! he has a sight can pierce
Through ivory, as clear as it were horn,
And reach his object.

Enter INCUBO.

Inc. Sir, he's found, he's found!
Phil. Ha? where? But reach that happy note again,
And let it relish truth, thou art an angel.
Inc. He's here; fast by, sir; calling for a boat
To go aboard the gallies.
Phil. Where, where? Hold thee! [*Gives money, and exit.*
Inc. He might ha' kept this now, I had nought to shew for't,
If he had had the wit to have gone from's word:
These direct men, they are no men of fashion;
Talk what you will, this is a very smelt. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of the Surgeon.*

Enter LEONARDO, *with the* Surgeon.

Leo. Upon your art, sir, and your faith to assist it,
Shall I believe you then his wound's not mortal?
Surg. Sir, 'tis not worth your question, less your fear.
Leo. You do restore me, sir; I pray you accept
This small remembrance of a father's thanks,
For so assured a benefit.
Surg. Excuse me!
Leo. Sir, I can spare it, and must not believe
But that your fortune may receive't; except
You'd ha' me think you live not by your practice.
Surg. I crave your pardon, sir; you teach me manners.
Leo. I crave your love and friendship; and require,
As I have made now both myself and business
A portion of your care, you will but bring me,
Under the person of a call'd assistant,
To his next opening; where I may but see him,
And utter a few words to him in private,

you will merit me: For I am loth,
e here I have not to appear myself,
o be known unto the Governor,
ake a tumult of my purpose.
rg. Neither
e will be your need, sir: I shall bring you
there, and off again, without the hazard.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Harbour.*

Enter PHILIPPO *and* LEOCADIA.

hil. Will you not hear me?
oc. I have heard so much
keep me deaf for ever! No, Marc-Antonio,
r thy sentence, I may hear no more:
hast pronounced me dead!
hil. Appeal to Reason:
will reprieve you from the power of grief,
ch rules but in her absence: Hear me say
vereign message from her, which in duty,
love to your own safety, you ought hear.
do you strive so? whither would you fly?
cannot wrest yourself away from care,
may from counsel; you may shift your place,
not your person; and another clime
es you no other.
oc. Oh!
hil. For passion's sake,
ich I do serve, honour, and love in you)
u will sigh, sigh here; if you would vary
gh to tears, or outcry, do it here!
hade, no desart, darkness, nor the grave,
l be more equal to your thoughts than I.
but hear me speak!
oc. What would you say?
hil. That which shall raise your heart, or pull down mine,
t your passion, or provoke mine own;
must have both one balsam, or one wound.
know, loved fair, since the first providence
e me your rescue, I have read you through,
with a wond'ring pity looked on you;
ve observed the method of your blood,
waited on it even with sympathy
like red and paleness in mine own;
ew which blush was Anger's, which was Love's,
ch was the eye of Sorrow, which of Truth;
could distinguish honour from disdain
very change; and you are worth my study.
w your voluntary misery
ain'd in travel: A disguised maid,
ried with seeking, and with finding lost;
lected, where you hoped most, or put by;
w it, and have laid it to my heart:
though it were my sister which was righted,
being by your wrong, I put off nature,
ld not be glad, where I was bound to triumph,
care for you so drown'd respect of her;
did I only apprehend your bonds,
studied your release; and for that day
e I made up a ransom, brought you health,
ervative 'gainst chance, or injury,
se you apply it to the grief; myself.
oc. Humh!
hil. Nay, do not think me less than such a cure,
onio was not; and, 'tis possible,
ippo may succeed: My blood and house
as deep-rooted, and as fairly spread.
As Marc-Antonio's; and in that all seek,
Fortune hath given him no precedency:
As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn
Incense as much as he; I ever durst
Walk with Antonio by the self-same light
At any feast, or triumph, and ne'er cared
Which side my lady or her woman took
In their survey; I durst have told my tale too,
Though his discourse new ended.
Leoc. My repulse——
Phil. Let not that torture you, which makes me happy;
Nor think that conscience, fair, which is no shame!
'Twas no repulse; it was your dowry rather:
For then methought a thousand graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thousand stories
Of constant virtue, which you then out-reach'd,
In one example did proclaim you rich:
Nor do I think you wretched, or disgraced,
After this suffering, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need; but rather know
You are the charge and business of those powers,
Who, like best tutors, do inflict hard tasks
Upon great natures, and of noblest hopes.
Read trivial lessons, and half lines to slugs;
They that live long, and never feel mischance,
Spend more than half their age in ignorance.
Leoc. 'Tis well you think so.
Phil. You shall think so too;
You shall, sweet Leocadia, and do so.
Leoc. Good sir, no more! you have too fai a shape
To play so foul a part in as the tempter:
Say that I could make peace with Fortune who,
Who should absolve me of my vow yet? ha!
My contract made?
Phil. Your contract?
Leoc. Yes, my contract:
Am I not his? his wife?
Phil. Sweet, nothing less.
Leoc. I have no name then?
Phil. Truly then, you have not:
How can you be his wife, who was before
Another's husband?
Leoc. Oh, though he dispense
With his faith given, I cannot with mine.
Phil. You do mistake, clear soul; his pre-contract
Doth annul yours, and you have given no faith
That ties you in religion, or humanity;
You rather sin against that greater precept,
To covet what's another's; sweet, you do:
Believe me, who dare not urge dishonest things!
Remove that scruple therefore, and but take
Your dangers now into your judgment's scale,
And weigh them with your safeties: Think but whither
Now you can go; what you can do to live;
How near you ha' barred all ports to your own succour,
Except this one that I here open, love.
Should you be left alone, you were a prey
To the wild lust of any, who would look
Upon this shape like a temptation,
And think you want the man you personate;
Would not regard this shift, which love put on
As virtue forc'd, but covet it like vice;
So should you live the slander of each sex,
And be the child of error and of shame;

And, which is worse, even Marc-Antony
Would be call'd just, to turn a wanderer off,
And fame report you worthy his contempt;
Where, if you make new choice, and settle here,
There is no further tumult in this flood,
Each current keeps his course, and all suspicions
Shall return honours. Came you forth a maid?
Go home a wife: Alone? and in disguise?
Go home a waited Leocadia:
Go home, and, by the virtue of that charm,
Transform all mischiefs, as you are transform'd;
Turn your offended father's wrath to wonder,
And all his loud grief to a silent welcome;
Unfold the riddles you have made. What say you?
Now is the time; delay is but despair;
If you be chang'd, let a kiss tell me so! [*Kisses her.*

Leoc. I am; but how, I rather feel than know.

Enter SANCHIO *carried*, ALPHONSO *and* Servants.

Sanc. Come, sir; you are welcome now to Barcelona.
Take off my hood.

Phil. Who be these? Stay, let's view 'em!

Alph. 'Twas a long journey; are you not weary, sir?

Sanc. Weary? I could have rid it in mine armour.

Leoc. Alas!

Phil. What ail you, dear?

Leoc. It is my father.

Phil. Your father? which?

Leoc. He that is carried: Oh,
Let us make hence!

Phil. For love's sake, good my heart!

Leoc. Into some house, before he see me.

Phil. Dear,
Be not thus frighted.

Leoc. Oh, his wrath is tempest.

Phil. Sweet, take your spirit to you, and stay. Be't he,
He cannot know you in this habit; and me
I'm sure he less knows, for he never saw me.

Alph. Ha! who is that? my son Philippo!

Phil. Sir!

Alph. Why, what make you here? Is this Salamanca?
And that your study? ha?—Nay, stay him too;
We'll see him, by his leave. [*They hold them.*

Serv. You must not strive, sir.

Alph. No, no; come near.

Sanc. My daughter? Leocadia?

Alph. How, sir! your daughter?

Sanc. Yes, sir: and as sure
As that's your son.—Come hither! What now? run
Out o' your sex? breech'd? Was it not enough
At once to leave thy father, and thine honour,
Unless thou had'st quit thyself too?

Phil. Sir, what fault
She can be urged of, I must take on me
The guilt and punishment.

Sanc. You must, sir? How
If you shall not, though you must? I deal not
With boys, sir, I: You have a father here
Shall do me right.

Alph. Thou art not mad, Philippo?
Art thou Marc-Antony, son to Leonardo?
Our business is to them. [LEOCADIA *slips out.*

Sanc. No, no, no, no!
I'll ha' the business now, with you, none else.
Pray you let's speak in private.—Carry me to him.—
Your son's the ravisher, sir; and here I find him.
I hope you'll give me cause to think you noble,
And do me right, with your sword, sir, as becomes
One gentleman of honour to another:
All this is fair, sir; here's the sea fast by;
Upon the sands we will determine.
'Tis that I call you to; let's make no days on't;
I'll lead your way.—To the sea-side, rascals!

Phil. Sir,
I would beseech your stay; he may not follow you.

Sanc. No?—Turn.—I'll kill him here then.—Slaves, rogues, blocks,
Why do you not bear me to him? Ha' you been
Acquainted with my motions, logs, so long,
And yet not know to time 'em?

Phil. Were you, sir,
Not impotent——

Alph. Hold you your peace, boy!

Sanc. Impotent?
'Death, I'll cut his throat first, and then his father's.

Alph. You must provide you then a sharper razor
Than is your tongue; for I not fear your sword.

Sanc. 'Heart, bear me to either of 'em!

Phil. Pray, sir, your patience.

Enter Governor *and* Attendants.

Alph. My curse light on thee, if thou stay him!

Phil. Hold!

Gov. Why, what's the matter, gentlemen? what tumult
Is this you raise i' th' street! before my door?
Know you what 'tis to draw a weapon here!

Sanc. Yes, and to use it.—Bear me up to him,
Thus, at a traitor's heart! [rogues.

Alph. Truer than thine.

Gov. Strike, strike; some of the people disarm 'em;
Kill 'em if they resist.

Phil. Nay, generous sir,
Let not your courtesy turn fury now.

Gov. Lay hold upon 'em; take away their weapons!
I will be worth an answer, ere we part.

Phil. It is the Governor, sir.

Alph. I yield myself. [*Gives up his sword.*

Sanc. My sword? What think'st thou of me? pray thee, tell me.

1 *Attend.* As of a gentleman.

Sanc. No more?

1 *Attend.* Of worth,
And quality.

Sanc. An I should quit my sword,
There were small worth or quality in that, friend;
Pray thee learn thou more worth and quality,
Than to demand it.

Gov. Force it, I say!

1 *Attend.* The Governor,
You hear, commands.

Sanc. The Governor shall pardon me.

Phil. How! Leocadia gone again? [*Exit Philippo.*

Sanc. He shall, friend,
I' th' point of honour, by his leave; so tell him:
His person and authority I acknowledge,
And do submit me to it; but my sword,
He shall excuse me, were he fifteen governors;
That and I dwell together, and must yet,
Till my hands part, assure him.

Gov. I say, force it. [*His sword is taken from him.*

Sanc. Stay, hear me! Hast thou ever read Caranza?
Understandest thou honour, noble Governor?
Gov. For that we'll have more fit dispute.
Sanc. Your name, sir?
Gov. You shall know that too, but on colder terms;
Your blood and brain are now too hot to take it.
Sanc. Force my sword from me? This is an affront.
Gov. Bring 'em away! [*Exeunt.*
Sanc. You'll do me reparation?

Enter PHILIPPO.

Phil. I have for ever lost her, and am lost,
And worthily; my tameness hath undone me!
She is gone hence, ashamed of me; yet I seek her:
Will she be ever found to me again,
Whom she saw stand so poorly, and dare nothing
In her defence here, when I should have drawn
This sword out, like a meteor, and have shot it
In both our parents' eyes, and left 'em blind
Unto their impotent angers? Oh, I am worthy,
On whom this loss and scorn should light to death;
Without the pity that should wish me better,
Either alive, or in my epitaph. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter LEONARDO *and* MARC-ANTONIO.

Leo. Well, son, your father is too near himself,
And hath too much of nature, to put off
Any affection that belongs to you:
I could have only wish'd you had acquainted
Her father, whom it equally concerns,
Though you'd presumed on me; it might have
An easier gate and path to both our joys: [open'd
For though I am none of those flinty fathers,
That, when their children do but natural things,
Turn rock and offence straight, yet, Marc-Antonio,
All are not of my quarry.
Marc. 'Tis my fear, sir;
And if hereafter I should e'er abuse
So great a piety, it were my malice.

Enter Attendants.

Attend. We must entreat you, gentlemen, to take
Another room; the Governor is coming
Here, on some business.

Enter Governor, SANCHIO *carried*, ALPHONSO, *and* Attendants.

Marc. We will give him way.
Sanc. I will have right, sir, on you (that believe,)
If there be any marshal's court in Spain.
Gov. For that, sir, we shall talk.
Sanc. Pox! do not slight me,
Though I am without a sword.
Gov. Keep to your chair, sir.
Sanc. Pox! let me fall, and hurl my chair, slaves, at him!
Gov. You are the more temper'd man, sir; let me entreat
Of you, the manner how this brawl fell out.
Alph. Fell out? I know not how, nor do I care much;
But here we came, sir, to this town together,
Both in one business, and one wrong, engaged,
To seek one Leonardo, an old Genoese——
I ha' said enough; there! would you more?—False father
Of a false son, call'd Marc-Antonio,
Who had stole both our daughters; and which fa-
Conspiring with his son in treachery, [ther,
It seem'd, to fly our satisfaction,
Was, as we heard, come private to this town,
Here to take ship for Italy.
Leo. You heard [*Comes forward.*
More than was true then, by the fear, or falsehood:
And though I thought not to reveal myself
(Pardon my manners in't) to you, for some
Important reasons; yet, being thus character'd
And challenged, know I dare appear, and do,
To who dares threaten.
Marc. I say he is not worthy
The name of man, or any honest preface,
That dares report or credit such a slander.
Do you, sir, say it?
Alph. Sir, I do say it.
Gov. Hold!—
Is this your father, signor Marc-Antonio?
You have ill requited me, thus to conceal him
From him would honour him, and do him service.
Leo. 'Twas not his fault, sir.

Enter EUGENIA.

Eug. Where's my lord?
Gov. Sweetheart!
Eug. Know you these gentlemen? they are all the fathers
Unto our friends.
Gov. So it appears, my dove.
Sanc. Sir, I say nothing: I do want a sword;
And till I have a sword I will say nothing.
Eug. Good sir, command these gentlemen their arms;
Entreat 'em as your friends, not as your prisoners.
Where be their swords?
Gov. Restore each man his weapon.
Sanc. It seems thou hast not read Caranza, fe-
I must have reparation of honour, [low:
As well as this; I find that wounded.
Gov. Sir,
I did not know your quality; if I had,
'Tis like I should have done you more respects.
Sanc. It is sufficient, by Caranza's rule.
Eug. I know it is, sir.
Sanc. Have you read Caranza, lady?
Eug. If you mean him that writ upon the duel,
He was my kinsman.
Sanc. Lady, then you know,
By the right noble writings of your kinsman,
My honour is as dear to me as the king's.
Eug. 'Tis very true, sir.
Sanc. Therefore I must crave
Leave to go on now with my first dependance.
Eug. What! ha' you more?
Gov. None here, good signor.
Sanc. I will refer me to Caranza still.
Eug. Nay, love, I pr'ythee let me manage this!
With whom is't, sir?
Sanc. With that false man Alphonso.
Eug. Why, he has the advantage, sir, in legs.
Sanc. But I
In truth, and hand, and heart, and a good sword
Eug. But how if he will not stand you, sir?
Alph. For that,
Make it no question, lady; I will stick
My feet in earth down by him, where he dare.
Sanc. Oh, 'would thou wouldst!
Alph. I'll do it!

Sanc. Let me kiss him.
I fear thou wilt not yet.
Eug. Why, gentlemen,
If you'll proceed according to Caranza,
Methinks an easier way were two good chairs;
So you would be content, sir, to be bound,
'Cause he is lame: I'll fit you with like weapons,
Pistols and poniards, and even end it, if
The difference between you be so mortal
It cannot be ta'en up.
Sanc. Ta'en up? take off
This head first!
Alph. Come, bind me in a chair.
[*He is bound down.*
Eug. Yes, do.
Gov. What mean you, dove?
Eug. Let me alone;—
And set 'em at their distance: When you have done,
Lend me two poniards; I'll have pistols ready
Quickly. [*Exit.*

Enter Philippo.

Phil. She is not here.—Marc-Antonio,
Saw you not Leocadia?
Marc. Not I, brother.
Phil. Brother, let's speak with you. You were false unto her.
Marc. I was, but have ask'd pardon: Why do you urge it?
Phil. You were not worthy of her!
Marc. May be I was not;
But 'tis not well, you tell me so.
Phil. My sister
Is not so fair——
Marc. It skills not.
Phil. Nor so virtuous.
Marc. Yes, she must be as virtuous.
Phil. I would fain——
Marc. What, brother?
Phil. Strike you.
Marc. I shall not bear strokes,
Though I do these strange words.
Phil. Will you not kill me?
Marc. For what, good brother?
Phil. Why, for speaking well
Of Leocadia.
Marc. No, indeed.
Phil. Nor ill
Of Theodosia?
Marc. Neither.
Phil. Fare you well, then!

Enter Eugenia, Leocadia, Theodosia, *and* Servants *two Pistols.*

Eug. Nay, you shall have as noble second
As ever duellists had. Give 'em their weap
Now, Saint Iago!
Sanc. Are they charged?
Eug. Charged, sir!
I warrant you.
Alph. 'Would they were well discharged!
Sanc. I like a sword much better, I confe
Eug. Nay, wherefore stay you? Shall I your mark?
Strike one another thorough these?
Phil. My love!
Alph. My Theodosia!
Sanc. I ha' not the heart.
Alph. Nor I.
Eug. Why, here is a dependance ended.
Unbind that gentleman.—Come, take here
Your sons and daughters, and be friends!
Waits you within, is better than your fray.—
Lovers, take you your own; and all forbear
Under my roof, either to blush or fear!—
My love, what say you? could Caranza him
Carry a business better?
Gov. It is well.
All are content, I hope; and we well eased,
If they, for whom we have done all this, be p

THE LOVERS' PROGRESS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.
CLEANDER, *Husband to* CALISTA.
LIDIAN, *Brother to* CALISTA, *in love with* OLINDA.
CLARANGE, *Rival to* LIDIAN.
DORILAUS, *Father to* LIDIAN *and* CALISTA, *a merry old Man.*
LISANDER, *Friend to* CLEANDER, *and Lover to* CALISTA.
ALCIDON, *Friend to* LIDIAN.
BERONTE, *Brother to* CLEANDER.
LEMURE, *a noble Courtier.*
LEON, *a Villain, Lover of* CLARINDA.
MALFORT, *a foolish Steward of* CLEANDER.
LANCELOT, *Servant to* LISANDER.
Friar.
Host's Ghost.
Chamberlain.
JASPER, *Servant to* DORILAUS.
Servants.

CALISTA, *a virtuous Lady, Wife to* CLEANDER.
OLINDA, *a noble Maid, and rich Heir, Mistress to* LIDIAN *and* CLARANGE.
CLARINDA, *a lustful Wench,* CALISTA'S *Waiting-Woman.*

SCENE,—PARIS, AND THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY.

PROLOGUE.

A STORY, and a known one, long since writ,
(Truth must take place) and by an able wit!
(Foul-mouth'd detraction daring not deny
To give so much to Fletcher's memory;)
If so, some may object, why then do you
Present an old piece to us for a new?
Or wherefore will your profest writer be
(Not taxed of theft before) a plagiary?
To this he answers in his just defence,
And to maintain to all our innocence,
Thus much; though he hath travell'd the same way,
Demanding, and receiving too the pay
For a new poem, you may find it due.
He having neither cheated us, nor you:
He vows, and deeply, that he did not spare
The utmost of his strengths, and his best care
In the reviving it; and though his powers
Could not, as he desired, in three short hours
Contract the subject, and much less express
The changes, and the various passages
That will be look'd for, you may hear this day
Some scenes that will confirm it is a play,
He being ambitious that it should be known,
What's good was Fletcher's, and what ill his own.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—PARIS. *A Room in the House of* CLEANDER.

Enter LEON *and* MALFORT.

Malf. And, as I told you, sir——
Leon. I understand you;
Clarinda's still perverse.
Malf. She's worse; obdurate,
Flinty, relentless; my love-passions jeered at,
My presents scorn'd!
Leon. 'Tis strange, a waiting-woman,
In her condition, apt to yield, should hold out,
A man of your place, reverend beard and shape,
Besieging her.
Malf. You might add too, my wealth,
Which she contemns; five hundred crowns *per annum.*
For which I have ventured hard, my conscience [knows it)
Not thought upon, though offer'd for a jointure;
This chain, which my lord's peasants worship, flouted;
My solemn hum's and ha's, the servants quake at
No rhetoric with her; every hour she hangs out
Some new flag of defiance to torment me:
Last Lent my lady call'd me her Poor-John,
But now I am grown a walking skeleton;
You may see through and through me.
Leon. Indeed you are
Much fall'n away.
Malf. I am a kind of nothing,
As she hath made me: Love's a terrible glister,
And if some cordial of her favours help not,
I shall, like an Italian, die backward,
And breathe my last the wrong way.
Leon. As I live,
You have my pity: but this is cold comfort,

And, in a friend, lip-physic; and, now I think on't,
I should do more, and will, so you deny not
Yourself the means of comfort.
Malf. I'll be hang'd first:
One dram of't, I beseech you!
Leon. You're not jealous
Of any man's access to her?
Malf. I would not
Receive the dor; but as a bosom friend
You shall direct me; still provided, that
I understand who is the man, and what
His purpose that pleads for me.
Leon. By all means.
First, for the undertaker, I am he:
The means that I will practise, thus——
Malf. Pray you forward!
Leon. You know your lady, chaste Calista, loves
Malf. Too well; that makes her proud. [her.
Leon. Nay, give me leave.
This beauteous lady (I may style her so,
Being the Paragon of France for feature)
Is not alone contented in herself
To seem and be good, but desires to make
All such as have dependence on her like her:
For this, Clarinda's liberty's restrain'd,
And though her kinsman, the gate's shut against
Now if you please to make yourself the door [me:
For my conveyance to her, though you run
The hazard of a check for't, 'tis no matter.
Malf. It being for mine own ends?
Leon. I'll give it o'er,
If that you make the least doubt otherwise.
Studying upon't? good morrow!
Malf. Pray you stay, sir!
You are my friend: yet, as the proverb says,
"When love puts in, friendship is gone:" Suppose
You should yourself affect her?
Leon. Do you think
I'll commit incest! for it is no less,
She being my cousin-german. Fare you well, sir.
Malf. I had forgot that; for this once, forgive
Only, to ease the throbbing of my heart, [me.
(For I do feel strange pangs) instruct me what
You will say for me.
Leon. First, I'll tell her that
She hath so far besotted you, that you have
Almost forgot to cast account.
Malf. Mere truth, sir.
Leon. That of a wise and provident steward, you
Are turn'd stark ass.
Malf. Urge that point home; I am so.
Leon. That you adore the ground she treads
And kiss her footsteps. [upon,
Malf. As I do when I find
Their print i' th' snow.
Leon. A loving fool; I know it,
By your bloodless frosty lips. Then, having related
How much you suffer for her, and how well
You do deserve it——
Malf. How? to suffer?
Leon. No, sir;
To have your love return'd——
Malf. That's good; I thank you.
Leon. I will deliver her an inventory
Of your good parts; as this, your precious nose,
Dropping affection; your high forehead, reaching
Almost to the crown of your head; your slender waist,
And a back not like a thresher's, but a bending
And court-like back, and so forth, for your body.
But when I touch your mind, (for that must take her,
Since your outside promises little) I'll enlarge it,
Though ne'er so narrow; as, your arts to thrive,
Your composition with the cook and butler
For the coney-skins and chippings; and half a
With all the under-officers o' th' house, [share
In strangers' bounties; that she shall have all,
And you as 'twere her bailiff.
Malf. As I will be.
Leon. As you shall, so I'll promise.—Then your qualities;
As playing on a gittern, or a Jew's trump——
Malf. A little too o' th' viol.
Leon. Fear you nothing.—
Then singing her asleep with curious catches
Of your own making; for, as I have heard,
You are poetical.
Malf. Something given that way:
Yet my works seldom thrive; and the main reason
The poets urge for't is, because I am not
As poor as they are.
Leon. Very likely. Fetch her,
While I am in the vein.
Malf. 'Tis an apt time,
My lady being at her prayers.
Leon. Let her pray on.
Nay, go; and if, upon my intercession,
She do you not some favour, I'll disclaim her.
I'll ruminate on't the while.
Malf. A hundred crowns
Is your reward.
Leon. Without 'em.—Nay, no trifling.
[*Exit* Malfort.
That this dull clod of ignorance should know
How to get money, yet want eyes to see
How grossly he's abused, and wrought upon!
When he should make his will, the rogue's turn'd rampant,
As he had renew'd his youth. A handsome wench
Love one a spital whore would run away from?
Well, master steward, I will plead for you
In such a method, as it shall appear
You are fit to be a property.

Enter Malfort *and* Clarinda.

Malf. Yonder he walks,
That knows my worth and value, though you scorn
Clari. If my lady know not this—— [it.
Malf. I'll answer it.
If you were a nun, I hope your cousin-german
Might talk with you through a grate; but you are none,
And therefore may come closer: Ne'er hang off;
As I live you shall bill; you may salute as strangers.
Custom allows it.—Now, now, come upon her
[*To* Leon.
With all your oratory, tickle her to the quick,
As a young advocate should, and leave no virtue
Of mine unmention'd. I'll stand centinel;
Nay, keep the door myself. [*Exit.*
Clari. How have you work'd
This piece of motley to your ends?
Leon. Of that
At leisure, mistress. [*Kissing.*
Clari. Lower; you are too loud;
Though the fool be deaf, some of the house may hear you.
Leon. Suppose they should, I am a gentleman.

And held your kinsman; under that, I hope,
I may be free.
Clari. I grant it, but with caution;
But be not seen to talk with me familiarly,
But at fit distance; or not seen at all,
It were the better: You know my lady's humour;
She is all honour, and composed of goodness,
As she pretends; and you having no business,
How jealous may she grow!
Leon. I will be ruled:
But you have promised, and I must enjoy you.
Clari. We shall find time for that; you are too hasty:
Make yourself fit, and I shall make occasion;
Deliberation makes best in that business,
And contents every way.
Leon. But you must feed
This foolish steward with some shadow of
A future favour, that we may preserve him
To be our instrument.
Clari. Hang him!
Leon. For my sake, sweet!
I undertook to speak for him; any bauble,
Or slight employment in the way of service,
Will feed him fat.
Clari. Leave him to me.

Enter MALFORT.

Malf. She comes!
My lady!
Clari. I will satisfy her.
Malf. How far
Have you prevail'd?
Leon. Observe.
Clari. Monsieur Malfort,
I must be brief; my cousin hath spoke much
In your behalf, and to give you some proof
I entertain you as my servant, you
Shall have the grace——
Leon. Upon your knee receive it.
Clari. And take it as a special favour from me—
To tie my shoe.
Malf. I am o'erjoy'd.
Leon. Good reason.
Clari. You may come higher in time.

Enter CALISTA.

Leon. No more; the lady!
Malf. She frowns.
Clari. I thank you for this visit, cousin;
But, without leave hereafter from my lady,
I dare not change discourse with you.
Malf. Pray you take
Your morning's draught.
Leon. I thank you:—Happiness
Attend your honour!

[*Exeunt* LEON *and* MALFORT.

Cal. Who gave warrant to
This private parle?
Clari. My innocence; I hope
My conference with a kinsman cannot call
Your anger on me.
Cal. Kinsman? Let me have
No more of this, as you desire you may
Continue mine!
Clari. Why, madam, under pardon,
Suppose him otherwise; yet, coming in
A lawful way, it is excusable.
Cal. How's this?
Clari. I grant you are made of pureness,
And that your tenderness of honour holds
The sovereignty o'er your passions: Yet you have
A noble husband with allow'd embraces
To quench lascivious fires, should such flame in you,
As I must ne'er believe. Were I the wife
Of one that could but zany brave Cleander,
Even in his least perfections, (excuse
My o'er bold inference) I should desire
To meet no other object.
Cal. You grow saucy!
Do I look further?
Clari. No, dear madam; and
It is my wonder, or astonishment rather,
You could deny the service of Lisander;
A man without a rival, one the king
And kingdom gazes on with admiration,
For all the excellences a mother could
Wish in her only son.
Cal. Did not mine honour
And obligation to Cleander, force me
To be deaf to his complaints?
Clari. 'Tis true; but yet
Your rigour to command him from your presence
Argued but small compassion; the groves
Witness his grievous sufferings; your fair name
Upon the rind of every gentle poplar,
And amorous myrtle, (trees to Venus sacred,)
With adoration carved, and kneel'd unto.
This you, unseen of him, both saw and heard
Without compassion; and what received he
For his true sorrows, but the heavy knowledge
That twas your peremptory will and pleasure,
Howe'er my lord lived in him, he should quit
Your sight and house for ever?
Cal. I confess
I gave him a strong potion to work
Upon his hot blood, and I hope 'twill cure him:
Yet I could wish the cause had concern'd others,
I might have met his sorrows with more pity;
At least, have lent some counsel to his miseries.
Though now, for honour sake, I must forget him,
And never know the name more of Lisander;
Yet in my justice I am bound to grant him,
Laying his love aside, most truly noble:
But mention him no more. This instant hour
My brother Lidian, new return'd from travel,
And his brave friend Clarangè, long since rivals
For fair and rich Olinda, are to hear
Her absolute determination, whom
She pleases to elect. See all things ready
To entertain 'em; and, on my displeasure,
No more words of Lisander!
Clari. She endures
To hear him named by no tongue but her own:
Howe'er she carries it, I know she loves him.

[*Exit.*

Cal. Hard nature, hard condition of poor women,
That, where we are most sued to, we must fly most!
The trees grow up, and mix together freely,
The oak not envious of the sailing cedar,
The lusty vine not jealous of the ivy
Because she clips the elm; the flowers shoot up,
And wantonly kiss one another hourly,
This blossom glorying in the other's beauty,
And yet they smell as sweet, and look as lovely:
But we are tied to grow alone. Oh, honour,
Thou hard law to our lives, chain to our freedom!
He that invented thee had many curses.
How is my soul divided! Oh, Cleander,
My best-deserving husband! Oh, Lisander.

The truest lover that e'er sacrificed
To Cupid against Hymen! Oh, mine honour,
A tyrant, yet to be obey'd! and 'tis
But justice we should thy strict laws endure,
Since our obedience to thee keeps us pure. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter CLEANDER, LIDIAN, *and* CLARANGE.

Cle. How insupportable the difference
Of dear friends is, the sorrow that I feel
For my Lisander's absence (one that stamps
A reverend print on friendship) does assure me.
You are rivals for a lady, a fair lady;
And, in the acquisition of her favours,
Hazard the cutting of that gordian knot
From your first childhood to this present hour,
By all the ties of love and amity fastened.
I am blest in a wife (Heaven make me thankful!)
Inferior to none, sans pride I speak it;
Yet if I were a freeman, and could purchase
At any rate the certainty to enjoy
Lisander's conversation while I lived,
(Forgive me, my Calista, and the sex!)
I never would seek change.
Lid. My lord and brother,
I dare not blame your choice, Lisander's worth
Being a mistress to be ever courted;
Nor shall our equal suit to fair Olinda
Weaken, but add strength to our true affection,
With zeal so long continued.
Clara. When we know
Whom she prefers, as she can chuse but one,
By our so-long-tried friendship we have vowed
The other shall desist.
Cle. 'Tis yet your purpose;
But how this resolution will hold
In him that is refused, is not alone
Doubtful, but dangerous.

Enter MALFORT.

Malf. The rich heir is come, sir.
Cle. Madam Olinda?
Malf. Yes, sir; and makes choice,
After some little conference with my lady,
Of this room to give answer to her suitors.
Cle. Already both look pale, between your hopes
To win the prize, and your despair to lose
What you contend for.
Lid. No, sir; I am armed.
Clara. I confident of my interest.
Cle. I'll believe you
When you've endured the test.

Enter CALISTA, OLINDA, *and* CLARINDA.

Malf. Is not your garter
Untied? You promised that I should grow higher
In doing you service.
Clari. Fall off, or you lose me! [*Exit* MALFORT.
Cle. Nay, take your place; no Paris now sits
On the contending goddesses: You are [judge
The deity that must make curst, or happy,
One of your languishing servants.
Olin. I thus look
With equal eyes on both; either deserves
A fairer fortune than they can in reason
Hope for from me: From Lidian I expect,
When I have made him mine, all pleasures that
The sweetness of his manners, youth, and virtues,
Can give assurance of: But turning this way
To brave Clarangè, in his face appears
A kind of majesty which should command,
Not sue for favour. If the fairest lady
Of France, set forth with nature's best endowments,
Nay, should I add a princess of the blood,
Did now lay claim to either for a husband,
So vehement my affection is to both,
My envy at her happiness would kill me.
Cle. The strangest love I ever heard!
Cal. You can
Enjoy but one.
Clari. The more, I say, the merrier. [*Aside.*
Olin. Witness these tears I love both, as I know
You burn with equal flames, and so affect me;
Abundance makes me poor; such is the hard
Condition of my fortune. Be your own judges;
If I should favour both, 'twill taint my honour,
And that before my life I must prefer:
If one I lean to, the other is disvalued;
You are fiery both, and love will make you warmer.
Clari. The warmer still the fitter. You're a fool,
lady. [*Aside.*
Olin. To what may love, and the devil jealousy,
spur you,
Is too apparent; my name's called in question;
Your swords fly out, your angers range at large:
Then what a murder of my modesty follows!
Clari. Take heed of that by any means.—Oh,
innocent; [*Aside.*
That will deny a blessing when 'tis offer'd!
Would I were murder'd so, I would thank my
Cle. What pause you on? [modesty.
Olin. It is at length resolved.
Clara. We are on the rack; uncertain expec-
The greatest torture! [tation
Lid. Command what you please,
And you shall see how willingly we will execute.
Olin. Then hear what, for your satisfaction,
And to preserve your friendship, I resolve
Against myself; and 'tis not to be alter'd:
You are both brave gentlemen, I'll still profess it,
Both noble servants, for whose gentle offers
The undeserving and the poor Olinda
Is ever bound; you love both, fair and virtuously;
'Would I could be so happy to content both!
Which, since I cannot, take this resolute answer:
Go from me both contentedly, and he
That last makes his return, and comes to visit,
Comes to my bed. You know my will; farewell!
My heart's too big to utter more.—Come, friend!
Cal. I'll wait on you to your coach.
[*Exeunt* OLINDA, CALISTA, *and* CLARINDA.
Cle. You both look blank;
I cannot blame you.
Lid. We have our dispatches.
Clara. I'll home.
Lid. And I'll abroad again: Farewell!
Clara. Farewell to ye!
[*Exeunt* CLARANGE *and* LIDIAN *severally.*
Cle. Their blunt departure troubles me: I fear,
A sudden and a dangerous division
Of their long love will follow.

Enter CALISTA.

Have you took
Your leave of fair Olinda?
Cal. She is gone, sir.
Cle. Had you brought news Lisander were re-
turned too,
I were most happy.
Cal. Still upon Lisander?

Cle. I know he loves me, as he loves his health;
And Heaven knows I love him.
Cal. I find it so;
For me you have forgot, and what I am to you.
Cle. Oh, think not so. If you had lost a sister
You lock'd all your delights in, it would grieve you;
A little you would wander from the fondness
You owed your husband: I have lost a friend,
A noble friend; all that was excellent
In man, or mankind, was contain'd within him.
That loss, my wife——

Enter MALFORT.

Malf. Madam, your noble father——
A fee for my good news!
Cal. Why, what of him, sir?
Mal. Is lighted at the door, and longs to see you.
Cal. Attend him hither.
Cle. Oh, my dear Lisander!
But I'll be merry. Let's meet him, my Calista.
Cal. I hope Lisander's love will now be buried:
My father will bring joy enough for one month,
To put him out of his memory.

Enter DORILAUS; *his arm in a Scarf.*

Dor. How do you, son?
Bless my fair child! I am come to visit you,
To see what house you keep; they say you are bountiful;
I like the noise well, and I come to try it.
Ne'er a great belly yet? How have you trifled!
If I had done so, son, I should have heard on't
On both sides, by saint Dennis!
Cle. You are nobly welcome, sir!
We have time enough for that.
Dor. See how she blushes;
'Tis a good sign, you'll mend your fault. How dost thou,
My good Calista?
Cal. Well, now I see you, sir;
I hope you bring a fruitfulness along with you.
Dor. Good luck, I never miss; I was ever good at it:
Your mother groaned for't, wench; so did some other,
But I durst never tell.
Cal. How does your arm, sir?
Cle. Have you been let blood of late?
Dor. Against my will, sir.
Cal. A fall, dear father?
Dor. No, a gun, dear daughter;
Two or three guns; I have one here in my buttock,
'Twould trouble a surgeon's teeth to pull it out.
Cal. Oh, me! oh, me!
Dor. Nay, if you fall to fainting,
'Tis time for me to trudge: Art such a coward,
At the mere name of hurt to change thy colour?
I have been shot that men might see clean through me,
And yet I fainted not. Besides myself,
Here are an hospital of hurt men for you.

Enter JASPER *and other* Servants, *wounded in several places.*

Cle. What should this wonder be?
Cal. I am amazed at it.
Dor. What think ye of these? they are every one hurt soundly,
Hurt to the proof; they are through and through, I assure ye;
And that's good game; they scorn your puling scratches.
Cal. Who did this, sir?
Dor. Leave crying, and I'll tell you;
And get your plaisters, and your warm stupes ready:
Have you ne'er a shepherd that can tar us over?
'Twill prove a business else, we are so many.
Coming to see you, I was set upon,
I and my men, as we were singing frolicly;
Not dreaming of an ambush of base rogues,
Set on i' th' forest, I have forgot the name——
Cle. 'Twixt this and Fontainebleau? in the wild forest?
Dor. The same, the same, in that accursed forest,
Set on by villains, that make boot of all men;
The peers of France are pillage there. They shot at us,
Hurt us, unhorsed us, came to the sword, there plied us,
Oppressed us with fresh multitudes, fresh shot still;
Rogues that would hang themselves for a fresh doublet,
And for a scarlet cassock kill their fathers!
Cle Lighted you among these?
Dor. Among these murderers
Our poor bloods were engaged; yet we struck bravely,
And more than once or twice we made them shun us,
And shrink their rugged heads; but we were hurt all.
Cle. How came you off? for I even long to hear that.
Dor. After our prayers made to Heaven to help us,
Or to be merciful unto our souls,
So near we were—Alas, poor wench, wipe, wipe!
See, Heaven sends remedy.
Cal. I am glad 'tis come, sir;
My heart was even a-bleeding in my body.
Dor. A curl'd-hair gentleman stepp'd in, a stranger;
As he rode by, belike he heard our bickering,
Saw our distresses, drew his sword, and proved
He came to execute, and not to argue.
Lord, what a light'ning methought flew about him,
When he once tossed his blade! In face Adonis,
While peace inhabited between his eye-brows;
But when his noble anger stirr'd his mettle,
And blew his fiery parts into a flame,
Like Pallas, when she sits between two armies,
Viewing with horrid brows their sad events,
Such then he looked, and as her shield had armed him.
Cal. This man, sir, were a friend to give an age for.
This gentleman I must love naturally;
Nothing can keep me off. I pray you go on, sir.
Dor. I will, for now you please me. This brave youth,
This bud of Mars, (for yet he is no riper)
When once he had drawn blood, and fleshed his sword,
Fitted his manly metal to his spirit,
How he bestirred him! what a lane he made,
And through their fiery bullets thrust securely,
The hardened villains wond'ring at his confidence!
Lame as I was, I followed, and admired too,
And stirred, and laid about me with new spirit;
My men too with new hearts thrust into action,
And down the rogues went.
Cle. I am struck with wonder!
Dor. Remember but the story of strong Hector,
When like to light'ning he broke through his vanguard,
How the Greeks frighted ran away by troops,

And trod down troops to save their lives; so this man
Dispersed these slaves: Had they been more and mightier,
He had come off the greater and more wonder.
Cle. Where is the man, good sir, that we may honour him?
Cal. That we may fall in superstition to him.
Dor. I know not that; from me he late departed,
But not without that pious care to see safe
Me, and my weak men lodged, and dressed. I urged him
First hither, that I might more freely thank him:
He told me he had business, craved my pardon,
Business of much import.
Cle. Know you his name?
Dor. That he denied me too; a vow had barred him.
Cal. In that he was not noble to be nameless.
Dor. Daughter, you must remember him when I am dead,
And in a noble sort requite his piety!
'Twas his desire to dedicate this service
To your fair thoughts.
Cal. He knows me then?
Dor. I named you,
And named you mine: I think that's all his knowledge.
Cle. No name? no being?
Cal. Now I am mad to know him!
Saving mine honour, anything I had now,
But to enjoy his sight, but his bare picture——
Make me his saint? I must needs honour him.
Jasp. I know his name.
Cal. There's thy reward for't; speak it. [*Gives a purse.*
Jasp. His man told me; but he desired my silence.
Cal. Oh, Jasper, speak! 'tis thy good master's cause too:
We all are bound in gratitude to compel thee.
Jasp. Lisander? yes, I am sure it was Lisander.
Cal. Lisander? 'twas Lisander.
Cle. 'Tis Lisander.
Oh, my base thoughts, my wicked! to make question
This act could be another man's! 'tis Lisander.—
A handsome-timber'd man?
Jasp. Yes.
Cle. My Lisander!
Was this friend's absence to be mourned?
Cal. I grant it;
I'll mourn his going now, and mourn it seriously.
When you weep for him, sir, I'll bear you company.
That so much honour, so much honesty,
Should be in one man, to do things thus bravely!
Make me his saint? to me give this brave service?
What may I do to recompense his goodness?
I cannot tell.
Cle. Come, sir, I know you are sickly;
So are your men.
Dor. I must confess I am weak,
And fitter for a bed than long discourses:
You shall hear to-morrow.—To-morrow——Provide surgeons.
Cle. Lisander!
Cal. What new fire is this? Lisander! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the House of* CLARANGE.

Enter LISANDER *and* LANCELOT.

Lis. Pr'ythee, good Lancelot, remember that
Thy master's life is in thy trust; and therefore
Be very careful.
Lan. I will lose mine own,
Rather than hazard yours.
Lis. Take what disguise
You in your own discretion shall think fittest,
To keep yourself unknown.
Lan. I warrant you;
'Tis not the first time I have gone invisible:
I am as fine a fairy in a business
Concerning night-work——
Lis. Leave your vanities.
With this purse (which delivered, you may spare
Your oratory) convey this letter to
Calista's woman.
Lan. 'Tis a handsome girl;
Mistress Clarinda.
Lis. I have made her mine.
You know your work.
Lan. And if I sweat not in it,
At my return discard me. [*Exit.*
Lis. Oh, Calista!
The fairest, cruellest——

Enter CLARANGE.

Clara. So early stirring?
A good day to you!
Lis. I was viewing, sir,
The site of your house, and the handsomeness about it:
Believe me it stands healthfully and sweetly.
Clara. The house and master of it really
Are ever at your service.
Lis. I return it:
Now, if you please, go forward in your story
Of your dear friend and mistress.
Clara. I will tell it,
And tell it short, because 'tis breakfast time,
And (love's a tedious thing to a quick stomach)
You eat not yester-night.
Lis. I shall endure, sir.
Clara. Myself and (as I then delivered to you)
A gentleman of noble hope, one Lidian,
Both brought up from our infancy together,
One company, one friendship, and one exercise
Ever affecting, one bed holding us,
One grief and one joy parted still between us,
More than companions, twins in all our actions
We grew up till we were men, held one heart still;
Time call'd us on to arms, we were one soldier,
Alike we sought our dangers and our honours,
Gloried alike one in another's nobleness:
When arms had made us fit, we were one lover,
We loved one woman, loved without division,
And wooed a long time with one fair affection;
And she, as it appears, loves us alike too.
At length, considering what our love must grow to
And covet in the end, this one was parted;
Rivals and honours make men stand at distance

We then wooed with advantage, but were friends
Saluted fairly, kept the peace of love; [still,
We could not both enjoy the lady's favour,
Without some scandal to her reputation;
We put it to her choice; this was her sentence,
"To part both from her, and the last returning
Should be her lord;" we obey'd; and now you know it:
And, for my part, (so truly I am touch'd with't)
I will go far enough, and be the last too.
Or ne'er return.
Lis. A sentence of much cruelty,
But mild, compared with what's pronounced on me.
Our loving youth is born to many miseries.—
What is that Lidian, pray you?
Clara. Calista's brother,
If ever you have heard of that fair lady.
Lis. I have seen her, sir.
Clara. Then you have seen a wonder.
Lis. I do confess. Of what years is this Lidian?
Clara. About my years; there is not much be- [tween us.
Lis. I long to know him.
Clara. 'Tis a virtuous longing:
As many hopes hang on his noble head,
As blossoms on a bough in May, and sweet ones.
Lis. You're a fair story of your friend.
Clara. Of truth, sir.—

Enter a Servant.

Now, what's the matter?
Serv. There is a gentleman
At door would speak with you on private business.
Clara. With me?
Serv. He says so, and brings haste about him.
Clara. Wait on him in. [*Exit* Servant.
Lis. I will retire the while, to the next room. [*Exit.*
Clara. We shall not long disturb you.

Enter Alcidon.

Alc. Save you, sir!
Clara. The like to you, fair sir! Pray you come near.
Alc. Pray you instruct me, for I know you not:
With monsieur Clarangè I would speak.
Clara. I am he, sir:
You are nobly welcome. I wait your business.
Alc. This will inform you.
[*Gives him a Letter, which he reads.*
Clara. Will you please to sit down?
He shall command me, sir; I'll wait upon him
Within this hour.
Alc. You are a noble gentleman.
Will't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
And pity either, sir, should be unfurnish'd.
Clara. I have none now; and the time's set so short,
'Twill not be possible.
Alc. Do me the honour:
I know you are so full of brave acquaintance,
And worthy friends, you cannot want a partner;
I would be loth to stand still, sir. Besides,
You know the custom and the vantage of it,
If you come in alone.
Clara. And I must meet it.
Alc. Send; we'll defer an hour, let us be equal:
Games won and lost on equal terms shew fairest.
Clara. 'Tis to no purpose to send any whither,
Unless men be at home by revelation.
So please you breathe a while, when I have done with him
You may be exercised too: I'll trouble no man.

Enter Lisander.

Lis. They are very loud.—Now, what's the news?
Clara. I must leave you,
Leave you a while; two hours hence I'll return, friend.
Lis. Why, what's the matter?
Clara. A little business.
Lis. An't be but a little, you may take me with you.
Clara. 'Twill be a trouble to you.
Lis. No, indeed;
To do you service I account a pleasure.
Clara. I must alone.
Lis. Why?
Clara. 'Tis necessity.
Before you pass the walks, and back again,
I will be with you.
Lis. If it be not unmannerly
To press you, I would go.
Clara. I'll tell you true, sir;
This gentleman and I, upon appointment,
Are going to visit a lady.
Lis. I am no Capuchin;
Why should not I go?
Alc. Take the gentleman;
Come, he may see the gentlewoman too,
And be most welcome; I do beseech you take him.
Lis. By any means; I love to see a gentlewoman,
A pretty wench too.
Clara. Well, sir, we will meet you,
And at the place. My service to the lady.
Alc. I kiss your hand. [*Exit.*
Clara. Pr'ythee read o'er her letter.
Lis. [*Reading.*] "Monsieur,
I know you have consider'd the dark sentence
Olinda gave us; and that, however she disguised it,
It pointed more at our swords' edges than
Our bodies' banishments: The last must enjoy her!
If we retire, our youths are lost in wandering;
In emulation we shall grow old men and feeble,
(Which is the scorn of love, and rust of honour,)
And so return more fit to wed our sepulchres,
Than the saint we aim at; let us therefore make
Our journey short and our hearts ready, and,
With our swords in our hands, put it to fortune
Which shall be worthy to receive that blessing.
I'll stay you on the mountain, our old hunting-place.
This gentleman alone runs the hazard with me:
And so I kiss your hand.
Your servant, Lidian"
Is this your wench? You'll find her a sharp mistress.
What have I thrust myself into? Is this that Lidian
You told me of?
Clara. The same.
Lis. My lady's brother! [*Aside.*
No cause to heave my sword against but his?
To save the father yesterday, and this morning
To help to kill the son? This is most courteous;
The only way to make the daughter dote on me!
Clara. Why do you muse? would you go off?
Lis. No, no;
I must on now.—This will be kindly taken;
No life to sacrifice, but part of hers?—
Do you fight straight?
Clara. Yes, presently.
Lis. To-morrow, then, [*Aside*
The baleful tidings of this day will break out,

And this night's sun will set in blood. I am troubled!
If I am kill'd, I am happy.
Clara. Will you go, friend?
Lis. I am ready, sir.—Fortune, thou hast made me monstrous! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CLEANDER'S *House.*

Enter MALFORT *and* CLARINDA.

Malf. Your cousin, and my true friend, lusty
Shall know how you use me. [Leon,
Clari. Be more temperate,
Or I will never use, nor know you more
I' th' way of a servant: All the house takes notice
Of your ridiculous foppery; I have no sooner
Performed my duties in my lady's chamber,
And she scarce down the stairs, but you appear
Like my evil spirit to me.
Malf. Can the fish live
Out of the water, or the salamander
Out of the fire? or I live warm, but in
The frying-pan of your favour?
Clari. Pray you forget
Your curious comparisons, borrowed from
The pond and kitchen, and remember what
My lady's pleasure is for the entertainment
Of her noble father.
Malf. I would learn the art
Of memory in your table-book
Clari. Very good, sir!
No more but up and ride? I apprehend
Your meaning; soft fire makes sweet malt, sir: I'll
Answer you in a proverb.
Malf. But one kiss from
Thy honey lip!
Clari. You fight too high; my hand is
A fair ascent from my foot.—His slavering kisses
Spoil me more gloves—Enough for once; you'll
With too much grace. [surfeit
Malf. Have you no employment for me?
Clari. Yes, yes; go send for Leon, and convey
Into the private arbour; from his mouth [him
I hear your praises with more faith.
Malf. I am gone.
Yet one thing ere I go; there's at the door
The rarest fortune-teller—he hath told me
The strangest things! he knows you are my mistress,
And under seal delivered how many children
I shall beget on you; pray you give him hearing,
He'll make it good to you.
Clari. A cunning man
Of your own making! howsoe'er, I'll hear him
At your entreaty.
Malf. Now I perceive you love me.
At my entreaty!—Come in, friend: Remember
To speak as I directed.

Enter LANCELOT *like a Fortune-teller, with a Purse and two Letters in it.*

He knows his lesson,
And the right way to please her: This it is
To have a head-piece! [*Exit.*
Clari. 'Tis said you can tell
Fortunes to come.
Lan. Yes, mistress, and what's past:
Un-glove your hand. By this straight line I see
You have lain crooked.
Clari. How! lain crooked?
Lan. Yes;
And in that posture played at the old game,
(Nobody hears me, and I'll be no blab)
And at it lost your maidenhead.
Clari. A shrewd fellow!
'Tis truth, but not to be confessed.—In this
Your palmistry deceives you. Something else, sir.
Lan. You're a great woman with your lady, and
Acquainted with her counsels.
Clari. Still more strange!
Lan. There is a noble knight, Lisander, loves
Whom she regards not; and the destinies, [her,
With whom I am familiar, have delivered
That by your means alone he must enjoy her.
Your hand again! Yes, yes, you have already
Promised him your assistance, and, what's more,
Tasted his bounty; for which, from the sky
There are two hundred crowns dropp'd in a purse;
Look back, you'll find it true. Nay, open it;
'Tis good gold, I assure you
Clari. How! two letters?
The first indorsed to me! this to my lady?
Subscribed Lisander.
Lan. And the fortune-teller
His servant Lancelot.
Clari. How had I lost my eyes,
That I could not know thee! Not a word o' th' loss
Of my virginity!
Lan. Nor who I am.
Clari. I'll use all speedy means for your dispatch
With a welcome answer; but till you receive it
Continue thus disguised. Monsieur Malfort
(You know the way to humour him) shall provide
A lodging for you, and good entertainment;
Nay, since we trade both one way, thou shalt have
Some feeling with me: take that.
Lan. Bountiful wench,
Mayst thou ne'er want employment!
Clari. Nor such pay, boy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A hilly Country.*

Enter severally, LIDIAN *and* ALCIDON, LISANDER, *and* CLARANGE.

Lid. You are welcome.
Alc. Let us do our office first,
And then make choice of a new piece of ground
To try our fortunes.
Lis. All's fair here.
Alc. And here:
Their swords are equal.
Lis. If there be any odds
In mine, we will exchange.
Alc. We'll talk of that
When we are further off. Farewell!
Lis. Farewell, friend!
[*Exeunt* LISANDER *and* ALCIDON.
Lid. Come, let us not be idle!
Clara. I will find you
Employment, fear not.
Lid. You know, sir, the cause
That brings us hither.
Clara. There needs no more discoursing;
No time nor place for repetition now.
Lid. Let our swords argue; and I wish, Clarange,
The proud Olinda saw us.
Clara. 'Would she did!
Whatever estimation she holds of me,
She should behold me like a man fight for her

Lid. 'Tis nobly said. Set on. Love and my fortune. [*They fight.*
Clara. The same for me! Come home, brave Lidian!
'Twas manly thrust: This token to the lady! [*Wounds him.*
You have it, sir; deliver it. Take breath;
I see you bleed apace; you shall have fair play.

Enter LISANDER.

Lis. You must lie there a while; I cannot help you.
Lid. Nay, then my fortune's gone; I know I must die:
Yet dearly will I sell my love. Come on both,
And use your fortunes; I expect no favour;
Weak as I am, my confidence shall meet you!
Clara. Yield up your cause, and live.
Lid. What, dost thou hold me
A recreant, that prefers life before credit?
Though I bleed hard, my honour finds no issue;
That's constant to my heart.
Clara. Have at your life then!
Lis. Hold, or I'll turn, and bend my sword against you; [man,
My cause, Clarangè, too. View this brave gentle-
That yet may live to kill you; he stands nobly,
And has as great a promise of the day
As you can tie unto yourself; he's ready;
His sword as sharp: View him with that remem-
That you delivered him to me, Clarangè, [brance
And with those eyes; that clearness will become you:
View him, as you reported him; survey him;
Fix on your friendship, sir. I know you are noble,
And step but inward to your old affection,
Examine but that soul grew to your bosom,
And try then if your sword will bite; it cannot,
The edge will turn again, ashamed and blunted.—
Lidian, you are the pattern of fair friendship,
Exampled for your love, and imitated;
The temple of true hearts, stored with affections,
For sweetness of your spirit made a saint:
Can you decline this nobleness to anger?
To mortal anger? 'gainst the man you love most?
Have you the name of virtuous, not the nature?
Lid. I will sit down.
Clara. And I'll sit by you, Lidian.
Lis. And I'll go on. Can Heaven be pleased with these things?
To see two hearts that have been twined together,
Married in friendship, to the world two wonders,
Of one growth, of one nourishment, one health,
Thus mortally divorced for one weak woman?
Can Love be pleased? Love is a gentle spirit;
The wind that blows the April flowers not softer;
She's drawn with doves to shew her peacefulness;
Lions and bloody pards are Mars's servants.
Would you serve Love? do it with humbleness,
Without a noise, with still prayers, and soft mur-
Upon her altars offer your obedience, [murs;
And not your brawls; she's won with tears, not
That fire you kindle to her deity, [terrors:
Is only grateful when it's blown with sighs,
And holy incense flung with white-hand innocence;
You wound her now; you are too superstitious:
No sacrifice of blood or death she longs for.
Lid. Came he from Heaven?
Clara. He tells us truth, good Lidian.
Lis. That part of noble love which is most sweet,
And gives eternal being to fair beauty,
Honour, ye hack a-pieces with your swords;
And that ye fight to crown ye kill, fair credit!
Clara. Thus we embrace; no more fight, but all friendship!
And where Love pleases to bestow his benefits,
Let us not argue.
Lid. Nay, brave sir, come in too,
You may love also, and may hope; if you do,
And not rewarded for't, there is no justice.
Farewell, friend! here let's part upon our pilgrimage:
It must be so, Cupid draws on our sorrows,
And where the lot lights——
Clara. I shall count it happiness.
Farewell, dear friend!
Lis. First, let's relieve the gentleman
That lies hurt in your cause, and bring him off,
And take some care for your hurts; then I'll part
A third unfortunate, and willing wanderer. [too,
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Paris.—A Room in* CLEANDER'S *House.*

Enter OLINDA *and* CALISTA.

Olin. My fears foresaw 'twould come to this.
Cal. I would
Your sentence had been milder.
Olin. 'Tis past help now.
Cal. I share in your despair, and yet my hopes
Have not quite left me, since all possible means
Are practised to prevent the mischief following
Their mortal meeting: My lord is coasted one way;
My father, though his hurts forbade his travel,
Hath took another; my brother-in-law Beronte,
A third; and every minute we must look for
The certain knowledge, which we must endure
With that calm patience Heaven shall please to lend us.

Enter DORILAUS *and* CLEANDER, *severally.*

Dor. Dead both?
Cle. Such is the rumour, and 'tis general.
Olin. I hear my passing-bell.
Cal. I am in a fever.
Cle. They say, their seconds too; but what they are
Is not known yet; some worthy fellows certain.
Dor. Where had you knowledge?
Cle. Of the country people;
'Tis spoken every where.
Dor. I heard it so too;
And 'tis so common, I do half believe it.—
You have lost a brother, wench; he loved you well,
And might have lived to have done his country service;
But he is gone. Thou fell'st untimely, Lidian,
But by a valiant hand, that's some small comfort,
And took'st him with thee too; thou lov'dst brave company.
Weeping will do no good: You lost a servant,
He might have lived to have been your master,
But you feared that. [lady;
Olin. Good sir, be tender to me;
The news is bad enough, you need not press it;
I loved him well, I loved 'em both.
Dor. It seems so.
How many more have you to love so, lady?
They were both fools to fight for such a fiddle!

Leon. They will hear shortly that
Will turn their mirth to mourning: He was then
The principal means to save two lives; but, since,
There are two fall'n, and by his single hand,
For which his life must answer, if the king,
Whose arm is long, can reach him.
Clari. We have now
No spare time to hear stories: Take this key;
'Twill make your passage to the banqueting-house
In the garden free.
Leon. You will not fail to come?
Clari. For mine own sake, ne'er doubt it.—Now for Lisander! [*Exit* LEON.

Enter DORILAUS, CLEANDER, *and* Servants *with Lights.*

Dor. To bed, to bed! 'tis very late.
Cle. To bed all!
I have drank a health too much.
Dor. You'll sleep the better;
My usual physic that way.
Cle. Where's your mistress?
Clari. She is above, but very ill and aguish;
The late fright of her brother has much troubled
She would entreat to lie alone. [her:
Cle. Her pleasure.
Dor. Commend my love to her, and my pray'rs for her health:
I'll see her ere I go. [*Exeunt all but* CLARINDA.
Clari. All good rest to ye!—
Now to my watch for Lisander! when he's furnish'd,
For mine own friend! Since I stand centinel,
I love to laugh in the evenings too; and may,
The privilege of my place will warrant it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Garden.*

Enter LISANDER *and* LANCELOT.

Lis. You have done well hitherto. Where are we now?
Lan. Not far from the house, I hear by th' owls; there are
Many of your Welch falconers about it.
Here were a night to choose to run away with
Another man's wife, and do the feat!
Lis. Peace, knave;
The house is here before us, and some may hear us.
The candles are all out.
Lan. But one i' th' parlour;
I see it simper hither. Pray come this way.
Lis. Step to the garden-door, and feel an't be open.
Lan. I am going; luck deliver me from the saw-pits,
Or I'm buried quick! I hear a dog;
No, 'tis a cricket. Ha! here's a cuckold buried;
Take heed of his horns, sir. Here's the door; 'tis [open.
Clari. [*At the Door.*] Who's there?
Lis. A friend.
Clari. Sir! Lisander!
Lis. I.
Clari. You are welcome; follow me, and make no noise.
Lis. Go to your horse, and keep your watch with care, sirrah,
And be sure you sleep not.
[*Exeunt* LISANDER *and* CLARINDA.
Lan. Send me out the dairy-maid,
To play at trump with me, and keep me waking.
My fellow horse and I now must discourse,
Like two learn'd almanack-makers, of the stars,
And tell what a plentiful year 'twill prove of drunkards.
If I had but a pottle of sack, like a sharp prickle,
To knock my nose against when I am nodding,
I should sing like a nightingale; but I must
Keep watch without it. I am apt to dance;
Good Fortune, guide me from the fairies' circles! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Bed-Room in the House.*

Enter CLARINDA, (*with a Taper,*) *and* LISANDER. CALISTA *sitting behind a Curtain.*

Clari. Come near! I'll leave you now; draw but that curtain,
And have your wish.——Now, Leon, I am for thee:
We that are servants must make use of stol'n hours,
And be glad of snatch'd occasions. [*Exit.*
Lis. She's asleep; [*Draws the Curtain.*
Fierce Love hath closed his lights, (I may look on her)
Within her eyes he has lock'd the Graces up;
I may behold and live. How sweet she breathes!
The orient morning, breaking out in odours,
Is not so full of perfumes as her breath is;
She is the abstract of all excellence,
And scorns a parallel.
Cal. Who's there?
Lis. Your servant, [*Kneels.*
Your most obedient slave, adored lady,
That comes but to behold those eyes again,
And pay some vows I have to sacred beauty,
And so pass by: I am blind as ignorance,
And know not where I wander, how I live,
Till I receive from their bright influence
Light to direct me. For devotion's sake,
(You are the saint I tread these holy steps to,
And holy saints are all relenting sweetness)
Be not enraged, nor be not angry with me;
The greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy,
And 'tis the crown of Justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.
Cal. Why do you kneel? I know you come to mock me,
To upbraid me with the benefits you have given
Which are too many, and too mighty, sir, [me,
For my return; and I confess 'tis justice,
That for my cruelty you should despise me;
And I expect, however you are calm now,
(A foil you strive to set your cause upon)
It will break out: Calista is unworthy,
Coy, proud, disdainful. (I acknowledge all)
Colder of comfort than the frozen north is,
And more a stranger to Lisander's worth,
His youth and faith, than it becomes her gratitude;
I blush to grant it: Yet take this along,
(A sovereign medicine to allay displeasure,
May be, an argument to bring me off too)
She's married, and she's chaste; how sweet that [sounds!
How it perfumes all air 'tis spoken in!
Oh, dear Lisander, would you break this union?
Lis. No; I adore it: Let me kiss your hand,
And seal the fair faith of a gentleman on it!
Cal. You are truly valiant: Would it not afflict you
To have the horrid name of coward touch you?
Such is the whore to me.

Lis. I nobly thank you:
And may I be the same when I dishonour you.
This I may do again. [*Kissing her hand.*
Cal. You may, and worthily;
Such comforts maids may grant with modesty,
And neither make her poor, nor wrong her bounty.
Noble Lisander, how fond now am I of you!
I heard you were hurt.
Lis. You dare not heal me, lady?
I am hurt here. How sweetly now she blushes!
Excellent objects kill our sight; she blinds me:
The roses in the pride of May shew pale to her.
Oh, tyrant Custom, and, oh, coward Honour!
How ye compel me to put on mine own chains!
May I not kiss you now in superstition?
For you appear a thing that I would kneel to:
Let me err that way! [*Kisses her.*
Cal. You shall err for once;
I have a kind of noble pity on you.
Among your manly sufferings, make this most,
To err no further in desire; for then, sir,
You add unto the gratitudes I owe you;
And after death, your dear friend's soul shall bless you.
Lis. I am wond'rous honest. [*Kiss.*
Cal. I dare try.
Lis. I have tasted
A blessedness too great for dull mortality:
Once more, and let me die!
Cal. I dare not murder:
How will maids curse me, if I kill with kisses,
And young men fly the embraces of fair virgins!
Come, pray sit down; but let's talk temperately.
Lis. Is my dear friend a-bed?
Cal. Yes, and asleep,
Secure asleep: 'Tis midnight too, Lisander;
Speak not so loud.
Lis. You see I am a statue;
I could not stand else as I had eaten ice,
Or took into my blood a drowsy poison,
And Nature's noblest, brightest flame burn in me.
Midnight? and I stand quietly to behold so?
The alarum rung, and I sleep like a coward?
I am worn away; my faith, and dull obedience,
Like crutches, carry my decayed body
Down to the grave; I have no youth within me.
Yet happily you love too?
Cal. Love with honour.
Lis. Honour? what's that? 'tis but a specious title
We should not prize too high.
Cal. Dearer than life.
Lis. The value of it is as time has made it,
And time and custom have too far insulted:
We are no gods, to be always tied to strictness;
'Tis a presumption to shew too like 'em:
March but an hour or two under love's ensigns!
We have examples of great memories——
Cal. But foul ones too, that greatness cannot cover!
That wife that by example sins, sins double,
And pulls the curtain open to her shame too.
Methinks, to enjoy you thus——
Lis. 'Tis no joy, lady:
A longing bride, if she stop here, would cry;
The bridegroom too, and with just cause, curse Hymen.
But yield a little, be one hour a woman,
(I do not speak this to compel you, lady)
And give your will but motion, let it stir,
But in the taste of that weak fears call evil;
Try it to understand it, (we'll do nothing)
You'll never come to know pure good else.
Cal. Fy, sir!
Lis. I have found a way; let's slip into this error
As innocents, that know not what we did;
As we were dreaming both, let us embrace;
The sin is none of ours then, but our fancies'—
What have I said? what blasphemy to honour?
Oh, my base thoughts! Pray you take this, and shoot me.
My villain thoughts! [*Offering her a Pistol.*
Cal. I weep your miseries, [*Noise within.*
And 'would to Heaven—— What noise?
Lis. It comes on louder.
Kill me, and save yourself; save your fair honour,
And lay the fault on me; let my life perish,
My base lascivious life! Shoot quickly, lady!
Cal. Not for the world. Retire behind the hangings,
And there stand close.—My husband! close, Lisander! [*He retires.*

Enter CLEANDER *with a Taper.*

Cle. Dearest, are you well?
Cal. Oh, my sad heart!
My head, my head!
Cle. Alas, poor soul! what do you
Out of your bed? you take cold, my Calista.
How do you?
Cal. Not so well, sir, to lie by you:
My brother's fright——
Cle. I had a frightful dream too,
A very frightful dream, my best Calista:
Methought there came a dragon to your chamber,
A furious dragon, wife; I yet shake at it.
Are all things well?
Lis. [*From behind the Hangings.*] Shall I shoot him?
Cal. No.——All well, sir.
'Twas but your care of me, your loving care,
Which always watches.
Cle. And methought he came
As if he had risen thus out of his den,
As I do from these hangings——
Lis. Dead?
Cal. Hold, good sir!
Cle. And forced you in his arms thus.
Cal. 'Twas but fancy
That troubled you; here's nothing to disturb me.
Good sir, to rest again; and I'm now drowsy,
And will to bed. Make no noise, dear husband,
But let me sleep; before you can call anybody
I am a-bed.
Cle. This, and sweet rest dwell with you! [*Kisses her, and exit.*
Cal. Come out again; and, as you love, Lisander,
Make haste away! You see his mind is troubled:
Do you know the door you came in at?
Lis. Well, sweet lady.
Cal. And can you hit it readily?
Lis. I warrant you.
And must I go? must here end all my happiness,
Here in a dream, as if it had no substance?
Cal. For this time, friend, or here begin our ruins;
We are both miserable.
Lis. This is some comfort
In my afflictions, they are so full already,
They can find no encrease.
Cal. Dear, speak no more!
Lis. You must be silent, then.
Cal. Farewell, Lisander,
Thou joy of man, farewell!

Lis. Farewell, bright lady,
Honour of woman-kind, a heavenly blessing!
Cal. Be ever honest!
Lis. I will be a dog else!
The virtues of your mind I'll make my library,
In which I'll study the celestial beauty:
Your constancy, my armour that I'll fight in:
And on my sword your chastity shall sit,
Terror to rebel blood.
Cal. Once more, farewell! [*Noise within.*
Oh, that my modesty could hold you still, sir!
He comes again.
Lis. Heaven keep my hand from murder,
Murder of him I love!
Cal. Away, dear friend,
Down to the garden-stairs; that way, Lisander!
We are betrayed else.
Lis. Honour guard the innocent! [*Exit.*

Enter CLEANDER.

Cle. Still up! I feared your health.
Cal. [*Aside.*] He has missed him happily.—
I am going now; I have done my meditations,
My heart's almost at peace.
Cle. To my warm bed then!
Cal. I will; pray you lead
[*A Pistol shot within.*
Cle. A pistol shot i' th' house?
At these hours? Sure some thief, some murderer!
Rise, ho! rise all! I am betray'd.
Cal. Oh, Fortune! [*Aside.*
Oh, giddy thing! He has met some opposition,
And killed! I am confounded, lost for ever!

Enter DORILAUS.

Dor. Now, what's the matter?
Cle. Thieves, my noble father,
Villains and rogues.
Dor. Indeed, I heard a pistol:
Let's search about.

Enter MALFORT, CLARINDA, *and* Servants.

Malf. To bed again; they are gone, sir,
(I will not bid you thank my valour for't)
Gone at the garden-door; there were a dozen,
And bravely armed; I saw 'em.
Clari. I am glad,
Glad at the heart.
Serv. One shot at me, and missed me.
Malf. No, 'twas at me; the bullet flew close by
Close by my ear: Another had a huge sword, [me,
Flourished it thus, but at the point I met him:
But the rogue taking me to be your lordship,
(As sure your name is terrible, and we
Not much unlike i' th' dark) roared out aloud,
"It is the kill-cow Dorilaus!" and away
They ran as they had flown.—Now you must love
Or fear me for my courage, wench. [me,
[*Aside to* CLARINDA.
Clari. Oh, rogue!
Oh, lying rogue!—Lisander stumbled, madam,
At the stairs' head, and in the fall the shot went
'Was gone before they rose. [off;
Cal. I thank Heaven for't!
Clari. I was frighted too; it spoiled my game
with Leon. [*Aside.*
Cle. You must sit up; an they had come to your
chamber,
What pranks would they have played?—How came
the door open?
Malf. I heard 'em when they forced it; up I
rose,
Took Durindana in my hand, and like
Orlando issued forth.
Clari. I know you are valiant.
Cle. To bed again,
And be you henceforth provident! At sun-rising
We must part for a while.
Dor. When you're a-bed,
Take leave of her; there 'twill be worth the taking,
Here 'tis but a cold ceremony. Ere long
We'll find Lisander, or we have ill fortune.
Cle. Lock all the doors fast.
Malf. Though they all stood open,
My name writ on the door, they dare not enter!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Country. Before a Monastery.*

Enter CLARANGE, Friar, *with a Letter and a* Novice.

Clara. Turned hermit?
Friar. Yes, and a devout one too;
I heard him preach.
Clara. That lessens my belief;
For though I grant my Lidian a scholar,
As far as fits a gentleman, he hath studied
Humanity, and in that he is a master,
Civility of manners, courtship, arms,
But never aimed at, as I could perceive,
The deep points of divinity.
Friar. That confirms his
Devotion to be real, no way tainted
With ostentation or hypocrisy,
The cankers of religion; his sermon
So full of gravity, and with such sweetness
Delivered, that it drew the admiration
Of all the hearers on him; his own letters
To you, which witness he will leave the world,
And these to fair Olinda, his late mistress,
In which he hath, with all the moving language
That ever expressed rhetoric, solicited
The lady to forget him, and make you
Blessed in her embraces, may remove
All scrupulous doubts.
Clara. It strikes a sadness in me!
I know not what to think of't.
Friar. Ere he entered
His solitary cell, he penned a ditty,
His long and last farewell to love and women,
So feelingly, that I confess, however
It stands not with my order to be taken
With such poetical raptures, I was moved,
And strangely, with it.
Clara. Have you the copy?
Friar. Yes, sir.
My Novice too can sing it if you please
To give him hearing.
Clara. And it will come timely,
For I am full of melancholy thoughts,
Against which I have heard, with reason, music
To be the speediest cure; pray you apply it.

A SONG, *by the Novice.*

Adieu, fond love! farewell, you wanton Powers!
I am free again;
Thou dull disease of blood and idle hours,
Bewitching pain,
Fly to the fools that sigh away their time!
My nobler love, to Heaven climb,

And there behold beauty still young,
That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy;
Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,
And honour'd by eternity and joy!
There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire;
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

Friar. How do you approve it?
Clara. To its due desert;
It is a heavenly hymn, no ditty, father;
It passes through my ears unto my soul,
And works divinely on it. Give me leave
A little to consider:—Shall I be
Out-done in all things? nor good of myself,
Nor by example? shall my loose hopes still,
The viands of a fond affection, feed me
As I were a sensual beast? spiritual food
Refused by my sick palate? 'tis resolved.—
How far off, father, doth this new-made hermit
Make his abode?
Friar. Some two days' journey, son.
Clara. Having revealed my fair intentions to you,
I hope your piety will not deny me
Your aids to further 'em.
Friar. That were against
A good man's charity.
Clara. My first request is,
You would some time, for reasons I will shew you,
Defer delivery of Lidian's letters
To fair Olinda.
Friar. Well, sir.
Clara. For what follows,
You shall direct me.—Something I will do,
A new-born zeal and friendship prompts me to.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Country Inn.*

Enter DORILAUS, CLEANDER, Chamberlain; *a Table, Tapers, and Chairs.*

Cle. We have supp'd well, friend: Let our beds be ready;
We must be stirring early.
Cham. They are made, sir.
Dor. I cannot sleep yet. Where's the jovial host
You told me of? 'T has been my custom ever
To parley with mine host.
Cle. He's a good fellow,
And such a one I know you love to laugh with.—
Go call your master up.
Cham. He cannot come, sir.
Dor. Is he a-bed with his wife?
Cham. No, certainly.
Dor. Or with some other guests?
Cham. Neither, an't like you.
Cle. Why then he shall come, by your leave, my friend;
I'll fetch him up myself.
Cham. Indeed you'll fail, sir.
Dor. Is he i' th' house?
Cham. No, but he's hard by, sir;
He is fast in's grave; he has been dead these three weeks.
Dor. Then o' my conscience he will come but lamely,
And discourse worse.
Cle. Farewell, mine honest host then,
Mine honest merry host!—Will you to bed yet?
Dor. No, not this hour; I pr'ythee sit and chat by me.
Cle. Give us a quart of wine then; we'll be merry.
Dor. A match, my son.—Pray let your wine be living,
Or lay it by your master.
Cham. It shall be quick, sir. [*Exit.*
Dor. Has not mine host a wife?
Cle. A good old woman.
Dor. Another coffin! that is not so handsome;
Your hostesses in inns, should be blithe things;
Pretty and young, to draw in passengers:
She'll ne'er fill her beds well, if she be not beauteous.
Cle. And courteous too.
Dor. Ay, ay; and a good fellow,
That will mistake sometimes a gentleman
For her good man.

Enter Chamberlain *with Wine.*

Well done: Here's to Lisander!
Cle. My full love meets it.—Make fire in our lodgings;
We'll trouble thee no farther.— [*Exit* Chamberlain.
To your son!
Dor. Put in Clarangè too; off with't. I thank you.
This wine drinks merrier still. Oh, for mine host now!
Were he alive again, and well disposed,
I would so claw his pate!
Cle. You're a hard drinker.
Dor. I love to make mine host drunk; he will lie then
The rarest, and the roundest, of his friends,
His quarrels, and his guests; and they're the best bawds too,
Take 'em in that tune.
Cle. You know all.
Dor. I did, son;
But time and arms have worn me out.
Cle. 'Tis late, sir;
I hear none stirring. [*A lute is struck within.*
Dor. Hark! what's that? a lute?
'Tis at the door, I think.
Cle. The doors are shut fast.
Dor. 'Tis morning; sure, the fiddlers are got up
To fright men's sleeps. Have we ne'er a piss-pot ready?
Cle. Now I remember, I've heard mine host that's dead
Touch a lute rarely, and as rarely sing too,
A brave still mean.
Dor. I would give a brace of French crowns
To see him rise and fiddle.
Cle. Hark; a song!

A SONG [*within.*]

'Tis late and cold; stir up the fire;
Sit close, and draw the table nigher;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold!
Your beds of wanton down the best,
Where you shall tumble to your rest;
I could wish you wenches too,
But I am dead, and cannot do.
Call for the best the house may ring,
Sack, white, and claret, let them bring,
And drink apace, while breath you have;
You'll find but cold drink in the grave:
Plover, partridge, for your dinner,
And a capon for the sinner,
You shall find ready when you're up,
And your horse shall have his sup:
Welcome, welcome, shall fly round,
And I shall smile, though under ground.

Cle. Now, as I live, it is his voice!
Dor. He sings well;
The devil has a pleasant pipe.

Cle. The fellow lied, sure.

Enter the Host's Ghost.

He is not dead; he's here. How pale he looks!
Dor. Is this he?
Cle. Yes.
Host. You are welcome, noble gentlemen!
My brave old guest, most welcome!
Cle. Lying knaves,
To tell us you were dead. Come, sit down by us.
We thank you for your song.
Host. 'Would 't had been better!
Dor. Speak, are you dead?
Host. Yes, indeed am I, gentlemen;
I have been dead these three weeks.
Dor. Then here's to you,
To comfort your cold body!
Cle. What do you mean?
Stand further off.
Dor. I will stand nearer to him.
Shall he come out on's coffin to bear us company,
And we not bid him welcome?—Come, mine host,
Mine honest host, here's to you!
Host. Spirits, sir, drink not.
Cle. Why do you appear?
Host. To wait upon ye, gentlemen;
('T has been my duty living, now my farewell)
I fear ye are not used accordingly.
Dor. I could wish you warmer company, mine [host,
Howe'er we are used.
Host. Next, to entreat a courtesy;
And then I go to peace.
Cle. Is't in our power?
Host. Yes, and 'tis this; to see my body buried
In holy ground, for now I lie unhallow'd,
By the clerk's fault; let my new grave be made
Amongst good fellows, that have died before me,
And merry hosts of my kind.
Cle. It shall be done.
Dor. And forty stoops of wine drank at thy [funeral.
Cle. Do you know our travel?
Host. Yes, to seek your friends,
That in afflictions wander now.
Cle. Alas!
Host. Seek 'em no farther, but be confident
They shall return in peace.
Dor. There's comfort yet.
Cle. Pray you one word more: Is't in your power, mine host,
(Answer me softly) some hours before my death,
To give me warning?
Host. I cannot tell you truly;
But if I can, so much alive I loved you,
I will appear again. Adieu! [*Exit.*
Dor. Adieu, sir.
Cle. I am troubled; these strange apparitions are
For the most part fatal.
Dor. This, if told, will not
Find credit. The light breaks apace; let's lie down,
And take some little rest, an hour or two,
Then do mine host's desire, and so return.
I do believe him.
Cle. So do I. To rest, sir! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Paris. *A Room in* Cleander's *House.*

Enter Calista *and* Clarinda.

Cal. Clarinda!
Clari. Madam.
Cal. Is the house well order'd?
The doors lock'd to, now in your master's absence?
Your care and diligence amongst the servants?
Clari. I am stirring, madam.
Cal. So thou art, Clarinda,
More than thou ought'st, I am sure. Why dost [thou blush!
Clari. I do not blush.
Cal. Why dost thou hang thy head, wench?
Clari. Madam, you are deceived, I look upright;
I understand you not.—She has spied Leon:
Shame of his want of caution! [*Aside.*
Cal. Look on me.
What! blush again?
Clari. 'Tis more than I know, madam;
I have no cause that I find yet.
Cal. Examine then. [me.
Clari. Your ladyship is set, I think, to shame
Cal. Do not deserve't. Who lay with you last night?
What bedfellow had you! none of the maids came [near you.
Clari. Madam, they did.
Cal. 'Twas one in your cousin's clothes then,
And wore a sword; and sure I keep no Amazons.
Wench, do not lie; 'twill but proclaim thee guilty:
Lies hide our sins like nets; like perspectives,
They draw offences nearer still, and greater.
Come, tell the truth.
Clari. You are the strangest lady
To have these doubts of me! how have I lived,
And which of all my careful services [madam,
Deserves these shames?
Cal. Leave facing, 'twill not serve you:
This impudence becomes thee worse than lying.
I thought you had lived well, and I was proud of't;
But you are pleased to abuse my thoughts. Who was't?
Honest repentance yet will make the fault less.
Clari. Do you compel me! do you stand so strict too? [*Apart.*
Nay, then have at you.—I shall rub that sore, madam,
Since you provoke me, will but vex your ladyship:
Let me alone!
Cal. I will know.
Clari. For your own peace,
The peace of your own conscience, ask no further:
Walk in, and let me alone.
Cal. No; I'll know all.
Clari. Why, then, I'll tell you: 'Twas a man I lay with,
(Never admire; 'tis easy to be done, madam,
And usual too) a proper man I lay with,
(Why should you vex at that?) young as Lisander,
And able too! I grudge not at your pleasure,
Why should you stir at mine? I steal none from [you.
Cal. And dost thou glory in this sin?
Clari. I am glad on't;
To glory in't is for a mighty lady,
That may command.
Cal. Why didst thou name Lisander?
Clari. Does it anger you? does it a little gall you?
I know it does. Why would you urge me, lady?
Why would you be so curious to compel me?
I named Lisander as my precedent,
The rule I erred by: You love him, I know it;
I grudged not at it, but am pleased it is so;
And, by my care and diligence, you enjoyed him.
Shall I for keeping counsel have no comfort?

Will you have all yourself? engross all pleasure?
Are you so hard-hearted? Why do you blush now, madam!
Cal. My anger blushes, not my shame, base woman!
Clari. I'll make your shame blush, since you put me to't:
Who lay with you t'other night!
Cal. With me, you monster!
Clari. Whose sweet embraces circled you? not your husband's.
I wonder you dare touch me in this point, madam?
Stir her against you in whose hand your life lies?
More than your life, your honour? What smug Amazon
Was that I brought you? that maid had ne'er a petticoat.
Cal. She'll half persuade me anon I am a beast
And I mistrust myself, though I am honest, [too;
For giving her the helm.—Thou know'st, Clarinda,
Even in thy conscience, I was ever virtuous;
As far from lust in meeting with Lisander,
As the pure wind in welcoming the morning;
In all the conversation I had with him,
As free, and innocent, as yon fair Heaven.
Didst not thou persuade me too?
Clari. Yes, I had reason for't;
And now you are persuaded, I'll make use on't.
Cal. If I had sinned thus, and my youth enticed
The nobleness and beauty of his person, [me,
Beside the mighty benefits I am bound to,
Is this sufficient warrant for thy weakness?
If I had been a whore, and craved thy counsel
In the conveyance of my fault, and faithfulness,
Thy secrecy and truth in hiding of it,
Is it thy justice to repay me thus?
To be the master sinner to compel me,
And build thy lust's security on mine honour!
Clari. They that love this sin love their security:
Prevention, madam, is the nail I knock'd at,
And I have hit it home, and so I'll hold it,
And you must pardon me, and be silent too,
And suffer what you see, and suffer patiently;
I shall do worse else.
Cal. Thou canst not touch my credit;
Truth will not suffer me to be abused thus.
Clari. Do not you stick to Truth, she's seldom heard, madam;
A poor weak tongue she has, and that is hoarse too
With pleading at the bars; none understands her:
Or, if you had her, what can she say for you?
Must she not swear he came at midnight to you,
The door left open, and your husband cozened
With a feigned sickness?
Cal. But, by my soul, I was honest!
Thou know'st I was honest.
Clari. That's all one what I know;
What I will testify is that shall vex you!
Trust not a guilty rage with likelihoods,
And on apparent proof; take heed of that, madam:
If you were innocent, as it may be you are,
(I do not know; I leave it to your conscience)
It were the weakest and the poorest part of you,
Men being so willing to believe the worst,
So open-eyed in this age to all infamy,
To put your fame in this weak bark to the venture.
Cal. What do I suffer! Oh, my precious honour,
Into what box of evils have I lock'd thee!
Yet, rather than be thus outbraved, and by
My drudge, my footstool, one that sued to be so,
Perish both life and honour! Devil, thus
I dare thy worst, defy thee, spit at thee!
And in my virtuous rage, thus trample on thee!
Awe me, thy mistress, whore, to be thy bawd?
Out of my house! proclaim all that thou know'st,
Or malice can invent; fetch jealousy
From hell, and like a fury breathe it in
The bosom of my lord; and to thy utmost
Blast my fair fame! yet thou shalt feel, with horror
To thy seared conscience, my truth is built
On such a firm base, that if e'er it can
Be forced, or undermined by thy base scandals,
Heaven keeps no guard on innocence! [*Exit.*
Clari. I am lost.
In my own hopes forsaken; and must fall
(The greatest torment to a guilty woman)
Without revenge. Till I can fashion it,
I must submit, at least appear as if
I did repent, and would offend no farther.
Monsieur Berontè, my lord's brother, is
Obliged unto me for a private favour;
'Tis he must mediate for me: But when time
And opportunity bids me strike, my wreak
Shall pour itself on her nice chastity
Like to a torrent; deeds, not words, shall speak me! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the same House.*

Enter ALCIDON *and* BERONTE, *severally.*

Alc. You are opportunely met.
Ber. Your countenance
Expresses haste mixed with some fear.
Alc. You'll share
With me in both, as soon as you are made
Acquainted with the cause: If you love virtue,
In danger not secure——I have no time
For circumstance: Instruct me if Lisander
Be in your brother's house.
Ber. Upon my knowledge
He is not there.
Alc. I am glad on't.
Ber. Why, good sir?
Without offence I speak it, there's no place
In which he is more honoured, or more safe,
Than with his friend Cleander
Alc. In your votes
I grant it true; but, as it now stands with him,
I can give reason to make satisfaction
For what I speak: You cannot but remember
The ancient difference between Lisander
And Cloridon, a man in grace at court.
Ber. I do; and the foul plot of Cloridon's kinsmen
Upon Lisander's life, for a fall given
To Cloridon 'fore the king, as they encounter'd
At a solemn tilting.
Alc. It is now revenged.
In brief, a challenge was brought to Lisander

Chrysanthes; and, as far as valour
give him leave, declined by bold Lisander:
ace refused, and braves on braves heaped on him,
he met the opposites, ending the quarrel
oth their lives.
I am truly sorry for't.
The king, incensed for his favourite's death,
et a price upon Lisander's head,
ward to any man that brings it,
r dead: To gain this, every where
ursued and laid for; and, the friendship
n him and your noble brother known,
ise in reason cannot pass unsearch'd;
at's the principal cause that drew me hither,
ten his remove, if he had chosen
stle for his sanctuary.
'Twas done nobly,
u most welcome. This night pray you take
ng with us; and, at my entreaty,
l this from my brother: He is grown
ing sad of late; and the hard fortune
he values at so high a rate,
uch encrease his melancholy.
I am tutored.
u lead the way.
To serve you, I will shew it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter Cleander, *with a Book.*

Nothing more certain than to die; but when
uncertain: If so, every hour
uld prepare us for the journey, which
to be put off. I must submit
divine decree, not argue it,
earfully I welcome it: I have
ed of my estate, confessed my sins,
ve remission from my ghostly father,
t peace too here. The apparition
led not from fancy; Dorilaus
and heard it with me; it made answer
demands, and promised, if 'twere not
to him by Fate, he would forewarn me
approaching end. I feel no symptom
ness; yet, I know not how, a dulness
h me all over.—Ha!

Enter the Spirit *of the* Host.

. I come, sir,
my promise; and, as far as spirits
sible of sorrow for the living,
to be the messenger to tell you,
ny hours pass, you must resolve
grave.
And feast the worms?
. Even so, sir.
I hear it like a man.
. It well becomes you;
no evading it.
Can you discover
se means I must die?
. That is denied me:
prediction is too sure: Prepare
e your peace with Heaven; so farewell, sir! [*Exit.*
I see no enemy near; and yet I tremble
pale coward! My sad doom pronounced
aërial voice, as in a glass
Shews me my death in its most dreadful shape.
What rampire can my human frailty raise
Against the assault of Fate? I do begin
To fear myself! my inward strengths forsake me;
I must call out for help.—Within there! haste,
And break in to my rescue!

Enter Dorilaus, Calista, Olinda, Beronte, Alcidon, Servants, *and* Clarinda, *at several doors.*

Dor. Rescue? where?
Shew me your danger.
Cal. I will interpose
My loyal breast between you and all hazard.
Ber. Your brother's sword secures you.
Alc. A true friend
Will die in your defence.
Cle. I thank ye!
To all my thanks! Encompass'd thus with friends,
How can I fear? And yet I do! I am wounded,
Mortally wounded. Nay, it is within;
I am hurt in my mind. One word—
Dor. A thousand.
Cle. I shall not live to speak so many to you.
Dor. Why? what forbids you?
Cle. But even now the spirit
Of my dead host appeared, and told me, that
This night I should be with him. Did you not meet it?
It went out at that door
Dor. A vain chimera
Of your imagination! Can you think
Mine Host would not as well have spoke to me now,
As he did in the inn? These waking dreams
Not alone trouble you, but strike a strange
Distraction in your family. See the tears
Of my poor daughter, fair Olinda's sadness,
Your brother's and your friend's grief, servants' sorrow.
Good son, bear up; you have many years to live
A comfort to us all. Let's in to supper.
Ghosts never walk till after midnight, if
I may believe my grannam. We will wash
These thoughts away with wine, 'spite of hobgoblins.
Cle. You reprehend me justly.—Gentle madam,
And all the rest forgive me; I'll endeavour
To be merry with you.
Dor. That's well said.
Ber. I have
Procured your pardon. [*To* Clarinda.
Cal. Once more I receive you
Into my service; but take special care
You fall no further.
Clari. Never, madam.—Sir, [*Apart.*
When you shall find fit time to call me to it,
I will make good what I have said.
Ber. Till when,
Upon your life be silent!
Dor. We will have
A health unto Lisander.
Cle. His name, sir,
Somewhat revives me; but his sight would cure me
However, let's to supper.
Olin. 'Would Clarangé
And Lidian were here too! as they should be,
If wishes could prevail.
Cal. They are fruitless, madam. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The Garden. Night.*

Enter LEON.

Leon. If that report speak truth, Clarinda is
Discharged her lady's service, and what burden
I then have drawn upon me is apparent.
The crop she reaped from her attendance was
Her best revenue, and my principal means
Clarinda's bounty, though I laboured hard for't,
A younger brother's fortune. Must I now
Have sour sauce, after sweetmeats? and be driven
To levy half-a-crown a week, besides
Clouts, sope, and caudles, for my heir apparent,
If she prove, as she swears she is, with child?
Such as live this way, find, like me, though wenching
Hath a fair face, there's a dragon in the tail of't,
That stings to th' quick. I must sculk here, until
I am resolved: How my heart pants, between
My hopes and fears! She's come.—

Enter CLARINDA.

Are we i' the port?
If not, let's sink together.
Clari. Things go better
Than you deserve; you carry things so openly,
I must bear every way. I am once more
In my lady's grace.
Leon. And I in yours?
Clari. It may be;
But I have sworn unto my lady never
To sin again.
Leon. To be surprised. The sin
Is in itself excusable; to be taken
Is a crime, as the poet writes.
Clari. You know my weakness,
And that makes you so confident.—You have got
A fair sword: Was it not Lisander's?
Leon. Yes, wench;
And I grown valiant by the wearing of it:
It hath been the death of two. With this Lisander
Slew Cloridon and Chrysanthes: I took it up,
Broken in the handle, but that is reformed;
And now, in my possession, the late master
Dares never come to challenge it. This sword,
And all the weapons that I have, are ever
Devoted to thy service: Shall we bill?
I am very gamesome.
Clari. I must first dispose of
The fool Malfort; he hath smoked you, and is not,
But by some new device, to be kept from me;
I have it here shall fit him. You know where
You must expect me; with all possible silence
Get thither.
Leon. You will follow?
Clari. Will I live?
She that is forfeited to lust must die,
That humour being un-fed. Be gone; here comes
My champion, in armour. [*Exit* LEON.

Enter MALFORT, *in Armour.*

Malf. What adventure
I am bound upon I know not, but it is
My mistress' pleasure that I should appear thus.
I may perhaps be terrible to others,
But, as I am, I am sure my shadow frights me:
The clashing of my armour, in my ears
Sounds like a passing-bell; and my buckler puts me
In mind of a bier: this my broad sword, a pick-axe
To dig my grave. Oh, love! abominable love!
What monsters issue from thy dismal den
Clarinda's placket, which I must encounter,
Or never hope to enter.
Clari. Here's a knight-errant!—
Monsieur Malfort.
Malf. Stand, stand, or I'll fall for you.
Clari. Know you not my voice?
Malf. Yes, 'twas at that I trembled.
But, were my false friend Leon here——
Clari. 'Tis he.
Malf. Where? where?
Clari. He is not come yet.
Malf. 'Tis well for him,
I am so full of wrath.
Clari. Or fear.—This Leon,
Howe'er my kinsman, hath abused you grossly,
And this night vows to take me hence perforce,
And marry me to another: 'Twas for this,
Presuming on your love, I did entreat you
To put your armour on, that with more safety
You might defend me.
Malf. And I'll do it bravely.
Clari. You must stand here to beat him off, and suffer
No human thing to pass you, though it appear
In my lord's shape or lady's: Be not cozen'd
With a disguise.
Malf. I have been fool'd already,
But now I am wise.
Clari. You must swear not to stir hence.
Malf. Upon these lips.
Clari. Nor move until I call you.
Malf. I'll grow here rather.
Clari. This night's task well ended,
I am yours to-morrow. Keep sure guard. [*Exit.*
Malf. Adieu!
My honeycomb, how sweet thou art, did not
A nest of hornets keep it! what impossibilities
Love makes me undertake! I know myself
A natural coward, and, should Leon come,
Though this were cannon-proof, I should deliver
The wench before he ask'd her. I hear some footing!
'Tis he: Where shall I hide myself? that is
My best defence

Enter CLEANDER.

Cle. I cannot sleep; strange visions
Make this poor life I feared of late to lose,
A toy that I grow weary of.
Malf. 'Tis Leon.
Cle. What's that?
Malf. If you are come, sir, for Clarinda,
I am glad I have her for you; I resign
My interest: You'll find her in her chamber;
I did stay up to tell you so.
Cle. Clarinda?
And Leon? There is something more in this
Than I can stay to ask. [*Exit.*
Malf. What a cold pickle,
And that none of the sweetest, do I find
My poor self in.
Cle. [*Within.*] Yield, villain!

Enter CLARINDA *and* LEON *running*, CLEANDER *following.*

Clari. 'Tis my lord!
Shift for yourself.
Leon. His life shall first make answer
For this intrusion. [*Kills* CLEANDER.

Malf. I am going away!
I am gone already! [*Falls in a swoon.*
Cle. Heaven take mercy on
My soul! too true presaging Host! [*Dies.*
Clari. He's dead,
And this wretch little better. Do you stare
Upon your handy-work?
Leon. I am amazed.
Clari. Get o'er the garden-wall; fly for your life,
But leave your sword behind; enquire not why:
I'll fashion something out of it, though I perish,
Shall make way for revenge.
Leon. These are the fruits
Of lust, Clarinda!
Clari. Hence, repenting milk-sop! [*Exit* LEON.
Now 'tis too late.—Lisander's sword? Ay, that,
[*Puts the Sword in* MALFORT'S *Hand.*
That is the base I'll build on. So; I'll raise
The house.—Help! murder! a most horrid mur-
Monsieur Berontè! noble Dorilaus! [der!
All buried in sleep? Ah me! a murder!
A most unheard-of murder!

Enter DORILAUS, *as from bed.*

Dor. More lights, knaves!
Berontè, Alcidon, more lights!

Enter BERONTE, ALCIDON, *and* Servants *with Lights.*

Clari. By this
I see too much.
Dor. My son Cleander bathing
In his own gore! The devil to tell truth
I' th' shape of an Host!
Ber. My brother?
Malf. I have been
I' th' other world, in hell I think, these devils
With fire-brands in their paws sent to torment me
(Though I ne'er did the deed) for my lewd purpose
To be a whoremaster.
Dor. Who's that?
Alc. 'Tis one
In armour. A bloody sword in's hand.
Dor. Sans question,
The murderer.
Malf. Who? I? you do me wrong:
I never had the heart to kill a chicken;
Nor do I know this sword.
Alc. I do, too well.
Ber. I have seen Lisander wear it.
Clari. This confirms [*To* BERONTE.
What yester-night I whisper'd: Let it work;
The circumstance may make it good.
Malf. My lord?
And I his murderer?
Ber. Drag the villain hence!
The rack shall force a free confession from him.
Malf. I am struck dumb; you need not stop my mouth.
Ber. Away with him! [MALFORT *carried off.*

Enter CALISTA *and* OLINDA.

Cal. Where is my lord?
Dor. All that
Remains of him lies there. Look on this object,
And then turn marble.
Cal. I am so already,
Made fit to be his monument: But wherefore
Do you, that have both life and motion left you,
Stand sad spectators of his death, and not
Bring forth his murderer?
Ber. That lies in you:
You must, and shall produce him.
Dor. She, Berontè?
Ber. None else.
Dor. Thou liest! I'll prove it on thy head,
Or write it on thy heart. [*Draws.*
Alc. Forbear! there is
Too much blood shed already.
Ber. Let not choler
Stifle your judgment! Many an honest father
Hath got a wicked daughter. If I prove not,
With evident proofs, her hand was in the blood
Of my dear brother, (too good a husband for her)
Give your revenge the reins, and spur it forward.
Dor. In any circumstance but shew her guilty
I'll strike the first stroke at her.
Ber. Let me ask
A question calmly: Do you know this sword?
Have you not seen Lisander often wear it?
Dor. The same with which he rescued me.
Cal. I do:
What inference from this to make me guilty?
Ber. Was he not with you in the house to-night?
Cal. No, on my soul!
Ber. Nor ever heretofore
In private with you, when you feigned a sickness,
To keep your husband absent?
Cal. Never, sir,
To a dishonest end.
Ber. Was not this woman
Your instrument? Her silence does confess it.
Here lies Cleander dead, and here the sword
Of false Lisander, too long covered with
A mask of seeming truth.
Dor. And is this all
The proof you can alledge? Lisander guilty,
Or my poor daughter an adulteress?
Suppose that she had changed discourse with one
To whom she owed much more?
Cal. Thou hast thy ends,
Wicked Clarinda! [*She faints.*
Olin. Help! the lady sinks;
Malice hath killed her.
Dor. I would have her live,
Since I dare swear she's innocent. 'Tis no time
Or place to argue now; this cause must be
Decided by the judge; and, though a father,
I will deliver her into the hands
Of justice: If she prove true gold when tried,
She's mine; if not, with curses I'll disclaim her.
Take up your part of sorrow; mine shall be
Ready to answer with her life the fact
That she is charged with.
Ber. Sir, I look upon you
As on a father.
Dor. With the eyes of sorrow,
I see you as a brother. Let your witnesses
Be ready.
Ber. 'Tis my care.
Alc. I am for Lidian:
This accident, no doubt, will draw him from
His hermit's life.
Clari. Things yet go right; persist, sir.
[*Exeunt with* CALISTA, *and* CLEANDER'S *Body.*

SCENE IV.—*A Forest.*

Enter LISANDER *and* LANCELOT.

Lis. Are the horses dead?
Lan. Out-right. If you ride at this rate,
You must resolve to kill your two a day,
And that's a large proportion.
Lis. Will you please,
At any price, and speedily, to get fresh ones?
You know my danger, and the penalty
That follows it, should I be apprehended:
Your duty in obeying my commands
Will in a better language speak your service,
Than your unnecessary and untimely care
Of my expence.
Lan. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*
Lis. In this thicket
I will expect you. Here yet I have leisure
To call myself unto a strict account
For my pass'd life, how vainly spent! I would
I stood no further guilty! but I have
A heavier reckoning to make! This hand,
Of late as white as innocence, and unspotted,
Now wears a purple colour, dyed in gore;
My soul of the same tincture! Purblind passion,
With flattering hopes, would keep me from despair,
Pleading I was provoked to't; but my reason,
Breaking such thin and weak defences, tells me,
I have done a double murder; and for what?
Was it in service of the king? his edicts
Command the contrary: Or for my country?
Her genius, like a mourning mother, answers,
In Cloridon and Chrysanthes she hath lost
Two hopeful sons, that might have done their parts
To guard her from invasion. For what cause then?
To keep the opinion of my valour upright
I' th' popular breath; a sandy ground to build on!
Bought with the king's displeasure, as the breach
Of Heaven's decrees, the loss of my true comforts,
In parents, kinsmen, friends; as the fruition
Of all that I was born to, and that sits
Like to a hill of lead here. In my exile,
(Never to be repealed, if I escape so)
I have cut off all hopes ever to look on

Enter LIDIAN, *like a Hermit.*

Divine Calista, from her sight and converse
For ever banished!
Lid. I should know this voice.
His naming too my sister, whom Lisander
Honoured, but in a noble way, assures me
That it can be no other: I stand bound
To comfort any man I find distressed;
But to aid him that saved my life, religion,
And thankfulness, commands! and it may be
High providence for this good end hath brought him
Into my solitary walk.—Lisander!
Noble Lisander!
Lis. Whatsoe'er thou art,
That honourable attribute thou giv'st me,
I can pretend no right to. Come not near me;
I am infectious; the sanctity
Of thy profession (for thou appear'st
A reverend hermit) if thou fly not from me,
As from the plague, or leprosy, cannot keep thee
From being polluted.
Lid. With good counsel, sir,
And holy prayers to boot, I may cure you,
Though both ways so infected. You look wildly,
(Peace to your conscience!) sir, and stare upon me,
As if you never saw me: Hath my habit
Altered my face so much, that yet you know not
Your servant Lidian?
Lis. I am amazed!
So young and so religious?
Lid. I purpose
(Heaven make me thankful for't!) to leave the world:
I have made some trial of my strengths in this
My solitary life; and yet I find not
A faintness to go on.
Lis. Above belief!
Do you inhabit here?
Lid. Mine own free choice, sir:
I live here poorly, but contentedly,
Because I find enough to feed my fortunes;
Indeed too much: These wild fields are my gardens,
The crystal rivers they afford their waters,
And grudge not their sweet streams to quench afflictions;
The hollow rocks their beds, which, though they are hard,
(The emblems of a doting lover's fortune)
Yet they are quiet; and the weary slumbers
The eyes catch there, softer than beds of down, friend;
The birds my bell to call me to devotions;
My book the story of my wandering life,
In which I find more hours due to repentance
Than time hath told me yet.
Lis. Answer me truly.
Lid. I will do that without a conjuration.
Lis. I' th' depth of meditation, do you not
Sometimes think of Olinda?
Lid. I endeavour
To raze her from my memory, as I wish
You would do the whole sex; for know, Lisander,
The greatest curse brave man can labour under,
Is the strong witchcraft of a woman's eyes.
Where I find men, I preach this doctrine to 'em:
As you're a scholar, knowledge make your mistress.
The hidden beauties of the Heavens your study;
There shall you find fit wonder for your faith,
And for your eye inimitable objects;
As you're a profess'd soldier, court your honour;
Though she be stern, she's honest, a brave mistress!
The greater danger you oppose to win her,
She shews the sweeter, and rewards the nobler;
Woman's best loves to hers mere shadows be,
For after death she weds your memory.
These are my contemplations.
Lis. Heavenly ones;
And in a young man more remarkable.
But wherefore do I envy, and not tread in
This blessed track? Here's in the heart no falsehood
To a vowed friend, no quarrels seconded
With challenges, which, answered in defence
Of the word *reputation*, murder follows.
A man may here repent his sins, and though
His hand, like mine, be stained in blood, it may be
With penitence and true contrition washed off;
You have proved it, Lidian?
Lid. And you'll find it true,
If you persever.
Lis. Here then ends my flight,
And here the fury of the king shall find me
Prepared for Heaven, if I am marked to die
For that I truly grieve for.

Enter Friar, *and* CLARANGE, *in a Friar's habit.*

Friar. Keep yourself
Concealed; I am instructed.
Clara. How the sight
Of my dear friend confirms me!
Lis. What are these?
Lid. Two reverend friars; one I know.
Friar. To you
This journey is devoted.
Lid. Welcome, father!
Friar. I know your resolution so well grounded,
And your adieu unto the world so constant,
That though I am the unwilling messenger
Of a strange accident to try your temper,
It cannot shake you. You had once a friend,
A noble friend, Clarangè.
Lid. And have still,
I hope, good father.
Friar. Your false hopes deceive you;
He's dead.
Lis. Clarangè dead?
Friar. I buried him.
Some said he died of melancholy, some of love,
And of that fondness perish'd.
Lid. Oh, Clarangè!
Clara. Hast thou so much brave nature, noble
So tenderly to love thy rival's memory? [Lidian,
The bold Lisander weeps too. [*Aside.*
Friar. I expected
That you would bear this better
Lid. I am a man, sir,
And, my great loss weighed duly——
Friar. His last words were,
After confession, "Live long, dear Lidian,
Possess'd of all thy wishes!" And of me
He did desire, bathing my hand with tears,
That with my best care I should seek and find you,
And from his dying mouth prevail so with you,
That you a while should leave your hermit's strict-
And on his monument pay a tear or two, [ness,
To witness how you loved him.
Lid. Oh, my heart!
To witness how I loved him? Would he had not
Led me unto his grave, but sacrificed
His sorrows upon mine! He was my friend,
My noble friend; I will bewail his ashes.
His fortunes and poor mine were born together,
And I will weep 'em both: I will kneel by him,
And on his hallowed earth do my last duties.
I'll gather all the pride of spring to deck him;
Woodbines shall grow upon his honoured grave,
And, as they prosper, clasp to shew our friendship,
And, when they wither, I'll die too.
Clara. Who would not
Desire to die, to be bewailed thus nobly?
Friar. There is a legacy he hath bequeath'd you;
But of what value I must not discover,
Until those rites and pious ceremonies
Are duly tendered.
Lid. I am too full of sorrow
To be inquisitive.
Lis. To think of his,
I do forget mine own woes.

Enter ALCIDON.

Alc. [*Entering.*] Graze thy fill, now
Thou hast done thy business.—Ha! who have we here?
Lisander? Lidian? and two reverend friars?
What a strange scene of sorrow is expressed
In different postures, in their looks and station!
A common painter eyeing these, to help
His dull invention, might draw to the life
The living sons of Priam, as they stood
On the pale walls of Troy, when Hector fell
Under Achilles' spear. I come too late;
My horse, though good and strong, moved like a tortoise:
Ill news had wings, and hath got here before me.
All Pythagoreans? not a word?
Lid. Oh, Alcidon!
Deep rivers with soft murmurs glide along,
The shallow roar. Clarangè!
Lis. Cloridon!
Chrysanthes! Spare my grief, and apprehend
What I should speak.
Alc. Their fates I have long since
For your sake mourned: Clarangè's death (for so
Your silence doth confirm) till now I heard not:
Are these the bounds that are prescribed unto
The swelling seas of sorrow?
Lis. The bounds, Alcidon?
Can all the winds of mischief from all quarters,
Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po,
Paying at once their tribute to this ocean,
Make it swell higher? I am a murderer,
Banished, proscribed: Is there aught else that can
Be added to it?
Lid. I have lost a friend,
Prized dearer than my being, and he dead,
My miseries at the height contemn the worst
Of Fortune's malice.
Alc. How our human weakness,
Grown desperate from small disasters, makes us
Imagine them a period to our sorrows,
When the first syllable of greater woes
Is not yet written!
Lid. How?
Lis. Speak it at large:
Since grief must break my heart, I am ambitious
It should be exquisite.
Alc. It must be told;
Yet, ere you hear it, with all care put on
The surest armour, anvil'd in the shop
Of passive Fortitude. The good Cleander,
Your friend, is murdered.
Lis. 'Tis a terrible pang,
And yet it will not do; I live yet. Act not
The torturer's part; if that there be a blow
Beyond this, give it, and at once dispatch me.
Alc. Your sword, dyed in his heart-blood, was found near him:
Your private conference at midnight urged
With fair Calista; which by her, whose pure truth
Would never learn to tell a lie, being granted,
She by enraged Beronte is accused
Of murder and adultery, and you
(However I dare swear it false) concluded
Her principal agent.
Lid. Wave upon wave rolls o'er me!
My sister! my dear sister!
Clara. Hold, great heart!
Friar. Tear open his doublet.
Lis. Is this wound too narrow
For my life to get out at? Bring me to
A cannon loaded, and some pitying friend
Give fire unto it, while I nail my breast
Unto his thund'ring mouth, that in the instant
I may be piece-meal torn, and blown so far
As not one joint of my dismembered limbs

Lid. His honoured name,
Pronounced by such a treacherous tongue, is tainted.
Maintain thy treason with thy sword? With what
Contempt I hear it! in a wilderness
I durst encounter it, and would, but that
In my retired hours, (not counterfeited
As thy religious shape was) I have learn'd,
When justice may determine, such a cause,
And of such weight, as this fair lady is,
Must not be put to Fortune. I appeal
Unto the king; and he, whose wisdom knows
To do his subjects right in their estates,
As graciously with judgment will determine
In points of honour.
Olin. I'll steer the same course with you.
Clara. I'll stand the trial.
Friar. What have you done? or what
Intend you?
Clara. Ask not; I'll come off with honour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Court of Justice.*

Enter BERONTE, CLARINDA, MALFORT, *guarded, and* Officers.

Ber. Be constant in your proofs: Should you shrink back now,
Your life must answer it; nor am I safe,
My honour being engaged to make that good
Which you affirm.
Clari. I am confident, so dearly
I honoured my dead lord, that no respect,
Or, of my lady's bounties, (which were great ones,
I must confess) nor of her former life,
(For while that she was chaste, indeed I loved her)
Shall hinder me from lending my assistance
Unto your just revenge—mine own I mean.
If Leon keep far off enough, all's secure: [*Aside.*
Lisander dares not come in; modest blushes
Parted with me long since, and impudence,
Armed with my hate unto her innocence, shall be
The weapon I will fight with now.
Ber. The rack
Being presented to you, you'll roar out
What you conceal yet.
Malf. Conceal? I know nothing
But that I shall be hanged, and that I look for:
It is my destiny; I ever had
A hanging look; and a wise woman told me,
Though I had not the heart to do a deed
Worthy the halter, in my youth or age,
I should take a turn with a wry mouth; and now
'Tis come about. I have penn'd mine own ballad
Before my condemnation, in fear
Some rhymer should prevent me.

Enter DORILAUS, CALISTA, *and* OLINDA.

Here's my lady:
'Would I were in Heaven, or a thousand miles hence,
That I might not blush to look on her!
Dor. You
Behold this preparation, and the enemies
Who are to fight against your life; yet if
You bring no witness here, that may convince you
Of breach of faith to your lord's bed, and hold up
Unspotted hands before the king, this trial
You are to undergo will but refine,
And not consume, your honour.
Cal. How confirmed
I am here, whatsoever fate falls on me,
You shall have ample testimony. Till the death
Of my dear lord, (to whose sad memory
I pay a mourning widow's tears) I lived
Too happy in my holiday trim of glory,
And courted with felicity, that drew on me,
With other helps of nature, as of fortune,
The envy, not the love, of most that knew me;
This made me to presume too much, perhaps
Too proud; but I am humbled: And if now
I do make it apparent, I can bear
Adversity with such a constant patience
As will set off my innocence, I hope, sir,
In your declining age, when I should live
A comfort to you, you shall have no cause,
Howe'er I stand accused, to hold your honour
Shipwrecked in such a daughter.
Olin. Oh, best friend!
My honour's at the stake too; for——
Dor. Be silent:
The king.

Enter KING, LEMURE, *and* Attendants.

Lem. Sir, if you please to look upon
The prisoner, and the many services
Her father hath done for you——
King. We must loook on
The cause, and not the persons. Yet beholding,
With an impartial eye, the excelling beauties
Of this fair lady, (which we did believe
Upon report, but till now never saw 'em)
It moves a strange kind of compassion in me.
Let us survey you nearer! She's a book
To be with care perused; and 'tis my wonder,
If such mishapen guests as Lust and Murder,
At any price, should ever find a lodging
In such a beauteous inn! Mistake us not;
Though we admire the outward structure, if
The rooms be foul within, expect no favour.
I were no man, if I could look on beauty
Distressed, without some pity; but no king,
If any superficial gloss of feature
Could work me to decline the course of justice.
But to the cause, Cleander's death! what proofs
Can you produce against her?
Ber. Royal sir,
Touching that point, my brother's death, we build
On suppositions——
King. Suppositions? how?
Is such a lady, sir, to be condemned
On suppositions?
Ber. They are well-grounded, sir;
And if we make it evident she is guilty
Of the first crime we charge her with, Adultery,
That being the parent, it may find belief
That murder was the issue.
King. We allow
It may be so; but that it may be, must not
Infer a necessary consequence
To cast away a lady's life. What witnesses
To make this good?
Ber. The principal, this woman,
For many years her servant; she hath taken
Her oath in court.—Come forward!
King. By my crown,
A lying face!
Clari. I swore, sir, for the king;
And if you are the party, as I do
Believe you are, (for you have a good face,

ver mine appears) swearing for you, sir,
it to have my oath pass.
g. Impudent too?
what have you sworn?
ri. That this lady was
dly tempting lady, as she is:
thinks your majesty? And I her servant,
fficer, as one would say, and trusted
her closest chamber-service; that Lisander
fine-timbered gentleman, and active;
e could do fine gambols
ke a lady merry; that this pair,
y loving couple, mutually
ed one another: So much for them, sir!
I, a simple waiting-woman, having taken
odily oath, the first night of admittance
er ladyship's service, on her slippers,
was the book) to serve her will in all things,
o know no religion but her pleasure,
not yet out of fashion with some ladies)
I, as the premises shew, being commanded
my function, in conveyance of
der to her chamber, (my lord absent,
pretended sickness) did the feat,
nnot be denied) and at dead midnight
em together: What they did, some here
asily imagine. I have said, sir.
r. The devil's oratrix!
g. Then you confess
were her bawd?
ri. That's coarse; her agent, sir.
g. So, goody Agent! And you think there is
nishment due for your agentship?
ri. Let her suffer first,
my better, for adultery,
'll endure the mulct imposed on bawds,
t by the worst name.
l. Live I to hear this?
g. Take her aside.—Your answer to this, lady.
l. Heaven grant me patience! To be thus confronted
pardon, royal sir, a woman's passion!)
e (and this the worst of my misfortunes)
was my slave, but never to such ends, sir,
d give a statue motion into fury.
y past life, my actions, nay intentions,
my grand accuser justly censured,
her I scorn to answer) and if they
any probability of truth
at she urges, then I will confess
lty cause. The people's voice, which is
oice of truth, my husband's tenderness
affection to me, (that, no dotage,
reward of humbleness) the friendship
ed through France between him and Lisander,
ake against her. For him, in his absence,
tever imputation it draw on me)
st take leave to speak: 'Tis true he loved me,
ot in such a wanton way; his reason
ered his passions: I grant I had
idnight conference with him; but if he
received a farther favour from me
what a sister might give to a brother,
I sink quick! And thus much, (did he know
hame I suffer for him, with the loss
s life for appearing) on my soul,
ould maintain.

Enter LISANDER *and* ALCIDON.

Lis. And will, thou clear example
Of women's pureness.
King. Though we hold her such,
Thou hast expressed thyself a desperate fool,
To thrust thy head into the lion's jaws,
The justice of thy king.
Lis. I came prepared for't,
And offer up a guilty life to clear
Her innocence: The oath she took, I swear to;
And for Cleander's death, to purge myself
From any colour malice can paint on me,
Or that she had a hand in't, I can prove
That fatal night when he in his own house fell,
And many days before, I was distant from it
A long day's journey.
Clari. I am caught. [*Aside.*
Ber. If so
How came your sword into this steward's hands?—
Stand forth.
Malf. I have heard nothing that you spake:
I know I must die; and what kind of death
Pray you resolve me; I shall go away else
In a qualm; I am very faint.
King. Carry him off;
His fear will kill him. [MALFORT *is carried off.*
Dor. Sir, 'twas my ambition,
My daughter's reputation being wounded
I' th' general opinion, to have it
Cured by a public trial; I had else
Forborne your majesty's trouble.

Enter LEON, Servants, *and* Guard.

I'll bring forth
Cleander's murderer; in a wood I heard him,
As I rode sadly by, unto himself,
With some compunction, though this devil had
Lament what he had done, cursing her lust [none,
That drew him to that bloody fact.
Leon. To lessen
The foulness of it, (for which I know justly
I am to suffer) and with my last breath
To free these innocents, I do confess all,
This wicked woman only guilty with me.
Clari. Is't come to this? Thou puling rogue! die thou
With prayers in thy mouth; I'll curse the laws
By which I suffer! All I grieve for is,
That I die unrevenged.
Leon. But one word more, sir,
And I have done: I was by accident where
Lisander met with Cloridon and Chrysanthes,
Was an ear-witness when he sought for peace,
Nay, begged it upon colder terms than can
Almost find credit, his past deeds considered;
But they, deaf to his reasons, severally
Assaulted him; but such was his good fortune,
That both fell under it. Upon my death
I take it uncompelled, that they were guilty
Of their own violent ends; and he, against
His will, the instrument.
Alc. This I will swear too;
For I was not far off.
Dor. They have alledged
As much to wake your sleeping mercy, sir,
As all the advocates of France can plead
In his defence.
King. The criminal judge shall sentence
These to their merits.
[LEON *and* CLARINDA *taken away guarded.*

With mine own hand, lady,
I take you from the bar, and do myself
Pronounce you innocent.
All. Long live the King!
King. And, to confirm you stand high in our favour,
And as some recompence for what you have
With too much rigour in your trial suffer'd,
Ask what you please, becoming me to grant,
And be possessed of't.
Cal. Sir. I dare not doubt [*Kneels.*
Your royal promise; in a king it is
A strong assurance; that emboldens me
Upon my humble knees to make my boon
Lisander's pardon!
Dor. My good genius
Did prompt her to it.
Lem. At your feet thus prostrate,
I second her petition.
Alc. Never king
Poured forth his mercy on a worthier subject.
Ber. To witness my repentance, for the wrong
In my unjust suspicion I did both,
I join in the same suit.
Lis. The life you give,
Still ready to lay down for your service,
Shall be against your enemies employed,
Not hazarded in brawls.
All. Mercy, dread sir!
King. So many pressing me, and with such rea-
Moving compassion, I hope it will not [sons
Be censured levity in me, though I borrow
In this from justice, to relieve my mercy:
I grant his pardon at your intercession,
But still on this condition; you, Lisander,
In expiation of your guilt, shall build
A monument for my Cloridon and Chrysanthes;
And never henceforth draw a sword, but when
By us you are commanded, in defence of
The Flower-de-Luce; and, after one year's sorrow
For your dear friend Cleander's wretched fate,
Marry Calista.
Lis. On your sacred hand,
I vow to do it seriously.

Enter Lidian.

Lid. Great sir, stay!
Leave not your seat of justice, till you have
Given sentence in a cause as much important
As this you have determined.
King. Lidian?
Lid. He, sir,
Your humblest subject. I accuse Clarangè
Of falsehood in true friendship at the height;
We both were suitors to this lady, both
Enjoined one penance——

Enter Clarange *and* Friar.

Clara. Trouble not the King
With an unnecessary repetition,
Of what the court's familiar with already.
King. Clarangè?
Dor. With a shaven crown?
Olin. Most strange!
Clara. Look on thy rival—your late ser
But now devoted to a better mistress, [ma
The Church, whose orders I have took upon
I here deliver up my interest to her,
And what was got with cunning (as you thou
I simply thus surrender. Heretofore,
You did outstrip me in the race of friendship
I am your equal now.
Dor. A suit soon ended!
Clara. And joining thus your hands, (I
both willing)
I may do in the church my friar's office
In marrying you.
Lid. The victory is yours, sir.
King. It is a glorious one, and well sets of
Our scene of mercy. To the dead we tender
Our sorrow; to the living, ample wishes
Of future happiness. 'Tis a King's duty
To prove himself a father to his subjects;
And I shall hold it, if this well succeed,
A meritorious and praise-worthy deed. [*Ex*

EPILOGUE.

Still doubtful, and perplex'd too, whether he
Hath done Fletcher right in this history,
The poet sits within; since he must know it,
He, with respect, desires that you would shew it
By some accustomed sign; if from our action,
Or his endeavours, you meet satisfaction,
With ours he hath his ends; we hope the best,
To make that certainty in you doth rest.

THE NIGHT-WALKER;

OR,

THE LITTLE THIEF.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUSTICE ALGRIPE, *married to* MARIA.
FRANK HEARTLOVE, *enamoured of* MARIA.
TOM LURCHER, *Brother to* ALATHE.
JACK WILDBRAIN, *Nephew to the* Lady.
TOBY, *Coachman to the* Lady.
Gentlemen.
Servants.
Sexton.
Bell-ringers.

Lady, *Mother to* MARIA.
MARIA, *in Love with* HEARTLOVE.
ALATHE, *contracted to* ALGRIPE, *disguised as a Boy.*
Nurse.
MISTRESS NEWLOVE.
Women.
Mistress, *a Courtezan to* LURCHER.

SCENE,—LONDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before the House of* ALGRIPE.

Enter LURCHER *and* WILDBRAIN.

Lurc. Jack!
Wildb. What wind brought thee hither?
In what old hollow tree, or rotten wall,
Hast thou been, like a swallow, all this winter?
Where hast thou been, man?
Lurc. Following the plough.
Wildb. What plough? Thou hast no land;
Stealing's thy only purchase.
Lurc. The best inheritance.
Wildb. Not in my opinion;
Thou hadst five hundred pound a-year.
Lurc. 'Tis gone:
Pr'ythee, no more on't! Have I not told thee,
And oftentimes, Nature made all men equal,
Her distribution to each child alike;
Till Labour came and thrust a new will in,
Which I allow not; till men won a privilege
By that they call *endeavour*, which indeed
Is nothing but a lawful cozenage,
An allowed way to cheat? Why should my neighbour,
That hath no more soul than his horsekeeper,
Nor bounteous faculties above a broom-man,
Have forty thousand pounds, and I four groats?
Why should he keep it?
Wildb. Thy old opinion still.
Lurc. Why should that scrivener,
That ne'er writ reason in his life, nor anything
That time e'er gloried in; that never knew
How to keep any courtesy conceal'd,
But *noverint universi* must proclaim it,
Purchase perpetually, and I a rascal?
Consider this; why should that mouldy cobler
Marry his daughter to a wealthy merchant,
And give five thousand pound? is this good justice?
Because he has a tougher constitution,
Can feed upon old songs, and save his money,
Therefore must I go beg?
Wildb. What's this to thee!
Thou canst not mend it: If thou be'st determined
To rob all, like a tyrant, yet take heed
A keener justice do not overtake thee,
And catch you in a noose.
Lurc. I am no woodcock;
He that shall sit down frighted with that foolery
Is not worth pity; let me alone to shuffle!
Thou art for wenching.
Wildb. For beauty I, a safe course:
No halter hangs in my way; I defy it.
Lurc. But a worse fate, a wilful poverty;
For where thou gain'st by one that indeed loves thee,
A thousand will draw from thee; 'tis thy destiny!
One is a kind of weeping cross, Jack,
A gentle purgatory: Do not fling at all;
You'll pay the box so often, till you perish.
Wildb. Take you no care for that, sir, 'tis my pleasure:
I will employ my wits a great deal faster
Than you shall do your fingers; and my loves,
If I mistake not, shall prove riper harvest
And handsomer, and come within less danger.
Where's thy young sister?
Lurc. I know not where she is; she's not worth caring for,
She has no wit. Oh, you'd be nibbling with her!
She's far enough, I hope: I know not where

She's not worth caring for, a sullen thing,
She would not take my counsel. Jack; and so
I parted from her.
Wildb. Leave her to her wants?
Lurc. I gave her a little money, what I could spare;
She had a mind to th' country; she is turn'd,
By this, some farmer's dairy-maid; I may meet her
Riding from market one day, 'twixt her dorsers;
If I do, by this hand I wo'not spare
Her butter-pence.
Wildb. Thou wilt not rob thy sister?
Lurc. She shall account me for her eggs and cheeses.
Wildb. A pretty girl. Did not old Algripe love
A very pretty girl she was. [her?
Lurc. Some such thing;
But he was too wise to fasten. Let her pass.
Wildb. Then where's thy mistress?
Lurc. Where you sha' not find her,
Nor know what stuff she is made on; no, indeed,
I chose her not for your use. [sir,
Wildb. Sure she's handsome.
Lurc. Yes, indeed is she; she is very handsome;
But that's all one.
Wildb. You'll come to th' marriage?
Lurc. Is it
To-day?
Wildb. Now, now, they are come from church now.
Lurc. Any great preparation!
Does Justice Algripe shew his power?
Wildb. Very glorious,
And glorious people there.
Lurc. I may meet with him
Yet ere I die, as cunning as he is.
Wildb. You may do good, Tom, at the marriage;
We have plate and dainty things.
Lurc. Do you no harm, sir;
For yet methinks the marriage should be marr'd
If thou may'st have thy will: Farewell; say nothing! [*Exit.*

Enter Gentlemen.

Wildb. You are welcome, noble friends.
1 *Gent.* I thank you, sir.—
Nephew to the old lady; his name's Wildbrain,
And wild his best condition.
2 *Gent.* I have heard of him.—
I pray you tell me, sir, is young Maria merry
After her marriage-rites? Does she look lively?
How does she like her man?
Wildb. Very scurvily;
And as untowardly she prepares herself:
But it is mine aunt's will, that this dull metal
Must be mix'd with her, to allay her handsomeness.
1 *Gent.* Had Heartlove no fast friends?
Wildb. His means are little;
And where those littles are, as little comforts
Ever keep company: I know she loves him,
His memory beyond the hopes of Heaven,
Beyond the Indies in his mouldy cabinets;
But 'tis her unhandsome fate——

Enter Heartlove.

1 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.
Here comes poor Frank.—Nay, we are friends; start not, sir!
We see your willow, and are sorry for't;
And, though it be a wedding, we are half mourners.
Heartl. Good gentlemen, remember not my fortunes;
They are not to be help'd with words.
Wildb. Look up, man!
A proper sensible fellow, and shrink for a wench!
Are there no more? or is she all the handsomeness?
Heartl. Pr'ythee, leave fooling.
Wildb. Pr'ythee, leave thou whining!
Have maids forgot to love?
Heartl. You are injurious.
Wildb. Let 'em alone a while, they'll follow thee.
1 *Gent.* Come, good Frank,
Forget now, since there is no remedy,
And shew a merry face, as wise men would do.
2 *Gent.* Be a free guest, and think not of those passages.
Wildb. Think how to nick him home; thou know'st she dotes on thee;
Graft me a dainty medlar on his crabstock;
Pay me the dreaming puppy.
Heartl. Well, make your mirth, the whilst I bear my misery:
Honest minds would have better thoughts.
Wildb. I am her kinsman,
And love her well, am tender of her youth;
Yet, honest Frank, before I would have that stinkard,
That walking rotten tomb, enjoy her maidenhead—
Heartl. Pr'ythee leave mocking!
Wildb. Pr'ythee, Frank, believe me;
Go to, consider. Hark, they knock to dinner! [*Knock within.*
Come, wo't thou go?
2 *Gent.* I pr'ythee, Frank, go with us,
And laugh and dance as we do.
Heartl. You are light, gentlemen,
Nothing to weigh your hearts; pray give me leave!
I'll come and see, and take my leave.
Wildb. We'll look for you.
Do not despair; I have a trick yet. [*Exit.*
Heartl. Yes,
When I am mischievous I'll believe your projects!
She is gone, for ever gone, (I cannot help it,)
My hopes and all my happiness gone with her,
Gone like a pleasing dream! What mirth and jollity
Reigns round about this house! how every office
Sweats with new joys! Can she be merry too?
Is all this pleasure set by her appointment?
Sure she has a false heart then. Still they grow louder.
The old man's god, his gold, has won upon her,
(Light-hearted, cordial gold!) and all my services,
That offered naked truth, are clean forgotten:
Yet if she were compell'd—but it cannot be—
If I could but imagine her will mine,
Although he had her body——

Enter Lady *and* Wildbrain.

Lady. He shall come in!
Walk without doors o' this day! Though an enemy,
It must not be.
Wildb. You must compel him, madam.
Lady. No, she shall fetch him in, nephew; 'Ts shall be so.
Wildb. It will be fittest. [*Exit with* Lady.
Heartl. Can fair Maria look again upon me?
Can there be so much impudence in sweetness?
Or has she got a strong heart to defy me?

Enter MARIA.

She comes herself: How rich she is in jewels!
Methinks they shew like frozen isicles,
Cold Winter had hung on her. How the roses,
That kept continual spring within her cheeks,
Are wither'd with the old man's dull embraces!
She would speak to me.—I can sigh too, lady;
But from a sounder heart: Yes, and can weep too;
But 'tis for you, that ever I believed you,
Tears of more pious value than your marriage!
You would excuse yourself, and I must credit you,
So much my old obedience compels from me.
Go, and forget me, and my poverty——
I need not bid you, you're too perfect that way:
But still remember that I loved Maria,
Loved with a loyal love. Nay, turn not from me!
I will not ask a tear more, you are bountiful;
Go, and rejoice, and I will wait upon you
That little of my life left!

Maria. Good sir, hear me!
What has been done, was the act of my obedience
And not my will, forced from me by my parents:
Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handsomely;
And if there can be more society,
Without dishonour to my tie of marriage,
Or place for noble love, I shall love you still.
You had the first; the last, had my will prosper'd.
You talk of little time of life, dear Frank;
Certain, I am not married for eternity:
The joy my marriage brings, tells me I am mortal,
And shorter-lived than you, else I were miserable;
Nor can the gold and ease his age hath brought me
And what I coveted, content. Go with me;
They seek a day of joy; pr'ythee let's shew it,
Though it be forced; and, by this kiss believe me,
However I must live at his command now,
I'll die at yours.

Heartl. I have enough; I'll honour you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter LURCHER.

Lurc. Here are my trinkets, and this lusty mar-
I mean to visit; I have shifts of all sorts, [riage
And here are thousand wheels to set 'em working.
I am very merry, for I know this wedding
Will yield me lusty pillage: If mad Wildgoose,
That debosh'd rogue, keep but his ancient revels,
And breed a hubbub in the house, I am happy.—

Enter ALATHE, *as a* Boy.

Now, what are you?

Alathe. A poor distressed boy, sir,
Friendless and comfortless, that would entreat
Some charity and kindness from your worship.
I would fain serve, sir, and as fain endeavour
With duteous labour to deserve the love
Of that good gentleman shall entertain me.

Lurc. A pretty boy, but of too mild a breeding,
Too tender, and too bashful a behaviour.
What canst thou do?

Alathe. I can learn anything
That's good and honest, and shall please a master.

Lurc. He blushes as he speaks, and that I like
I love a bold and secure confidence, [not;
An impudence that one may trust: This boy now,
Had I instructed him, had been a jewel,
A treasure for my use.—Thou canst not lie?

Alathe. I would not willingly.

Lurc. Nor thou hast no wit
To dissemble neatly?

Alathe. Do you love such boys, sir?

Lurc. Oh, mainly, mainly; I would have my boy impudent,
Out-face all truth, yet do it piously;
Like Proteus, cast himself into all forms,
As sudden and as nimble as his thoughts;
Blench at no danger, though it be the gallows,
Nor make no conscience of a cozenage,
Though it be i' th' church. Your soft, demure, still children
Are good for nothing, but to get long graces,
And sing songs to dull tunes: I would keep thee,
And cherish thee, hadst thou any active quality,
And be a tender master to thy knavery;
But thou art not for my use.

Alathe. Do you speak this seriously?

Lurc. Yes, indeed do I.

Alathe. Would you have your boy, sir,
Read in these moral mischiefs?

Lurc. Now thou mov'st me.

Alathe. And be a well-train'd youth in all ac-
Lurc. By any means. [tivities?

Alathe. Or do you this to try me,
Fearing a proneness?

Lurc. I speak this to make thee.

Alathe. Then take me, sir, and cherish me, and love me;
You have me what you would: Believe me, sir,
I can do anything for your advantage.
I guess at what you mean; I can lie naturally,
As easily as I can sleep, sir, and securely;
As naturally I can steal too——

Lurc. That I am glad on,
Right heartily glad on; hold thee there, thou art excellent.

Alathe. Steal any thing from any body living.

Lurc. Not from thy master?

Alathe. That is mine own body,
And must not be.

Lurc. The boy mends mightily.

Alathe. A rich man, that like snow heaps up his
I have a kind of pious zeal to meet still; [monies,
A fool, that not deserves 'em, I take pity on,
For fear he should run mad, and so I ease him.

Lurc. Excellent boy, and able to instruct me!
Of mine own nature just!

Alathe. I scorn all hazard,
And on the edge of danger I do best, sir.
I have a thousand faces to deceive,
And, to those, twice so many tongues to flatter;
An impudence, no brass was ever tougher;
And for my conscience——

Lurc. Peace! I have found a jewel,
A jewel all the Indies cannot match!
And thou shalt feel——

Alathe. This tittle, and I ha' done, sir:
I never can confess, I have that spell on me;
And such rare modesties before a magistrate,
Such innocence to catch a judge, such ignorance—

Lurc. I'll learn of thee; thou art mine own.
I'll give thee action presently. [Come, boy

Alathe. Have at you!

Lurc. What must I call thee?

Alathe. Snap, sir.

Lurc. 'Tis most natural;
A name born to thee: Sure thou art a fairy!
Shew but thy skill, and I shall make thee happy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* ALGRIPE.

Enter Lady, Nurse, Mrs. NEWLOVE, *and* TOBY.

Lady. Where be these knaves? who serves up
Is the bride's bed made? [all the liveries?
Toby. Yes, madam, and a bell
Hung under it artificially.
Lady. Out, knave, out!
Must we have larums now?
Toby. A little warning,
That we may know when to begin our healths, ma-
The justice is a kind of old jade, madam, [dam,
That will go merriest with a bell.
Lady. All the house drunk?
Toby. This is a day of jubilee.
Lady. Are the best hangings up? and the plate
Who makes the posset, Nurse? [set out?
Nurse. The dairy maid,
And she will put that in will make him caper.—
Well, madam, well, you might ha' chose another,
A handsomer, for her years.
Lady. Peace! he is rich, nurse;
He's rich, and that is beauty.
Nurse. I am sure he's rotten;
Would he had been hang'd when he first saw her!
Lady. Termagant!
What an angry quean is this!—Where * *
* * * * * Who looks to him?
Toby. He's very merry, madam; Master Wildbrain
Has him in hand, i' th' bottom o' the cellar;
He sighs and tipples.
Nurse. Alas, good gentleman!
My heart's sore for thee.
Lady. Sorrow must have his course. Sirrah,
Give him some sack to dry up his remembrance.
How does the bridegroom? I am afraid of him.
Nurse. He's a trim youth to be tender of, hemp take him!
Must my sweet new-blown rose find such a winter
Before her spring be near?
Lady. Peace, peace! thou'rt foolish.
Nurse. And dances like a town-top, and reels and hobbles.
Lady. Alas, good gentleman! give him not much
Toby. He shall ha' none by my consent. [wine.
Lady. Are the women comforting my daughter?
Newl. Yes, yes, madam,
And reading to her a pattern of true patience;
They read, and pray for her too.
Nurse. They had need!
You had better marry her to her grave a great deal;
There will be peace and rest. Alas, poor gentlewoman!
Must she become a nurse, now in her tenderness?
Well, madam, well! my heart bleeds!
Lady. Thou art a fool still——
Nurse. Pray Heaven I be!
Lady. And an old fool, to be vex'd thus!
'Tis late; she must to bed. Go, knave; be merry:
Drink for a boy; Away to all your charges!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter WILDBRAIN *and* HEARTLOVE.

Wildb. Do as thou wo't; but, if thou dost refuse it,
Thou art the stupid'st ass—There's no long argu-
Time is too precious, Frank. [ing;
Heartl. I am hot with wine,
And apt now to believe; but if thou dost this
Out of a villainy, to make me wrong her,
As thou art prone enough——
Wildb. Does she not love thee?
Did she not cry down-right, e'en now, to part with thee?
Had she not swounded if I had not caught her?
Canst thou have more?
Heartl. I must confess all this.
Wildb. Do not stand prating, and misdoubting, casting!
If she go from thee now, she's lost for ever;
Now, now she's going, she that loves thee, going!
She whom thou lov'st——
Heartl. Pray let me think a little.
Wildb. There is no leisure; think when thou hast embraced her,
Can she imagine thou didst ever honour her?
Ever believe thy oaths, that tamely suffer'st
An old dry ham of horse-flesh to enjoy her,
Enjoy her maidenhead? Take but that from her,
That we may tell posterity a man had it,
A handsome man, a gentleman, a young man,
To save the honour of our house, the credit!
'Tis no great matter I desire.
Heartl. I hear you.
Wildb. Free us both from the fear of breeding fools
And oafs, got by this shadow: We talk too long.
Heartl. She is going now to bed, among the wo-
What opportunity can I have to meet her? [men:
Wildb. Let me alone! Hast thou a will? speak soundly,
Speak discretely, speak home and handsomely;
Is't not pity, nay misery, nay infamy, to leave
So rare a pye to be cut up by a rascal?
Hartl. I will go presently.—Now, now, I stay thee.
Wildb. Such a dainty doe to be taken
By one that knows not neck-beef from a pheasant,
Nor cannot relish braggat from ambrosia?
Is it not conscience!
Heartl. Yes, yes; now I feel it.
Wildb. A meritorious thing?
Heartl. Good father Wildgoose,
I do confess it.
Wildb. Come then, follow me,
And pluck a man's heart up! I'll lock thee privately,
Where she alone shall presently pass by,
None near to interrupt thee: But be sure——
Heartl. I shall be sure enough; lead on, and crown me.
Wildb. No wringings in your mind now, as you love me! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Gallery in the same.*

Enter Lady, MARIA, ALGRIPE, Gentlewomen, Nurse, *and* Mrs. NEWLOVE.

Lady. 'Tis time you were a-bed.
Alg. I pr'ythee, sweetheart,
Consider my necessity!—Why art sad?
I must tell you a tale in your ear anon——
Nurse. Of Tom Thumb;
I believe that will prove your stiffest story.
Newl. I pity thee, young wench!
1 *Gentlew.* And so do I too.
2 *Gentlew.* Come, old sticks take fire.

1 *Gentlew.* But the plague is, he'll burn out
Give him another cup. [instantly.
2 *Gentlew.* Those are but flashes;
A tun of sack wo' not set him high enough.—
Will you to bed?
Maria. I must.
1 *Gentlew.* Come, have a good heart,
And win him like a bowl to lie close to you;
Make your best use!
Alg. Nay, pr'ythee, duck, go instantly:
I'll dance a jig or two to warm my body.

Enter WILDBRAIN.

Wildb. 'Tis almost midnight.
Lady. Pr'ythee to bed, Maria.
Wildb. Go you afore, and let the ladies follow,
And leave her to her thoughts awhile; there must
A time of taking leave of these same fooleries, [be
Bewailing o' their maidenheads.
Lady. Come then,
We'll wait in the next room.
Alg. Do not tarry;
For if thou dost, by my troth I shall fall asleep, Mall.
[*Exeunt all but* WILDBRAIN *and* MARIA.
Wildb. Do, do, and dream of dottrels!—Get you to bed quickly,
And let us ha' no more stir; come, no crying!
'Tis too late now; carry yourself discretely:
The old thief loves thee dearly, that's the benefit;
For the rest, you must make your own play. Nay, not that way!
They'll pull you all to pieces for your whim-whams,
Your garters and your gloves; go modestly,
And privately steal to bed; 'tis very late, Mall;
For if you go by them, such a new larum——
Maria. I know not which way to avoid 'em.
Wildb. This way,
This through the cloisters, and so steal to bed!
When you are there once, all will separate,
And give you rest: I came out of my pity
To shew you this.
Maria. I thank you.
Wildb. Here's the keys:
Go presently, and lock the doors fast after you,
That none shall follow.
Maria. Good night!
Wildb. Good night, sweet cousin!
A good and sweet night—or I'll curse thee, Frank.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Dark Cloister.*

Enter HEARTLOVE.

Heartl. She stays long: Sure young Wildgoose has abused me,
He has made sport wi' me. I may yet get out again,
And I may see his face once more: I ha' foul intentions;
But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing.

Enter MARIA.

Hark, hark! it was the door!
Something comes this way, wond'rous still and stealing!
May be, some walking spirit to affright me.
Maria. Oh, Heaven, my fortune!
Heartl. 'Tis her voice! stay. [*Seizes her,*
Maria. Save me,
Bless me, you better powers!
Heartl. I am no devil.
Maria. You are little better, to disturb me now.
Heartl. My name is Heartlove.
Maria. Fy, fy, worthy friend!
Fy, noble sir!
Heartl. I must talk further with you:
You know my fair affection——
Maria. So preserve it;
You know I am married now. For shame, be
Not all the earth shall make me—— [civiler!
Heartl. Pray walk this way;
And if you ever loved me——
Maria. Take heed, Frank,
How you divert that love to hate: Go home, pr'ythee.
Heartl. Shall he enjoy that sweet——
Maria. Nay, pray unhand me.
Heartl. He that never felt what love was?
Maria. Then I charge you
Stand further off!
Heartl. I am tame; but let me walk wi' you,
Talk but a minute.
Maria. So your talk be honest,
And my untainted honour suffer not,
I'll walk a turn or two.
Heartl. Give me your hand then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Bed-room in the same House.*

Enter WILDBRAIN, ALGRIPE, Lady, Nurse, Gentlewomen, *and* Mrs. NEWLOVE.

Alg. She is not in her chamber.
Lady. She is not here.
Wildb. And I'll tell you what I dream'd——
Alg. Give me a torch!
1 *Gentlew.* Be not too hasty, sir.
Wildb. Nay, let him go;
For if my dream be true he must be speedy;
He will be trick'd, and blazed else.
Nurse As I am a woman,
I cannot blame her if she take her liberty!
'Would she would make thee cuckold, thou old
A notorious cuckold, for tormenting her! [bully,
Lady. I'll hang her then.
Nurse. I'll bless her then! she does justice:
Is this old stinking dog's-flesh for her diet?
Wildb. Pr'ythee, honest Nurse, do not fret too much;
For fear I dream you'll hang yourself too.
Alg. [WILDBRAIN *whispers* ALGRIPE.] The cloister?
Wildb. Such was my fancy; I do not say 'tis
Nor do I bid you be too confident. [true,
Alg. Where are the keys, the keys I say?
Wildb. I dream'd she had 'em to lock herself
Nurse. What a devil do you mean? [in.

Enter Servant.

Wildb. No harm; good Nurse, be patient!
Serv. They are not in the window, where they use to be.
Wildb. What foolish dreams are these!
Alg. I am mad.
Wildb. I hope so; [*Apart.*
If you be not mad, I'll do my best to make you.
1 *Gentlew.* This is some trick.
2 *Gentlew.* I smell the Wildgoose.

Alg. Come, gentlemen; come quickly, I beseech you.
Quick as you can! this may be your case, gentlemen.
And bring some lights, some lights! [*Exit.*
Wildb. Move faster, faster! you'll come too late else.
I'll stay behind and pray for you. I had rather
She were dishonest than thou shouldst have her.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The Cloisters.*

Enter MARIA *and* HEARTLOVE.

Maria. You are most unmanly! Yet I have some breath left,
And this steel to defend me: Come not near me!
For if you offer but another violence,
As I have life I'll kill you! if I miss that
Upon my own heart will I execute,
And let that fair belief out, I had of you.
Heartl. Most virtuous maid, I have done: Forgive my follies;
Pardon, oh, pardon! I now see my wickedness,
And what a monstrous shape it puts upon me.
On your fair hand I seal—
Alg. [*Within.*] Down with the door!
Maria. We are betray'd! Oh, Frank, Frank!
Heartl. I'll die for you;
Rather than you shall suffer, I'll——
Enter ALGRIPE, Lady, Nurse, Gentlewomen, Mrs. NEWLOVE, *and* Servants.
Alg. Now enter,
Enter, sweet gentlemen. Mine eyes, mine eyes!
Oh, how my head aches!
1 *Gentlew.* Is it possible?
2 *Gentlew.* Hold her; she sinks.
Maria. A plot upon my honour!
To poison my fair name, a studied villainy!
Farewell! As I have hope of peace, I am honest.
[*Faints.*
Alg. My brains, my brains, my monstrous brains! they bud sure.
Nurse. She is gone, she is gone!
Alg. A handsome riddance of her.
'Would I could as easily lose her memory!
Nurse. Is this the sweet of marriage? have I [bred thee
For this reward?
1 *Gentlew.* Hold, hold! He's desperate too.
Alg. Be sure you hold him fast! we'll bind him over
To the next sessions, and, if I can, I'll hang him.
[*The* Servants *se ze him.*
Heartl. Nay then, I'll live to be a terror to thee.—
Sweet virgin rose, farewell! Heaven has thy beauty,
That's only fit for Heaven. I'll live a little,
To find the villain out that wrought this injury,
And then, most blessed soul, I'll climb up to thee.
Farewell! I feel myself another creature.
[*He is led out.*
Lady. Oh, misery of miseries!
Nurse. I told you, madam.
Lady. Carry her in.—You will pay back her portion?
Alg. No, not a penny: Pay me back my credit,
And I'll condition wi' ye.
Lady. A sad wedding!
Her grave must be her bridal-bed. Oh, Mall,
'Would I had wed thee to thy own content!
Then I had had thee still.
Alg. I am mad! Farewell!
Another wanton wife will prove a hell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Behind the same House.*

Enter LURCHER *and* ALATHE.

Lurc. What hast thou done?
Alathe. I have walked through all the lodgings:
A silence, as if Death dwelt there, inhabits.
Lurc. What hast thou seen?
Alathe. Nought but a sad confusion;
Everything left in such a loose disorder,
That, were there twenty thieves, they would be laden.
Lurc. 'Tis very well; I like thy care: But 'tis
A wedding-night should be so solitary. [strange
Alathe. Certainly there's some cause; some death or sickness
Is fallen suddenly upon some friend,
Or some strange news is come.
Lurc. Are they all a-bed?
Alathe. I think so, and sound asleep, unless it be
Some women that keep watch in a low parlour,
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.
Lurc. Where's all the plate?
Alathe. Why, lock'd up in that room:
I saw the old lady, ere she went to bed,
Put up her plate, and some of the rich hangings,
In a small long chest; her chains and rings are
It stands close by the table, on a form. [there too:
Lurc. 'Twas a good notice; didat thou see the men?
Alathe. I saw them sad too, and all take their leaves;
But what they said I was too far to hear, sir.
Lurc. 'Tis daintily discover'd; we shall certainly
Have a most prosperous night. Which way?
Alathe. A close one,
A back-door that the women have left open,
To go in and out to fetch necessaries,
Close on the garden side.
Lurc. I love thy diligence:
Wert thou not fearful?
Alathe. Fearful? I'll be hang'd first.
Lurc. Say they had spied thee?
Alathe. I was then determined
To have cried downright too, and have kept 'em company,
As one that had an interest in their sadness;
Or made an errand to I know not whom, sir.
Lurc. My dainty boy! Let us discharge; that
Makes a perpetual motion in my fingers [plate
Till I have fast hold of it.
Alathe. Pray be wise, sir; do't handsomely, be not greedy;
Let's handle it with such an excellence

As if we would bring thieving into honour:
We must disguise, to fright these reverend watches—
Lurc. Still my blest boy!
Alathe. And clear the room of drunken jealousies.
The chest is of some weight, and we may make
Such noise i' th' carriage we may be snapp'd.
Lurc. Come, open: Here's a devil's face.
Alathe. No, no, sir, we'll have no shape so terrible;
We will not do the devil so much pleasure
To have him face our plot.
Lurc. A winding-sheet then!
Alathe. That's too cold a shift,
I would not wear the reward of my wickedness:
I wonder you're an old thief, and no cunninger.
Where's the long cloak?
Lurc. Here, here.
Alathe. Give me the turbant
And the false beard. I hear some coming this way!
Stoop, stoop, and let me sit upon your shoulders,
And now as I direct—Stay, let them enter,
And when I touch move forward; make no noise!
[*She mounts on* LURCHER'S *back, and they stand apart.*

Enter NURSE *and* TOBY.

Nurse. Oh, 'tis a sad time! All the burnt wine's drunk, Nick.
Toby. We may thank your dry chaps for't. The canary's gone too;
No substance for a sorrowful mind to work upon;
I cannot mourn in beer: If she should walk now,
As discontented spirits are wont to do——
Nurse. And meet us in the cellar?
Toby. What fence have we with single beer against her?
What heart can we defy the devil with?
Nurse. The March beer's open.
Toby. A fortification of March beer will do well;
I must confess 'tis a most mighty armour,
For I presume I cannot pray.
Nurse. Why, Nicholas?
Toby. We coachmen have such tumbling faiths,
Can go an even pace. [no prayers
Nurse. Hold up your candle.
Toby. Verily, Nurse, I have cried so much
For my young mistress that is mortified,
That if I have not more sack to support me,
I shall even sleep: Heigho, for another flaggon!
These burials and christ'nings are the mournful'st matters
And they ask more drink——
Nurse. Drink to a sad heart's needful.
Toby. Mine's ever sad, for I am ever dry, Nurse.
Nurse. Methinks the light burns blue; I pr'ythee snuff it!
There's a thief in't, I think.
Toby. There may be one near it.
Nurse. What's that that moves there, i' th' name of—Nicholas?
That thing that walks?
Toby. 'Would I had a ladder to behold it!
Mercy upon me, the ghost of one o' th' guard sure;
'Tis the devil by his claws, he smells of brimstone;
Sure he farts fire, what an earthquake I have in me!
Out with thy prayer-book, Nurse!
Nurse. It fell i' th' frying-pan, and the cats eat it.
Toby. I have no power to pray! It grows still longer,
'Tis steeple-high now; and it sails away, Nurse.
Let's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin,
And that will daunt the devil. I am blasted;
My belly's grown to nothing.
Nurse. Fly, fly, Toby! [*Exit with* TOBY.
Alathe. So let them go! And whilst they are astonish'd,
Let's presently upon the rest now, suddenly.
Lurc. Off, off, and up again when we're near the parlour! [*She descends.*
Art sure thou know'st the chest?
Alathe. Tho' it were i' th' dark, sir,
I can go to it.
Lurc. On then, and be happy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TOBY.

Toby. How my haunches quake! Is the thing here still?
Now can I out-do any button-maker at his own trade;
I have fifteen fits of an ague.—Nurse, 'tis gone, I hope;
The hard-hearted woman has left me alone.—Nurse!
And she knows too I ha' but a lean conscience to keep me company. [*Noise within.*
The devil's among 'em in the parlour sure,
The ghost three stories high, he has the Nurse sure,
He's boiling of her bones now; hark, how she whistles!
There's gentlewomen within too; how will they do?
I'll to the cook, for he was drunk last night,
And now he's valiant; he's a-kin to th' devil too,
And fears no fire. [*Exit.*

Enter LURCHER *and* ALATHE, *with a Coffin.*

Lurc. No light?
Alathe. None left, sir;
They are gone, and carried all the candles with 'em.
Their fright is infinite; let's make good use on't:
We must be quick, sir, quick, or the house will rise else.
Lurc. Was this the chest?
Alathe. Yes, yes.
Lurc. There was two of 'em,
Or I mistake.
Alathe. I know the right. No stay, sir,
Nor no discourse, but to our labour lustily!
Put to your strength, and make as little noise—
Then presently out at the back door.
Lurc. Come boy;
Come, happy child, and let me hug thy excellence! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

Enter WILDBRAIN *with a Light.*

Wildb. What thousand noises pass through all the rooms!
What cries and hurries! Sure the devil's drunk,
And tumbles through the house. My villainies,
That never made me apprehend before
Danger or fear, a little now molest me:
My cousin's death sits heavy o' my conscience;
'Would I had been half-hang'd when I hammer'd it!
I aimed at a living divorce, not at burial,
That Frank might have had some hope. Hark!
In every room confusion; they're all mad still
Most certain all stark-mad within the house;
A punishment inflicted for my lewdness,
That I might have the more sense of my mischief,
And run the more mad too. My aunt is hang'd sure,
Sure hang'd herself, or else the fiend has fetch'd her.
I heard a hundred cries, "the devil, the devil!"

Then roaring, and then tumbling; all the cham-
Are a mere Babel, or another Bedlam. [bers
What should I think? I shake myself too:
Can the devil find no time, but when we are merry?
Here's something comes.

Enter Mrs. Newlove.

Newl. Oh, that I had some company,
(I care not what they were) to ease my misery,
To comfort me!
Wildb. Who's that?
Newl. Again? Nay then receive——
Wildb. Hold, hold! I am no fury.—
The merchant's wife!
Newl. Are you a man? Pray Heaven you be!
Wildb. I am.
Newl. Alas, I have met, sir,
The strangest things to-night.
Wildb. Why do you stare?
Newl. Pray comfort me, and put your candle
For if I see the spirit again I die for't. [out;
And hold me fast, for I shall shake to pieces else.
Wildb. I'll warrant you, I'll hold you,
Hold you as tenderly—I have put the light out;
Retire into my chamber, there I'll watch wi' ye,
I'll keep you from all frights.
Newl. And will you keep me?
Wildb. Keep you as secure, lady——
Newl. You must not wrong me then; the devil will have us.
Wildb. No, no, I'll love you; then the devil will fear us;
For he fears all that love. Pray come in quickly!
For this is the malicious hour he walks in,
The hour he blasts sweet faces, lames the limbs in,
Depraves the senses; now within this half-hour,
He will have power to turn all citizens' wives
Into strange creatures, owls, and long-tail'd monkies,
Jays, pies, and parrots: Quickly! I smell his brimstone.
Newl. It comes again! I am gone; shift for yourself, sir! [*Exit.*
Wildb. Sure this whole night is nothing but illusion.
Here's nothing comes: all they are mad! damn'd devil,
To drive her back again! It had been thy policy
To have let us alone: we might have done some fine thing
To have made thy hell-hound laugh: 'Tis a dainty wench;
If I had her again, not all your fellow goblins,
Nor all their claws, should scratch her hence. I'll stay still;
May be her fright will bring her back again;
Yet I will hope.

Enter Tony.

Toby. I can find no bed, no body, nor no chamber;
Sure they are all i' th' cellar! and I cannot find that neither.
I am led up and down like a tame ass; my light's out,
And I grope up and down like blind-man buff,
And break my face, and break my pate.
Wildb. It comes again sure!
I see the shadow; I'll have faster hold now.
Sure she's mad; I long to lie with a mad woman,
She must needs have rare new tricks.
Toby. I hear one whisper·
If it be the devil now to allure me into his clutches,
For devils have a kind of tone like crickets——
Wildb. I have a glimpse of her guise: 'Tis she,
But I'll stand sure. [would steal by me,
Toby. I have but a dram of wit left,
And that's even ready to run: Oh, for my bed now!
Wildb. She named a bed; I like that, she re-
Where is she now? [pents sure;
Toby. Who's that?
Wildb. Are you there? In, in,
In presently!
Toby. I feel his talons through me;
'Tis an old haggard devil; what will he do with me?
Wildb. Let me kiss thee first, quick, quick!
Toby. A lecherous devil!
Wildb. What a hairy whore 'tis; sure she has a muffler.
Toby. If I should have a young Satan by him, (for I dare not deny him)
In what case were I! Who durst deliver me?
Wildb. 'Tis but my fancy; she's the same In
Gently, my sweet girl! [quickly
Toby. Sweet devil, be good to me! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* Lurcher's Mistress.

Enter Lurcher *and* Alathe.

Lurc. Where's my love, boy?
Alathe. She's coming with a candle,
To see our happy prize.
Lurc. I am cruel weary.
Alathe. I cannot blame ye; plate is very heavy
To carry without light or help.
Lurc. The fear too
At every stumble to be discover'd, boy,
At every cough to raise a constable!
Well, we'll be merry now.
Alathe. We have some reason:
Things compass'd without fear or imminent danger,
Are too luxurious, sir, to live upon:
Money and wealth got thus are as full venture,
And carry in their natures as much merit,
As his that digs 'em out o' th' mine; they taste too,
Season'd with doubts and dangers, most deliciously;
Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,
And dull our appetites.
Lurc. Most learned child!

Enter Lurcher's Mistress.

Mistress. You are welcome! where have you
Lurc. In the next room, hard by. [left it?
Mistress. Is it plate all?
Lurc. All, all, and jewels. I am monstrous
Pr'ythee let's go to bed. [weary;
Mistress. Pr'ythee let's see't first.
Lurc. To-morrow's a new day, sweet.
Mistress. Yes, to melt it;
But let's agree to-night, how it shall be handled.
I'll have a new gown——
Lurc. 'Sha't have anything.
Mistress. And such a riding-suit as Mistress Newlove's:
What though I be no gentlewoman born,
I hope I may atchieve it by my carriage.
Lurc. Thou say'st right. [lacquey.
Mistress. You promised me a horse too, and a
Lurc. Thou shalt have horses six, and a postilion.
Mistress. That will be stately, sweetheart; a postilion?

Lurc. Nay, we'll be in fashion; he shall ride before us
In winter with as much dirt would damp a mus-
The inside of our coach shall be of scarlet. [quet;
Mistress. That will be dear.
Lurc. There is a dye projecting [anything.
Will make it cheap, wench. Come, thou shalt have
Mistress. Where is this chest? I long, sweet,
Our Indies. [to behold
Alathe. Mistress, let's melt it first, and then 'tis fit
You should dispose it; then 'tis safe from danger.
Mistress. I'll be a loving mistress to my boy too.
Now fetch it in, and let's rejoice upon't.
Alathe. Hold your light, mistress, we may see to enter.
[LURCHER *and* ALATHE *drag in the Coffin.*
Mistress. Ha! what's here? Call you this a
Alathe. We ha' miss'd, sir; [chest?
Our haste and want of light made us mistake.
Mistress. A very coffin!
Lurc. How! a coffin? Boy, 'tis very like one.
Alathe. The devil owed us a shame, and now he
Mistress. Is this your treasure? [has paid us.
Alathe. Bury me alive in't.
Lurc. It may be there's no room.
Mistress. Nay, I will search it:
I'll see what wealth's within.—
[*They open the Coffin, in which* MARIA *appears.*
A woman's face,
And a fair woman's?
Alathe. I cannot tell, sir;
Belike this was the sadness that possess'd 'em.
The plate stood next, I am sure.
Lurc. I shake, I shake, boy;
What a cold sweat!
Alathe. This may work. What will become on's, sir?
Mistress. She's cold, dead cold; d'ye find your conscience?
D'ye bring your Gillians hither?—Nay, she's pu-
Your conceal'd love's cased up. [nish'd,
Lurc. It is Maria:
The very same, the bride: New horror
Mistress. These are fine tricks; you hope she's in a swoon,
But I'll take order she shall ne'er recover
To bore my nose: come, take her up and bury her
Quickly, or I'll cry out; take her up instantly.
Lurc. Be not so hasty, fool; that may undo us:
We may be in for murder so: Be patient;
Thou seest she's dead, and cannot injure thee.
Mistress. I am sure she shall not.
Alathe. Be not, sir, dejected
Too much: A strange mistake! this had not been
It makes me almost weep to think upon it. [else;
Lurc. What an unlucky thief am I!
Mistress. I'll no considering; either bestir your-
Lurc. Hold! [self, or——
Mistress. Let it not stay to smell then; I will
Endure the stink of a rival. [not
Lurc. 'Would 'twere there again!
Alathe. We must bury her.
Lurc. But where o' th' sudden, or with what
That no eyes watch us? [providence,
Mistress. Take a spade and follow me; [yard:
The next fair ground we meet make the church-
As I live I'll see her lodged. [*Exit.*
Lurc. It must be so;
How heavy my heart is! I ha' no life left.
Alathe. I am past thinking too, no understand-
That I should miss the right chest! [ing:
Lurc. The happy chest!
Alathe. That which I saw and mark'd too!
Lurc. Well, passion wo'not help us.
Had I twenty falls for this——
Alathe. 'Twas my fault, sir.
Lurc. And twenty thousand fears for this! Oh, the devil!
Now could I curse! Well, we have her now,
And must dispose her.

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. Hang both, for two blind buzzards! Here's a spade?
Quickly, or I'll call the neighbours.
Lurc. There's no remedy;
'Would the poor hungry prisoners had this pasty!
[*Exeunt, carrying out the Coffin.*

SCENE IV.—*Near the Church-yard, behind* ALATHE'S *House.*

Enter ALGRIPE *and a* Servant *with a Torch.*

Serv. 'Twas a strange mischance, sir.
Alg. Mischance, say'st? No, 'twas happiness to me;
There is so much charge saved; I have her portion;
I'll marry twenty more on such conditions.
Serv. Did it not trouble you, sir, to see her dead?
Alg. Not much, I thank my conscience:
I was tormented till that happen'd; furies
Were in my brain, to think myself a cuckold
At that time of the night.
When I come home, I charge you shut my doors!
Locks, bolts, and bars, are little enough to secure
Serv. Why, an it please you? [me.
Alg. Fool, to ask that question!
To keep out women. I expect her mother
Will visit me with her clamours: Oh, I hate
Their noise, and do abhor the whole sex heartily!
They are all walking devils, harpies; I will study
A week together how to rail sufficiently
Upon 'em all: And, that I may be furnish'd,
Thou shalt buy all the railing books and ballads
That malice hath invented against women:
I will read nothing else, and practise 'em,
Till I grow fat with curses.
Serv. If you'll go
To th' charge, let me alone to find you books!—
What's that? They come near us.
Alg. Where? hold up the torch, knave!
Serv. Did you hear nothing? 'tis a——
Alg. Why dost make a stand?
Serv. What's that?
Alg. Where, where? dost see anything?
We are hard by the church-yard, and I was never
Valiant at midnight in such irksome places;
They say ghosts walk sometimes.—Hark! d'ye hear nothing?

Enter LURCHER *and* ALATHE, *with the Coffin, and* Mistress.

Mistress. No further; dig here, and lay her in quickly.
Lurc. What light is that, boy? we shall be discovered!
Set the coffin up an end, and get behind me;
There's no avoiding.
Alathe. Oh!

Alg. Where is that groan
I begin to be afraid.
Serv. What shall we do, sir?
Alg. We are almost at home now; thou must
Perhaps 'twas my imagination. [go forward;
Lurc. 'Tis he!
Alathe. I know him too; let me alone.
Serv. Oh, sir,
A ghost, the very ghost of mistress bride!
I have no power to run away.
Alg. Cursed ghost! bless me! preserve me!
I do command thee, whatsoe'er thou art,
I do conjure thee, leave me; do not fright me.
If thou be'st a devil, vex me not so soon!
If thou be'st—the spirit of my wife——
Alathe. Thy wife.
Alg. I shall be tormented!
Alathe. Thy abused wife,
That cannot peaceably enjoy her death.
Thou hast an evil conscience.
Alg. I know it.
Alathe. Among thy other sins, which black thy
Call to thy mind thy vow made to another, [soul,
Whom thou hast wrong'd, and make her satisfac-
Now I am dead, thou perjured man! or else [tion
A thousand black tormentors shall pursue thee,
Until thou leap into eternal flames;
Where gold, which thou adorest here on earth,
Melted, the fiends shall pour into thy throat!
For this time, pass; go home and think upon me!
Lurc. Away!
Serv. There are more spirits!
Alg. Thank you, dear wife!
I'll bestow twenty nobles o' a tomb for thee;
Thou shalt not walk and catch cold after death.
[*They go backward into the House.*

Lurc. So, so; they are gone; 'twas my ingenious rascal!
But how dost know he made vows to another?
Alathe. I overheard the women talk to-night on't;
But now let's lose no time, sir! pray let's bury
This gentlewoman. Where's my mistress?

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. Here; I durst not tarry.
Lurc. We ha' so cozen'd the old forty i' th' hundred,
An the devil hinder him not, he'll go a pilgrimage;
But come, about our business! set her down again.
Maria. Oh!
Lurc. She groans! ha!
Maria. Oh!
Lurc. Again! she stirs!
Mistress. Let's fly, or else we shall be torn in pieces.
Lurc. An you be good at that, bury yourself,
Or let the sexton take you for his fee.
Away, boy! [*Exeunt.*
Maria. [*Rises from the Coffin.*] I am very cold, dead-cold!
Where am I? what's this? a coffin? where have I been? [*Rises.*
Mercy defend me! Ha! I do remember
I was betrayed and swounded. My heart aches;
I am wond'rous hungry too; dead bodies eat not:
Sure I was meant for burial; I am frozen;
Death, like a cake of ice, dwells round about me:
Darkness spreads o'er the world too. Where? what path?
Best Providence, direct me! [*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the* Lady's *House.*

Enter Lady, WILDBRAIN, Women, *and* TOBY.

Lady. Thou art the most unfortunate fellow—
Wildb. Why, aunt,
What have I done?
Lady. The most malicious varlet—
Thy wicked head never at rest, but hammering
And hatching hellish things, and to no purpose,
So thou may'st have thy base will.
Wildb. Why do you rail thus?
Cannot a scurvy accident fall out,
But I must be at one end on't?
Lady. Thou art at both ends.
Wildb. Cannot young sullen wenches play the fools,
And marry, and die, but I must be the agent?
All that I did (and if that be an injury,
Let the world judge it) was but to persuade her,
(And, as I take it, I was bound to it too,)
To make the reverend coxcomb, her husband, cuckold:
What else could I advise her? was there harm i' this?
You are of years, and have run through experience;
Would you be content, if you were young again,
To have a continual cough grow to your pillow?
A rottenness, tho' vaults are perfumes to,
Hang in your roof, and like a fog infect you?
Anointed hams, to keep his hinges turning,
Reek ever in your nose, and twenty night-caps,
With twenty several sweats?
Toby. Some Jew, some justice,
A thousand heathen-smells, to say truth, madam;
And would you mellow my young pretty mistress
In such a mis-ken?
Lady. Sirrah,
Where is the body of my girl?
Wildb. I know not;
I am no conjurer: You may look the body!
I was like to be stolen away myself; the spirit
Had like to ha' surprised me in the shape of a woman,
Of a young woman, and you know those are dangerous.
Toby. So had I, madam, simply though I stand here,
I had been ravish'd too: I had twenty spirits;
In every corner of the house a fiend met me.
Lady. You lie, like rascals! Was Mistress Newlove such
A spirit, sir, to fright your worship? Well,
I discharge you, sir; you are now at liberty;
Live where you please, and do what pranks you fancy; [nephew,
You know your substance: Though you are my

I am no way bound, sir, to protect your mischief:
So, fare you well!
Wildb. Farewell, good aunt! I thank you!
Adieu, honest Nick! The devil, if he have power,
Will persecute your old bones for this marriage.
Farewell, Mistress Win! [*Exit* Lady.
Toby. And shall we part with dry lips?
Shall we, that have been fellow-devils together,
Flinch for an old woman's fart?
Wildb. 'Tis a fine time o'night too; but we must part, Nick.
Toby. Shall we never ring again? ne'er toss the [tenor,
And roll the changes in a cup of claret?
You shall not want; whate'er I lay my hands on
(As I am sure Automedon the coachman)
Shall be distributed: Bear up, I say, hang sorrow!
Give me that bird abroad that lives at pleasure.
Sam the butler's true, the cook a reverend Trojan;
The falkner shall sell his hawks, and swear they were rotten;
There be some wand'ring spoons, that may be met with;
I'll pawn a coach-horse. Peace, utter no sentences!
The harness shall be used in our wars also:
Or shall I drive her (tell me but your will now;
Say but the word) over some rotten bridge,
Or by a marl-pit side? she may slip in daintily;
Let me alone for myself!
Wildb. No, no; farewell, Toby!
Farewell, spiny Nicholas! no such thing;
There be ways i' the world—If you see me
A day or two hence, may be we'll crack a quart yet,
And pull a bell. Commend me to the household!
Nay, cry not, Toby; 'twill make thy head giddy.
Toby. Sweet Master Wildbrain!
Wildb. No more, Toby; go,
The times may alter.——
But where's the corse of my dead cousin,
If she be dead? I hoped 't had but dissembled:
That sits heavy here. Toby, honest Toby,
Lend me thy lanthorn; I forgot 'twas dark;
I had need look to my ways now.
Toby. Take a lodging with me to-night in the stable,
And ride away to-morrow with one of the horses,
Next your heart, pray do!
Wildb. No.
Good night, good neighbour Toby! I will wander;
I scorn to submit myself, ere I have rambled——
But whither, or with what? that's more material;
No matter; an the worst come, 'tis but stealing,
And my aunt wo'not see me hang'd for her own credit;
And farewell in a halter costs me nothing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Church-yard.*

Enter HEARTLOVE.

Heartl. The night, and all the evils the night covers,
The goblins, hags, and the black spawn of darkness,
Cannot fright me. No, Death, I dare thy cruelty!
For I am weary both of life and light too.
Keep my wits, Heaven! They say spirits appear
To melancholy minds, and the graves open:
I would fain see the fair Maria's shadow,
But speak unto her spirit, ere I died,
But ask upon my knees a mercy from her.
I was a villain; but her wretched kinsman,
That set his plot, shall with his heart-blood satisfy
Her injured life and honour.—What light's this?

Enter WILDBRAIN *with a lanthorn.*

Wildb. It is but melancholy walking thus;
The tavern-doors are barricadoed too,
Where I might drink till morn, in expectation;
I cannot meet the watch neither; nothing in
The likeness of a constable, whom I might,
In my distress, abuse, and so be carried,
For want of other lodging, to the Counter.
Heartl. 'Tis his voice; Fate, I thank thee!
Wildb. Ha! who's that? An thou be'st a man, speak:
Frank Heartlove? then I bear my destinies!
Thou art the man of all the world I wish'd for:
My aunt has turned me out a-doors; she has,
At this unchristian hour; and I do walk
Methinks like Guido Faux, with my dark lanthorn,
Stealing to set the town a-fire; i' th' country
I should be ta'en for William o' the Wisp,
Or Robin Good-fellow. And how dost, Frank?
Heartl. The worse for you!
Wildb. Come, thou'rt a fool. Art going to thy lodging?
I'll lie with thee to-night; and tell thee stories,
How many devils we ha' met withal;
Our house is haunted, Frank, whole legions——
I saw fifty for my share.
Heartl. Didst not fright 'em?
Wildb. How! fright 'em? No, they frighted me sufficiently.
Heartl. Thou hadst wickedness enough to make them stare,
And be afraid o' thee, malicious devil! [*Draws.*
And draw thy sword; for, by Maria's soul,
I will not let thee 'scape, to do more mischief.
Wildb. Thou art mad! what dost mean?
Heartl. To kill thee; nothing else will ease my [anger:
The injury is fresh I bleed withal;
Nor can that word express it, there's no peace in't,
Nor must it be forgiven, but in death:
Therefore call up thy valour, if thou hast any,
And summon up thy spirits to defend thee!
Thy heart must suffer for thy damned practices
Against thy noble cousin, and my innocence.
Wildb. Hold! hear a word! did I do anything
But for your good? That you might have her?
That in that desperate time I might redeem her,
Although with show of loss?
Heartl. Out, ugly villain!
Fling on her the most hated name of *whore*
To the world's eye, and face it out in courtesy?
Bring him to see't, and make me drunk to attempt it?

Enter MARIA, *in her shroud.*

Maria. I hear some voices this way.
Heartl. No more! if you can pray,
Do it as you fight.
Maria. What new frights oppose me?
I have heard that tongue.
Wildb. 'Tis my fortune;
You could not take me in a better time, sir;
I have nothing to lose, but the love I lent thee.
My life my sword protect! [*Draws. They fight.*
Maria. I know 'em both; but, to prevent their ruins,
Must not discover—Stay, men most desperate!
The mischief you are forward to commit

Will keep me from my grave; and tie my spirit
To endless troubles else.
Wildb. Ha! 'tis her ghost!
Heartl. Maria!
Maria. Hear me both! Each wound you make
Runs through my soul, and is a new death to me;
Each threat'ning danger will affright my rest.
Look on me, Heartlove, and, my kinsman, view
Was I not late, in my unhappy marriage [me!
Sufficient miserable, full of all misfortunes,
But you must add, with your most impious angers,
Unto my sleeping dust this insolence?
Would you teach Time to speak eternally
Of my disgraces? make records to keep 'em,
Keep them in brass? Fight then, and kill my honour!
Fight deadly both; and let your bloody swords,
Through my revived and reeking infamy,
(That never shall be purged) find your own ruins!
Heartlove, I loved thee once; and hoped again
In a more blessed love to meet thy spirit:
If thou kill'st him, thou art a murderer;
And murder shall never inherit Heaven.
My time is come, my conceal'd grave expects me:
Farewell, and follow not! your feet are bloody,
And will pollute my peace.—I hope they are melted:
This is my way sure. [*Exit.*
Heartl. Stay, blessed soul!
Wildb. 'Would she had
Come sooner, and ha' saved some blood!
Heartl. Dost bleed?
Wildb. Yes, certainly; I can both see and feel it.
Heartl. Now I well hope it is not dangerous.
Give me thy hand; as far as honour guides me,
I will know thee again. [*Exit.*
Wildb. I thank thee heartily;—
I know not where to get a surgeon.
This vision troubles me; sure she is living,
And I was foolish blind, I could not find it.
I bleed apace still, and my heart grows heavy:
If I go far I faint; I'll knock at this house,
They may be charitable. 'Would 'twere perfect day! [*Knocks at a door.*

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. 'Tis not he.—What would you, sir?
Wildb. I would crave a little rest, lady,
And for my hurts some surgery; I am a gentleman,
That fortune of a fight——
Mistress. A handsome gentleman!
Alas, he bleeds! a very handsome gentleman!
Wildb. A sweet young wench! beshrew my heart, a fair one!
Fortune has made me some recompense.
Mistress. Pray, come in; the air is hurtful for you; [sently;
Pray let me lead you; I'll have a bed for you pre-
I'll be your surgeon too. Alas, sweet gentleman!
Wildb. I feel no hurts! the morning comes too fast now.
Mistress. Softly, I beseech you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street before* ALGRIPE'S *House.*

Enter Lady *and* TOBY.

Toby. He is not up yet, madam; what meant
To come forth so early? [you
Lady. You blockhead!
Your eyes are sowed up still; they cannot see
When it is day.—Oh, my poor Maria!—
Where be the women?
Toby. They said they would follow us.
Lady. He shall not laugh thus at my misery;
And kill my child, and steal away her body,
And keep her portion too.
Toby. Let him be hang'd for't;
You have my voice.
Lady. These women not come yet?
A son-in-law! I'll keep a conjurer,
But I'll find out his knavery.
Toby. Do, and I'll help him.
And, if he were here, this whip should conjure him:
Here's a *capias*, an it catch hold on's breech,
I'd make him soon believe the devil were there.
Lady. An old usurer!
Toby. He married the money; that is all he look'd for;
For your daughter, let her sink or swim.
Lady. I'll swim him!
This is his house: I wonder they stay thus.
That we might rail him out on's wits!
Toby. They'll come,
Fear not, madam, and bring clappers with 'em,
Or some have lost their old wont: I have heard
(No disparagement to your ladyship) some o' their
Like Tom-a-Lincoln, three miles off. [tongues,
Lady. Oh fy!
How tedious are they!
Toby. What an we lost no time?
You and I shall make a shift to begin with him,
And tune our instruments till the consort come
To make up the full noise: I'll knock.
Alg. [*At a window.*] Who is that raps so saucily?
Toby. 'Tis I;
Toby; Come down, or else we'll fetch you down.
Alas, this is but the saunce-bell; here's a gentle-woman
Will ring you another peal: Come down, I say!
Alg. Some new fortifications! look to my doors!
Put double bars! I will not have her enter,
Nor any of her tribe: They come to terrify me.
Keep out her tongue too, if you can!
Lady. I hear you,
And I will send my tongue up to your worship;
The echo of it shall fly o'er the street.
My daughter, that thou kill'dst with kindness, Jew,
That thou betray'dst to death, thou double Jew,
And after stol'st her body!
Toby. Jew's too good for him.
Alg. I defy you both!
Thy daughter played the villain, and betrayed me,
Betrayed my honour.
Lady. Honour, rascal?
And let that bear an action, I'll try it with thee.
Honour?
Toby. Oh, reprobate!
Lady. Thou musty justice,
Buy an honourable halter, and hang thyself!
Toby. A worshipful rope's end is too good for him.
Lady. Get honour that way; thou wot die a dog
Toby. Come, and be whipt first! [else.
Lady. Where's her portion?
Alg. Where
I'll keep it safely.
Nurse. Traitor, thou shalt not keep it!

Enter Nurse *and* Women.

Alg. More of the kennel? Put more bolts to th' doors there,
And arm yourselves! Hell is broke loose upon us.
Toby. I am glad ye are come; we'll blow the house down.
Lady. Oh, Nurse, I have such cause——
Women. Villain, viper!—
Although you had no cause, we are bound to help.
Nurse. Yes, and believe; we come not here to examine;
And, if you please, we'll fire the house.
Alg. Call the constable!
Toby. A charitable motion! fire is comfortable.
Lady. No, no; we'll only let him know our minds;
We will commit no outrage; he's a lawyer.
Alg. Give me my musquet!
Lady. Where's my daughter's body,
That I may bury it?
Women. Speak, or we'll bury thee!
Nurse. Alive we'll bury thee; speak, old Iniquity!
Toby. Bury him alive, by all means, for a testimony.
Alg Their voices make my house reel; oh, for officers!
I am in a dream!—Thy daughter's spirit walks
A-nights, and troubles all the neighbours: Go
Hire a conjurer; I'll say no more.
Lady. The law shall say more!
Women. Nurse. We are witnesses;
And, if thou be'st not hang'd——

Enter Lurcher *and* Alathe, *disguised as Pedlars.*

Lurc. Buy a Book of good manners,
A short book of good manners!
Alathe. Buy a ballad,
A ballad of the maid was got with child!
Toby. That might ha' been my case last night; I'll ha't,
Whate'er it cost me.
Alathe. A ballad of the witches hang'd at Ludlow!
Toby. I'll have that too;
There was an aunt of mine, I think, amongst 'em;
I would be glad to hear her testament.
Lurc. A new book of women!
Alg. The thunder's laid; how they stare at him!
Lurc. A new book of fools, a strange book,
Very strange fools!
Alg. I'll owe thee a good turn, whate'er thou [art.
Lurc. A book of walking spirits!
Alg. That I like not.
Toby. Nor I; they walk'd me the fools' morris.
Lurc. A book of wicked women!
Alg. That's well thought on.
Lurc. Of rude, malicious women, of proud women,
Of scolding women;—We shall ne'er get in.
Alathe. A ballad of wrong'd maids!
Lady. I'll buy that.
Lurc. A little, very little book,
Of good and godly women, a very little one,
So little you may put it in a nutshell!
Toby. With a small print that nobody can read it.
Nurse. Peace, sirrah, or I'll tear your books.
Alg. Open the door and let him in; I love him.
Lurc. A book of evil magistrates!
Lady. Ay, marry!
D'ye hear that, justice?
Lurc. And their eviller wives,
That wear their places in their petticoats!
Alg. D'ye hear that, Lady?
Alathe. A book new printed against playing, dancing,
Masking, may-poles; a zealous brother's book,
And full of fables!
Lurc. Another book of women, of mad women,
Women that were born in March!
[*Exit with* Alathe *into the house.*
Lady. Are you got in?
We would ha' pull'd your knave's hide else!—This fellow
Was sent to abuse us; but we shall have time
To talk more with this justice.
Alg. Farewell, madam!
As you like this, come visit me again,
Yo . and your treble strings. Now scold your hearts out!
Wom. Shall he carry it thus away?
Nurse. Go to the judge,
And what you'll have us swear——
Lady. I thank ye heartily;
I'll keep that for the last. I will go home,
And leave him to his conscience for a while;
If it sleep long, I'll wake it with a vengeance!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An Out-House near the same.*

Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* What book has he given thee?
2 *Serv.* A dainty book; a book of the great navy,
Of fifteen hundred ships of cannon-proof,
Built upon whales to keep their keels from sinking,
And dragons in 'em, that spit fire ten mile,
And elephants that carry goodly castles.
1 *Serv.* Dost thou believe it?
2 *Serv.* Shall we not believe books in print?
1 *Serv.* I have John Taylor's book of hempseed too,
Which, for two lines I happen'd on by chance,
I reverence.
2 *Serv.* I pr'ythee what are they?
1 *Serv.* They are so pat upon the time, as if
He studied to answer the late Histriomastix;
Talking of change and transformations,
Thus wittily and learnedly he bangs him;
"So may a Puritan's ruff, though starch'd in print,
Be turn'd to paper, and a play writ in't."
A play in the Puritan's ruff? I'll buy his works
And confute Horace with a water-poet.
What hast there? a ballad too?
2 *Serv.* This? This is
A piece of poetry indeed.—
[*He sings.* Algripe *cries within.*
What noise is that?
1 *Serv.* Some cry i' th' streets: Pr'ythee sing on!
[*Sings again. Another cry.*
2 *Serv.* Again! dost not hear? 'Tis i' th' house certainly.
1 *Serv.* 'Tis a strange noise! and has a taug o' th' justice.
2 *Serv.* Let's see! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the same House.*

Re-enter Servants, *bringing in their* Master *bound and gagged.*

1 *Serv.* Untye his feet; pull out his gag,
He will choak else! What desperate rogues were [these!
2 *Serv.* Give him fresh air.
Alg. I'll never study books more!
I am undone; these villains have undone me!
Rifled my desk; they have undone me, learnedly.
A fire take all their books! I'll burn my study.—
Where were you, rascals, when the villains bound [me,
You could not hear?
1 *Serv.* He gave us books, sir, dainty books to busy us;
And we were reading, in that which was the brew-house,
A great way off; we were singing ballads too,
And could not hear.
Alg. This was a precious thief;
A subtle trick to keep my servants safe!
2 *Serv.* What ha' you lost, sir?
Alg. They ransack'd all before my face, and threaten'd
To kill me if I cough'd; they have a chain,
My rings, my box of casting gold, my purse too.
They robb'd me miserably; but that which most grieves me,
They took away some writings; 'twas a rogue
That knew me, and set on by the old Lady;
I will indite her for't.
1 *Serv.* Shall we pursue 'em?
Alg. Run, run, cursed rascals!
I am out of my wits! Let not a creature in,
No, not with necessaries!
2 *Serv.* We shall be starved.
Alg. I'll buy my meat at window, as they pass by,
(I wo' not trust my scrivener, he has books too)
And bread I'll ha' flung up: I charge ye all
Burn all the books i' th' house!
1 *Serv.* Your little prayer book?
Alg. I'll never pray again! I'll have my doors
Made up, nothing but walls, and thick ones too:
No sound shall tempt me again! Remember, I
Have forswore books.
2 *Serv.* If you should be call'd to take your oath?
Alg. I will forswear all oaths, rather than see
A thing but in the likeness of a book;
An I were condemn'd, I'll rather chuse to hang
Than read again. Come in, and search all places;
They may be about the house: Were the doors lock'd?
1 *Serv.* But the keys in 'em; and if they be gone,
They could not want wit to lock us in, sir.
Alg. Never was man so miserably undone;
I would lose a limb, to see their rogueships totter!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*An Apartment in the* LADY'S *House.*

Enter LADY *and* Nurse.

Lady. Thy brother's daughter, say'st, and born in Wales?
Nurse. I have long time desired to see her, and
Your ladyship will not be offended. [I hope
Lady. No, no.
Nurse. I should be happy, if she might be serviceable
To you, madam.
Lady. Beshrew me, but at first she took me much.
Is she not like Maria? setting aside
Her language, very like her! and I love her
The better for't. I pr'ythee call her hither.
She speaks feat English.
Nurse. Why, Guennith, Guennith! du hummah, Guennith!—
She is coarse, madam, after her country guise;
And were she in fine clothes——
Lady. I'll have her handsome.

Enter MARIA *as a Servant.*

What part of Wales were you born in?
Maria. In Abehundis, madams.
Nurse. She speaks that name in Welsh, which we call Brecknock.
Lady. What can you do?
Maria. Her was toe many tings in Walls; know not
The fashions in Londons. Her was milk the cows,
Make seeze and butters, and spin very well
The Welsh freeze; her was cooke to te mountain cots,
And sing very fine Prittish tunes; was mage good ales
And breds; and her know to dance on Sundays,
Marge you now, madams!
Lady. A pretty innocence!
I do like her infinitely, Nurse; and if I live——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Master Heartlove, madam, come to see you.
Lady. Alas, poor gentleman! Pr'ythee admit him.

Enter HEARTLOVE *and* Gentlemen.

Heartl. Madam, I am come to take my last leave—
Lady. How, sir.
Heartl. Of all my home affections, and my friends:
For the interest you had once in Maria,
I would acquaint you when I leave the kingdom.
Lady. 'Would there were anything in my poor power
That might divert your will, and make you happy!
I am sure I have wronged her too; but let your pardon
Assure me you are charitable: She is dead,
Which makes us both sad. What do you look on?
Heartl. The likest face——
Maria. Pless us awle? why does that sentilman make
Such unders and mazements at her! I know her not.
Heartl. Be not offended, maid!
Lady. How the wench blushes!
She represents Maria's loss to him.
Maria. Will the sentilman hurt her? Pray you be her defences!
Was have mad phisnomies; is her troubled
With lunaticks in her prain-pans? Pless us awle!
Heartl. Where had you this face?
Maria. Her faces be our nowne, I warrant her.
Heartl. I wo' not hurt you.—All the lineaments

That built Maria up, all those springing beauties,
Dwell on this thing; change but her tongue, I know her.
Let me see your hand!
Maria. *Duguin!* Was never thieves and robberies;
Here is no sindge in her hands, warrant her.
Heartl. Trust me, the self-same white
And softness! Pr'ythee speak our English dialect.
Maria. Ha leggs? what, does her speage hard urds to her,
To make poor Guennith ridicules? was no mannerly
Sentilman, to abuse her.
Heartl. By the love,
That everlasting love I bear Maria—
Maria. Maria? her name was Guennith; and good names;
Was poor else, oman maid; her have no fine kanags,
To mage her tricsy; yet, in her own cuntries,
Was held a fine ense, her can tell her, and honest
Ense too, marg you dat now: Her can keep
Her little legs close enough, warrant her.
Lady. How prettily this anger shews!
1 *Gent.* She gabbles innocently.
Heartl. Madam, farewell; and all good fortune dwell wi' ye!
With me my own affections! Farewell, maid,
Fair gentle maid!
2 *Gent.* She sighs.
Maria. *Du cat a whee!*
Heartl. I cannot go; there's somewhat calls me back.
Maria. Poor Frank, [*Aside.*
How gladly would I entertain thy love,
And meet thy worthy flame, but shame forbids me!—
If please her ladyships, dwell here with Guennith,
And learn to spin and card ull, to mage flannels,
And linsey-ulseis, sal tawge cood urds
To her ladyships urships for her.—The tears flow from him. [*Aside.*
The tears of true affection! woe is me!
Oh, cursed love, that glories in maids miseries,
And true men's broken hearts!
Lady. Alas, I pity him!—
The wench is rude, and knows you not; forgive her.
Maria. Wipe your nyes, pray you! though was porn in Walls, [*Takes his hand.*
Mong craggy rocks and mountains, yet heart is soft:
Look you, hur can weep too, when her see men mage
Prinie tears and lamentations.
Heartl. How hard she holds me!
Just as Maria did; weeps the same drops.
Now, as I have a living soul, her sigh too!
What shall I think?—Is not your name Maria?
If it be not, delude me with so much charity
To say it is.
Maria. Upon her life, you was mighty deal in love
With some podies; your pale seeks and hollow nyes,
And pantings upon her posom, know very well.
Because, look you, her think her honest sentiiman,
You sall call her Maria.
Heartl. Good madam, think not ill I am thus saucy.
Lady. Oh, no, sir; be you not angry with the wench.
Heartl. I am most pleased.
1 *Gent.* Let's interrupt him; he'll be mad outright else.
2 *Gent.* Observe a little more.
Heartl. 'Would I could in your language beg a kiss!
Maria. If her have necessities of a kiss, look you,
Dere is one in sarities!
Heartl. Let me suffer death,
If in my apprehension two twinn'd cherries
Be more akin, than her lips to Maria's:
And, if this harsh illusion would but leave her,
She were the same.—Good madam, shall I have
Your consent now——
Lady. To what?
Heartl. To give this virgin to me.
Lady. She is not mine; this is her kinswoman,
And has more power to dispose.—Alas, I pity him!
Pray, gentlemen, prevail with him to go;
More that I wish his comfort than his absence.
Heartl. You have been always kind to me; will you
Deny me your fair cousin?
Nurse. 'Twere fit you first obtain'd her own consent.
Heartl. He is no friend that wishes my departure;
I do not trouble you!
1 *Gent.* 'Tis not Maria.
Heartl. Her shadow is enough; I'll dwell with that.
Pursue your own ways!—Shall we live together?
Maria. If her will come to-morrow and tauge to her,
Her will tell her more of her meanings; and then
If her be melancholy, her will sing her
A Welsh song too, to make her merries: But Guennith
Was very honest; her was never love
But one sentilman, and he was bear her
Great teal of good-ills too. Was marry one day:
Saint Davy! her give her five pair of white gloves
If her will dance at her weddings.
Heartl. All I am worth,
And all my hopes, this strange voice would forsake her.
For then she should be——Pr'ythee stay a little!
Hark in thine ear! dissemble not, but tell me,
And save my life: I know you are Maria:
Speak but, as I do, ten words to confirm me.
You have an English soul; do not disguise it
From me with these strange accents!—
[*Exit* Maria.
She pinched hard
Again, and sigh'd.
Lady. What ails the wench? [*Exit.*
Nurse. Why, Guennith!
Heartl. She's gone too!
2 *Gent.* Come, leave this dream.
Heartl. A dream? I think so.
But 'twas a pleasing one. Now I'll obey,
And forget all these wonders; lead the way!
[*Exeunt.*

Lurc. Let me alone! when I but give the watch-word,
We will have men enough to surprise an army.
Alg. I begin to be sleepy: What, hast a chair?

Enter another with a Chair.

Lurc. They do not dream of us.—'Tis early rising,
Care, care, and early rising! commonwealth's men
Are ever subjects to the nods: Sit down, sir;
A short nap is not much amiss.—So, so! he's fast,
Fast as a fish i' th' net; he has winking powder
Shall work upon him to our wish. Remove him!
Nay, we may cut him into collops now,
And he ne'er feel. Have you prepared the vault, sirrah?
Alathe. Yes, yes, sir; everything in's place.
Lurc. When we ha' placed him, you and I, boy, must
About another project hard by: His potion
Will bind him sure enough till we return.
This villainy weighs mainly; but we'll purge you.
[Exeunt, carrying ALGRIPE *out.*

SCENE III.—*Before a Church.*

Enter Sexton. *[Bells ring within.]*

Sexton. Now for mine ears! mine ears, be constant to me!
They ring a wager, and I must deal justly;
Ha, boys!

Enter LURCHER *and* ALATHE.

Lurc. Dost hear 'em? hark! these be the ringers.
Alathe. Are you sure the same?
Lurc. Or my directions fail. The coast is clear:
How the bells go! how daintily they tumble!
And methinks they seem to say, "Fine fools, I'll fit you!"
Sexton. Excellent again, good boys!—Oh, that
Lurc. Who's that? [was naught.
Alathe. Be you conceal'd by any means yet. Hark!
They stop: I hope they'll to't again. Close, sir!

Enter WILDBRAIN, TOBY, *and* Ringers.

Wildb. A palpable knock!
Ringer. 'Twas none!
Toby. Be judged by the Sexton then!
If I have years——
Sexton. A knock, a knock, a gross one!
Toby. Carman, your gallon of wine! you ring most impiously!
Art thou o' th' worshipful company of the knights
O' th' West, and handle a bell with no more dex-
You think you are in Thames-street, [terity?
Justling the carts: Oh, a clean hand's a jewel!
Alathe. Good speed to your good exercise!
Toby. You are welcome!
Alathe. I come, sir, from a gentleman, and neighbour hard by,
One that loves your music well——
Toby. He may have more on't.—
Handle a bell as you were haling timber?
Gross, gross, and base, absurd!
Ringer. I'll mend it next peal.
Alathe. To entreat a knowledge of you, whether it be
By th' ear you ring thus cunningly, or by th' eye;
For, to be plain, he has laid ten pounds upon't.
Wildb. But which way has he laid?
Alathe. That your ear guides you,
And not your eye.
Toby. He has won, he has won; the ear's
Our only instrument.
Alathe. But how shall we
Be sure on't?
Toby. Put all the lights out: to what end
Serve our eyes then?
Wildb. A plain case!
Alathe. You say true.
'Tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th' ear, sure!
And can you ring i' th' dark so?
Wildb. All night long, boy.
Alathe. 'Tis wonderful! Let this be certain, gentlemen,
And half his wager he allows among ye:
Is't possible you should ring so!
Toby. Possible?
Thou art a child! I'll ring when I'm dead-drunk.
Out with the lights! no twinkling of a candle!
I know my rope too, as I know my nose,
And can bang it soundly i' th' dark, I warrant you.
Wildb. Come, let's confirm him straight, and win the wager! *[Exeunt.*
Alathe. Let me hear, to strengthen me: and
I'll bring the money to you. [when ye have rung,
Lurc. So, so, follow 'em: *[Exit* ALATHE.
They shall have a cool reward; one hath gold of mine,
Good store in's pocket; *[Ring.*
But this will be revenged in a short warning.
They are at it lustily: Hey, how wantonly
They ring away their clothes! how it delights me!

Enter ALATHE *with Clothes.*

Alathe. Here, here, sir!
Lurc. Hast Wildbrain's?
Alathe. His whole case, sir; I felt it out; and, by the guards,
This should be the coachman's; another suit too.
Lurc. Away, boy, quickly now to th' usurer!
His hour to wake approaches.
Alathe. That once finish'd,
You'll give me leave to play, sir. Here they come.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Within the Church.*

WILDBRAIN, TOBY, *and* Ringers, *discovered.*

Wildb. I am monstrous weary!
Toby. Fy, how I sweat! Reach me my cloak to cover me.
I run to oil, like a porpoise. 'Twas a brave peal!
Sexton. Let me light my candle first, then I'll wait on you. *[Exit* Sexton.
Wildb. A very brave peal!
Toby. Carman, you came in close now.
Wildb. Sure 'tis past midnight.
Ringer. No stirring in the streets I hear.
Toby. Walk further!
Was that a pillar? 'Tis harder than my nose.
Where's the boy promised us five pounds?
Wild. Room! I sweat still.
Come, come, my cloak! I shall take cold.

Enter Sexton.

Sexton. Where lies it?
Wildb. Here, here, and all our clothes.

Sexton. Where, where?
Ringer. I' th' corner.
Toby. Is thy candle blind too? Give me the bottle!
I can drink like a fish now, like an elephant.
Sexton. Here are the corners, but here are no [clothes;
Yes, here's a cuff.
Wildb. A cuff? Give me the candle!
Cuffs wo' not cover me.—I smell a knavery.
Toby. Is't come to a cuff? my whole suit turn'd to a button?
Wildb. Now am I as cold again as though 'twere Christmas,
Cold with my fear; I'll never ring by the ear more.
Toby. My new clothes vanish'd?
Wildb. All my clothes, Toby!
Ringer. Here's none.
Toby. Not one of my dragon's wings left to [adorn me?
Have I mew'd all my feathers?
Wildb. Cheated by th' ear; a plot to put out the candle!
I could be mad! my chain, my rings, the gold, the gold!
Toby. The cold, the cold, I cry, and I cry truly,
Not one sleeve, nor a cape of a cloak to warm me!
Wildb. What miserable fools were we!
Toby. We had e'en best, gentlemen,
Every man chuse his rope again, and fasten it,
And take a short turn to a better fortune—
To be bawds to our miseries, and put our own lights out!
Wildb. Pr'ythee, Sexton, let's have a fire at thy house,
A good fire; we'll pay thee some way for't: I am stone-cold.
Sexton. Alas, I pity you! Come quickly, gentlemen.
Wildb. Sure I ha' been in a dream! I had no mistress,
Nor gold, nor clothes, but am a ringing rascal.
Toby. Fellows in affliction, let us take hands all!
Now are we fit for tumblers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Vault, with a Lamp burning.*

Enter LURCHER *and others, bringing in* ALGRIPE.

Lurc. So, so! Presently
His sleep will leave him, and wonder seize upon [him:
Bid 'em within be ready.
Alg. [*Waking.*] What sound's this?
What horrid din? What dismal place is this
I never saw before? and now behold it
But by the half-light of a lamp, that burns here?
My spirits shake, [and] tremble through my body.

Enter two disguised as Furies with Black Tapers, bearing a Dagger and a Cup.

Help, help! Mercy protect me! my soul quakes.
What dreadful apparitions! How I shudder!
1 & 2 *Fury.* Algripe!
Alg. What are you?
1 *Fury.* We are hell-hounds, hell-hounds,
That have commission from the prince of darkness,
To fetch thy black soul to him.
Alg. Am I not alive still?
1 *Fury.* Thou art; but we have brought thee [instruments
Will quickly rid thy miserable life.
Stab!
2 *Fury.* Poison!
1 *Fury.* Hang thyself! this choice is offered.
2 *Fury.* Thou canst not hope for Heaven; thy [base soul is
Lost to all hope of mercy.
1 *Fury.* Quickly, quickly!
The torments cool.
2 *Fury.* And all the fiends expect thee.
Come with us to that pit of endless horror,
Or we will force thee.
Alg. Oh, oh, oh!
1 *Fury.* Groans are too late: Sooner the ravisher,
Whose soul is hurl'd into eternal frost,
Stung with the force of twenty thousand winters,
To punish the distempers of his blood,
Shall hope to get from thence, than thou avoid
The certainty of meeting hell where he is.
Shall murderers be there for ever dying,
Their souls shot through with adders, torn on [engines,
Dying as many deaths for killing one,
(Could any imagination number them,)
As there be moments in eternity;
And shall that justice spare thee, that hast slain,
Murder'd by thy extortion, so many?
Alg. Oh, oh!
2 *Fury.* Do execution quickly; or we'll carry [thee
Alive to hell.
Alg. Gently, gentle devils! do not force me
To kill myself, nor do not you do't for me!
Oh, let me live! I'll make amends for all.
1 *Fury.* Tell us of thy repentance? perjured villain!
Pinch off his flesh! he must be whipt, salted and whipt.
Alg. Oh, misery of miseries! [*Recorders.*
1 & 2 *Fury.* Tear his accursed limbs, to hell with him!—Ha!

Enter ALATHE *like an Angel.*

A mischief on that innocent face! away!
[*They creep in.*
Alathe. Malicious furies, hence! choak not the [seeds
Of holy penitence.
Alg. This must be an angel:
How at his presence the fiends crawl away!
Here is some light of mercy.
Alathe. Be thou wise,
And entertain it, wretched, wretched man!
What poor defence hath all thy wealth been to thee!
What says thy conscience now?
Alg. By my good angel, here I promise thee
To become honest, and renounce all villainy.
Enjoin me any penance; I'll build churches,
A whole city of hospitals.
Alathe. Take heed!
There is no dallying; nor are these imposed.
Alg. Name anything within my power, sweet angel;
And, if I do not faithfully perform it,
Then whip me every day, burn me each minute,
Whole years together let me freeze to isicles!
Alathe. I' th' number of thy foul oppressions.
Thou hast undone a faithful gentleman,
By taking forfeit of his land.
Alg. Young Lurcher!
I do confess.
Alathe. He lives most miserable,
And in despair may hang or drown himself:
Prevent his ruin! or his blood will be
More sin in thy account. Hast thou forgotten
He had a sister?
Alg. I do well remember it.

Alathe. Couldst thou for Mammon break thy solemn vow
Made once to that unhappy maid, that weeps
A thousand tears a-day for thy unkindness?
Was not thy faith contracted, and thy heart?
And couldst thou marry another?
Alg. But she's dead;
And I will make true satisfaction.
Alathe. What do I instance these, that hast been
To all the world? [false
Alg. I know it, and will henceforth
Practise repentance. Do not frown, sweet angel!
I will restore all mortgages, forswear
Abominable usury, live chaste;
For I have been wanton in my shroud, my age:
And if that poor innocent maid, I so abused,
Be living, I will marry her, and spend
My days to come religiously.
Alathe. I was commanded but a messenger
To tell thee this, and rescue thee from those
Whose malice would have dragg'd thee quick to
If thou abuse this mercy, and repent not, [hell:
Double damnation will expect thee for it;
But if thy life be virtuous hereafter,
A blessedness shall reward thy good example.
Thy fright hath much distracted thy weak senses;
Drink of this phial, and renew thy spirits!
I ha' done my office; think on't, and be happy!
[*He drinks, and falls asleep.*

Enter LURCHER.

Lurc. So, so! He gapes already; now he's fast.
Thou hast acted rarely; but this is not all:
First, help to convey him out o' th' vault.
Alathe. You will
Dispense with me now, as you promised, sir?
Lurc. We will make shift without thee; thou hast done well.
By our device, this bandog may 'scape hell.
[*Exeunt, bearing him out.*

SCENE VI.—*An Apartment in the* Lady's *House.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, *and* MARIA.

Lady. Didst think, Maria, this poor outside, and
Dissembling of thy voice, could hide thee from
A mother's searching eye, though too much fear,
Lest thou wert not the same, might blind a lover,
That thought thee dead too? Oh, my dear Maria,
I hardly kept my joys in from betraying thee:
Welcome again to life! We shall find out
The mystery of thy absence. Conceal
Thy person still, (for Algripe must not know thee)
And exercise this pretty dialect:
If there be any course in law to free thee,
Thou shalt not be so miserable. Be silent,
Good Nurse!
Nurse. You shall not need to fear me, madam;
I do not love the usuring Jew so well;
Beside, 'twas my trick to disguise her so.
Lady. Be not dejected, Mall.
Maria. Your care may comfort me;
But I despair of happiness.—
Heartlove? I dare not see him.

Enter HEARTLOVE.

Nurse. We'll withdraw.
Lady. I shall but grieve to see his passions too,
Since there's no possibility to relieve him. [*Exeunt.*

Heartl. The world's a labyrinth, where unguided men
Walk up and down to find their weariness:
No sooner have we measured with much toil
One crooked path, with hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction.
What a strange mockery will man become
Shortly to all the creatures! Oh, Maria!
If thou be'st dead, why does thy shadow fright me?
Sure 'tis because I live: Were I but certain
To meet thee in one grave, and that our dust
Might have the privilege to mix in silence,
How quickly should my soul shake off this burthen!

Enter ALATHE.

Alathe. Thus far my wishes have success: I'll lose
No time.—Sir, are you not call'd Master Heart-love?
Pardon my rudeness!
Heartl. What does that concern thee?
Boy, 'tis a name cannot advantage thee;
And I am weary on't.
Alathe. Had you conceal'd,
Or I forgot it, sir, so large were my
Directions, that you could not speak this language,
But I should know you by your sorrow.
Heartl. Thou
Wert well inform'd, it seems. Well, what's your business?
Alathe. I come to bring you comfort.
Heartl. Is Maria
Alive again? that's somewhat; and yet not
Enough to make my expectation rise to
Past half a blessing; since we cannot meet
To make it up a full one! Thou'rt mistaken.
Alathe. When you have heard me, you'll think otherwise:
In vain I should report Maria living;
The comfort that I bring you must depend
Upon her death.
Heartl. Thou'rt a dissembling boy;
Some one has sent thee to mock me; though my anger
Stoop not to punish thy green years, unripe
For malice, did I know what person sent thee
To tempt my sorrow thus, I should revenge it.
Alathe. Indeed, I have no thought so uncharitable,
Nor am I sent to grieve you; let me suffer
More punishment than ever boy deserved,
If you do find me false! I serve a mistress
Would rather die than play with your misfortunes:
Then, good sir, hear me out!
Heartl. Who is your mistress?
Alathe. Before I name her, give me some encouragement,
That you receive her message: She is one
That's full acquainted with your misery,
And can bring such a portion of her sorrow,
In every circumstance so like your own,
You'll love and pity her, and wish your griefs
Might marry one another's.
Heartl. Thou art wild:
Canst thou bring comfort from so sad a creature?
Her miserable story can, at best,
But swell my volume, large enough already
Alathe. She was late beloved, as you were; promised faith,
And marriage; and was worthy of a better
Than he, that stole Maria's heart.
Heartl. How's that?
Alathe. Just as Maria dealt with your affection,
Did he that married her deal with my mistress;
When, careless both of honour and religion,
They cruelly gave away their hearts to strangers.

Heartl. Part of this truth I know; but pr'ythee, boy,
Proceed to that thou cam'st for! thou didst promise
Something, thy language cannot hitherto
Encourage me to hope for.
Alathe. That I come to;
My mistress thus unkindly dealt withal,
You may imagine, wanted no affliction;
And had, ere this, wept herself dry as marble,
Had not your fortune come to her relief,
And twin to her own sorrow, brought her comfort.
Heartl. Could the condition of my fate so equal,
Lessen her sufferings?
Alathe. I know not how,
Companions in grief sometimes diminish
And make the pressure easy: By degrees
She threw her troubles off, remembering yours;
And from her pity of your wrongs, there grew
Affection to your person; this encreased,
And, with it, confidence that those whom Nature
Had made so even in their weight of sorrow,
Could not but love as equally one another,
Were things but well prepared: This gave her
To employ me thus far. [boldness
Heartl. A strange message, boy!
Alathe. If you incline to meet my mistress' love,
It may beget your comforts: Besides that,
'Tis some revenge that you, above their scorn
And pride, can laugh at them, whose perjury
Hath made you happy, and undone themselves.
Heartl. Have you done, boy?
Alathe. Only this little more;
When you but see, and know my mistress well,
You will forgive my tediousness; she's fair,
Fair as Maria was——
Heartl. I'll hear no more!
Go, foolish boy, and tell thy fonder mistress
She has no second faith to give away;
And mine was given to Maria. Though her death
Allow me freedom—

Enter MARIA *and* Nurse.

See the picture of her!
I would give ten thousand empires for the sub-
Yet, for Maria's sake, whose divine figure [stance:
That rude frame carries, I will love this counterfeit
Above all the world; and had thy mistress all
The grace and blossom of her sex, now she
Is gone, that was a walking spring of beauty,
I would not look upon her.
Alathe. Sir, your pardon!
I have but done a message, as becomes
A servant; nor did she, on whose commands
I gladly waited, bid me urge her love
To your disquiet; she would chide my diligence
If I should make you angry.
Heartl. Pretty boy!
Alathe. Indeed I fear I have offended you;
Pray, if I have, enjoin me any penance for't:
I have perform'd one duty, and could as willingly,
To purge my fault, and shew I suffer with you,
Plead your cause to another.
Heartl. And I'll take thee
At thy word, boy; thou hast a moving language
That pretty innocent copy of Maria
Is all I love; I know not how to speak;
Win her to think well of me, and I will
Reward thee to thy wishes.
Alathe. I undertake
Nothing for gain; but since you have resolved
To love no other, I'll be faithful to you;
And my prophetic thoughts bid me already
Say I shall prosper.
Heartl. Thou wert sent to bless me!
Alathe. Pray give us opportunity.
Heartl. Be happy! [*Exit.*
Nurse. He's gone.
Alathe. With your fair leave, mistress!
Maria. Have you pusiness with her, pray you!
Alathe. I have a message from a gentleman;
Please you vouchsafe your ear more private!
Nurse. You
Shall have my absence, niece. [*Exit.*
Maria. Was the sentleman
Afeard to declare his matters openly?
Here was no podies was not very honest:
If her like not her errands the petter, was wis't
To keep her preaths to cool her porridges,
Can tell her that now, for aule her private hearings
And tawgings.
Alathe. You may, if please you, find anothe
And with less pains be understood. [language;
Maria. What is her meaning?
Alathe. Come, pray speak your own English.
Maria. Have poys lost her itts and memories?
Pless us aule!
Alathe. I must be plain then: Come, I know
Maria; this thin veil cannot obscure you: [you are
I'll tell the world you live. I have not lost you,
Since first, with grief and shame to be surprised,
A violent trance took away show of life:
I could discover by what accident
You were conveyed away at midnight, in
Your coffin; could declare the place and minute
When you revived; and what you have done since
As perfectly——
Maria. Alas, I am betray'd to new misfortunes
Alathe. You are not, for my knowledge; I'll be
For ever, rather than be such a traitor. [dumb
Indeed I pity you; and bring no thoughts,
But full of peace. Call home your modest blood!
Pale hath too long usurped upon your face:
Think upon love again, and the possession
Of full-blown joys, now ready to salute you!
Maria. These words undo me more than my own griefs.
Alathe. I see how fear would play the tyrant
But I'll remove suspicion: Have you in [with you
Your heart an entertainment for his love,
To whom your virgin faith made the first promise?
Maria. If thou mean'st Heartlove, thou dost wound me still!
I have no life without his memory,
Nor with it any hope to keep it long.
Thou seest I walk in darkness, like a thief,
That fears to see the world in his own shape;
My very shadow frights me: 'tis a death
To live thus, and not look day in the face.
Away, I know thee not!
Alathe. You shall hereafter know, and thank me, lady:
I'll bring you a discharge at my next visit,
Of all your fears: Be content, fair Maria!
'Tis worth your wonder.
Maria. Impossible!
Alathe. Be wise, and silent! Dress yourself:
You shall be what you wish.
Maria. Do this, and be
My better angel!
Alathe. All your cares on me! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street before the House of* LURCHER'S Mistress.

Enter LURCHER *and* ALATHE.

Lurc. I must applaud thy diligence.
Alathe. It had been nothing
To have left him in the porch. I call'd his servants;
With wonders they acknowledged him; I pretended
It was some spice sure of the falling sickness.
And that 'twas charity to bring him home;
They rubb'd and chafed him, plied him with strong-water;
Still he was senseless, clamours could not wake him;
I wish'd 'em then get him to bed; they did so,
And almost smother'd him with rugs and pillows,
And, 'cause they should have no cause to suspect me,
I watch'd him till he waked.
Lurc. 'Twas excellent!
Alathe. When his time came to yawn, and stretch himself,
I bid 'em not be hasty to discover
How he was brought home; his eyes fully open,
With trembling he began to call his servants,
And told 'em he had seen strange visions,
That should convert him from his heathen courses;
They wonder'd, and were silent; there he preached
How sweet the air of a contented conscience
Smelt in his nose now, asked 'em all forgiveness
For their hard pasture since they lived with him;
Bid 'em believe, and fetch out the cold sirloin,
Pierce the strong beer, and let the neighbours joy in't;
The conceal'd muskadine should now lie open
To every mouth; that he would give to th' poor,
And mend their wages; that his doors should be
Open to every miserable suitor.
Lurc. What said his servants then?
Alathe. They durst not speak,
But bless'd themselves, and the strange means that had
Made him a Christian: In this over-joy
I took my leave, and bade 'em say their prayers,
And humour him, lest he turn'd Jew again.
Lurc. Enough, enough!—Who's this?

Enter TOBY.

'Tis one of my ringers, (stand close!) my lady's coachman!
Toby. Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!—
'Would I were at rack and manger among my horses!
We have divided the Sexton's household-stuff
Among us; one has the rug, and he's turn'd Irish;
Another has a blanket, and he must beg in't;
The sheets serve another for a frock,
And with the bed-cord he may pass for a porter,
Nothing but the mat would fall to my share, which,
With the help of a tune, and a hassock out o' th' church,
May disguise me till I get home. A pox
O' bell-ringing by the ear! if any man
Take me at it again, let him pull mine
To the pillory. I could wish I had lost
Mine ears, so I had my clothes again: The weather
Wo' not allow this fashion; I do look
For an ague besides.
Lurc. How the rascal shakes!
Toby. Here are company!
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!
A hassock for your feet, or a piss clean and sweet!
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!—
Ringing, I renounce thee! I'll never come to [church more.
Lurc. You with a mat!
Toby. I am called. If any one
Should offer to buy my mat, what a case were I in!
Oh, that I were in my oat-tub with a horse-loaf,
Something to hearten me! I dare not hear 'em.—
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!
Lurc. He's deaf.
Toby. I am glad I am: Buy a mat for a bed!
Lurc. How the rascal sweats! what a pickle he is in!
Every street he goes through will be a new torment.
Toby. If ever I meet at midnight more a-jangling—
I am cold, and yet I drop.—Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!
Lurc. He has punishment enough. [*Exit* TOBY.

Enter WILDBRAIN *in a Rug-gown, with a Bill.*

Who's this? my t'other youth? he is turn'd bear.
Wildb. I am half afraid of myself: This poor shift
I got o' th' Sexton, to convey me nandsomely
To some harbour; the wench will hardly know me;
They'll take me for some watchman of the parish.
I ha' ne'er a penny left me, that's one comfort;
And ringing has begot a monstrous stomach,
And that's another mischief: I were best go home,
For everything will scorn me in this habit.
Besides, I am so full of these young bell-ringers—
If I get in a-doors, not the power o' th' country,
Nor all my aunt's curses, shall disembogue me.
Lurc. Bid her come hither presently. Hum! 'tis he. [*Exit* ALATHE *into the house.*
Wildb. I am betray'd to one that will eternally laugh at me!
Three of these rogues will jeer a horse to death.
Lurch. 'Tis Master Wildbrain, sure; and yet, methinks,
His fashion's strangely alter'd.—Sirrah, watchman
You ragamuffin! turn, you lousy bear's-skin,
You with the bed-rid bill!
Wildb. He has found me out;
There's no avoiding him: I had rather now
Be arraign'd at Newgate for a robbery,
Than answer to his articles.—Your will, sir?
I am in haste.
Lurc. Nay, then I will make bold wi' ye.
Seizes his Bill.
A watchman, and ashamed to shew his countenance,
His face of authority?—I have seen that physiognomy:
Were you never in prison for pilfering?
Wildb. How the rogue worries me!
Lurc. Why may not this

Be the villain robb'd my house last night,
And walks disguised in this malignant rug,
Arm'd with a ton of iron? I will have you
Before a magistrate.
Wildb. What will become of me!
Lurc. What art thou? speak!
Wildb. I am the Wandering Jew, an't please your worship.
Lurc. By your leave, rabbi, I will shew you then
A synagogue, y-clept Bridewell, where you,
Under correction, may rest yourself.
You have brought a bill to guard you; there be dog-whips
To firk such rugged curs, whips without bells
Indeed.
Wildb. Bells?
Lurc. How he sweats!
Wildb. I must be known; as good at first.—
Now jeer on, [*Throws off his gown.*
But do not anger me too impudently;
The rabbi will be moved then.
Lurc. How! Jack Wildbrain?
What time o' th' moon, man, ha? What strange bells
Hast in thy brains?
Wildb. No more bells,
No more bells! they ring backwards.
Lurc. Why, where's the wench, the blessing that befel thee?
The unexpected happiness? where's that, Jack?
Where are thy golden days?
Wildb. It was his trick, as sure as I am lousy!
But how to be revenged——
Lurc. Fy, fy, Jack!
Marry a watchman's widow in thy young days,
With a revenue of old iron and a rug?
Is this the paragon, the dainty piece,
The delicate divine rogue?
Wildb. 'Tis enough! I am undone,
Mark'd for a misery, and so leave prating.
Give me my bill.
Lurc. You need not ask your tailor's,
Unless you had better linings. It may be,
To avoid suspicion, you are going thus
Disguised to your fair mistress.
Wildb. Mock no further,
Or, as I live, I'll lay my bill o' thy pate;
I'll take a watchman's fury into my fingers,
To ha' no judgment to distinguish persons,
And knock thee down.
Lurc. Come, I ha' done; and now
Will speak some comfort to thee: I will lead thee
Now to my mistress, hitherto conceal'd.
She shall take pity on thee too; she loves
A handsome man; thy misery invites me
To do thee good; I'll not be jealous, Jack;
Her beauty shall commend itself: But do not,
When I have brought you into grace, supplant me!
Wildb. Art thou in earnest? by this cold iron—
Lurc. No oaths; I am not costive.—Here she comes.

Enter Mistress *from the House.*

Sweetheart, I have brought a gentleman,
A friend of mine, to be acquainted with you;
He's other than he seems. Why do ye stare thus?
Mistress. Oh, sir, forgive me! I have done you wrong. [*Kneels to* LURCHER.
Lurc. What is the matter? didst ever see her afore, Jack?
Wildb. Pr'ythee do what thou wot wi' me; if thou hast
A mind, hang me up quickly!
Lurc. Never despair; I'll give thee my share rather:
Take her; I hope she loves thee at first sight,
She has petticoats will patch thee up a suit:
I resign all, only I'll keep these trifles;
I took some pains for 'em, I take it, Jack.—
What think you, pink of beauty? Come, let me
Counsel you both to marry; she has a trade,
If you have audacity to hook in gamesters:
Let's ha' a wedding! You'll be wond'rous rich;
For she is impudent, and thou art miserable;
'Twill be a rare match.
Mistress. As you're a man, forgive me! I'll redeem all.
Lurc. You wo' not to this geer of marriage then?
Wildb. No, no, I thank you, Tom! I can watch for
A groat a-night, and be every gentleman's fellow.
Lurc. Rise, and be good; keep home, and tend your business! [*Exit* Mistress.
Wildb. Thou hast done't to purpose. Give me thy hand, Tom:
Shall we be friends? Thou see'st what state I am
I'll undertake this penance to my aunt [in:
Just as I am, and openly I'll go;
Where, if I be received again for current,
And Fortune smile once more——
Lurc. Nay, nay, I'm satisfied;
So, farewell, honest, lousy Jack!
Wildb. I cannot
Help it; some men meet with strange destinies.
If things go right, thou may'st be hang'd, and I
May live to see't, and purchase thy apparel:
So, farewell, Tom! Commend me to thy polecat!
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the* Lady's *House.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, *and* Servant.

Lady. Now, that I have my counsel ready, and my cause ripe;
The judges all inform'd of the abuses;
Now that he should be gone——
Nurse. No man knows whither;
And yet they talk he went forth with a constable
That told him of strange business, that would bring him
Money and lands, and Heaven knows what; but they
Have search'd, and cannot find out such an officer:
And as a secret, madam, they told your man
Nicholas, whom you sent thither as a spy,
They had a shrewd suspicion 'twas the devil
I' th' likeness of a constable, that has tempted him
By this time to strange things: There have been men
As rich as he, have met convenient rivers,
And so forth; many trees have borne strange fruits;
D'ye think he has not hang'd himself?
Lady. If he
Be hang'd, who has his goods?
Nurse. They are forfeited,
They say.
Lady. He has hang'd himself for certain then,
Only to cozen me of my girl's portion.
Nurse. Very likely!

Lady. Or did not the constable carry him to some prison?
Nurse. They thought on that too, and search'd everywhere.
Lady. He may be close for treason, perhaps executed.
Nurse. Nay, they did look among the quarters too,
And muster'd all the Bridge-house for his night-cap.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here is the gentleman again.
Lady. What gentleman?
Serv. He that loved my young mistress.
Lady. Alas, 'tis Heartlove: 'twill but feed his melancholy
To let him see Maria, since we dare not
Yet tell the world she lives; and certainly,
Did not the violence of his passion blind him,
He would see past her borrowed tongue and habit.
Nurse. Please you entertain him a while, madam,
I'll cast about for something with your daughter.
Lady. Do what thou wo't!—Pray Master Heartlove enter.

[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Nurse *severally.*

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. Madam, I come to ask your gentle pardon.
Lady. Pardon? for what? you ne'er offended me.
Heartl. Yes, if you be the mother of Maria.
Lady. I was her mother, but that word is can-
And buried with her: In that very minute [cell'd,
Her soul fled from her, we lost both our names
Of mother and of daughter.
Heartl. Alas, madam,
If your relation did consist but in
Those naked terms, I had a title nearer,
Since love unites more than the tie of blood:
No matter for the empty voice of mother!
Your nature still is left, which in her absence
Must love Maria, and not see her ashes
And memory polluted.
Lady. You amaze me!
By whom?
Heartl. By me; I am the vile profaner.
Lady. Why do you speak thus indiscreetly, sir?
You ever honour'd her.
Heartl. I did, alive;
But, since she died, I ha' been a villain to her.
Lady. I do beseech you say not so; all this
Is but to make me know how much I sinn'd,
In forcing her to marry.
Heartl. Do not mock me,
I charge you by the virgin you have wept for;
For I have done an impious act against her,
A deed able to fright her from her sleep,
And through her marble ought to be revenged;
A wickedness, that, if I should be silent,
You as a witness must accuse me for't.
Lady. Was I a witness?
Heartl. Yes; you knew I loved
Maria once; or, grant you did but think so,
By what I have profess'd, or she has told you,
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,
When I should drop my tears upon her grave;
Yes, and proof sufficient——
Lady. To what?
Heartl. That I, forgetful of my fame and vows
To fair Maria, ere the worm could pierce
Her tender shrowd, had changed her for another.
Did you not blush to see me turn a rebel?
So soon to court a shadow, a strange thing,
Without a name? Did you not curse my levity,
Or think upon her death with the less sorrow,
That she had 'scaped a punishment more killing?
Oh, how I shame to think on't!
Lady. Sir, in my
Opinion, 'twas an argument of love
To your Maria, for whose sake you could
Affect one that but carried her small likeness.
Heartl. No more! you are too charitable. But
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never
Change words with that strange maid, whose innocent face,
Like your Maria's, won so late upon me:
My passions are corrected, and I can
Look on her now, and woman kind, without
Love in a thought. 'Tis this I came to tell you:
If, after this acknowledgment, you'll be
So kind to shew me in what silent grave
You have disposed your daughter, I will ask
Forgiveness of her dust, and never leave,
Till, with a loud confession of my shame,
I wake her ghost, and that pronounce my pardon.
Will you deny this favour?—Then, farewell!
I'll never see you more.—Ha!

Enter Nurse, *and* Maria *in her own Apparel; after some shew of wonder,* Heartlove *goes towards her.*

Lady. Be not deluded, sir! Upon my life,
This is the soul whom you but thought Maria,
In my daughter's habit.—What did you mean, Nurse?—
I knew she would but cozen you: Is she not like now?
Heartl. One dew unto another is not nearer.
Nurse. She thinks she is a gentlewoman; and
Imagination has so taken her, [that
She scorns to speak. How handsomely she carries
As if she were a well-bred thing, her body! [it,
And, I warrant you, what looks!
Lady. Pray, be not foolish.
Heartl. I disturb nobody. Speak but half a word,
And I am satisfied! But what needs that?
I'll swear 'tis she.
Lady. But do not, I beseech you;
For, trust me, sir, you know not what I know.
Heartl. Peace then,
And let me pray! She holds up her hands with me.
Lady. This will betray all.
Heartl. Love, ever honour'd,
And ever young, thou sovereign of all hearts,
Of all our sorrows the sweet ease.—She weeps now!
Does she still cozen me?
Nurse. You'll see anon.
'Twas her desire; expect the issue, madam.
Heartl. My soul's so big, I cannot pray! 'Tis
I will go nearer. [she!

Enter Algripe, Lurcher, *and* Alathe.

Nurse. Here is Master Algripe,
And other strangers, madam.
Alg. Here, good lady;
Upon my knees, I ask thy worship's pardon!
Here's the whole sum I had with thy fair daughter;
'Would she were living, I might have her peace too,
And yield her up again to her old liberty!
I had a wife before, and could not marry -

My penance shall be, on that man that honour'd
To confer some land. [her
Lady. This is incredible!
Alg. 'Tis truth.
Lurc. Do you know me, sir?
Alg. Ha! The gentleman I deceived!
Lurc. My name is Lurcher.
Alg. Sha't have thy mortgage.
Lurc. I ha' that already; no matter for the deed,
If you release it.
Alg. I'll do't before thy witness.
But where's thy sister? if she live, I am happy,
Though I conceal'd our contract, which was stol'n
With the evidence of this land. [from me

[ALATHE *goes to* MARIA, *and gives her a Paper; she wonders, and smiles upon* HEARTLOVE; *he, amazed, approaches her; afterwards she shews it her Mother, and then gives it to* HEARTLOVE.

Nurse. Your daughter smiles.
Lurc. I hope she lives; but where I cannot tell,
Alathe. Even here, an't please you, sir. [sir.
Alg. How!
Alathe. Nay, 'tis she.
To work thy fair way, I preserved you, brother,
That would have lost me willingly, and served you
Thus like a boy: I served you faithfully,
And cast your plots but to preserve your credit;
Your foul ones I diverted to fair uses.
So far as you would hearken to my counsel,
That all the world may know how much you owe me.
Alg. Welcome, entirely! welcome, my dear Alathe!
And, when I lose thee again, blessing forsake me!
Nay, let me kiss thee in these clothes!
Lurc. And I too,
And bless the time I had so wise a sister!
Wert thou the Little Thief?
Alathe. I stole the contract,
I must confess, and kept it to myself;
It most concern'd me.
Heartl. Contracted? this destroys
His after-marriage.
Maria. Dare you give this hand
To this young gentleman? my heart goes with it.
Alg. Maria alive! how my heart's exalted!—
'Tis my duty;
Take her, Frank Heartlove, take her; and all joys
With her, besides some land to advance her jointure!
Lady. What I have is your own; and blessings crown ye!
Heartl. Give me room,
And fresh air to consider, gentlemen!
My hopes are too high.
Maria. Be more temperate,
Or I'll be Welsh again!
Alg. A day of wonder!
Alathe. Lady, your love! I ha' kept my word; there was
A time, when my much suffering made me hate
And to that end I did my best to cross you; [you,
And hearing you were dead, I stole your coffin,
That you might never more usurp my office.
Many more knacks I did, which at the weddings
Shall be told of as harmless tales. [*Shout within.*

Enter WILDBRAIN.

Wildb. Hollo your throats a-pieces! I'm at
If you can roar me out again—— [home;
Lady. What thing is this?
Lurc. A continent of fleas: Room for the pageant!
Make room afore there! Your kinsman, madam.
Lady. My kinsman! let me wonder!
Wildb. Do, and I'll wonder too, to see this
At peace with one another. [company
Maria. 'Tis not worth
Your admiration; I was never dead yet.
Wildb. You are merry, aunt, I see, and all your company:
If ye be not, I'll fool up, and provoke ye;
I will do anything to get your love again:
I'll forswear midnight taverns, and temptations;
Give good example to your grooms; the maids
Shall go to bed, and take their rest this year;
None shall appear with blisters in their bellies.
Lurc. And, when you'll fool again, you may go
Wildb. Madam, have mercy! [ring.
Lady. Your submission, sir,
I gladly take, (we will
Enquire the reason of this habit afterwards,)
Now you are soundly shamed; well, we restore you.—
Where's Toby? where's the coachman?
Nurse. He's a-bed, madam,
And has an ague, he says.
Lurc. I'll be his physician.
Lady. We must a-foot then.
Lurc. Ere the priest ha' done,
Toby shall wait upon you with his coach,
And make your Flanders mares dance back again wi' ye,
I warrant you, madam.—You are mortified;
Your suit shall be granted too.
Wildb. Make room, make room afore there!
Lady. Home forward with glad hearts! home,
Maria. I wait you. [child!
Heartl. On joyfully!—The cure of all our grief
Is owing to this pretty Little Thief. [*Exeunt.*

THE MASQUE

OF

THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN, GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE;

PRESENTED BEFORE HIS MAJESTY, THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY, THE PRINCE, COUNT PALATINE AND THE LADY ELIZABETH THEIR HIGHNESSES,

In the Banqueting-House at Whitehall, on Saturday, the 20th day of February, 1612.

DEDICATION.

TO THE WORTHY SIR FRANCIS BACON, HIS MAJESTY'S SOLICITOR-GENERAL,

AND

THE GRAVE AND LEARNED BENCH OF THE ANCIENTLY-ALLIED HOUSES OF GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE, THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN.

You that spared no time nor travel, in the setting forth, ordering, and furnishing of this Masque, (being the first fruits of honour, in this kind, which these two societies have offered to his majesty,) will not think much now to look back upon the effects of your own care and work: For that, whereof the success was then doubtful, is now happily performed and graciously accepted; and that which you were then to think of in straits of time, you may now peruse at leisure: And you, Sir Francis Bacon, especially, as you did then by your countenance and loving affection advance it, so let your good word grace it and defend it, which is able to add value to the greatest and least matters.

INTRODUCTION.

This Masque was appointed to have been presented the Shrove-Tuesday before, at which time, the masquers, with their attendants, and divers other gallant young gentlemen of both houses, as their convoy, set forth from Winchester-house (which was the rendezvous) towards the court, about seven of the clock at night.

This voyage by water was performed in great triumph: the gentlemen masquers being placed by themselves in the king's royal barge, with the rich furniture of state, and adorned with a great number of lights, placed in such order as might make best show.

They were attended with a multitude of barges and gallies, with all variety of loud music, and several peals of ordnance; and led by two admirals.

Of this show his majesty was graciously pleased to take view, with the prince, the Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth their highnesses, at the windows of his privy gallery, upon the water, till their landing, which was at the privy stairs; where they were most honourably received by the lord-chamberlain, and so conducted to the vestry.

The hall was by that time filled with company of very good fashion, but yet so as a very great number of principal ladies, and other noble persons, were not yet come in, whereby it was foreseen that the room would be so scanted as might have been inconvenient; and thereupon his majesty was most graciously pleased, with the consent of the gentlemen masquers, to put off the night until Saturday following, with this special favour and privilege, that there should be no let, as to the outward ceremony of magnificence until that time.

At the day that it was presented, there was a choice room reserved for the gentlemen of both their houses, who, coming in troop about seven of the clock, received that special honour and noble favour, as to be brought to their places by the Right Honourable the Earl of Northampton, Lord-Privy Seal.

THE MASQUE.

THE DEVICE OR ARGUMENT.

JUPITER and Juno, willing to do honour to the marriage of the two famous rivers, Thamesis and Rhine, employ their messengers severally, Mercury and Iris, for that purpose. They meet and contend: Then Mercury, for his part, brings forth an anti-masque all of spirits or divine natures; but yet not of one kind or livery (because that had been so much in use heretofore) but, as it were, in consort, like to broken music: And preserving the propriety of the device; for that rivers in nature are maintained either by springs from beneath, or showers from above, he raiseth four of the Naiades out of the fountains, and bringeth down five of the Hyades out of the clouds to dance. Hereupon, Iris scoffs at Mercury, for that he had devised a dance but of one sex, which could have no life: But Mercury, who was provided for that exception, and in token that the match should be blessed both with love and riches, calleth forth out of the groves four Cupids, and brings down from Jupiter's altar four statues of gold and silver to dance with the nymphs and stars: in which dance, the Cupids being blind, and the statues having but half life put into them, and retaining still somewhat of their old nature, giveth fit occasion to new and strange varieties both in the music and paces. This was the first anti-masque.

Then Iris, for her part, in scorn of this high-flying device, and in token that the match shall likewise be blessed with the love of the common people, calls to Flora, her confederate (for that the months of flowers are likewise the months of sweet showers and rainbows) to bring in a May dance, or rural dance, consisting likewise not of any suited persons, but of a confusion or commixture of all such persons as are natural and proper for country sports. This is the second anti-masque.

Then Mercury and Iris, after this vieing one upon the other, seem to leave their contention; and Mercury, by the consent of Iris, brings down the Olympian knights, intimating that Jupiter having, after a long discontinuance, revived the Olympian games, and summoned thereunto from all parts the liveliest and activest persons that were, had enjoined them, before they fell to their games, to do honour to these nuptials. The Olympian games portend to the match celebrity, victory, and felicity. This was the main masque.

The fabric was a mountain with two descents, and severed with two traverses.

At the entrance of the king, the first traverse was drawn, and the lower descent of the mountain discovered, which was the pendant of a hill to life, with divers boscages and grovets upon the steep or hanging grounds thereof; and at the foot of the hill, four delicate fountains running with water, and bordered with sedges and water flowers.

Iris first appeared; and presently after Mercury, striving to overtake her.

Iris apparelled in a robe of discoloured taffeta, figured in variable colours, like the rainbow, a cloudy wreath on her head, and tresses.

Mercury in doublet and hose of white taffeta, a white hat, wings on his shoulders and feet, his caduceus in his hand, speaking to Iris as followeth:—

Merc. Stay, stay!
Stay, light-foot Iris! for thou striv'st in vain;
My wings are nimbler than thy feet.
Iris. Away,
Dissembling Mercury! my messages
Ask honest haste; not like those wanton ones
Your thund'ring father sends.
Merc. Stay, foolish maid!
Or I will take my rise upon a hill,
When I perceive thee seated in a cloud,
In all the painted glory that thou hast,
And never cease to clap my willing wings,
Till I catch hold of thy discoloured bow,
And shiver it, beyond the angry power
Of your curst mistress to make up again.
Iris. Hermes, forbear! Juno will chide and strike.
Is great Jove jealous that I am employed
On her love-errands? She did never yet
Clasp weak mortality in her white arms,
As he hath often done: I only come
To celebrate the long-wished nuptials
Here in Olympia, which are now performed
Betwixt two goodly rivers, which have mixed
Their gentle rising waves, and are to grow
Into a thousand streams, great as themselves.
I need not name them, for the sound is loud
In heaven and earth; and I am sent from her,
The queen of marriage, that was present here,
And smiled to see them join, and hath not chid
Since it was done. Good Hermes, let me go!
Merc. Nay, you must stay; Jove's message is the same,
Whose eyes are lightning, and whose voice is thunder,
Whose breath is any wind he will; who knows
How to be first on earth, as well as Heaven.
Iris. But what hath he to do with nuptial rites?
Let him keep state upon his starry throne,
And fright poor mortals with his thunderbolts,
Leaving to us the mutual darts of eyes!
Merc. Alas, when ever offered he to abridge
Your lady's power, but only now, in these
Whose match concerns his general government?
Hath not each god a part in these high joys?
And shall not he, the king of gods, presume
Without proud Juno's licence? Let her know,
That when enamoured Jove first gave her power
To link soft hearts in undissolving bands,
He then foresaw, and to himself reserved,
The honour of this marriage. Thou shalt stand
Still as a rock, while I, to bless this feast,
Will summon up, with my all-charming rod,
The nymphs of fountains, from whose watry locks
(Hung with the dew of blessing and encrease)
The greedy rivers take their nourishment.—
Ye nymphs, who, bathing in your loved springs,
Beheld these rivers in their infancy,
And joyed to see them, when their circled heads
Refreshed the air, and spread the ground with flowers;
Rise from your wells, and with your nimble feet
Perform that office to this happy pair,
Which in these plains you to Alphëus did,
When passing hence, through many seas unmixed,
He gain'd the favour of his Arethuse!

Immediately upon which speech, four Naiades arise gently out of their several fountains, and present themselves upon the stage, attired in long habits of sea-green taffeta, with bubbles of crystal intermixt with powdering of silver resembling drops of water, blueish tresses on their heads, garlands of water lilies. They fall into a measure, dance a little, then make a stand.

Iris. Is Hermes grown a lover? By what power
Unknown to us, calls he the Naiades?
Merc. Presumptuous Iris, I could make thee
Till thou forgott'st thy lady's messages, [dance

And rann'st back crying to her! Thou shalt know
My power is more; only my breath, and this,
Shall move fixed stars, and force the firmament
To yield the Hyades, who govern showers,
And dewy clouds, in whose dispersed drops
Thou form'st the shape of thy deceitful bow.—
Ye maids, who yearly at appointed times
Advance with kindly tears the gentle floods,
Descend, and pour your blessing on these streams,
Which rolling down from heaven-aspiring hills,
And now united in the fruitful vales,
Bear all before them, ravished with their joy,
And swell in glory, till they know no bounds!

Five Hyades descend softly in a cloud from the firmament, to the middle part of the hill, apparelled in sky-coloured taffeta robes, spangled like the heavens, golden tresses, and each a fair star on their head; from thence descend to the stage, at whose sight the Naiades, seeming to rejoice, meet and join in a dance.

Iris. Great wit and power hath Hermes, to con-
A lifeless dance, which of one sex consists! [trive

Merc. Alas, poor Iris! Venus hath in store
A secret ambush of her winged boys;
Who, lurking long within these pleasant groves,
First struck these lovers with their equal darts;
Those Cupids shall come forth, and join with these
To honour that which they themselves began.

Enter four Cupids from each side of the boscage, attired in flame-coloured taffeta close to their body, like naked boys, with bows, arrows, and wings of gold; chaplets of flowers on their heads, hoodwinked with tiffany scarfs, who join with the Nymphs and the Hyades in another dance. That ended, MERCURY *speaks.*

Merc. Behold the statues which wise Vulcan
Under the altar of Olympian Joy, [placed
And gave to them an artificial life,
Shall dance for joy of these great nuptials.
See how they move, drawn by this heavenly joy,
Like the wild trees, which followed Orpheus' harp!

The Statues enter, supposed to be before descended from Jove's altar, and to have been prepared in the covert with the Cupids, attending their call.

These Statues were attired in cases of gold and silver close to their bodies, faces, hands, and feet, nothing seen but gold and silver, as if they had been solid images of metal, tresses of hair as they had been of metal embossed, girdles and small aprons of oaken leaves, as if they likewise had been carved or moulded out of the metal: At their coming, the music changed from violins to hautboys, cornets, &c. and the air of the music was utterly turned into a soft time, with drawing notes, excellently expressing their natures, and the measure likewise was fitted unto the same, and the statues placed in such several postures, sometimes altogether in the center of the dance, and sometimes in the four utmost angles, as was very graceful, besides the novelty. And so concluded the first Anti-masque.

Merc. And what will Juno's Iris do for her?

Iris. Just match this show, or my invention
Had it been worthier, I would have invoked [fails:
The blazing comets, clouds, and falling stars,
And all my kindred meteors of the air,
To have excelled it; but I now must strive
To imitate confusion: Therefore thou,
Delightful Flora, if thou ever felt'st
Encrease of sweetness in those blooming plants
On which the horns of my fair bow decline,
Send hither all the rural company
Which deck the May-games with their country
Juno will have it so. [sports!

The second Anti-masque rush in, dance their measure, and as rudely depart; consisting of a Pedant, May Lord, May Lady; Servingman, Chambermaid; a Country Clown, or Shepherd, Country Wench; an Host, Hostess; a He-Baboon, She-Baboon; a He-Fool, She-Fool, ushering them in.

All these persons, apparelled to the life, the Men issuing out of one side of the boscage, and the Women from the other. The music was extremely well fitted, having such a spirit of country jollity, as can hardly be imagined; but the perpetual laughter and applause was above the music.

The dance likewise was of the same strain; and the dancers, or rather actors, expressed every one their part so naturally and aptly, as when a man's eye was caught with the one, and then past on to the other, he could not satisfy himself which did best. It pleased his Majesty to call for it again at the end, as he did likewise for the first Anti-masque; but one of the Statues by that time was undressed.

Merc. Iris, we strive,
Like winds at liberty, who should do most
Ere we return. If Juno be the queen
Of marriages, let her give happy way
To what is done, in honour of the state
She governs!

Iris. Hermes, so it may be done
Merely in honour of the state, and these
That now have proved it; not to satisfy
The lust of Jupiter, in having thanks
More than his Juno; if thy snaky rod
Have power to search the Heavens, or sound the [sea,
Or call together all the ends of earth,
To bring in anything that may do grace
To us, and these; do it, we shall be pleased.

Merc. Then know, that from the mouth of Jove himself,
Whose words have wings, and need not to be borne,
I took a message, and I bare it through
A thousand yielding clouds, and never stayed
Till his high will was done: The Olympian games,
Which long have slept, at these wished nuptials,
He pleased to have renewed, and all his knights
Are gathered hither, who within their tents
Rest on this hill; upon whose rising head
Behold Jove's altar, and his blessed priests
Moving about it!—Come, you holy men,
And with your voices draw these youths along,
That till Jove's music call them to their games,
Their active sports may give a blest content
To those, for whom they are again begun.

The main Masque.—The second traverse is drawn, and the higher ascent to the mountain is discovered, wherein, upon a level, after a great rise of the hill, were placed two pavillions; open in the front of them, the pavillions were to sight as of cloth of gold, and they were trimmed on the inside with rich armour and military furniture, hanged up as upon the walls; and behind the tents there were represented, in perspective, the tops of divers other tents, as if it had been a camp. In these pavillions were placed fifteen Olympian Knights, upon seats a little embowed near the form of a crescent, and the Knights appeared first, as consecrated persons, all in veils, like to copes, of silver tiffany, and gathered, and falling a large compass about them, and over their heads high mitres, with long pendants behind falling from them; the mitres were so high, that they received their hats and feathers, that nothing was seen but veil. In the midst between both the tents, upon the very top of the hill, being a higher level than that of the tents, was placed Jupiter's altar gilt, with three great tapers upon golden candlesticks burning upon it; and the four Statues, two of gold, and two of silver, as supporters,

and Jupiter's Priests in white robes about it. Upon the sight of the King, the veils of the Knights did fall easily from them, and they appeared in their own habit.

The Knights' attire.—Arming doublets of carnation satin, embroidered with blazing stars of silver plate, with powderings of smaller stars betwixt; gorgets of silver mail; long hose of the same, with the doublets laid with silver lace spangled, and enriched with embroidery between the lace; carnation silk stockings embroidered all over; garters and roses suitable; pumps of carnation satin embroidered, as the doublets; hats of the same stuff, and embroidery cut like a helmet before, the hinder part cut into scallops, answering the skirts of their doublets; the bands of the hats were wreaths of silver in form of garlands of wild olives, white feathers, with one fall of carnation; belts of the same stuff, and embroidered with the doublet; silver swords; little Italian bands and cuffs embroidered with silver; fair long tresses of hair.

The Priests' habits.—Long robes of white taffeta; long white heads of hair; the High-Priest a cap of white silk shag close to his head, with two labels at the ears, the midst rising in form of a pyramis, in the top thereof a branch of silver; every Priest playing upon a lute; twelve in number.

The Priests descend, and sing this song following; after whom the Knights likewise descend, first laying aside their veils, belts, and swords.

SONG.

Shake off your heavy trance,
And leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread,
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow!

The Knights by this time are all descended, and fallen into their place, and then dance their first measure.

SONG.

On, blessed youths! for Jove doth pause,
Laying aside his graver laws
For this device:
And at the wedding such a pair,
Each dance is taken for a prayer,
Each song a sacrifice.

The Knights dance their second measure.

SONG.

[*Solo.*] More pleasing were these sweet delights,
If ladies moved as well as knights;
Run every one of you, and catch
A nymph, in honour of this match;
And whisper boldly in her ear,
Jove will but laugh, if you forswear!

[*Chorus.*] And this day's sins, he doth resolve,
That we his priests should all absolve.

The Knights take their ladies to dance with them galliards, durets, corantoes, &c. and lead them to their places; then loud music sounds, supposed to call them to their Olympian games.

SONG.

Ye should stay longer if we durst:
Away! Alas, that he that first
Gave Time wild wings to fly away,
Hath now no power to make him stay!
But though these games must needs be play'd,
I would this pair, when they are laid,
And not a creature nigh 'em,
Could catch his scythe as he doth pass,
And cut his wings and break his glass,
And keep him ever by 'em.

The Knights dance their parting measure, and ascend put on their swords and belts; during which time, the Priests sing the fifth and last song.

SONG.

Peace and silence be the guide
To the man, and to the bride!
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder!
If we should stay, we should do worse,
And turn our blessing to a curse,
By keeping you asunder.

THE POEMS

OF

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE WORTHILY HONOURED ROBERT PARKHURST, ESQ.

WERE these but worthless poems or light rhymes,
Writ by some common scribbler of the times,
Without your leave I durst not then engage
You to ennoble 'em by your patronage;
But these, though orphans, and left fatherless,
Their rich endowments shew they do possess
A father's blessing, whom the fates thought fit
To make a master of a mine of wit:
Whose ravishing conceits do tower so high,
As if his quill had dropt from Mercury:
But when his fancy chanced of love to sing,
You'd swear his pen were plum'd from Cupid's wing.
He doth an amorous passion so discover,
As if, save Beaumont, none had e'er been lover;
Some praise a manly bounty, some incline
More to applaud the virtues feminine;
Some several graces in both sexes hid,
But only Beaumont's, he alone that did
By a rare stratagem of wit connex
What's choice and excellent in either sex.
Then, cherish, sir, these saplings, whose each strain
Speaks them the issue of brave Beaumont's brain;
Which made me thus dare to prefix your name,
Which will, if aught can, add unto their fame.
I am, sir,
Your most humble and devoted servant,
LAWRENCE BLAIKLOCK.

IN LAUDEM AUTHORIS.

LIKE to the weak estate of a poor friend,
To whom sweet fortune hath been ever slow,
Which daily doth that happy hour attend,
When his poor state may his affection show,
So fares my love, not able as the rest,
To chaunt thy praises in a lofty vein;
Yet my poor muse doth vow to do her best,
And, wanting wings, she'll tread an humble strain;
I thought at first her homely steps to raise,
And for some blazing epithets to look:
But then I feared that by such wond'rous praise,
Some men would grow suspicious of thy book:
For he that doth thy due deserts rehearse,
Derives that glory from thy worthy verse.

W. B.

TO THE AUTHOR.

EITHER the goddess draws her troops of loves
From Paphos, where she erst was held divine,
And doth unyoke her tender-necked doves,
Placing her seat in this small pap'ry shrine;
Or the sweet graces through th' Idalian grove,
Led the best author in their danced rings;
Or wanton nymphs in watry bow'rs have wove,
With fair Mylesian threads, the verse he sings;
Or curious Pallas once again doth strive
With proud Arachne, for illustrious glory,
And once again doth loves of Gods revive,
Spinning in silver twists a lasting story:
If none of these, then Venus chose his sight,
To lead the steps of her blind son aright.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

TO THE AUTHOR.

THE matchless lust of a fair poesy,
Which was erst buried in old Rome's decays,
Now 'gins with heat of rising majesty,
Her dust-wrapt head from rotten tomb to raise,
And with fresh splendour gilds her fearless crest,
Rearing her palace in our poet's breast.

The wanton Ovid, whose enticing rhymes
Have with attractive wonder forced attention,
No more shall be admired at; for these times
Produce a poet, whose more rare invention
Will tear the love-sick myrtle from his brows,
T' adorn his temples with deserved boughs.

The strongest marble fears the smallest rain;
The rusting canker eats the purest gold;
Honour's best dye dreads envy's blackest stain;
The crimson badge of beauty must wax old:
But this fair issue of thy fruitful brain,
Nor dreads age, envy, cank'ring rust, or rain.

JOHN FLETCHER.

BEAUMONT'S POEMS.

TO THE TRUE PATRONESS OF ALL POETRY, CALLIOPE.

It is a statute in deep wisdom's lore,
That for his lines none should a patron chuse
By wealth and poverty, by less or more,
But who the same is able to peruse:
Nor ought a man his labour dedicate,
Without a true and sensible desert,
To any power of such a mighty state;
But such a wise defendress as thou art:
Thou great and powerful Muse, then pardon me
That I presume thy maiden cheek to stain
In dedicating such a work to thee,
Sprung from the issue of an idle brain:
I use thee as a woman ought to be,
I consecrate my idle hours to thee.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

I sing the fortune of a luckless pair,
Whose spotless souls now in one body be;
For beauty still is Prodromus to care,
Crost by the sad stars of nativity:
And of the strange enchantment of a well,
Given by the Gods, my sportive muse doth write,
Which sweet-lipp'd Ovid long ago did tell,
Wherein who bathes, straight turns Hermaphro-
I hope my poem is so lively writ, [dite:
That thou wilt turn half-mad with reading it.

SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS: OR, THE HERMAPHRODITE. FROM OVID.

My wanton lines do treat of amorous love,
Such as would bow the hearts of gods above.
Thou Venus, our great Cytherean queen,
That hourly trip'st on the Idalian green;
Thou laughing Erycina, deign to see
These verses wholly consecrate to thee:
Temper them so within thy Paphian shrine,
That every lover's eye may melt a line;
Command the god of love, that little king,
To give each verse a slight touch with his wing;
That, as I write, one line may draw the other,
And every word skip nimbly o'er another.
There was a lovely boy the nymphs had kept,
That on th' Idalian mountains oft had slept,
Begot and born by pow'rs that dwelt above,
By learned Mercury on the queen of love.
A face he had that show'd his parents' fame,
And from them both conjoined he drew his name.
So wondrous fair he was, that (as they say)
Diana being hunting on a day,
She saw the boy upon a green bank lay him,
And there the virgin huntress meant to slay him;
Because no nymphs would now pursue the chase,
For all were struck blind with the wanton's face.
But when that beauteous face Diana saw,
Her arms were nummed, and she could not draw,
Yet did she strive to shoot, but all in vain,
She bent her bow, but loosed it straight again:
Then she began to chide her wanton eye,
And fain would shoot, but durst not see him die.
She turn'd and shot, but did of purpose miss him,
She turn'd again, but could not choose but kiss him.
Then the boy ran: for some say had he staid,
Diana had no longer been a maid.
Phœbus so doated on this roseate face,
That he hath oft stol'n closely from his place,
When he did lie by fair Leucothoë's side,
To dally with him in the vales of Ide;
And ever since this lovely boy did die,
Phœbus each day about the world doth fly,
And on the earth he seeks him all the day,
And every night he seeks him in the sea.
His cheeks were sanguine, and his lips were red,
As are the blushing leaves of the rose spread;
And I have heard that till this boy was born,
Roses grew white upon the virgin thorn;
Till one day walking to a pleasant spring,
To hear how cunningly the birds could sing,
Laying him down upon a flow'ry bed,
The roses blushed and turn'd themselves to red:
The rose that blushed not for his great offence,
The gods did punish, and for 's impudence
They gave this doom, and 'twas agreed by all,
The smell of the white rose should be but small.
His hair was bushy, but it was not long;
The nymphs had done his tresses mighty wrong,
For as it grew they pull'd away his hair,
And made habiliments of gold to wear.
His eyes were Cupid's, for until his birth
Cupid had eyes, and lived upon the earth;
Till on a day, when the great queen of love
Was by her white doves drawn from heav'n above,
Unto the top of the Idalian hill,
To see how well the nymphs her charge fulfil,
And whether they had done the goddess right
In nursing of her sweet Hermaphrodite;
Whom when she saw, although compleat and full,
Yet she complained his eyes were somewhat dull;
And therefore, more the wanton boy to grace,
She pull'd the sparkling eyes from Cupid's face,
Feigning a cause to take away his sight,
Because the ape would sometimes shoot for spite:
But Venus set those eyes in such a place,
As graced those clear eyes with a clearer face.
For his white hand each goddess did him woo,
For it was whiter than the driven snow;
His leg was straighter than the thigh of Jove,
And he far fairer than the god of love.
When first this well-shaped boy, beauty's chief
Had seen the labour of the fifteenth spring, [king,

How curiously it painted all the earth,
He 'gan to travel from his place of birth,
Leaving the stately hills where he was nurst,
And where the nymphs had brought him up at [first,
He loved to travel unto coasts unknown,
To see the regions far beyond his own,
Seeking clear ivory springs to bathe him in,
For he did love to wash his ivory skin.
The lovely nymphs have oft times seen him swim,
And closely stol'n his clothes from off the brim,
Because the wanton wenches would so fain
See him come nak'd to ask his clothes again.
He loved besides to see the Lycian grounds,
And know the wealthy Carians' utmost bounds.
Using to travel thus, one day he found
A crystal brook that trill'd along the ground;
A brook that in reflection did surpass
The clear reflection of the clearest glass.
About the side there grew no foggy reeds,
Nor was the front compass'd with barren weeds,
But living turf grew all along the side,
And grass that ever flourish'd in his pride.
Within this brook a beauteous nymph did dwell,
Who for her comely feature did excel:
So fair she was, of such a pleasing grace,
So straight a body, and so sweet a face,
So soft a belly, such a lusty thigh,
So large a forehead, such a crystal eye,
So soft and moist a hand, so smooth a breast,
So fair a cheek, so well in all the rest,
That Jupiter would revel in her bower
Were he to spend again his golden shower.
Her teeth were whiter than the morning milk,
Her lips were softer than the softest silk;
Her hair as far surpass'd the burnished gold,
As silver doth excel the basest mold.
Jove courted her for her translucent eye,
And told her he would place her in the sky;
Promising her, if she would be his love,
He would engrave her in the heavens above:
Telling this lovely nymph, that if she would,
He could deceive her in a shower of gold;
Or, like a swan, come naked to her bed,
And so deceive her of her maidenhead.
But yet, because he thought that pleasure best
Where each consenting joins each loving breast,
He would put off that all-commanding crown,
Whose terror struck the aspiring giants down;
That glittering crown, whose radiant sight did toss
Great Pelion from the top of mighty Osse,
He would depose from his world-swaying head,
To taste the amorous pleasure of her bed;
This added; he besides, the more to grace her,
Like a bright star he would in heaven's vault place
By this the proud lascivious nymph was moved, [her.
Perceiving that by great Jove she was loved:
And hoping as a star she should ere long
Be stern or gracious to the seaman's song,
(For mortals still are subject to the eye,
And what it sees they strive to get as high)
She was contented that almighty Jove
Should have the first and best fruits of her love;
For women may be likened to the year,
Whose first fruits still do make the daintiest chear;
But yet Astræa first should plight her troth,
For the performance of Jove's sacred oath;
Just times decline, and all good days are dead,
When heavenly oaths had need be warranted.
This heard great Jupiter, and liked it well,
And hastily he seeks Astræa's cell,
About the massy earth searching her tower;
But she had long since left this earthly bower,
And flew to Heaven above, loathing to see
The sinful actions of humanity:
Which when Jove did perceive he left the earth,
And flew up to the place of his own birth,
The burning heavenly throne, where he did spy
Astræa's palace in the glittering sky.
This stately tower was builded up on high,
Far from the reach of any mortal eye;
And from the palace' side there did distil
A little water through a little quill,
The dew of justice, which did seldom fall,
And when it dropt the drops were very small.
Glad was great Jove, when he beheld her tower,
Meaning a while to rest him in her bower,
And therefore sought to enter at her door:
But there was such a busy rout before,
(Some serving-men, and some promooters be)
That he could pass no foot without a fee.
But as he goes he reaches out his hands,
And pays each one in order as he stands,
And still as he was paying those before,
Some slipp'd again betwixt him and the door.
At length, with much ado, he passed them all,
And entering straight into a spacious hall,
Full of dark angles and of hidden ways,
Crooked meanders, infinite delays,
All which delays and entries he must pass
Ere he could come where just Astræa was;
All these being past by his immortal wit,
Without her door he saw a porter sit,
An aged man that long time there had been,
Who used to search all those that entered in;
And still to every one he gave this curse,
"None must see Justice but with empty purse."
This man search'd Jove for his own private gain,
To seek the money which did yet remain.
Which was but small, for much was spent before
On the tumultuous rout that kept the door;
When he had done, he brought him to the place,
Where he might see divine Astræa's face.
There the great king of gods and men in went,
And saw his daughter Venus there lament,
And crying loud for justice, whom Jove found
Kneeling before Astræa on the ground;
And still she cried and begg'd for a just doom
Against black Vulcan, that unseemly groom,
Whom she had chosen for her only love,
Though she was daughter to great thund'ring Jove;
And though the fairest goddess, yet content
To marry him, though weak and impotent.
But for all this they always were at strife:
For ever more he rail'd at her his wife,
Telling her still, "Thou art no wife of mine,
Another's strumpet, Mars his concubine."
By this Astræa spied almighty Jove,
And bowed her finger to the queen of love
To cease her suit, which she would hear anon,
When the great king of all the world was gone.
Then she descended from her stately throne,
Which seat was builded all of jasper stone,
And o'er the seat was painted all above
The wanton, unseen stealths of amorous Jove.
There might a man behold the naked pride
Of lovely Venus in the vale of Ide,
When Pallas, and Jove's beauteous wife, and she
Strove for the prize of beauty's rarity:
And there lame Vulcan and his Cyclops strove
To make the thunderbolt for mighty Jove,

From this same stately throne she down descended,
And said the griefs of Jove should be amended,
Asking the king of gods what luckless cause,
What great contempt of state, what breach of laws,
(For sure she thought some uncouth cause befell,
That made him visit poor Astræa's cell,)
Troubled his thoughts; and, if she might decide it,
Who vext great Jove full dearly should abide it:
Jove only thank'd her, and began to shew
His cause of coming, (for each one doth know
The longing words of lovers are not many,
If they desire to be enjoyed of any,)
Telling Astræa, it would now befall
That she might make him blest that blesseth all:
For as he walk'd upon the flow'ry earth,
To which his own hands whilome gave a birth,
To see how straight he held it, and how just
He ruled this massy ponderous heap of dust;
He laid him down by a cool river's side,
Whose pleasant water did so gently slide,
With such soft whispering, for the brook was deep,
That it had lull'd him in a heavenly sleep.
When first he laid him down there was none near him,
(For he did call before, but none could hear him)
But a fair nymph was bathing when he waked,—
(Here sigh'd great Jove, and after brought forth)—naked.
He seeing, loved the nymph, yet here did rest
Where just Astræa might make Jove be blest,
If she would pass her faithful word so far
As that great Jove should make the nymph a star.
Astræa yielded, at which Jove was pleased,
And all his longing hopes and fears were eased;
Jove took his leave, and parted from her sight,
Whose thoughts were full of lovers' sweet delight;
And she ascended to the throne above,
To hear the griefs of the great queen of love:
But she was satisfied, and would no more
Rail at her husband as she did before;
But forth she tripp'd apace, because she strove
With her swift feet to overtake great Jove.
She skipt so nimbly as she went to look him,
That at the palace-door she overtook him.
The way was plain and broad as they went out,
And now they could see no tumultuous rout,
Here Venus, fearing lest the love of Jove
Should make this maid be placed in heaven above,
Because she thought this nymph so wond'rous bright
That she would dazzle her accustomed light,
And fearing now she should not first be seen.
Of all the glittering stars as she had been,
But that the wanton nymph would every night
Be first that should salute each mortal sight,
Began to tell great Jove she grieved to see
The heaven so full of his iniquity:
Complaining that each strumpet now was graced,
And with immortal goddesses was placed,
Intreating him to place in heaven no more
Each wanton strumpet and lascivious whore.
Jove, mad with love, minded not what she said,
His thoughts were so entangled with the maid;
But furiously he to his palace leapt,
Being minded there till morning to have slept;
For the next morn, so soon as Phœbus' rays
Should yet shine cool by reason of the seas,
And ere the parting tears of Thetis' bed
Should be quite shaked from off his glittering head,
Astræa promised to attend great Jove
At his own palace in the heavens above.
And at that palace she would set her hand
To what the love-sick god should her command:
But to descend to earth she did deny;
She loath'd the sight of any mortal eye
And for the compass of the earthly round
She would not set one foot upon the ground:
Therefore Jove meant to rise but with the sun
Yet thought it long until the night was done.
In the mean space Venus was drawn along,
By her white doves, unto the sweating throng
Of hammering blacksmiths, at the lofty hill
Of stately Etna, whose top burneth still;
For at that [lofty] mountain's glittering top
Her cripple husband Vulcan kept his shop.
To him she went, and so collogues that night
With the best strains of pleasure's sweet delight,
That ere they parted she made Vulcan swear
By dreadful Styx, (an oath that gods do fear)
If Jove would make the mortal maid a star,
Himself should frame his thunderbolts of war:
He then took oath by black Cocytus' lake
He never more a thunderbolt would make;
For Venus so this night his senses pleased,
That now he thought his former griefs were eased;
She with her hands the blacksmith's body bound,
And with her ivory arms she twin'd him round;
And still the fair queen with a pretty grace
Dispersed her sweet breath o'er his swarthy face;
Her snowy arms so well she did display,
That Vulcan thought they melted as they lay.
Until the morn in this delight they lay,
Then up they got, and hasted fast away,
In the white chariot of the queen of love,
Towards the palace of great thund'ring Jove;
Where they did see divine Astræa stand
To pass her word for what Jove should command.
In limp'd the blacksmith; after stept his queen,
Whose light arrayment was of lovely green.
When they were in, Vulcan began to swear
By oaths that Jupiter himself doth fear,
If any whore in heaven's bright vault were seen
To dim the shining of his beauteous queen,
Each mortal man should the great god disgrace,
And mock almighty Jove unto his face;
And giants should enforce bright heaven to fall
Ere he would frame one thunderbolt at all.
Jove did entreat him that he would forbear;
The more he spake the more did Vulcan swear.
Jove heard the words, and 'gan to make his moan,
That mortal men would pluck him from his throne,
Or else he must incur the plague, he said,
Quite to forego the pleasure of the maid;
And once he thought, rather than lose these blisses,
Her heavenly sweets, her most delicious kisses,
Her soft embraces and the amorous nights,
That he should often spend in her delights,
He would be quite thrown down by mortal hands,
From the best place where his bright palace stands;
But afterwards he saw with better sight,
He should be scorn'd by every mortal wight,
If he should want his thunderbolts to beat
Aspiring mortals from his glittering seat;
Therefore the god no more did woo or move her,
But left to seek her love, though not to love her:
Yet he forgot not that he wooed the lass,
But made her twice as beauteous as she was,
Because his wonted love he needs would shew,
This have I heard, but yet not thought it true;
And whether her clear beauty was so bright,
That it could dazzle the immortal sight

Of gods, and make them for her love despair,
I do not know, but sure the maid was fair.
Yet the fair nymph was never seen resort
Unto the savage and the bloody sport
Of chaste Diana, nor was ever wont
To bend a bow, nor never used to hunt;
Nor did she ever strive with pretty cunning
To overgo her fellow nymphs in running:
For she was the fair water-nymph alone
That unto chaste Diana was unknown.
It is reported that her fellows used
To bid her (though the beauteous nymph refused)
To take a painted quiver or a dart,
And put her lazy idleness apart.
But she would none; but in the fountains swims,
Where oft she washeth o'er her snowy limbs:
Sometimes she comb'd her soft dishevell'd hair,
Which with a fillet tied she oft did wear;
But sometimes loose she let it hang behind,
When she was pleased to grace the eastern wind,
For up and down it would her tresses hurl,
And as she went it made her loose hair curl:
Oft in the water did she see her face,
And oft she used to practise what quaint grace
Might well become her, and what comely feature
Might be best fitting so divine a creature.
Her skin was with a thin veil overthrown,
Through which her naked beauty clearly shone
She used in this light raiment as she was
To spread her body on the dewy grass:
Sometimes by her own fountain as she walks
She nipt the flowers from off the fertile stalks,
And with a garland of the sweating vine
Sometimes she doth her beauteous front entwine.
But she was gathering flowers with her white hand,
When she beheld Hermaphroditus stand
By her clear fountain, wond'ring at the sight,
That there was any brook could be so bright;
For this was the bright river where the boy
Did die himself, that he could not enjoy
Himself in pleasure, nor could taste the blisses
Of his own melting and delicious kisses.
Here did she see him, and by Venus' law
She did desire to have him as she saw:
But the fair nymph had never seen the place
Where the boy was, nor his enchanting face,
But by an uncouth accident of love
Betwixt great Phœbus and the son of Jove,
Light-headed Bacchus: for upon a day
As the boy-god was keeping on his way,
Bearing his vine-leaves and his ivy-bands
To Naxos, where his house and temple stands,
He saw the nymph, and seeing he did stay,
And threw his leaves and ivy-bands away,
Thinking at first she was of heavenly birth,
Some goddess that did live upon the earth;
Virgin Diana that so lovely shone
When she did court her sweet Endymion;
But he, a god, at last did plainly see
She had no mark of immortality:
Unto the nymph went the young god of wine,
Whose head was chafed so with the bleeding vine
That now or fear or terror he had none,
But 'gan to court her as she sat alone.
"Fairer than fairest!" (thus began his speech)
"Would but your radiant eye please to enrich
My eye with looking, or one glance to give
Whereby my other parts may feed and live,
Or with one sight my senses to inspire
Far livelier than the stol'n Promethean fire;
Then might I live; then by the sunny light
That should proceed from thy chief radiant sight,
I might survive to ages; but that missing,"—
(At that same word he would have fain been kissing)—
"I pine, fair nymph; oh, never let me die
For one poor glance from thy translucent eye,
Far more transparent than the clearest brook."
The nymph was taken with his golden hook;
Yet she turn'd back and would have tripp'd away,
But Bacchus forced the lovely maid to stay,
Asking her why she struggled to be gone,
Why such a nymph should wish to live alone?
Heaven never made her fair that she should vaunt
She kept all beauty, yet would never grant
She should be born so beauteous from her mother,
But to reflect her beauty on another:
"Then with a sweet kiss cast thy beams on me,
And I'll reflect them back again on thee.
At Naxos stands my temple and my shrine,
Where I do press the lusty swelling vine;
There with green ivy shall thy head be bound,
And with the red grape be encircled round;
There shall Silenus sing unto thy praise
His drunken reeling songs and tippling lays.
Come hither, gentle nymph."—Here blushed the maid,
And fain she would have gone, but yet she stayed.
Bacchus perceived he had o'ercome the lass,
And down he throws her in the dewy grass,
And kissed the helpless nymph upon the ground,
And would have strayed beyond that lawful bound.
This saw bright Phœbus, for his glittering eye
Sees all that lies below the starry sky;
And for an old affection that he bore
Unto this lovely nymph long time before,
(For he would oft times in his circle stand,
And sport himself upon her snowy hand;)
He kept her from the sweets of Bacchus' bed,
And 'gainst her will he saved her maidenhead.
Bacchus perceiving this, apace did hie
Unto the palace of swift Mercury;
But he did find him far below his birth,
Drinking with thieves and catchpoles on the earth,
And they were parting what they stole to-day,
In consultation for to-morrow's prey.
To him went youthful Bacchus, and began
To shew his cause of grief against the Sun;
How he bereft him of the heavenly blisses,
His sweet delight, his nectar-flowing kisses,
And other sweeter sweets that he had won
But for the malice of the bright-faced Sun;
Intreating Mercury by all the love
That had him borne amongst the sons of Jove,
(Of which they two were part) to stand his friend
Against the God that did him so offend.
The quaint-tongued issue of great Atlas' race,
Swift Mercury, that with delightful grace,
And pleasing accents of his feigned tongue,
Had oft reform'd a rude uncivil throng
Of mortals, that great messenger of Jove,
And all the meaner gods that dwell above,
He whose acute wit was so quick and sharp
In the invention of the crooked harp;
He that's so cunning with his jesting sleights
To steal from heavenly Gods, or earthly wights,
Bearing a great hate in his grieved breast
Against that great commander of the West,
Bright-faced Apollo; for upon a day
Young Mercury did steal his beasts away;

Which the great God perceiving, straight did show
The piercing arrows and the fearful bow
That kill'd great Pithon, and with that did threat him,
To bring his beasts again, or he would beat him;
Which Mercury perceiving, unespied,
Did closely steal his arrows from his side:
For this old grudge he was the easier won
To help young Bacchus 'gainst the fiery Sun.
And now the Sun was in the middle way,
And had o'ercome the one half of the day;
Scorching so hot upon the reeking sand
That lies upon the mere Egyptian land,
That the hot people, burnt even from their birth,
Do creep again into their mother Earth:
When Mercury did take his powerful wand,
His charming caduceus in his hand,
And the thick beaver which he used to wear,
When aught from Jove he to the Sun did bear,
That did protect him from the piercing light
Which did proceed from Phœbus' glittering sight;
Clad in these powerful ornaments he flies
With out-stretcht wings up to the azure skies,
Where, seeing Phœbus in his orient shrine,
He did so well revenge the god of wine,
That, whilst the Sun wonders his chariot reels,
The crafty god had stol'n away his wheels.
Which when he did perceive he down did slide,
(Laying his golden coronet aside)
From the bright spangled firmament above,
To seek the nymph that Bacchus so did love,
And found her looking in the wat'ry glass,
To see how clear her radiant beauty was:
And (for he had but little time to stay,
Because he meant to finish out his day)
At the first sight he 'gan to make his moan,
Telling her how his fiery wheels were gone;
Promising her if she would but obtain
The wheels that Mercury had stol'n again,
That he might end his day, she should enjoy
The heavenly sight of the most beauteous boy
That ever was. The nymph was pleased with this,
Hoping to reap some unaccustom'd bliss,
By the sweet pleasure that she should enjoy
In the blest sight of such a melting boy.
Therefore at his request she did obtain
The burning wheels that he had lost again;
Which when he had received, he left the land,
And brought them thither where his coach did stand,
And there he set them on, for all this space
The horses had not stirr'd from out their place;
Which when he saw he wept, and 'gan to say,
"'Would Mercury had stol'n my wheels away
When Phaëton, my hair-brain'd issue, tried
What a laborious thing it was to guide
My burning chariot! then he might have pleased me,
And of a father's grief he might have eased me:
For then the steeds would have obey'd his will,
Or else at least they would have rested still."
When he had done he took his whip of steel,
Whose bitter smart he made his horses feel;
For he did lash so hard to end the day,
That he was quickly at the western sea.
And there with Thetis did he rest a space,
For he did never rest in any place
Before that time; but ever since his wheels
Were stol'n away, his burning chariot reels
Tow'rds the declining of the parting day;
Therefore he lights and mends them in the sea.
And though the poets feign that Jove did make
A treble night for fair Alcmena's sake,
That he might sleep securely with his love,
Yet sure the long night was unknown to Jove:
But the Sun's wheels one day disorder'd more,
Were thrice as long a-mending as before.
Now was the Sun environ'd with the sea,
Cooling his wat'ry tresses as he lay,
And in dread Neptune's kingdom while he sleeps,
Fair Thetis clips him in the wat'ry deeps;
There mermaids and the Tritons of the west,
Straining their voices to make Titan rest;
The while the black Night, with her pithy hand,
Took just possession of the swarthy land,
He spent the darksome hours in this delight
Giving his power up to the gladsome Night;
For ne'er before he was so truly blest
To take an hour or one poor minute's rest.
But now the burning God this pleasure feels
By reason of his newly crazed wheels;
There must he stay until lame Vulcan send
The fiery wheels which he had took to mend.
Now all the night the smith so hard had wrought,
That ere the Sun could wake his wheels were brought;
Titan being pleased with rest and not to rise,
And loth to open yet his slumbering eyes,
And yet perceiving how the longing sight
Of mortals waited for his glittering flight,
He sent Aurora from him to the sky
To give a glimpsing to each mortal eye.
Aurora, much ashamed of that same place
That great Apollo's light was wont to grace,
Finding no place to hide her shameful head,
Painted her chaste cheeks with a blushing red,
Which ever since remain'd upon her face
In token of her new-received disgrace:
Therefore she not so white as she had been,
Loathing of every mortal to be seen,
No sooner 'gan the rosy-finger'd Morn
Kiss every flower that by her dew is born,
But from the golden window she doth peep
When the most part of earthly creatures sleep.
By this bright Titan opened had his eyes,
And 'gan to jerk his horses through the skies,
And taking in his hand his fiery whip,
He made Æous and swift Æthon skip
So fast, that straight he dazzled had the sight
Of fair Aurora, glad to see his light.
And now the Sun in all his fiery haste
Did call to mind his promise lately past,
And all the vows and oaths that he did pass
Unto fair Salmacis, the beauteous lass:
For he had promised her she should enjoy
So lovely, fair, and such a well-shaped boy,
As ne'er before his own all-seeing eye
Saw from his bright seat in the starry sky.
Remembering this he sent the boy that way
Where the clear fountain of the fair nymph lay;
There was he come to seek some pleasing brook.
No sooner came he but the nymph was struck,
And though she longed to embrace the boy,
Yet did the nymph a while defer her joy,
Till she had bound up her loose flagging hair,
And well ordered the garments she did wear,
Feigning her count'nance with a lover's care,
And did deserve to be accounted fair;
When thus much spake she while the boy abode,
"O boy, more worthy to be thought a god!
Thou may'st inhabit in the glorious place
Of gods, or may'st proceed from human race;

Thou may'st be Cupid, or the god of wine
That lately wooed me with the swelling vine:
But whosoe'er thou art, O happy he
That was so blest to be a sire to thee!
Thy happy mother is most blest of many,
Blessed thy sisters, if her womb bare any;
Both fortunate, Oh! and thrice happy she
Whose too much blessed breast gave suck to thee!
If any's wish with thy sweet bed be blest,
Oh, she is far more happy than the rest!
If thou hast any, let her name be known,
Or else let me be she, if thou hast none."
Here did she pause awhile, and then she said,
"Be not obdurate to a silly maid;
A flinty heart within a snowy breast
Is like base mold lock'd in a golden chest;
They say the eye's the index of the heart,
And shews th' affection of each inward part:
Then love plays lively there, the little god
Hath a clear crystal palace of abode;
Oh! bar him not from playing in thy heart,
That sports himself upon each outward part."
Thus much she spake, and then her tongue was hush'd.
At her loose speech, Hermaphroditus blush'd;
He knew not what love was, yet love did shame him,
Making him blush, and yet his blush became him.
Then might a man his lively colour see
Like the ripe apple on a sunny tree,
Or ivory dyed o'er with a pleasing red,
Or like the pale morn being shadowed.
By this the nymph recovered had her tongue,
That to her thinking lay in silence long,
And said, "Thy cheek is mild: Oh, be thou so!
Thy cheek saith, aye, then do not answer, no;
Thy cheek doth shame, then do thou shame," she said,
"It is a man's shame to deny a maid;
Thou look'st to sport with Venus in her bower,
And be beloved of every heavenly power;
Men are but mortals, so are women too,
Why should your thoughts aspire more than ours do?
For sure they do aspire: else could a youth,
Whose countenance is full of spotless truth,
Be so relentless to a virgin's tongue?
Let me be wooed by thee but half so long;
With half those terms do but my love require,
And I will easily grant thee thy desire:
Ages are bad when men become so slow,
That poor unskilful maids are forced to woo."
Her radiant beauty and her subtle art
So deeply struck Hermaphroditus' heart,
That she had won his love, but that the light
Of her translucent eye did shine too bright;
For long he looked upon the lovely maid,
And at the last Hermaphroditus said:
"How should I love thee, when I do espy
A far more beauteous nymph hid in thy eye?
When thou dost love let not that nymph be nigh thee,
Nor, when thou woo'st, let that same nymph be by thee;
Or quite obscure her from thy lover's face,
Or hide her beauty in a darker place."
By this the nymph perceived he did espy
None but himself reflected in her eye;
And, for himself no more she meant to shew him,
She shut her eyes, and blindfold thus did woo him:
"Fair boy, think not thy beauty can dispense
With any pain due to a bad offence;
Remember how the gods punish'd that boy,
That scorn'd to let a beauteous nymph enjoy
Her long-wished pleasure; for the peevish elf,
Loved of all others, needs would love himself:
So may'st thou love perhaps: thou may'st be blest
By granting to a luckless nymph's request;
Then rest awhile with me amidst these weeds,
The Sun, that sees all, winks at lovers' deeds.
Phœbus is blind when love-sports are begun,
And never sees until their sports be done.
Believe me, boy, thy blood is very staid,
Thou art so loth to kiss a youthful maid:
Wert thou a maid and I a man, I'll shew thee
With what a manly boldness I would woo thee:
'Fairer than Love's queen' (thus I would begin)
'Might not my over-boldness be a sin,
I would entreat this favour, if I could,
Thy roseate cheeks a little to behold!'
Then would I beg a touch, and then a kiss,
And then a lower yet a higher bliss;
Then would I ask what Jove and Leda did,
When like a swan the crafty god was hid.
What came he for? Why did he there abide?
Surely I think he did not come to chide;
He came to see her face, to talk and chat,
To touch, to kiss: came he for nought but that?
Yes, something else: what was it he would have?
That which all men of maidens ought to crave."
This said, her eyelids wide she did display,
But in this space the boy was run away;
The wanton speeches of the lovely lass
Forced him for shame to hide him in the grass.
When she perceived she could not see him near her,
When she had called, and yet he would not hear her;
Look, how, when autumn comes, a little space
Paleth the red blush of the Summer's face,
Tearing the leaves, the Summer's covering,
Three months in weaving by the curious Spring,
Making the grass, his green locks, go to wrack,
Tearing each ornament from off his back:
So did she spoil the garments she did wear,
Tearing whole ounces of her golden hair.
She, thus deluded of her longed bliss,
With much ado at last she uttered this:
"Why wert so bashful, boy? Thou hast no part
Shews thee to be of such a female heart!
His eye is grey, so is the Morning's eye,
That blusheth always when the day is nigh.
Then is grey eyes the cause? that cannot be,
The grey-eyed Morn is far more bold than he;
For with a gentle dew from Heaven's bright tower,
It gets the maidenhead of every flower:
I would to God he were the roseate Morn,
And I a flower from out the earth new-born.
His face was smooth; Narcissus face was so,
And he was careless of a sad nymph's woe:
Then that's the cause; and yet that cannot be,
Youthful Narcissus was more bold than he,
Because he died for love, though of his shade,
This boy nor loves himself, nor yet a maid.
Besides, his glorious eye is wondrous bright;
So is the fiery and all-seeing light
Of Phœbus, who at every morning's birth
Blusheth for shame upon the sullen earth:
Then that's the cause: and yet that cannot be,
The fiery Sun is far more bold than he;
He nightly kisseth Thetis in the sea;
All know the story of Leucothoë.
His cheek is red, so is the fragrant rose
Whose ruddy cheek with over-blushing glows;

Then that's the cause: and yet that cannot be,
Each blushing rose is far more bold than he;
Whose boldness may be plainly seen in this,
The ruddy rose is not ashamed to kiss;
For always, when the day is new begun,
The spreading rose will kiss the morning sun."
This said, hid in the grass she did espy him,
And stumbling with her will, she fell down by him,
And with her wanton talk, because he woo'd not,
Begg'd that which he, poor novice, understood not.
And (for she could not get a greater bliss)
She did entreat at least a sister's kiss;
But still the more she did the boy beseech,
The more he pouted at her wanton speech.
At last the nymph began to touch his skin,
Whiter than mountain-snow hath ever been;
And did in pureness that clear spring surpass
Wherein Acteon saw the Arcadian lass.
Thus did she dally long, till at the last
In her white palm she lock'd his white hand fast;
Then in her hands his wrist she 'gan to close,
When through his pulses straight his warm blood glows,
Whose youthful music, fanning Cupid's fire,
In her warm breast kindled a fresh desire;
Then did she lift her hand unto his breast,
A part as white and youthful as the rest,
Where, as his flow'ry breath still comes and goes,
She felt his gentle heart pant through his clothes.
At last she took her hand from off that part,
And said it panted like another heart:
"Why should it be more feeble and less bold?
Why should the blood about it be more cold?
Nay, sure that yields, only thy tongue denies,
And the true fancy of thy heart belies."
Then did she lift her hand unto his chin,
And praised the pretty dimpling of his skin.
But straight his skin she 'gan to overslip,
When she beheld the redness of his lip,
And said: "Thy lips are soft, press them to mine,
And thou shalt see they are as soft as thine."
Then would she fain have gone unto his eye,
But still his ruddy lip standing so nigh,
Drew her hand back, therefore his eye she miss'd,
'Ginning to clasp his neck, and would have kiss'd:
But then the boy did struggle to be gone,
Vowing to leave her in that place alone:
But the bright Salmacis began to fear,
And said: "Fair stranger, I will leave thee here,
Amid these pleasant places all alone."
So turning back, she feigned to be gone:
But from his sight she had no power to pass,
Therefore she turned and hid her in the grass;
When to the ground bending her snow-white knee,
The glad earth gave new coats to every tree.
He then supposing he was all alone,
Like a young boy that is espied of none,
Runs here and there, then on the banks doth look,
Then on the crystal current of the brook;
Then with his feet he touch'd the silver streams,
Whose drowsy waves made music in their dreams,
And, for he was not wholly in, did weep,
Talking aloud and babbling in their sleep:
Whose pleasant coolness when the boy did feel,
He thrust his foot down lower to the heel.
O'ercome with whose sweet noise he did begin
To strip his soft clothes from his tender skin.
When straight the scorching Sun wept tears of brine,
Because he durst not touch him with his shine,
For fear of spoiling that same ivory skin
Whose whiteness he so much delighted in;
And then the Moon, mother of mortal ease,
Would fain have come from the Antipodes
To have beheld him naked as he stood,
Ready to leap into the silver flood;
But might not, for the laws of Heaven deny
To shew men's secrets to a woman's eye:
And therefore was her sad and gloomy light
Confined unto the secret-keeping night.
When beauteous Salmacis a while had gazed
Upon his naked corpse, she stood amazed,
And both her sparkling eyes burnt in her face,
Like the bright sun reflected in a glass:
Scarce can she stay from running to the boy,
Scarce can she now defer her hoped joy:
So fast her youthful blood plays in her veins,
That, almost mad, she scarce herself contains;
When young Hermaphroditus, as he stands
Clapping his white sides with his hollow hands,
Leapt lively from the land whereon he stood
Into the main part of the crystal flood;
Like ivory then his snowy body was,
Or a white lily in a crystal glass.
Then rose the water-nymph from where she lay,
As having won the glory of the day,
And her light garments cast from off her skin,
"He's mine," she cried, and so leapt sprightly in.
The flattering ivy who did ever see
Inclasp the huge trunk of an aged tree,
Let him behold the young boy as he stands
Inclaspt in wanton Salmacis' pure hands;
Betwixt those ivory arms she lockt him fast,
Striving to get away; till at the last,
Fondling she said, "Why striv'st thou to be gone?
Why should'st thou so desire to be alone?
Thy cheek is never fair when none is by,
For what is red and white but to the eye?
And for that cause the heavens are dark at night,
Because all creatures close their weary sight;
For there's no mortal can so early rise
But still the morning waits upon his eyes.
The early-rising and soon-singing lark
Can never chant her sweet notes in the dark;
For sleep she ne'er so little or so long,
Yet still the morning will attend her song.
All creatures that beneath bright Cynthia be
Have appetite unto society;
The overflowing waves would have a bound
Within the confines of the spacious ground,
And all their shady currents would be placed
In hollow of the solitary waste,
But that they loath to let her soft streams sing
Where none can hear their gentle murmuring.'
Yet still the boy, regardless what she said,
Struggled apace to overswim the maid;
Which when the nymph perceived she 'gan to say,
"Struggle thou may'st, but never get away:
So grant, just gods, that never day may see
The separation 'twixt this boy and me!"
The gods did hear her prayer, and feel her woe,
And in one body they began to grow.
She felt his youthful blood in every vein,
And he felt her's warm his cold breast again;
And ever since was woman's love so blest,
That it will draw blood from the strongest breast.
Nor man nor maid now could they be esteem'd,
Neither and either might they well be deem'd
When the young boy, Hermaphroditus, said,
With the set voice of neither man nor maid:

"Swift Mercury, thou author of my life,
And thou my mother, Vulcan's lovely wife,
Let your poor offspring's latest breath be blest
In but obtaining this his last request:
Grant that whoe'er, heated by Phœbus' beams,
Shall come to cool him in these silver streams,
May never more a manly shape retain,
But half a virgin may return again."
His parents hearken'd to his last request,
And with that great pow'r they the fountain blest;
And since that time who in that fountain swims,
A maiden's smoothness seizeth half his limbs.

THE REMEDY OF LOVE.

From Ovid.

When Cupid read this title, straight he said,
"Wars, I perceive, against me will be made."
But spare, oh Love! to tax thy poet so,
Who oft hath borne thy ensign 'gainst thy foe;
I am not he by whom thy mother bled,
When she to heaven on Mars his horses fled.
I oft, like other youths, thy flame did prove,
And if thou ask, what I do still? I love.
Nay, I have taught by art to keep Love's course,
And made that reason which before was force.
I seek not to betray thee, pretty boy,
Nor what I once have written to destroy.
If any love, and find his mistress kind,
Let him go on, and sail with his own wind;
But he that by his love is discontented,
To save his life my verses were invented.
Why should a lover kill himself? or why
Should any, with his own grief wounded, die?
Thou art a boy, to play becomes thee still,
Thy reign is soft; play then, and do not kill;
Or if thou'lt needs be vexing, then do this,
Make lovers meet by stealth, and steal a kiss:
Make them to fear lest any overwatch them,
And tremble when they think some come to catch them;
And with those tears that lovers shed all night,
Be thou content, but do not kill outright.—
Love heard, and up his silver wings did heave,
And said, "Write on; I freely give thee leave."
Come then, all ye despised, that love endure,
I, that have felt the wounds, your love will cure;
But come at first, for if you make delay,
Your sickness will grow mortal by your stay:
The tree, which by delay is grown so big,
In the beginning was a tender twig;
That which at first was but a span in length,
Will, by delay, be rooted past men's strength.
Resist beginnings, medicines bring no curing
Where sickness is grown strong by long enduring.
When first thou seest a lass that likes thine eye,
Bend all thy present powers to descry
Whether her eye or carriage first would shew
If she be fit for love's delights or no:
Some will be easy, such an one elect;
But she that bears too grave and stern aspect,
Take heed of her, and make her not thy jewel,
Either she cannot love, or will be cruel.
If love assail thee there, betime take heed,
Those wounds are dangerous that inward bleed;
He that to-day cannot shake off love's sorrow,
Will certainly be more unapt to-morrow.
Love hath so eloquent and quick a tongue,
That he will lead thee all thy life along,
And on a sudden clasp thee in a yoke,
Where thou must either draw, or striving choke.
Strive then betimes, for at the first one hand
May stop a water-drill that wears the sand
But, if delayed, it breaks into a flood,
Mountains will hardly make the passage good.
But I am out, for now I do begin
To keep them off, not heal those that are in.
First, therefore, lovers, I intend to shew
How love came to you, then how he may go.
You that would not know what love's passions be,
Never be idle, learn that rule of me.
Ease makes you love, as that o'ercomes your wills,
Ease is the food and cause of all your ills.
Turn ease and idleness but out of door,
Love's darts are broke, his flame can burn no more.
As reeds and willows love the water's side,
So love loves with the idle to abide.
If then at liberty you fain would be,
Love yields to labour, labour and be free.
Long sleeps, soft beds, rich vintage, and high feeding,
Nothing to do, and pleasure of exceeding,
Dulls all our senses, makes our virtue stupid,
And then creeps in that crafty villain Cupid.
That boy loves ease a' life, hates such a stir,
Therefore thy mind to better things prefer.
Behold thy country's enemies in arms,
At home love gripes the heart in his sly charms;
Then rise and put on armour, cast off sloth,
Thy labour may at once o'ercome them both!
If this seem hard and too unpleasant, then
Behold the law set forth by God and men;
Sit down and study that, that thou may'st know
The way to guide thyself, and others shew.
Or if thou lov'st not to be shut up so,
Learn to assail the deer with trusty bow,
That through the woods thy well-mouth'd hounds may ring,
Whose echo better joys than love will sing:
There may'st thou chance to bring thy love to end;
Diana unto Venus is no friend.
The country will afford thee means enow,
Sometimes disdain not to direct the plough;
To follow through the fields the bleating lamb,
That mourns to miss the comfort of his dam.
Assist the harvest, help to prune the trees,
Graft, plant, and sow, no kind of labour leese.
Set nets for birds, with hook'd lines bait for fish,
Which will employ thy mind and fill thy dish;
That, being weary with these pains, at night
Sound sleep may put the thoughts of love to flight.
With such delights, or labours as are these,
Forget to love, and learn thyself to please.
But chiefly learn this lesson, for my sake,
Fly from her far, some journey undertake:
I know thou'lt grieve, and that her name once told,
Will be enough thy journey to withhold;
But when thou find'st thyself most bent to stay,
Compel thy feet to run with thee away.
Nor do thou wish that rain or stormy weather
May stay your steps, and bring you back together;
Count not the miles you pass, nor doubt the way,
Lest those respects should turn you back to stay.
Tell not the clock, nor look not once behind,
But fly like lightning, or the northern wind:
For where we are too much o'ermatch'd in might,
There is no way for safe-guard but by flight.
But some will count my lines too hard and bitter:
I must confess them hard; but yet 'tis better

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For though thy mistress never means to love thee,
Yet from the other's love she'll strive to move thee:
But let her strive, she oft hath vex'd thy heart,
Suffer her now to bear herself a part;
And though thy bowels burn like Ætna's fire,
Seem colder far than ice, or her desire;
Feign thyself free, and sigh not overmuch,
But laugh aloud when grief thy heart doth touch.
I do not bid thee break through fire and flame,
Such violence in love is much to blame;
But I advise that thou dissemble deep,
And all thy passions in thine own breast keep.
Feign thyself well, and thou at last shalt see
Thyself as well as thou didst feign to be:
So have I often, when I would not drink,
Sat down as one asleep, and feign'd to wink,
Till, as I nodding sat, and took no heed,
I have at last fall'n fast asleep indeed;
So have I oft been angry, feigning spite,
And, counterfeiting smiles, have laughed outright;
So love by use doth come, by use doth go,
And he that feigns well shall at length be so.
If e'er thy mistress promised to receive thee
Into her bosom, and did then deceive thee,
Locking thy rival in, thee out of door,
Be not dejected, seem not to deplore,
Nor when thou seest her next take notice of it,
But pass it over, it shall turn to profit:
For if she sees such tricks as these perplex thee,
She will be proud, and take delight to vex thee,
But if she prove thee constant in this kind,
She will begin at length some sleights to find,
How she may draw thee back, and keep thee still
A servile captive to her fickle will.
But now take heed, here comes the proof of men,
Be thou as constant as thou seemest then:
Receive no messages, regard no lines,
They are but snares to catch thee in her twines;
Receive no gifts, think all that praise her flatter;
Whate'er she writes believe not half the matter.
Converse not with her servant, nor her maid,
Scarce bid good-morrow, lest thou be betray'd.
When thou goest by her door never look back,
And though she call do not thy journey slack.
If she should send her friends to talk with thee,
Suffer them not too long to walk with thee;
Do not believe one word they say is sooth,
Nor do not ask so much as how she doth;
Yea, though thy very heart should burn to know,
Bridle thy tongue, and make thereof no show:
Thy careless silence shall perplex her more
Than can a thousand sighs sigh'd o'er and o'er.
By saying, thou lovest not, thy loving prove not,
For he's far gone in love, that says, "I love not:"
Then hold thy peace, and shortly love will die,
That wound heals best, that cures not by and by.
But some will say, "Alas, this rule is hard!
Must we not love where we may find reward?
How should a tender woman bear this scorn,
That cannot, without art, by men be borne?"
Mistake me not; I do not wish you show
Such a contempt to them whose love you know;
But where a scornful lass makes you endure
Her slight regarding, there I lay my cure.
Nor think in leaving love you wrong your lass,
Who one to her content already has;
Waile she doth joy in him, joy thou in any,
Thou hast, as well as she, the choice of many:
Then, for thy own contempt, defer not long,
But cure thyself, and she shall have no wrong.

Among all cures I chiefly do commend
Absence in this to be the only friend;
And so it is, but I would have ye learn
The perfect use of absence to discern.
First then, when thou art absent to her sight,
In solitariness do not delight:
Be seldom left alone, for then I know
A thousand vexing thoughts will come and go.
Fly lonely walks, and uncouth places sad,
They are the nurse of thoughts that make men mad.
Walk not too much where thy fond eye may see
The place where she did give love's rights to thee:
For even the place will tell thee of those joys,
And turn thy kisses into sad annoys.
Frequent not woods and groves, nor sit and muse
With arms across, as foolish lovers use;
For as thou sitt'st alone thou soon shalt find
Thy mistress' face presented to thy mind,
As plainly to thy troubled phantasy,
As if she were in presence, and stood by.
This to eschew open thy doors all day,
Shun no man's speech that comes into thy way;
Admit all companies, and when there's none,
Then walk thou forth thyself, and seek out one;
When he is found, seek more, laugh, drink, and sing;
Rather than be alone do anything.
Or if thou be constrained to be alone,
Have not her picture for to gaze upon:
For that's the way, when thou art eased of pain,
To wound anew and make thee sick again;
Or if thou hast it, think the painter's skill
Flattered her face, and that she looks more ill;
And think, as thou dost musing on it sit,
That she herself is counterfeit like it:
Or rather fly all things that are inclined
To bring one thought of her into thy mind;
View not her tokens, nor think on her words,
But take some book, whose learned womb affords
Physic for souls, there search for some relief
To 'guile the time, and rid away thy grief.
But if thy thoughts on her must needs be bent,
Think what a deal of precious time was spent
In quest of her; and that thy best of youth
Languish'd and died while she was void of truth;
Think but how ill she did deserve affection,
And yet how long she held thee in subjection;
Think how she changed, how ill it did become her,
And thinking so, leave love, and fly far from her.
He that from all infection would be free,
Must fly the place where the infected be:
And he that would from love's affection fly,
Must leave his mistress' walks, and not come nigh.
Sore eyes are got by looking on sore eyes,
And wounds do soon from new-heal'd scars arise;
As embers touch'd with sulphur do renew,
So will her sight kindle fresh flames in you.
If then thou meet'st her, suffer her go by thee,
And be afraid to let her come too nigh thee:
For her aspect will cause desire in thee,
And hungry men scarce hold from meat they see.
If e'er she sent thee letters, that lie by,
Peruse them not, they'll captivate thy eye,
But lap them up, and cast them in the fire,
And wish, as they waste, so may thy desire.
If e'er thou sent'st her token, gift, or letter,
Go not to fetch them back; for it is better
That she detain a little paltry pelf,
Than thou should'st seek for them and lose thyself
For why? her sight will so enchant thy heart
That thou wilt lose thy labour, I my art.

But if, by chance, there fortune such a case,
Thou needs must come where she shall be in place,
Then call to mind all parts of this discourse,
For sure thou shalt have need of all thy force.
Against thou goest curl not thy head and hair,
Nor care whether thy band be foul or fair;
Nor be not in so neat and spruce array
As if thou mean'st to make it holiday;
Neglect thyself for once, that she may see
Her love hath now no power to work on thee;
And if thy rival be in presence too,
Seem not to mark, but do as others do;
Salute him friendly, give him gentle words,
Return all courtesies that he affords:
Drink to him, carve him, give him compliment;
This shall thy mistress more than thee torment:
For she will think, by this thy careless show,
Thou car'st not now whether she love or no.
But if thou canst persuade thyself indeed
She hath no lover, but of thee hath need,
That no man loves her but thyself alone,
And that she shall be lost when thou art gone;
Thus sooth thyself, and thou shalt seem to be
In far more happy taking than is she.
For if thou think'st she's loved and loves again,
Hell-fire will seem more easy than thy pain.
But chiefly when in presence thou shalt spy
The man she most affecteth standing by,
And see him grasp her by the tender hand,
And whispering close, or almost kissing stand;
When thou shalt doubt whether they laugh at thee,
Or whether on some meeting they agree;
If now thou canst hold out, thou art a man,
And canst perform more than thy teacher can;
If then thy heart can be at ease and free,
I will give o'er to teach, and learn of thee.
But this way I would take: among them all,
I would pick out some lass to talk withall,
Whose quick inventions and whose nimble wit
Should busy mine and keep me from my fit:
My eye with all my heart should be a-wooing,
No matter what I said so I were doing;
For all that while my love should think at least
That I, as well as she, on love did feast;
And though my heart were thinking of her face,
Of her unkindness and my own disgrace,
Of all my present pains by her neglect,
Yet would I laugh, and seem without respect.
Perchance, in envy thou should'st sport with any,
Her beck will single thee from forth of many:
But, if thou canst, of all that present are,
Her conference alone thou should'st forbear;
For if her looks so much thy mind do trouble,
Her honied speeches will distract thee double.
If she begin once to confer with thee,
Then do as I would do, be ruled by me:
When she begins to talk, imagine straight,
That now to catch thee up she lies in wait;
Then call to mind some business or affair,
Whose doubtful issue takes up all thy care;
That while such talk thy troubled fancies stirs,
Thy mind may work, and give no heed to her's.
Alas! I know men's hearts, and that full soon,
By women's gentle words we are undone;
If women sigh or weep, our souls are grieved,
Or if they swear they love, they are believed.
But trust not thou to oaths if she should swear,
Nor hearty sighs, believe they dwell not there.
If she should grieve in earnest or in jest,
Or force her arguments with sad protest,
As if true sorrow in her eyelid sate,
Nay, if she come to weeping, trust not that;
For know that women can both weep and smile,
With much more danger than the crocodile.
Think all she doth is but to breed thy pain,
And get the power to tyrannize again;
And she will beat thy heart with trouble more
Than rocks are beat with waves upon the shore.
Do not complain to her then of thy wrong,
But lock thy thoughts within thy silent tongue.
Tell her not why thou leav'st her, nor declare
(Although she ask thee) what thy torments are.
Wring not her fingers, gaze not on her eye;
From thence a thousand snares and arrows fly:
No, let her not perceive, by sighs and signs,
How at her deeds thy inward soul repines.
Seem careless of her speech, and do not hark,
Answer by chance as though thou didst not mark;
And if she bid thee home, straight promise not,
Or break thy word as if thou hadst forgot;
Seem not to care whether thou come or no,
And if she be not earnest do not go;
Feign thou hast business, and defer the meeting,
As one that greatly cared not for her greeting:
And as she talks cast thou thine eyes elsewhere,
And look among the lasses that are there;
Compare their several beauties to her face,
Some one or other will her form disgrace;
On both their faces carry still thy view,
Balance them equally in judgment true:
And when thou find'st the other doth excel
(Yet that thou canst not love it half so well)
Blush that thy passions make thee dote on her
More than on those thy judgment doth prefer.
When thou hast let her speak all that she would,
Seem as thou hast not one word understood:
And when to part with thee thou see'st her bent,
Give her some ordinary compliment,
Such as may seem of courtesy, not love,
And so to other company remove.
This carelessness, in which thou seem'st to be,
(Howe'er in her) will work this change in thee,
That thou shalt think, for using her so slight,
She cannot choose but turn her love to spite:
And if thou art persuaded once she hates,
Thou wilt beware, and not come near her baits.
But though I wish thee constantly believe
She hates thy sight, thy passions to deceive;
Yet be not thou so base to hate her too,
That which seems ill in her do not thou do;
'Twill indiscretion seem, and want of wit,
Where thou didst love to hate instead of it;
And thou may'st shame ever to be so mated,
And joined in love with one that should be hated:
Such kind of love is fit for clowns and hinds,
And not for debonair and gentle minds;
For can there be in man a madness more
Than hate those lips he wish'd to kiss before,
Or loath to see those eyes, or hear that voice
Whose very sound hath made his heart rejoice?
Such acts as these much indiscretion shews,
When men from kissing turn to wish for blows:
And this their own example shews so naught,
That when they should direct they must be taught.
But thou wilt say, "For all the love I bear her,
And all the service, I am ne'er the nearer;"
And, which thee most of all doth vex like hell,
"She loves a man ne'er loved her half so well:
Him she adores, but I must not come at her,
Have I not then good reason for to hate her?"

I answer, no ; for make the cause thine own,
And in thy glass her actions shall be shown :
When thou thyself in love wert so far gone,
Say, couldst thou love any but her alone ?
I know thou could'st not, though with tears and cries
These had made deaf thine ears, and dim thine eyes :
Would'st thou for this that they hate thee again ?
If so thou would'st, then hate thy love again :
Your faults are both alike ; thou lovest her,
And she in love thy rival doth prefer :
If then her love to him thy hate procure,
Thou should'st for loving her like hate endure :
Then do not hate ; for all the lines I write
Are not address'd to turn thy love to spite,
But writ to draw thy doting mind from love,
That in the golden mean thy thoughts may move ;
In which, when once thou find'st thyself at quiet,
Learn to preserve thyself with this good diet :

THE CONCLUSION.

Sleep not too much ; nor longer than asleep
Within thy bed thy lazy body keep ;
For when thou, warm awake, shall feel it soft,
Fond cogitations will assail thee oft :
Then start up early, study, work, or write,
Let labour, others' toil, be thy delight.
Eat not too much, or if thou much dost eat,
Let it not be dainty or stirring meat ;
Abstain from wine, although thou think it good,
It sets thy meat on fire, and stirs thy blood ;
Use thyself much to bathe thy wanton limbs,
In coolest streams which o'er the gravel swims :
Be still in gravest company, and fly
The wanton rabble of the younger fry,
Whose lustful tricks will lead thee to delight
To think on love, where thou shalt perish quite ;
Come not at all where many women are,
But, like a bird that lately 'scaped the snare,
Avoid their garish beauty, fly with speed,
And learn by her that lately made thee bleed ;
Be not too much alone, but if alone,
Get thee some modest book to look upon ;
But do not read the lines of wanton men,
Poetry sets thy mind on fire again :
Abstain from songs and verses, and take heed
That not a line of love thou ever read.

AN ELEGY ON THE LADY MARKHAM.

As unthrifts groan in straw for their pawn'd beds,
As women weep for their lost maidenheads,
When both are without hope or remedy,
Such an untimely grief I have for thee.
  I never saw thy face, nor did my heart
Urge forth mine eyes unto it whilst thou wert ;
But being lifted hence, that, which to thee
Was death's sad dart, proved Cupid's shaft to me.
  Whoever thinks me foolish that the force
Of a report can make me love a corse,
Know he that when with this I do compare
The love I do a living woman bear,
I find myself most happy : now I know
Where I can find my mistress, and can go
Unto her trimm'd bed, and can lift away
Her grass-green mantle, and her sheet display ;
And touch her naked ; and though th' envious mold
In which she lies uncover'd, moist, and cold,
Strive to corrupt her, she will not abide
With any art her blemishes to hide,
As many living do, and know their need ;
Yet cannot they in sweetness her exceed,
But make a stink with all their art and skill,
Which their physicians warrant with a bill ;
Nor at her door doth heaps of coaches stay,
Footmen and midwives to bar up my way ;
Nor needs she any maid or page to keep,
To knock me early from my golden sleep,
With letters that her honour all is gone,
If I not right her cause on such a one.
Her heart is not so hard to make me pay
For every kiss a supper and a play :
Nor will she ever open her pure lips
To utter oaths, enough to drown our ships,
To bring a plague, a famine, or the sword,
Upon the land, though she should keep her word ;
Yet, ere an hour be past, in some new vein
Break them, and swear them double o'er again.
Pardon me, that with thy blest memory
I mingle mine own former misery :
Yet dare I not excuse the fate that brought
These crosses on me, for then every thought
That tended to thy love was black and foul,
Now all as pure as a new-baptiz'd soul :
For I protest, for all that I can see,
I would not lie one night in bed with thee ;
Nor am I jealous, but could well abide
My foe to lie in quiet by thy side.
  You worms, my rivals, whilst she was alive,
How many thousands were there that did strive
To have your freedom ? for their sake forbear
Unseemly holes in her soft skin to wear :
But if you must (as what worms can abstain
To taste her tender body ?) yet refrain
With your disordered eatings to deface her,
But feed yourselves so as you most may grace her.
First, through her ear-tips see you make a pair
Of holes, which, as the moist inclosed air
Turns into water, may the clean drops take,
And in her ears a pair of jewels make.
Have ye not yet enough of that white skin,
The touch whereof, in times past, would have been
Enough to have ransom'd many a thousand soul
Captive to love ? If not, then upward roll
Your little bodies, where I would you have
This Epitaph upon her forehead grave :
"Living, she was young, fair, and full of wit ;
Dead, all her faults are in her forehead writ."

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A BEAUTEOUS YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN WITH AN ANCIENT MAN.

Fondly, too curious Nature, to adorn
Aurora with the blushes of the morn :
Why do her rosy lips breath gums and spice,
Unto the East, and sweet to Paradise ?
Why do her eyes open the day ? her hand
And voice intrance the panther, and command
Incensed winds ; her breasts, the tents of love,
Smooth as the godded swan, or Venus' dove ;
Soft as the balmy dew whose every touch
Is pregnant ; but why those rich spoils, when such
Wonder and perfection must be led
A bridal captive unto Tithon's bed ?
Ag'd, and deformed Tithon ! must thy twine
Circle and blast at once what care and time
Had made for wonder ? must pure beauty have
No other foil but ruin and a grave ?

So have I seen the pride of Nature's store,
The orient pearl chained to the sooty Moor;
So hath the diamond's bright ray been set
In night, and wedded to the negro jet.
See, see, how thick those showers of pearl do fall
To weep her ransom, or her funeral,
Whose every treasured drop, congealed, might bring
Freedom and ransom to a fettered king,
While tyrant Wealth stands by, and laughs to see
How he can wed love and antipathy.
Hymen, thy pine burns with adulterate fire;
Thou and thy quivered boy did once conspire
To mingle equal flames, and then no shine
Of gold, but beauty, dressed the Paphian shrine;
Roses and lilies kiss'd; the amorous vine
Did with the fair and straight-limb'd elm entwine.

THE GLANCE.

Cold Virtue guard me, or I shall endure
From the next glance a double calenture
Of fire and lust! Two flames, two Semeles,
Dwell in those eyes, whose looser glowing rays
Would thaw the frozen Russian into lust,
And parch the negro's hotter blood to dust.
Dart not your balls of wild-fire here; go throw
Those flakes upon the eunuch's colder snow,
Till he in active blood do boil as high
As he that made him so in jealousy.
When that loose queen of love did dress her eyes
In the most taking flame to win the prize
At Ida; that faint glare to this desire
Burnt like a taper to the zone of fire;
And could she then the lustful youth have crowned
With thee his Helen, Troy had never found
Her fate in Sinon's fire; thy hotter eyes
Had made it burn a quicker sacrifice
To lust, whilst every glance in subtle wiles
Had shot itself like lightning through the piles.
Go blow upon some equal blood, and let
Earth's hotter ray engender and beget
New flames to dress the aged Paphians' quire,
And lend the world new Cupids borne on fire.
Dart no more here those flames, nor strive to throw
Your fire on him who is immured in snow!
Those glances work on me like the weak shine
The frosty sun throws on the Appenine,
When the hill's active coldness doth go near
To freeze the glimmering taper to his sphere:
Each ray is lost on me, like the faint light
The glow-worm shoots at the cold breast of night.
Thus virtue can secure; but for that name
I had been now sin's martyr, and your flame.

A SONNET.

Flattering Hope, away and leave me,
She'll not come, thou dost deceive me;
Hark the cock crows, th' envious light
Chides away the silent night;
Yet she comes not, oh! how I tire
Betwixt cold fear and hot desire.

Here alone enforced to tarry
While the tedious minutes marry,
And get hours, those days and years,
Which I count with sighs and fears:
Yet she comes not, oh! how I tire
Betwixt cold fear and hot desire.

Restless thoughts a while remove
Unto the bosom of my love,
Let her languish in my pain,
Fear and hope, and fear again;
Then let her tell me, in love's fire,
What torment's like unto desire!

Endless wishing, tedious longing,
Hopes and fears together thronging;
Rich in dreams, yet poor in waking,
Let her be in such a taking:
Then let her tell me in love's fire,
What torment's like unto desire!

Come then, Love, prevent day's eyeing,
My desire would fain be dying:
Smother me with breathless kisses,
Let me dream no more of blisses;
But tell me, which is in Love's fire
Best, to enjoy, or to desire!

TRUE BEAUTY.

May I find a woman fair,
And her mind as clear as air,
If her beauty go alone,
'Tis to me as if't were none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch;
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, lover, where's thy gain!

May I find a woman wise,
And her falsehood not disguise;
Hath she wit as she hath will,
Double arm'd she is to ill.

May I find a woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind:
How should I call that love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine!

May I find a woman true,
There is Beauty's fairest hue,
There is Beauty, Love, and Wit:
Happy he can compass it.

THE INDIFFERENT.

Never more will I protest,
To love a woman but in jest;
For as they cannot be true,
So, to give each man his due,
When the wooing fit is past
Their affection cannot last.

Therefore, if I chance to meet
With a mistress fair and sweet,
She my service shall obtain,
Loving her for love again:
Thus much liberty I crave,
Not to be a constant slave.

But when we have tried each other,
If she better like another,
Let her quickly change for me,
Then to change am I as free.
He or she that loves too long
Sell their freedom for a song.

A SONNET.

LIKE a ring without a finger,
Or a bell without a ringer;
Like a horse was never ridden,
Or a feast and no guest bidden;
Like a well without a bucket,
Like a rose if no man pluck it:
  Just such as these may she be said
  That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The ring, if worn, the finger decks,
The bell pulled by the ringer speaks;
The horse doth ease if he be ridden,
The feast doth please if guest be bidden;
The bucket draws the water forth,
The rose when pluck'd is still most worth:
  Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
  That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like to a stock not grafted on,
Or like a lute not play'd upon;
Like a jack without a weight,
Or a bark without a freight;
Like a lock without a key,
Or a candle in the day:
  Just such as these may she be said
  That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The grafted stock doth bear best fruit,
There's music in the finger'd lute:
The weight doth make the jack go ready,
The freight doth make the bark go steady;
The key the lock doth open right,
The candle's useful in the night:
  Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
  That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a call without, "Anon, sir!"
Or a question and no answer;
Like a ship was never rigg'd,
Or a mine was never digg'd;
Like a wound without a tent,
Or civet-box without a scent:
  Just such as these may she be said
  That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

Th' Anon, sir! doth obey the call,
The question answered pleaseth all;
Who rigs a ship sails with the wind,
Who digs a mine doth treasure find;
The wound by wholesome tent hath ease,
The box perfumed the senses please:
  Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
  That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like marrow-bone was never broken,
Or commendations and no token;
Like a fort and none to win it,
Or like the moon and no man in it;
Like a school without a teacher,
Or like a pulpit and no preacher:
  Just such as these may she be said
  That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The broken marrow-bone is sweet,
The token doth adorn the greet;
There's triumph in the fort being won,
The man rides glorious in the moon;
The school is by the teacher still'd,
The pulpit by the preacher fill'd:
  Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
  That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a cage without a bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd;
Like the gold was never tried,
Or the ground unoccupied;
Like a house that's not possess'd,
Or the book was never press'd:
  Just such as these may she be said
  That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The bird in cage doth sweetly sing,
Due season prefers every thing;
The gold that's tried from dross is pured,
There's profit in the ground manured;
The house is by possession graced,
The book when press'd is then embraced:
  Such is the virgin in my eyes,
  That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

A FUNERAL ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE LADY PENELOPE CLIFTON.

SINCE thou art dead, CLIFTON, the world may see
A certain end of flesh and blood in thee;
Till then a way was left for man to cry,
Flesh may be made so pure it cannot die;
But now thy unexpected death doth strike
With grief the better and the worse alike;
The good are sad they are not with thee there,
The bad have found they must not tarry here.
Death, I confess, 'tis just in thee to try
Thy pow'r on us, for thou thyself must die;
Thou pay'st but wages, Death, yet I would know
What strange delight thou tak'st to pay them so;
When thou com'st face to face thou strik'st us
And all our liberty is to dispute [mute
With thee behind thy back, which I will use:
If thou hadst bravery in thee, thou wouldst choose
(Since thou art absolute, and canst controul
All things beneath a reasonable soul)
Some looked for way of killing; if her day
Had ended in a fire, a sword, or sea,
Or hadst thou come hid in a hundred years
To make an end of all her hopes and fears,
Or any other way direct to thee
Which Nature might esteem an enemy,
Who would have chid thee! now it shews thy hand
Desires to cozen where it might command:
Thou art not prone to kill, but where th' intent
Of those that suffer is their nourishment;
If thou canst steal into a dish, and creep
When all is still as though into a sleep,
And cover thy dry body with a draught,
Whereby some innocent lady may be caught,
And cheated of her life, then thou wilt come
And stretch thyself upon her early tomb,
And laugh as pleased, to show thou canst devour
Mortality as well by wit as pow'r.
I would thou hadst had eyes, or not a dart,
That yet at least, the clothing of that heart
Thou struck'st so spitefully might have appear'd
To thee, and with a reverence have been fear'd:
But since thou art so blind, receive from me
Who 'twas on whom thou wrought'st this tragedy;
She was a lady, who for public fame,
Never (since she in thy protection came,
Who sett'st all living tongues at large) received
A blemish; with her beauty she deceived
No man; when taken with it, they agree
'Twas Nature's fault, when from 'em 'twas in thee

And such her virtue was, that although she
Received as much joy, having pass'd through thee,
As ever any did ; yet hath thy hate
Made her as little better in her state,
As ever it did any being here ;
She lived with us as if she had been there.
Such ladies thou canst kill no more, but so
I give thee warning here to kill no moe ;
For if thou dost, my pen shall make the rest
Of those that live, especially the best,
Whom thou most thirstest for, to abandon all
Those fruitless things, which thou wouldst have us
Preservatives, keeping their diet so, [call
As the long-living poor their neighbours do :
Then shall we have them long, and they at last
Shall pass from thee to her, but not so fast.

THE EXAMINATION OF HIS MISTRESS'S PERFECTIONS.

Stand still my happiness, and swelling heart
No more, till I consider what thou art.
Desire of knowledge was man's fatal vice,
For when our parents were in paradise,
Though they themselves, and all they saw was good,
They thought it nothing if not understood ;
And I (part of their seed struck with their sin)
Though by their bounteous favour I be in
A paradise where I may freely taste
Of all the virtuous pleasures which thou hast,
Wanting that knowledge, must in all my bliss
Err with my parents, and ask what it is.
My faith saith 'tis not Heaven, and I dare swear
If it be Hell no sense of pain is there ;
Sure 'tis some pleasant place, where I may stay,
As I to Heaven go in the middle way.
Wert thou but fair and no whit virtuous,
Thou wert no more to me but a fair house
Haunted with spirits, from which men do them bless,
And no man will half furnish to possess :
Or hadst thou worth wrapt in a rivell'd skin,
'Twere inaccessible ; who durst go in
To find it out ? far sooner would I go
To find a pearl covered with hills of snow ;
'Twere buried virtue, and thou mightst me move
To reverence the tomb, but not to love,
No more than dotingly to cast mine eye
Upon the urn where Lucrece' ashes lie.
But thou art fair and sweet, and every good
That ever yet durst mix with flesh and blood :
The devil ne'er saw in his fallen state
An object whereupon to ground his hate
So fit as thee : all living things but he
Love thee ; how happy then must that man be
Whom from amongst all creatures thou dost take !
Is there a hope beyond it ? Can he make
A wish to change thee for ? This is my bliss,
Let it run on now, I know what it is.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Mortality, behold, and fear,
What a change of flesh is here !
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones ;
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands ;
Where, from their pulpits seal'd with dust,
They preach, "In greatness is no trust !"
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royal'st seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin :
Here the bones of birth have cried,
"Though gods they were, as men they died :"
Here are sands, ignoble things
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT'S LETTER TO BEN JONSON,

Written before he and Master Fletcher came to London with two of the precedent Comedies, then not finished, which deferred their merry Meetings at the Mermaid.

The sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know they see, however absent) is
Here our best hay-maker, (forgive me this !
It is our country's style.) In this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
Oh, we have water mix'd with claret lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain ;
So mix'd, that given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the stone :
I think with one draught man's invention fades,
Two cups had quite spoil'd Homer's Iliades.
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,
Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet.
Fill'd with such moisture, in most grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wisdom write his singing psalms ;
And so must I do this : And yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink,
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights.
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
A medicine to obey our magistrates :
For we do live more free than you ; no hate,
No envy at one another's happy state,
Moves us ; we are all equal ; every whit
Of land that God gives men here is their wit,
If we consider fully ; for our best
And gravest man will with his main house-jest,
Scarce please you ; we want subtilty to do
The city-tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too :
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow ;
Who, like mills set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind :
Only some fellows, with the subtlest pate
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse, and that's the most.
Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you ; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best [seen
With the best gamesters : What things have we
Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life ; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past ; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly

Till that were cancell'd ; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty ; though but downright fools, mere wise.
When I remember this, and see that now
The country gentlemen begin to allow
My wit for dry-bobs, then I needs must cry,
I see my days of ballading grow nigh ;
I can already riddle, and can sing
Catches, sell bargains, and I fear shall bring
Myself to speak the hardest words I find,
Over as oft as any, with one wind,
That takes no medicines : But one thought of thee
Makes me remember all these things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that show
No part of good, yet utter all they know ;
Who, like trees of the garden, have growing souls.
Only strong Destiny, which all controuls,
I hope hath left a better fate in store
For me thy friend, than to live ever poor,
Banish'd unto this home ! Fate once again
Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain
The way of knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Protest it will my greatest comfort be
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.
Ben, when these scenes are perfect, we'll taste wine ;
I'll drink thy muse's health, thou shalt quaff mine.

AD COMITISSAM RUTLANDIÆ.

MADAM, so may my verses pleasing be,
So may you laugh at them and not at me,
'Tis something to you gladly I would say ;
But how to do't I cannot find the way.
I would avoid the common beaten ways
To women used, which are love or praise :
As for the first, the little wit I have
Is not yet grown so near unto the grave,
But that I can, by that dim fading light,
Perceive of what, or unto whom I write.
Let such as in a hopeless, witless rage,
Can sigh a quire, and read it to a page ;
Such as do backs of books and windows fill,
With their too furious diamond or quill ;
Such as were well resolved to end their days
With a loud laughter blown beyond the seas ;
Who are so mortified that they can live
Contemned of all the world, and yet forgive,
Write love to you : I would not willingly
Be pointed at in every company ;
As was that little tailor, who till death
Was hot in love with Queen Elizabeth :
And, for the last, in all my idle days
I never yet did living woman praise
In prose or verse : and when I do begin
I'll pick some woman out as full of sin
As you are full of virtue ; with a soul
As black as you are white ; a face as foul
As you are beautiful : for it shall be
Out of the rules of physiognomy
So far, that I do fear I must displace
The art a little, to let in her face.
It shall at least four faces be below
The devil's ; and her parched corpse shall show
In her loose skin as if some sprite she were
Kept in a bag by some great conjurer.
Her breath shall be as horrible and wild
As every word you speak is sweet and mild ;
It shall be such a one as will not be
Covered with any art or policy :
But let her take all powders, fumes, and drink,
She shall make nothing but a dearer stink ;
She shall have such a foot and such a nose,
She shall not stand in anything but prose ;
If I bestow my praises upon such,
'Tis charity, and I shall merit much.
My praise will come to her like a full bowl,
Bestowed at most need on a thirsty soul ;
Where, if I sing your praises in my rhyme,
I lose my ink, my paper, and my time ;
And nothing add to your o'erflowing store,
And tell you nought, but what you knew before.
Nor do the virtuous-minded (which I swear,
Madam, I think you are) endure to hear
Their own perfections into questions brought,
But stop their ears at them ; for if I thought
You took a pride to have your virtues known,
Pardon me, madam, I should think them none.
To what a length is this strange letter grown,
In seeking of a subject, yet finds none !
But your brave thoughts, which I so much respect
Above your glorious titles, shall accept
These harsh disordered lines. I shall ere long
Dress up your virtues new, in a new song ;
Yet far from all base praise and flattery,
Although I know whate'er my verses be,
They will like the most servile flattery shew,
If I write truth, and make the subject you.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS LADY ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

I MAY forget to drink, to eat, to sleep,
Remembering thee : but when I do, to weep
In well-weighed lines, that men shall at thy hearse
Envy the sorrow which brought forth my verse ;
May my dull understanding have the might
Only to know her last was yesternight !
Rutland, the fair, is dead ! and if to hear
The name of Sidney will more force a tear,
'Tis she that is so dead ! and yet there be
Some more alive profess not poetry ;
The statesmen and the lawyers of our time
Have business still, yet do it not in rhyme.
Can she be dead, and can there be of those
That are so dull to say their prayers in prose ?
It is three days since she did feel Death's hand ;
And yet this isle not feel the poet's land ?
Hath this no new ones made ? and are the old
At such a needful time as this grown cold ?
They all say they would fain ; but yet they plead
They cannot write, because their muse is dead.
Hear me then speak, which will take no excuse ;
Sorrow can make a verse without a muse.
Why didst thou die so soon ? O, pardon me,
I know it was the longest life to thee,
That e'er with modesty was called a span,
Since the Almighty left to strive with man ;
Mankind is sent to sorrow ; and thou hast
More of the business which thou cam'st for past,
Than all those aged women, which, yet quick,
Have quite outlived their own arithmetic.
As soon as thou couldst apprehend a grief,
There were enough to meet thee ; and the chief
Blessing of women, marriage, was to thee
Nought but a sacrament of misery ;
For whom thou hadst, if we may trust to fame,
Could nothing change about thee but thy name :

A name which who (that were again to do't)
Would change without a thousand joys to boot!
In all things else thou rather led'st a life
Like a betrothed virgin than a wife.
But yet I would have called thy fortune kind,
If it had only tried the settled mind
With present crosses: not the loathed thought
Of worse to come, or past, then might have wrought
Thy best remembrance to have cast an eye
Back with delight upon thine infancy.
But thou hadst, ere thou knew'st the use of tears,
Sorrow laid up against thou cam'st to years;
Ere thou wert able who thou wert to tell,
By a sad war thy noble father fell,
In a dull clime, which did not understand
What 'twas to venture him to save a land.
He left two children, who for virtue, wit,
Beauty, were loved of all; thee and his wit:
Two was too few; yet death hath from us took
Thee, a more faultless issue than his book,
Which now the only living thing we have
From him, we'll see, shall never find a grave
As thou hast done. Alas! 'would it might be
That books their sexes had, as well as we,
That we might see this married to the worth,
And many poems like itself bring forth!
But this vain wish divinity controuls;
For neither to the angels, nor to souls,
Nor anything he meant should ever live,
Did the wise God of nature sexes give.
Then with his everlasting work alone
We must content ourselves, since she is gone;
Gone, like the day thou diedst upon; and we
May call that back again as soon as thee.
Who should have looked to this! Where were you all,
That do yourselves the help of nature call,
Physicians! I acknowledge you were there
To sell such words as one in health would hear:
So died she. Curst be he who shall defend
Your art of hastening nature to its end!
In this you shewed that physic can but be
At best an art to cure your poverty.
Ye're many of you impostors, and do give
To sick men potions that yourselves may live.
He that hath surfeited, and cannot eat,
Must have a medicine to procure you meat;
And that's the deepest ground of all your skill,
Unless it be some knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madness make my verses flow
Cross to my understanding; for I know
You can do wonders: Every day I meet
The looser sort of people in the street
From desperate diseases freed; and why
Restore you them, and suffer her to die!
Why should the state allow you colleges,
Pensions for lectures, and anatomies,
If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,
Can only cure the bad, and not the good,
Which only they can do! and I will show
The hidden reason, why you did not know
The way to cure her: You believed her blood
Ran on such courses as you understood;
By lectures you believed her arteries
Grew as they do in your anatomies:
Forgetting that the state allows you none
But only whores and thieves to practise on:
And every passage 'bout them I am sure
You understood, and only them can cure;
Which is the cause that both ——
Are noted for enjoying so long lives.
But noble blood treads in too strange a path
For your ill-got experience, and hath
Another way of cure. If you had seen
Penelope dissected, or the Queen
Of Sheba; then you might have found a way
To have preserved her from that fatal day.
As 'tis, you have but made her sooner blest,
By sending her to Heaven, where let her rest.
I will not hurt the peace which she would have,
By longer looking in her quiet grave.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND M. BEN JONSON, UPON HIS FOX. 1605.

If it might stand with *justice* to allow
The swift conversion of all follies; now,
Such is my *mercy*, that I could admit
All sorts should equally approve the wit
Of this thy even work, whose growing fame
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name.
And did not manners and my love command
Me to forbear to make those understand,
Whom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doom
Long since firmly resolved, shall never come
To know more than they do; I would have shewn
To all the world, the art, which thou alone
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
And other rites, delivered, with the grace
Of comic style, which, only, is far more
Than any English stage hath known before.
But, since our subtle gallants think it good
To like of nought, that may be understood,
Lest they should be disproved; or have, at best,
Stomachs so raw, that nothing can digest
But what's obscene, or barks: let us desire
They may continue, simply, to admire
Fine clothes, and strange words; and may live, in age,
To see themselves ill brought upon the stage,
And like it: whilst thy bold and knowing muse
Contemns all praise, but such as thou wouldst choose.

UPON THE SILENT WOMAN. 1609.

Hear, you bad writers, and though you not see,
I will inform you where you happy be:
Provide the most malicious thoughts you can,
And bend them all against some private man,
To bring him, not his vices, on the stage;
Your envy shall be clad in some poor rage,
And your expressing of him shall be such,
That he himself shall think he hath no touch.
Where he that strongly writes, although he meant
To scourge but vices in a laboured scene,
Yet private faults shall be so well express'd
As men do get 'em, that each private breast,
That finds these errors in itself, shall say,
"He meant me, not my vices, in the play."

TO MY FRIEND M. BEN JONSON, UPON HIS CATILINE. 1611.

If thou hadst itch'd after the wild applause
Of common people, and hadst made thy laws
In writing such as catch'd at present voice,
I should commend the thing, but not thy choice.

But thou hast squared thy rules by what is good,
And art three ages yet from understood:
And (I dare say) in it there lies much wit
Lost, till the reader can grow up to it;
Which they can ne'er outgrow, to find it ill,
But must fall back again, or like it still.

TO MY FRIEND MR. JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

I KNOW too well, that, no more than the man,
That travels through the burning desarts, can,
When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half-smother'd with the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which himself doth find,
Ere he be slaked; no more can he, whose mind
Joys in the Muses hold from that delight,
When Nature and his full thoughts bid him write.
Yet wish I those, whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present his vein,
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause?
Among the rout, there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicit faith;
One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black;
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute;
Some like, as he does in the fairest suit;
He, as his mistress doth; and she, by chance;
Nor want there those, who, as the boy doth dance
Between the acts, will censure the whole play;
Some like if the wax-lights be new that day;
But multitudes there are, whose judgment goes
Headlong according to the actors' clothes.
For this, these public things and I agree
So ill, that, but to do a right to thee,
I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd
These few ill-spoken lines into the world;
Both to be read and censured of by those
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose;
Such as must spend above an hour to spell
A challenge on a post, to know it well.
But since it was thy hap to throw away
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,
Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and art adorn'd.
Besides, one 'vantage more in this I see,
Your censurers must have the quality
Of reading, which I am afraid is more
Than half your shrewdest judges had before.

POEMS

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE TRUE MASTER IN HIS ART, B. JONSON, ON HIS VOLPONE.

Forgive thy friends; they would, but cannot praise
Enough the wit, art, language of thy plays.
Forgive thy foes; they will not praise thee: why?
Thy fate hath thought it best, they should envy.
Faith, for thy *Fox's* sake, forgive, then, those
Who are nor worthy to be friends nor foes;
Or, for their own brave sake, let them be still
Fools at thy mercy, and like what they will.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER BEN JONSON, ON HIS CATILINE.

He that dares wrong this play, it should appear
Dares utter more than other men dare hear,
That have their wits about 'em: yet such men,
Dear friend, must see your book, and read, and then,
Out of their learnèd ignorance, cry "ill,"
And lay you by, calling *Mad Pasquil*,
Or Greene's dear *Groats-worth*, or Tom Coryate,
The new lexicon, with errant pate;
And pick a way, from all these several ends,
And dirty ones, to make their as-wise friends
Believe they are translators. Of this, pity,
There is a great plague hanging o'er the city,
Unless she purge her judgment presently.
But, oh, thou happy man, that must not die
As these things shall, leaving no more behind
But a thin memory, like a passing wind
That blows and is forgotten, ere they are cold!
Thy labours shall out-live thee; and, like gold
Stampt for continuance, shall be current where
There is a sun, a people, or a year.

SONNET.

Come, sorrow, come! bring all thy cries,
All thy laments, and all thy weeping eyes!
Burn out, you living monuments of woe!
Sad sullen griefs, now rise and overflow!
Virtue is dead;
Oh, cruel fate!
All youth is fled;
All our laments too late.

Oh, noble youth, to thy ne'er dying name,
Oh, happy youth, to thy still growing fame,
To thy long peace on earth, this sacred knell
Our last loves ring—farewell, farewell, farewell!
Go happy soul, to thy eternal birth!
And press his body lightly, gentle earth!

GLOSSARY.

A

ABRAM-MAN, a cant term for a sturdy beggar who counterfeited madness

Adamants, loadstones

Addressed, ready, prepared

Affect, to, to love

Affects, passions, affections

Affront, meet front to front

Aglets, spangles, ("Two Noble Kinsmen," Act iii, Scene 4.)

Aim, to cry aim. ("The False One," Act v, Scene 4.) "*Aim!* (for so it should be printed, and not *cry aim*) was always addressed to the person about to shoot (at the game of archery); it was an hortatory exclamation of the by-standers, or as Massinger has it, the *idle lookers on*, intended for his encouragement."—GIFFORD

Alchoroden, or *Alchochoden*, i. e. the planet which rules in the principal parts of an astrological figure, at the nativity of any person, and which regulates the number of years he has to live

Alferez, ensign. (Spanish)

Alguazier, alguazil, a bailiff or officer

Aligant, Alicant

Allow, approve

Almucanturies, circles of altitude parallel to the horizon, the common pole of which is the zenith—BAILEY

Almuten, in astrology, is the lord of a figure, the most powerful star at a nativity

Ambs-ace, the lowest throw of the dice

Ambered, seasoned with ambergris, a favourite condiment in former times

Anatomy, a skeleton

Angels, evil angels, bad money. An angel was a coin worth about ten shillings

Anti-masque, something opposed to the principal masque, and admitting the wildest extravagancies

Arbour, when their arbour's made. ("The Beggars' Bush," Act v, Scene 2,) a hunting phrase, signifying "when they are cut up"

Argory, a large vessel

Argot, ("The Coxcomb," Act iii, Scene 2,) a corruption of argent, silver

Arrose, water, sprinkle. (French)

Asinego, a young ass, a fool

Asper, a Turkish coin, worth about three farthings

Assay, a term in hunting, signifying to run the knife along the breast of the deer, to ascertain the depth of the fat

Assoil, this word is used in the sense of soil, stain, or attaint, in "The Queen of Corinth," Act iii, Scene 1

Atomies, atoms

Atonement, reconciliation

Auberge, inn. (French)

B

Back, or *belly cheats*, stolen apparel

Backrack, Bacharach, a German wine

Bair, a bouncing bair, ("The Wild Goose Chase," Act iii, Scene 1,) a bairn, a child

Baldrick, a belt

Band, bond

Banquet; was similar to our *dessert*, and was composed of sweetmeats, fruits, &c.

Baratto, an Indian boat

Basta, enough (Spanish)

Bastard, a kind of sweet wine

Batten, fatten

Bavian, baboon (Dutch)

Beadsman, one who offers up prayers to heaven for the welfare of another

Bearing cloth, the fine mantle or cloth, with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized

Bear-ward, a bear-keeper

Belly-cheat, an apron

Be-lee, ("The Mad Lover," Act v, Scene 4,) a contraction for *believe*

Bene-bowse, good drink

Better cheap, at a less price. *Cheap* means market; and the expressions *good cheap*, and *better cheap*, for cheap and cheaper, are common in our old writers

Bever, a refreshment between meals

Biggen, a kind of close cap

Bilboes, a bar of iron, with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous and disorderly sailors were anciently linked together—STREVENS

Billet-dealers, vendors of wood for fuel

Billet, single billet, ("The Captain," Act ii, Scene 1,) seems to be a forced expression for *single stick*

Birding-pills, to go a-birding, is frequently used for going a-wenching; hence perhaps birding pills are pills to cure the consequences of wenching

Bisognios, needy fellows, beggars; from the Italian *bisogno*, signifying want

Blacks, mourning

Black-guard, ("Woman Hater," Act i, Scene 3,) the lowest menials of the court, the scullions, &c.

Black Jacks, tankards made of leather

Blench, flinch, start, fly off

Block, a Spanish block, a Spanish hat

Blue-bottle, a footman, in allusion to his blue coat, the usual costume of ancient footmen

Blurted, scorned

Bodkin, frequently used for the small dagger worn at the time

Bombast, the lining of a doublet, generally of cotton

Bona-roba, a lady of pleasure

Bored, baffled and bored. ("Spanish Curate," Act iv, Scene 5.) To bore a man's nose is at this day a common expression, and means to make a fool of him—MASON

Bord, rim, or circumference. (French)

Bolt, an arrow

Bout-hammer, a blacksmith's hammer, from *bout*, which formerly signified a blow

Boot, booty

Boudge, ("The Humorous Lieutenant," Act ii, Scene 4,) *Boudge at this*, perhaps, start, be moved at—GIFFORD. (JONSON, iv, 222,) would read *Boude*, i. e. pout

Bourgeons, buds

Bouze, drink

Bouzing-ken, a cant term for an ale-house

Bow hand, the left hand. The hand in which the bow was held

Bots, a distemper incident to horses

Brache, a scenting dog: used also by corruption for a bitch. "A *brach* is a mannerly name for all hound bitches."—*Gent. Recr.* p. 27.

Brack, breach, flaw

Brand-wine, brandy.

Braggat, a liquor made of honey and ale

Brave, fine, handsome

Brewis, broth

Breeze, the gad-fly

Bridling-cast, has been conjectured to mean a draught while the horse is bridling

Brooch, originally a clasp or buckle but generally used for any jewel or gold ornament

Brood, to, to guard with vigilance, as birds with a brood of unfledged young ones
Brogs, properly brogues, shoes of untanned leather; but in "The Fair Maid of the Inn," Act iv, Scene 2, the word appears to be used for a kind of breeches, not shoes
Broken, bankrupt
Bruzle, to crack
Brute. Then bear up bravely with your Brute, my lads. ("Beggars' Bush," Act v, Scene 2.) Alluding to Brute, or Brutus, a Trojan, and descendant of Æneas, said to have landed, settled, and reigned in England
Buff-jerkin men, sheriffs' officers; so called from their dress
Bugs' words, haughty, menacing words; from bugs, terrors, or hobgoblins
Bullions, seems to have meant some article of finery, (trunk-hose, &c.) so called from the large globular gilt buttons on it. See the "Beggars' Bush," Act iv, Scene 5, and "The Chances," Act v, Scene 3
Burmoothes, the Bermudas
But you, excepting you, without you
Butter-print, a child
Butts, the mark at which arrows were shot
Buzzard, or bald kite, one of the worst species of hawks
By'r lakin, by our *ladykin*, a diminutive of *lady*
Bye and main, phrases in cockfighting

C

Cacafugoes, from the Spanish *cacafuego!* similar to our phrase spitfire
Cackling-cheats, a cant term for cocks or capons
Cataya, the ancient name for China
Call, calling
Calkings, hinder parts of a horse-shoe
Caltraps, instruments composed of three spikes of iron, and so disposed as to wound the feet of horses in whatever way they lie
Canaries, a quick, lively dance
Cantle, a small piece
Capper, one who makes or sells caps
Carbine, a horse soldier
Carcanet, a necklace
Card, the card that guides us, ("The Chances," Act iv, Scene 3,) the mariner's compass
Carle, a churl, a clown
Caroch'd, coached; *caroch*, a coach
Carrack, a large ship of burthen
Carvel, a small ship
Casting bottle, a bottle for casting or sprinkling perfumes
Cater, caterer
Cautelous, cautious
Canvas, to sift, to examine
Cease, to cease is frequently used as a verb active, for to destroy, to stop, to end
Cestron, cistern
Civil, solemn, grave, sober
Chare, task-work; *all's chared when he is gone*, ("Two Noble Kinsmen," Act iii, Scene 3,) all is done
Charneco, wine made at the village of Charneco, near Lisbon
Chary, careful
Chawdrons, entrails
Charger, a great dish
Check: to check, is when the hawk forsakes her game and quarry, to fly at other birds
Cherally, a liquor; of what kind is uncertain
Cheure, cheur'd, corrupt forms of *chare, char'd*: see above
Chevrel, soft, pliable kid leather
Cheyney, china
Chibbals, a sort of onions
Chined, broken-backed
Chink, chinche, a bug
Chive, foul chive him, ("Knight of the Burning Pestle," Act i, Scene 3,) evil befal him; may it succeed evilly with him!
Cinque-pace. "The name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five."—SIR JOHN HAWKINS.
Cittern-head, wooden head, in allusion to the heads carved on the handles of citterns or lutes
Cithern, a kind of guitar
Clapper, a clapper or clap dish, is a wooden cup, with a moveable cover to it. Originally it was appropriated for lepers, who clapped down the cover, to give notice of their approach, and that alms might be given without touching the object. It afterwards became common among beggars
Clapperdogeon, a cant term. "A clapperdogeon is, in English, a beggar born."—DEKKAR'S *Villanies Discovered*
Cleped, called
Clinquant, glittering, shining
Closely, privately
Clote, the great bur
Clouted, aimed at; the clout was the white mark in the centre of the butts
Clowes, a cant term for thieves
Cloy'd, that his artillery is cloy'd by me. ("The False One," Act v, Scene 4.) That is, nailed or spiked up; derived from the French verb, *clouer*—MASON
Coast—Take your horse and coast 'em. ("Loyal Subject," Act v, Scene 6,) to keep close to, pursue; also, to approach ("Maid in the Mill," Act i, Scene 1)
Cock-shoot, twilight
Cocoloch, a poor diseased wretch.
Codes, a vulgar oath
Cog, flatter, wheedle
Cogging, lying, cheating
Coil, stir, bustle
Cold-pies, swords
Colestaves, strong poles on which a burthen is carried between two
Colt, to, to fool, trick, or deceive
Collections, inferences
Collet, the setting of a jewel
Collogue, to wheedle, to flatter
Companion, a scurvy fellow
Concealments; She keeps an office of concealments, ("Humorous Lieutenant," Act ii, Scene 2) an allusion to the practice in the time of Queen Elizabeth, of begging lands which had formerly been appropriated to superstitious uses. The holders of these lands did their best to *conceal* the charges upon them, which occasioned several commissions of discovery, which were much abused
Conceit, a pleasant thought, a clinch of wit, a fanciful conception
Confirmed, convinced
Consort, a band of musicians, a concert
Conveyance, trick, artifice, juggling
Cooling-card: this phrase originated probably from card-playing, when the exultation of one of the parties is cooled by his being over-trumped
Cordevan, Spanish leather
Costermonger, a dealer in apples
Counsel, a secret
Courser; A courser of broken-winded women, ("The Captain," Act v, Scene 1,) a dealer, as *horse-courser*, a dealer in horses
Courtship: is often used for courtly breeding; the behaviour of a courtier
Cox, a foolish fellow; probably a contraction of coxcomb
Coxcomb, skull: the term is derived from the cap of the licensed fool having been frequently made to terminate in a cock's head and comb
Crab: Crab your shoulders, ("Monsieur Thomas," Act iv, Scene 6) beat with a crab-stick
Cracknel, a hard brittle cake
Cranes, or *creyance*, strings secured to the hawk's jesses when it was let fly before it was thoroughly reclaimed, to prevent its flying too far, or escaping
Crank, spiritful, brisk
Cranks, a cant term. "Counterfeit *cranks* are such as pretend to have the falling sickness, and by putting a piece of white soap into the corner of their mouths, will make the froth to come boiling forth to cause pity in the beholders: they stare wildly with their eyes, to appear as if distracted; and go half naked, to move the greater compassion"—ENGLISH ROGUE, ii, 122
Crare, a small vessel
Crewel, worsted
Crocheteur, a porter (French)
Cross, a piece of money; many coins being stamped on one side with a cross
Crudled, curdled
Cry; When all men cry him, ("Humorous Lieutenant," Act i, Scene 1,) cry him up, speak loudly in his praise
Cuck-stools, the punishment of scolds; a chair or stool fixed at one end of a lever, by means of which the scold was ducked in the water
Cues, small portions
Cullis, a broth of meat strained "fit for a sicke or weake bodie"—CORGRAVE
Curious, precise, punctilious, cautious to excess
Curst, malicious, froward, shrewish
Curstened, christened
Cut, a familiar term for a common horse
Cut and long tail, dogs of all kinds; any sort of persons
Curpes, the entrances of any "houses" in astrology
Cutter, a swaggering fellow
Cutworks, linen ornamented with open work, cut or stamped out

D

Dare, scare, frighten
Dag, a pistol
Darnex carpet, a carpet of Tournay

from Doorniek, the Flemish name of that town

Day-beds, couches

Deboshed, debauched

Degamboys, viol de gamba

Dells, ("The Beggars' Bush," Act ii, Scene 1) "Young ripe wenches, who have not lost their virginity, which the upright man (*i. e.* the vilest, stoutest rogue in the pack) has a right to the enjoyment of; after which they are used in common by the whole fraternity"—*Collection of canting words at the end of* BAILEY'S *Dictionary*

Depart: is sometimes used in the sense of part

Dependancies, an old term for the subjects of quarrels

Develing, Dublin

Devest, undress

Device: The king's device! The sin's as universal as the sun is, &c. ("The Humorous Lieutenant," Act iv, Scene 1.) Device means the king's ensign armorial, a common acceptation of the word. The device of Antigonus was a *sun*, as appears from a speech of Celia's, in Scene 2 of this Act, when she says to Antigonus:

"Be as your emblem is, a glorious lamp
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly."

To this she alludes in the present passage—MASON

Devotions: Priests and all devotions, ("The Double Marriage," Act iv. Scene 4.) Devotions here means the same as *devoted*, or holy things—SYMPSON

Diet, sauce

Disable, disparage, hold cheap

Discoloured taffeta, ("A Masque,") *i. e.* variegated with a variety of colours

Diffusedly, disorderly or negligently

Discourse: ("The Little French Lawyer," Act i, Scene 1,) frequently signified reason; or, as Mr. Gifford explains it, "a more rapid deduction of consequences from premises, than was supposed to be effected by reason." *Tell us the discourse betwixt Tigranes and our king, and how we got the victory*, ("A King and No King," Act ii, Scene 1.) This was one of the numerous words derived from the Latin, which were used with a great latitude of meaning by our ancestors. Here it signifies, as Mr. Mason observes, transaction, not conversation—WEBER

Disposed, merry

Dissolve, to solve

Doers: "Thy story I'll have written, and in gold too; in prose and verse, and by the ablest doers;" makers of verses. The word is a literal translation of the Greek ποιητὴς, which means not only simply a *maker* or *doer*, but a *maker of verses*—WEBER

Dog-bolt, a term of reproach

Dog-leach, dog-doctor

Dole, grief, sorrow

Dommerers, a cant term; beggars who counterfeit dumbness

Donsel (a Spanish word), a youth of gentle blood

Dor, means the chaffer; *to give the dor*, to mock, play on, outwit

Dorsers or Dossers, panniers

Dottrel, a silly kind of bird, which imitates the actions of the fowler till at last he is taken

Dowsets, the genitals of a deer, (used in "The Coxcomb," Act ii, Scene 3, in reference to the tight pantaloons of the Irishman)

Doxies, ("The Beggar's Bush," Act ii. Scene 1.) "Such as have been deflowered by the upright men, and are after common to any of the brotherhood"—ENGLISH ROGUE, i. 124

Dragon's water: this word occurs in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," the well-known gum

Dread, to, to frighten

Drolleries, puppet-shows

Dry-fat, the old way of spelling dry *vat*

Droyls, drudges

Du cat a whee, Du gata whee; corruptions of the Welsh *Duw cadw chwi*, God bless or preserve you

Dudgeon-dagger, a wooden-handled dagger; particularly applied to daggers with handles of box-wood

Duds, clothes

Dump, a mournful ditty

Dunkirk, or the Dunkirk, ("The Elder Brother," Act iv, Scene 2,) an allusion to the piratical vessels belonging to Dunkirk

Dun's in the mire, an obsolete game. Dun is a vulgar name for a horse

Dure, endure

Durindan, the sword of Orlando

Dust-point, a game

E

Ela, the highest note in the scale of music

Emulate, is used in "The Faithful Friends," Act i, Scenes 1 and 3, in the sense of envy

Endless: All love's endless, ("Love's Pilgrimage," Act ii, Scene 3) that is fruitless

Endue, or endew, in falconry is when a hawk digesteth her meat, that she not only dischargeth her gorge thereof, but likewise cleanseth her pannel—BLOOME

Entertain, is used in the "Faithful Friends," Act iii, Scene 2, in the sense of entertainment

Entreat, treat, use

Envy, often used for malice or hatred

Equal, just

Erra pater, a name given to some old astrologer

Ettins, giants

Exhibition, allowance

Eye: An eye of tame pheasants, ("Beggar's Bush," Act ii. Scene 1) a brood of pheasants

Eyess, or eyas, a young unfledged hawk

F

Facers, shameless people

Facing, effrontery

Fading: the name of a dance, also the burden of a ballad

Fadge, suit with, agree

Falsity, a, a term in fencing; what is now called a feint

Fambles, a cant term for hands

Farces, stuffs

Far-fet, far-fetched

Fast and loose, the cheating game known at the present day as "pricking at the belt or girdle"

Favours, sometimes used to mean countenances

Fear, to, to frighten or make afraid

Fearful, frightful or furious

Feat, fine, neat—MINSHEW

Fending: Such fending and such proving! ("Humorous Lieutenant," Act v, Scene 5,) defending

Ferkt, cheated, fobbed

Feskue, a small wire, by which those who teach to read, point at the letters

Fewterer, a dog-keeper

Figent, busy, stirring, fidgety

Figuary, vagary

Firk: a word of various meanings; beat, steal, tease, irritate, gambol

Firecock, ("Wit Without Money," Act ii, Scene 2,) firecock, the cock of the firelock, is a modern reading for *fircug*

Fire-drake, a fiery dragon

Fitchock, a polecat

Fitters, pieces, fragments

Flaws, storms or gusts

Fleshed, hardened

Fleeten face: to fleet is to skim milk; a fleeten face means what we now call a whey-face—MASON

Flight, ("Bonduca," Act i, Scene 1,) an arrow

Florentines, a kind of pie

Frater, a cant term. "A *frater* is one that, with a counterfeit patent, goeth about with a wallet at his back and a black box at his girdle, to beg for some hospital or spittle-house"—ENGLISH ROGUE, ii. 121

Foin, a thrust in fencing

Foist, a light galley that has about 16 or 18 oars on a side, and two rowers to an oar—COTGRAVE

Foisted, cheated

Fond, foolish

Foot cloth, caparisons for horses

Fox, a cant term for a sword

Fore-flap, bands such as those worn by clergymen and lawyers

Force, enforce, dwell upon

Forks, the gallows

Formal heat, a metaphysical and logical term for the soul

Founded, living upon a charitable foundation

Foyson, abundance

Frampel, fretful, peevish, cross, froward

Frayed, affrayed, frightened

Fried; fried me, made me drunk

Frippery, an old clothes shop

Fumbumbis: A cove comes and fumbumbis to it, ("The Beggar's Bush," Act ii, Scene 1.) Fumbumbis is explained by Theobald, probably without any authority but the context, "to your guard and postures." But I think, with the last editors, that it was rather a fancied watch-word than a cant term—WEBER

Fucus, a paint or cosmetic in use among the ladies of the day

Fumers, perfumers

Furies: ("The Elder Brother," Act ii

Scene 2) pilferers persons with rapacious talons
Fytchock, fitchew, polecat

G

Gage, a cant term for quart pot
Galliard, a lively air in triple time; also, a popular dance of a very sprightly description—SIR JOHN HAWKINS
Galingale, a root brought from the East Indies, where it is used medicinally, and also as an ingredient in savoury dishes—MASON
Gallifoist, the old name for the Lord Mayor's barge
Gallimaufry, medley
Gally-gaskins, slops, wide breeches
Gambriled, with the legs tied together
Gardage: ("Thierry and Theodoret," Act v, Scene 1.) I have never met with this word, but suppose it to allude to the guards or laces of ancient breeches—WEBER
Gaskins, wide hose, breeches
Gastered, frightened
Gime, ("Faithful Friends," Act ii, Scene 2.) *Gime* must be either the name of the horse, or, what is more likely, an absurd corruption of jennet—WEBER
Gin, a trap, but frequently used as a contraction for *engine*, and in that sense applied to swords and other warlike weapons or machines
Girdle-stead, the place where th girdle is worn
Glade: a glade to catch woodcocks, ("The Wild Goose Chase," Act v, Scene 4,) in allusion to the mode practised in snaring woodcocks in glades, open spaces in woods
Glaves, weapons shaped like halberts
Glorious, ostentatious, gorgeously attired, vain, proud
Gloriously, proudly
God-den, an abbreviation of good evening
Gog's-bores, a corruption of the ancient oath God's bones
Golls, a cant term for hands
Gom, a man
Gords, false dice
Grand-guard, a part of the armour worn by knights on horseback
Grass: this word is used in "Love's Pilgrimage," Act iii, Scene 3, for fat; *gras*, Fr. gross
Grave Maurice: ("Love's Cure," Act i. Scene 2) Graaf Maurice; Count Maurice. (German)
Greet, greeting
Grindle-tails: trindle, or trundle-tails, a common name for puppies
Groutnold, a thick head
Grunting-cheats, a cant term for pigs
Guards, lace, trimming, embroidery
Guarded, fringed, embroidered
Gules, the heraldic term for red
Gummed: She was never gummed yet, boy, nor fretted, ("Woman Hater," Act iv, Scene 2,) both these terms were usually applied to velvet. The gum was used to stiffen velvet, which was then very liable to chafe or fret
Gusts, relishes
Gymmal, a sort of double ring

H

Halter-sack, a term equivalent to gallows-bird
Hand-wolf, a tamed wolf
Hang-bies, hangers on
Hangers, ornamented loops attached to the girdle, in which the dagger or small sword usually hung
Haggard, an unreclaimed hawk
Harmanbeck, cant word, the constable
Harness, armour
Harry-groat, a groat coined in the reign of Henry VIII.
Harrying, pillaging, plundering
Hatched, among cutlers, means when the hilts of a sword are gilt.—THEOBALD
Hatchments, the ornament of the hilt of a sword, the inlaying, &c.
Head-bound, turbaned
Hell—the last couple in hell: ("The Scornful Lady," Act v, Scene 4,) an allusion to the game of barley-break
High-racked, screwed up too high. An allusion to the rack or screw of a cross-bow
Hilding, a low pitiful person; a common term of contempt
Hippocras, a drink composed of wine (generally red wine) with sugar and spices
Historical shirt: ("Custom of the Country," Act ii, Scene 3.) A shirt adorned with worked or woven figures
Hobs, hobgoblins
Hobby-headed, shag-headed, from hobby, a horse or pony
Holt, a wood
Hollock, the name of a wine
Housel: May zealous smith so housel all our hacknies, ("Wit without Money," Act iii, Scene 1.) To *housel* is to administer the sacrament; the allusion is a very profane one,—to giving the viaticum for the final journey
Honesty, credit; also continence
Huffing, proud, strutting
Hull, to, a vessel is said to *hull*, when she floats, or rides idle to and fro upon the water—THEOBALD
Hum, a kind of strong liquor
Hushiers, ushers
Hyleg: this term, Lilly, the astrologer, explains—prorogator of life

I

I'fex, in faith
Ill bearing, ill behaviour
Imbost, foaming
Imbosture, raised work
Important, used in the sense of importunate
Imp, to, a term of falconry. When the wing or tail feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called *to imp a hawk*
Inclosed, is used for *foreclosed*, in reference to mortgages of land, and *inclosure* for *foreclosure*
Indued, endowed
Inevitable, irresistible
Ingrum, perhaps a corruption of ignorant
Innocent, an, an idiot, a natural fool
Inquire, find out
Intend, regard, pay attention to
Invect, inveigh
Inward, familiar, intimate
Irish, the game of, a kind of backgammon
Isgrim, the name of the wolf in the romance of Reynard the Fox

J

Jacks, fellows
Jack of beer, a leathern tankard
Jack-a-lent, puppets made to throw at in Lent
Jackman, a cant term. "A jackman is one that can read and write; even some of them have a smattering in the Latine tongue: which learning of theirs advances them in office amongst the beggars, as to be clerk of their hall, or the like. His employment is to make *gybes* with *jacks* to them, which are counterfeit licenses with seals"—ENGLISH ROGUE, ii. 121.
Jack-merlin, a small kind of hawk
Jacob's staff, a kind of astrolabe
Jave: Ye jave judgments. ("Two Noble Kinsmen," Act iii, Scene 5.) A word of uncertain meaning
Jennets: Do you conceive as our jennets do, with a west wind? ("Rule a Wife and have a Wife," Act iv, Scene 3.) Jennets are a celebrated breed of Spanish horses, a cross of the Arabian; and that they were engendered by the wind is a favourite fiction in romance
Jerker, a whipper, a lasher
Jovy, jovial, merry
Jump, just, exact
Justice: What justice have you now unto this lady? ("Island Princess," Act ii, Scene 7,) right, claim, pretence

K

Keeps, dwells, resides
Kell, the same as the caul or omentum of a beast
Kembed, combed
Ken, cant term for a house
Kimnel, a salting tub
Kind, nature
King's-takers, officers of the household, who, when the king was on his progress, were employed to take up carriages and other necessaries for his use.—MASON
Kirsome, Christian
Kites, sharpers; *piping kites*, in allusion to the noise made by one species of kite when flying
Kix, a dry stalk, generally of hemlock

L

Lag: "Milling a lag of duds," robbing a buck (basket or parcel) of clothes. —DEKKAR'S *Villanies Discovered*, sign. M, 3.
Lambed, soundly beaten
Lamming, beating
Lanceprisado, the lowest officer of foot
Lare, ("Wild-goose Chase," Act iii, Scene 1,) fatten
Laughing-stake, laughing-stock
Lavolta, a lively bounding dance
Lavoltetere, a dancer of lavoltas
Laye, taye ground, unploughed, uncultivated ground
Leach, a physician

Leger, a *leiger*, ambassador resident at a foreign court
L'Envoy, a kind of epilogue frequently added to ancient poems: also, a conclusion, generally
Leese, loose
Let, to obstruct, hinder, prevent
Lets, hindrances
Letters of mart, letters of marque or reprisal
Lettice-cap, probably a common medicinal cooling application in those times—WEBER. From the opium contained in lettuces, it may have been efficacious in producing sleep. See ("Monsieur Thomas," Act ii, Scene 3)
Levet, a blast on the trumpet; probably that by which the soldiers are called in the morning—JOHNSON
Lewd, bad, vile
Lieger, lay here, lieger. ("Love's Cure," Act ii, Scene 2,) resident. See "Leger."
Liked, pleased
Limn'd, painted
Lin, cease, stop, or leave off
Lingell, a thread of hemp rubbed with rosin, &c.
Livery, an allowance of victual, meat, &c.
Lockram, a kind of linen
Looking-glass, a by-word for a chamber-pot; see ("Beggars' Bush," Act ii, Scene 3); where Vandunke being drunk calls for a looking-glass
Lope, to leap
Lour, a cant term for money
Low-bell, a hand-bell used in fowling
Lucern. This animal is nearly the size of a wolf. It is covered with an exceeding rich fur, the colour between red and brown, and something mailed like a cat, intermixed with black spots.—*Edit.* 1778
Lungies, a long, awkward fellow
Lure, in falconry, an artificial bird, with which the young hawk is trained

M

Madrill, Madrid
Mahound, Mahomet
Mail, to fasten down the wings of a hawk with a girdle
Malligo, Malaga
Manchet, a small loaf of fine white bread
Man, used for husband. See ("Beggars' Bush," Act ii, Scene 3)
Mankind, masculine, impudent
Manner, taken i' th' manner. ("Rule a Wife, and have a Wife," Act v, Scene 4,) *i. e.* in the *mainour*, with the stolen goods in possession, a law term
Mann'd, to man was to attend upon, and protect a lady
Marchpane, a very favourite kind of confectionary, and very fashionable at banquets. It was composed of filberts, almonds, pistacioes, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour, and frequently formed to represent cities, towns, and other fopperies of the kind—WEBER
Margery-praters, a cant term for hens
Martern, a large species of weasel
Maumet, idol, puppet
Maund, to beg
Maunder, to beg; also to grumble, murmur
Maunders, beggars
Mate, to oppose; also to daunt or terrify
Mattachin, a dance with swords
Mazard, head
Mazer, bowl or goblet
Meach, to lurk
Meacock, a cowardly fellow
Measure, a solemn stately dance
Meecher, or *Micher*, a skulker, one indulging in secret amours
Meeching, or *Miching*, lying hid, acting by stealth
Meg; such a meg as this. ("Scornful Lady," Act v, Scene 2.) An allusion to the celebrated Long Meg of Westminster
Memoirs; memoirs raised to you. ("Humorous Lieutenant," Act iv, Scene 5.) Memorials raised to you.
Merit; this word is used in "Thierry and Theodoret," Act iv, Scene 1, in the sense of profit by
Methridatum, Mithridate, a composition of a vast variety of herbs, supposed to be a preservative against poison and the plague
Mew, to moult; also to keep shut up
Micher, see *Meecher*
Mis-ken, a dunghill
Moans, grieves
Moil, a mule
Mona, the Isle of Anglesea
Mops and *mowes*, grimaces and distortions of the face
Moriscoes, morris-dancers also the dances themselves
Morglays, swords, from Morglay, the sword of Bevis of Southampton
Mort, a cant term. Morts are of two kinds: *Walking Morts*, who have borne *lullaby cheats*, or children, but were never married; and *Autem Morts*, who are married generally to rufflers, upright men, wild rogues, &c. According to DEKKAR, the former are older than doxies, and profess themselves to be widows.—WEBER
Mortar, a cap in the shape of a mortar
Motion. Puppet-shows were called "Motions."
Motions, puppets
Motley, a fool's dress
Moyle, an old word for a mule
Muckender, a handkerchief
Muffler, a piece of linen worn by women, which covered the lower part of the face
Murderer. ("The Woman's Prize," Act i, Scene 2.) A very destructive kind of cannon
Murrain, a disease incident to cattle
Murrion, morion, an iron scull-cap
Muse, ("The Two Noble Kinsmen," Act iii, Scene 1,) opening in a fence or thicket, through which a hare passes

N

Nab, head
Nellson, ("Wit without Money," Act v. Scene 2,) probably a cant term for sword
Nesh, tender, delicate
Nicely, with foolish punctiliousness
Niffles, frivolous baubles
Niggle, to company with a woman—DEKKAR
Night shade, a cant term for a prostitute
Night snaps, thieves
Nipitato, ale
Noble science, the noble science of defence.
Noise, rumour, report
Nonce: for the nonce, for the present purpose.

O

Observed, obeyed
Officious. "*The most officious falsehood*." ("Cupid's Revenge," Act iii, Scene 2.) Officious seems here to relate to *duty, office*; and again in the same sense, Act ii, Scene 1
Often, (used as an adjective) frequent
Open yourself, declare who you are ("The Queen of Corinth," Act ii. Scene 2)
Opillation, obstruction
Opinion, reputation, fame
Orient heiress. *The orient heiress, The Margarita, sir* ("Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," Act i, Scene ii.) A quibble upon the name. Margarita is Spanish for a pearl.
Ouches, ("The Woman's Prize," Act iv, Scene 1) seems to mean necklaces; the word, used to signify jewels of different sorts, is of uncertain etymology
Ought, owed
Out-look, face down
Over-hie, to hasten before another
Owe, is often used for *own*, possess

P

Packed, combined, conspired
Pads. *Maund on your own pads*, a cant expression for beg on your own roads
Pair. "*Two pair of cards*" ("The Sea Voyage," Act i, Scene ii) two packs of cards
Palliard, a debauchee, a whore-master
Pane, "*a pane of wainscot*," a panel
Paned hose, were a kind of trunk breeches, formed of stripes of various coloured cloth, occasionally intermixed with slips of silk or velvet, stitched together—GIFFORD
Pantofle, slipper
Paramentos, articles of dress, caparisons
Paratour, an apparitor
Parcel-drunk, half-drunk
Parcels, a law term, meaning that part of a deed in which land or other things to be conveyed, are described
Parlous, keen, shrewd
Partizan, a pike or halbert
Partlet, a ruff
Partage, a share or division
Passion, sorrow
Passionate, full of complaint; full of amorous exclamation
Pasterns, shackles or fetters for unruly or unbroken horses—COTGRAVE
Patch, a general term for a fool
Patrico, a cant term. "A Patrico is their priest; every hedge is his parish, and every wandering rogue and whore his parishioners"—ENGLISH ROGUE, ii, 123

Patron, in "The Little French Lawyer," Act I, Scene 1, is used in the Latin sense of a pleader or advocate —SEWARD
Paven, a peacock
Pead on, pad on, go on
Pea-goose, a silly creature
Pedlar's French, equivalent to thieves' Latin, the cant language of beggars and thieves
Peat, pet
Pee. See *Velvet-pee*
Peeter, or *Peter-se-mea*, a wine; a corruption of Pedro-Ximenes
Pelting, low, despicable
Penner, a case for holding pens
Penny-rooms, those portions of the theatre where spectators were admitted for a penny
Perdie, a corruption of *par Dieu*
Perdues, Enfans perdus (French.) The forlorn hope
Perspicle, properly *perspicil* · a perspective glass
Pestle, a leg; most frequently used in the expression "a *pestle* of pork"
Petronel, a small gun used by the cavalry
Pheer, companion
Philip, a familiar name for a sparrow; also a kind of stuff
Pickadel, a ruff: according to GIFFORD, "simply a diminution of *picca*, (Spanish and Italian,) a spear head; and was given to this article of foppery, from a fancied resemblance of its stiffened plaits to the bristled points of those weapons"
Pink, a technical term of the tailors of the time; to cut or slash the clothes according to the fashion of the times
Pink, a narrow-sterned ship
Plackets, petticoats
Plaintain: a plantain leaf was supposed to be an excellent styptic
Platique, a ray cast from one planet to another, not exactly, but within the orbit of its own light—BAILEY
Play-pheers, play-fellows
Plump, a collection
Plurisy, fullness, superabundance
Poaking-sticks, sticks, or irons, for adjusting the plaits of ruffs
Posey: *with scarfs and rings, and posey in 'my hand*, ("Knight of the Burning Pestle," Act v, Sc. 3.) The word is here used for *posy*, a motto, or short sentence
Points, laces with metal tags to them, or metal hooks, to keep up the breeches
Poisure, weight
Pollard, a stag that has shed its horns
Polled, bald-headed
Pomander, a ball made of different perfumes, and worn in the pocket or about the neck to prevent infection
Pompillion, an ointment made of black poplar buds
Poor John, dried and salted hake
Portigue, a Portuguese coin worth four pounds, ten shillings
Pose, a catarrh, or defluxion of rheum
Possess, to inform
Post: *Are you in post?* ("The Honest Man's Fortune," Act iv, Scene 1,) are you in haste?
Polargo: this should be *bolargo*, a savoury composition made of the roes of mullets—MASON
Potguns, popguns
Pouncings, perforations in dresses; formerly fashionable
Powdered, salted
Practice, artifice, stratagem, or plot
Prancers, horses: *prigged the prancers*, a cant term for stole the horses
Pregnancy, readiness of wit
Presence, the audience chamber at a palace
Presence, *a woman of a presence*, i. e. a fine stately form
Prest, prepared, ready
Prevent, to *prevent*, to be beforehand with
Prick, a thorn
Prickant, pricking or spurring along
Pricket, a buck in the second year
Pricking, riding briskly, spurring
Prime: *two-edged winds that prime the maiden blossoms*. ("The Coxcomb," Act iv, Scene 2:) If the text be right, seems to mean *deflower*.
Prodigious, horrible, terrible, portentous
Progging, ("The Spanish Curate," Act iii, Scene 3,) stealing: the right spelling is *proguing*
Promoters, informers
Provant, provision
Puckfoist, *puckball*, or *puckfist*, and *puffball*, names for a fungus full of dust
Purchase, property acquired illegally
Purfle, to embroider
Purl'd, ("The Sea Voyage," Act i, Scene 3,) laced; from *purl*, a border

Q

Quality, profession
Quarrel, a square of glass
Queer-cuffin, a cant term for the justice
Querpo, used only in the phrase *in querpo*, in a close dress, without a cloak: from the Spanish *cuerpo*
Querry, equerry
Quiddit, subtilties, shifts in the law
Quillets, tricks
Quit, to requite, revenge, or repay the loss of
Quot-quean, a corruption of *Cotquean*, a man who employs himself in women's affairs

R

Rack, clouds in motion
Rag, ("The Captain," Act iv. Scene 2,) a cant term for a farthing
Rails, loose gowns, night-gowns
Rakers, guns with which the enemies' ship may be raked
Rands, long pieces, something like steaks
Rap, *Sure he would rap me into something*, ("Island Princess," Act iii, Scene 1,) transport, carry away
Rascal, a lean deer
Ravin. *She was the ravin's prey*, ("The Maid in the Mill," Act v, Scene 2.) That is the ravenous creature's prey
Reaching: *a reaching colour*, ("The Woman Hater," Act v, Scene 1,) a penetrating colour
Rearly, early
Rebecks, instruments of the fiddle kind
Reclaimed, made tame; a term in falconry
Record, to sing; applied particularly to the singing of birds
Recorder, a flageolet, or small flute
Red Bull, one of the old playhouses, in St. John Street, Clerkenwell
Remorse, is frequently used for *pity*
Resolve, frequently used for convince, sometimes satisfy
Rest, "*Up goes my rest*." "*I have set up my rest*." Terms derived from the game of primero, at a certain period of which, the players *rest* upon the cards in hand, and decline to discard or to call for more cards
Ride the wild mare, a game which seems to have been popular at the time
Rider, a Dutch coin impressed with the figure of a man on horseback, and worth about twenty-seven English shillings
Rigel, or *ridgling*, a ram half castrated
Ring, *a Kilkenny ring*, ("The Coxcomb," Act ii, Scene 3,) perhaps a Kilkenny *rung*, a rough stick
Ring-tail, a sort of kite
Ripier, *Ripper*, one that carries fish from the sea-side; a hawker of fish
Roads, inroads
Rogers, a cant term for geese
Rogue, is frequently used for a beggar
Ropery, roguery
Roser, shoe-roses, consisting of large bunches of ribands
Rounds, roundelays
Rouse, a full glass, a large draught, a drinking bout, a bumper
Rowell: *to rowell*, to apply a seton.
Ruffin, a cant term for the devil
Ruffle, to be noisy, to swagger
Ruffmans, a cant term for hedges
Rundlets, a kind of small barrels
Runts, cattle
Rutter, ("Custom of the Country," Act iii, Scene 3,) a German horse-soldier; used perhaps with an allusion to the *rutting* of deer

S

Sad, sage, wise, serious
Safeguard, ("The Noble Gentleman," Act ii, Scene 1,) an outward petticoat, to preserve the other clothes from soiling
Saliant, leaping, bounding
Salmon, the oath of the beggars
Salvage, savage
Santis: *a black santis*, ("The Mad Lover," Act iv, Scene 1.) A black sanctus, a kind of burlesque hymn; used also for any confused and violent noise
Sardina, a fish resembling the anchovy or pilchard
Sattin: *I am in sattin*, ("The Honest Man's Fortune," Act iv, Scene 1,) "I am a gentleman!" an allusion to his dress
Saunce-bell, or *sance-bell*: sanctus-bell, rung when the priest said, "Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabbaoth."—COLES's *English Dict.*
Say: *to be a say*, a sample or example
Say: *assay*, a hunting term for the first cut of the deer, to ascertain the depth of fat
Scald, scabby, mean, shabby

Scallion, a kind of onion
Scarabs, a kind of beetles that breed in dung
Sconce, a petty fortification
Sealed up, a term of falconry; properly spelt *seeled*. When a hawk was first taken, a thread was run through its eyelids, so that it might see very little, till it became tractable
Seared, shrunk or dried up
Servant, lover or admirer; so also *to do me service, to become my servant*
Shadows, disguises
Shape, habit or dress; a theatrical term
Shent, scolded
Shog off, jog off
Shotten-souled: you pilchers, you shotten-soul'd slight fellows, ("Wit without Money," Act iii, Scene 4.) A term used in allusion to the fish (*pilchard*) which, when he has spent his roe, is said to be shotten
Sibbe, akin
Sicker, groaning
Simming, simmering
Skewed at, looked at sidelong, obliquely
Skill: I skill not, I care not: *it skills not*, it matters not
Skink, to serve out liquor
Skir, to scour
Slubberdegullion, a word formed from *slubber*, and *gull*
'Snails, an abbreviation of the oath, "by God's nails," *i. e.* the nails of the cross
Snap-haunces, firelocks; used metaphorically, ("Women Pleased," Act iii, Scene 2)
Snick up, equivalent to Go hang!
Snigled, caught; a fisherman's term for catching eels
Sort, a company
Sort, men of sort, men of quality
Sounder, a herd of wild swine
Souse, pickle
Souse, to, to strike with sudden violence, as a bird strikes its prey
Sowter, a cobbler
Spanish block, a hat in the Spanish fashion
Sparkle, to scatter, disperse
Spiced, precise, scrupulous
Spoom, a nautical term for sailing on steadily
Springall, or *springald*, a youth
Springs, tunes, ("The Prophetess," Act v, Scene 3)
Spur-ryals, spur-royals, a gold coin current in the reign of James I. and worth 15*s*., being half a rose-royal
Square-eaters, ("Bonduca," Act ii, Scene 3,) hearty feeders
Staggers, a disease incident to horses
Stale, a word in fowling, meaning a bait or decoy to catch birds; a stalking-horse; also applied to a strumpet, from the idea of her enticing or ensnaring
Stall, install
Stammel, a coarse kind of red cloth
Stamp, coin, a halfpenny
Standergrass, satyrion
Stark, strong
State, properly the raised platform on which a throne or chair of *state* is placed; but it is also applied to the canopy over the chair, and to the chair itself. Also estate, courtly behaviour, and a person of high distinction
Startups, rustic shoes, with high tops, or half gaiters
Statist, generally used for a statesman; but sometimes, as in "The Laws of Candy," for a secretary
Staved, beaten with staves
Staving: a strange staving fellow, ("The Pilgrim," Act ii, Scene 2,) explained by the commentators,—having a pilgrim's staff in his hands
Stillatory, distillery
Stinger, a provocation, a corrosive
Stitches, grimaces
Stiver, a strumpet
Stock, stocking
Stock, to: a chevalier would stock a needle's point, ("Love's Cure," Act iii, Scene 4;) that is, would hit it with a stoccado, a thrust with his rapier
Stock: nay, then I must buy the stock; send me good carding, ("Humorous Lieutenant," Act iv, Scene 1;) *i. e.* I must play out the game; I must take in the cards: *buying the stock* is a term used at gleek—THEOBALD
Stoop, a vessel for drinking
Stoops: she makes her stoops, is an allusion to the term in falconry, when the hawk stoops (darts down) upon the quarry, the game pursued
Strain, constrain or force
Strike, cant term: *strike all the cheats*, steal everything you meet with
Strike: strike a fresh piece of wine, ("Monsieur Thomas," Act v, Scene 10,) tap a fresh butt of wine
Stringer, a phrase similar to *striker*, denoting a wencher
Stript, outstript
Strommel, a cant term for straw
Structures, contrivances
Stupes, ("The Lover's Progress," Act i, Scene 2,) pledgets of flax or tow, dipped in medicaments, and applied to wounds
Style, title; an heraldic phrase
Sucker, a sucking rabbit
Suckets, confectionary
Summed, a term in falconry for full plumed
Summer, a summoner; an apparitor
Sumpters, the burdens of a pack-horse; also used for the horse itself
Surcingle, the jesses of a hawk
Surdiny, see *Sardina*
Surquedry, pride or presumption
Swaddle: ("The Captain," Act ii, Scene 2,) to beat
Swap, a blow, a sudden stroke
Swarty, black
Swash-buckler: this is equivalent to roaring, blustering fellow
Sweet islands: ("Rule a Wife and have a Wife," Act iii, Scene 2,) alluding to the West Indies
Swinge, to beat
Synnet, a short flourish of music, generally on cornets

T

Table: a table of the passion, ("Custom of the Country," Act iv, Scene 2,) a picture of the [Lord's] Passion
Tables, table-books, or memorandum books; also the game of backgammon
Tall: You're a tall soldier, (Humorous Lieutenant," Act i, Scene 2,) a stout, bold, or courageous soldier
Tally: you that stand so tally on your reputation, ("The Captain," Act ii, Scene 2,) you that hold yourself so strong, or brave, on your reputation. See *Tall*
Tang, i. e. twang
Tarmont, a corruption of termagant
Tartarian, a cant term for thief
Taudry lace, a sort of band, for the head or waist
Taxes: all private *taxes* ("Knight of the Burning Pestle," Introduction,) all reflections on individuals
Teer: Irish heads of teer ("The Scornful Lady," Act iii, Scene 1,) alludes to the enormous horns of the moose deer found in the bogs of Ireland—MASON
Tell, count, reckon
Tenter: tenter his credit, stretch his credit to the utmost extent, as cloth is expanded upon the tenter-hooks
Termagant was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent, in the old moralities—PERCY
Termers, persons frequenting London during the term time
Tettish, peevish, tetchy, fretful, irritable
Tew, to beat, to stretch. The word properly means to use as leather is used in dressing; to tew a hide is to dress it
Tewgh, a fishing line, rope
Tial, this word is used in the "Wild-goose Chase," Act ii, Scene 1, for a bond or tie
Tibs, of the buttery—geese
'Till is frequently used for *whilst*, and *vice versâ*
Tiller, a steel bow
Timonist, a misanthrope; an allusion to Timon of Athens
Tine is used for *teen*, sorrow
Tipvaes, ("Monsieur Thomas," Act iii, Scene 1.) Perhaps a misprint for *tiptoes*
Tire, to, to tear or rend in pieces; to prey upon
Tith, tight, strong
Thereafter is sometimes used for accordingly
Thicks, thickets
Three pil'ds, an allusion to three-piled velvet, the most costly kind of velvet
Toad-stone. It was commonly believed that a stone, of high medicinal qualities, was contained in the head of toads
Tod-ivy and *tod of ivy*, tuft or bush of ivy
Tod, applied to wool and hay, signifies a certain weight, *i. e.* 28 pounds
Tole, draw, or entice forward
Topless, supreme, having nothing superior
Trapt, accoutred; as we still use the word trappings
Trash, to keep back; *he trasht me*, ("Bonduca," Act i, Scene 1,) he checked my flight: a word of doubtful origin
Tra-trip, a game played with dice, and probably in the tables
Traunce, tramp
Treacher, traitor
Trenchmore, a boisterous kind of dance to a lively tune
Trickments. See "trickt"

Trickt and blazed. ("The Night-walker," Act i, Scene 7.) *Tricking* is drawing any person's arms with pen and ink; *blazoning* them is to set them forth in their proper colours
Trine, cant term for hang
Trousers, tight drawers
Troul: troul the black bowl to me, pass the bowl round to me; so troul a catch
True man, an honest man; generally used in opposition to a thief
Trump, a game at cards
Trunk-hose, a kind of large slops or breeches
Truncheon sword, a sword of ceremony at funerals
Tub, the sweating tub, commonly used for the cure of the venereal disease
Turkey tombs, turkey pies
Twang, (cant term,) lie with
Twire, ("Women Pleased," Act iv, Scene 1,) to peep out, glance at obliquely
Twire-pipe, ("Monsieur Thomas, "Act iii, Scene 1.) NARES (*Gloss.*) remarks, that "to *twire* sometimes means to sing [or chirp], and to this *twire-pipe* seems to allude."

U

Umbrana, a fish, the umber, or grayling
Unaffected, insensible of affections
Uncertainly, in the sense of inconsistency
Unhappy, in the sense of mischievous; it is also sometimes used for waggish—*What unhappy meaning hast thou*,—("Loyal Subject," Act ii, Scene 2.)
Unmanned hawk, an untamed hawk, one not yet made familiar with man
Unready, undressed
Unscappered, perhaps, unwearied; according to STEVENS, undebilitated by venery
Unworded, without speaking
Upright lord, a cant term. "The *upright man* [of a company of beggars] is the chief of the ragged regiment: he walks like a commander, with a short truncheon in his hand, which he calls his *filchman*; pretends himself to be a decayed soldier, and claims a share in all the booties which any inferior rogues do get: he hath all the *morts* and *doxies* at his back, and can command any other of the gang at pleasure"—ENGLISH ROGUE, ii. 121
Upsey-Dutch, } Cant terms of tip-
Upsey-English, } plers, for being intoxicated—in the Dutch fashion, &c
Use, to frequent, lodge
Use, interest of money; behaviour
Utter: to utter socks, ("The Captain," Act ii, Scene 1,) to sell

V

Vellure, velvet
Velvet-head, ("The Chances," Act iv, Scene 3,) in allusion to the velvet hood worn by the bawd. *Velvet-headed cuckold*, ("The Coxcomb," Act i, Scene 5,) perhaps a twofold allusion to the down on the young horns of deer, and the velvet caps worn by old men
Velvet-pee, ("Love's Cure," Act ii, Scene 2,) perhaps, as Mason conjectures, should be *velvet-peel*, i. e. velvet covering
Venie, a bout of fighting
Vent, ("Love's Pilgrimage," Act i, Scene 1). *Venta*, (Spanish) an inn
Vie. Vie and revie are terms in the old game at cards, called *gleek*
Vilify, hold cheap
Virginals, a musical instrument of the spinnet kind
Virtuous, salutiferous
Visited houses, houses visited by the plague
Voider, a basket or tray into which the broken meat, &c. was swept, and carried from table

W

Wafer-woman, a woman that sells wafer cakes; often employed in amorous embassies
Waist-coateers, strumpets. A kind of waistcoat was peculiar to that class of females
Wale, texture
Wannion, with a wannion, equivalent to—with a vengeance, or plague
Warden, a kind of pear
Washing-beetle, a rammer or batting staff, used by laundresses to press the linen in washing
Wassel, or *Wassail*, is a word still in use in the midland counties, and it signifies what is sometimes called *lambs'-wool*, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. It is sometimes also used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity
Waster, a cudgel
Wemb, belly
Where, is frequently used for whereas
Whidz: cut bene whids, in cant language, speak better words
Whiffler, a person who cleared the way for a procession: in Chapman's verses on the *Faithful Shepherdess*, it means a person to introduce
Whipstock, the stock or handle of a whip, but frequently used for the whip itself
White-boy, a usual term of endearment
Whiting-mops, young whitings; a term of endearment
Whobub, a corruption of hubbub
Whooped, cried out upon, hooted
Wigher, neigh
Will, wilfulness
Wittols, patient cuckolds
Won, dwell
Wood, mad
Woodcock, a term for a foolish fellow. The woodcock was proverbial as a foolish bird
Wreak, revenge
Wyth, a band of twisted osiers or other twigs, and thence applied to a halter. *A wyth take him*, ("The Coxcomb," Act iii, Scene 2,) a halter take him

Y

Yoke, in a nautical sense, to grapple with

Z

Zany, a buffoon, a mimic

THE END.

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